

MIGHTY MARVEL



WOMEN
of
MARVEL®

LAND
J-PB

A detailed line drawing background illustration of several Marvel women in a library. At the top, a woman with long dark hair and a headband is shown from the chest up, looking down. To the left, a woman with long blonde hair and a headband is shown from the waist up, looking to the right. In the center, a woman with long dark hair is shown from the waist up, looking forward. To the right, a woman with short blonde hair is shown from the waist up, looking to the left. At the bottom, a woman with long blonde hair is shown from the waist up, looking to the right. The library shelves are filled with books.

MIGHTY MARVEL WOMEN of MARVEL

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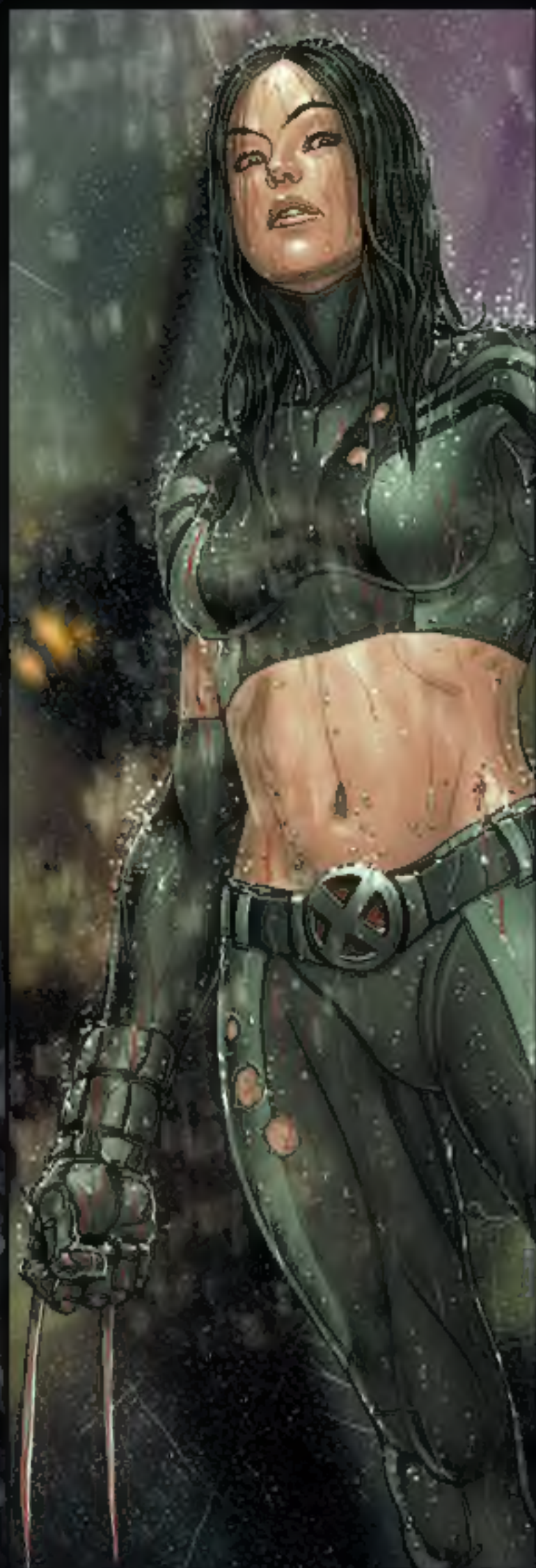


X-23™



LIU
ANDRADE
ALVES
LEISTEN
SOTOMAYOR

WOMEN
of
MARVEL
ONE-SHOT
1



Laura Kinney, the X-Man known as X-23, was trained from birth to be the ultimate killing machine. She was created in a lab using genetic material from the mutant known as Wolverine, giving her his healing factor, heightened senses, and retractable claws (two from each hand and one from each foot), which her handlers coated with the indestructible metal Adamantium. In her cell, she was shown no love or affection: only targets. A trigger scent was developed that, when smelled, caused Laura to go into a murderous rage. She escaped her captors thanks to the help of her creator and surrogate mother, Dr. Kinney. But her mother had been exposed to X-23's trigger scent, causing Laura to murder the only person who had ever shown her kindness.

Eventually, Laura was employed by a pimp named Zebra Daddy and sold her body on the streets of New York City. Remaining near-mute and using her claws to cut herself when upset, she eventually befriended Kiden Nixon, a fellow mutant with the ability to freeze time. With the help of Kiden's friends, including mutants Tatiana and Bobby Soul, Laura was able to break away from a life of prostitution.

Now, Laura is a member of the X-Men, who have responded to her cold demeanor and killer instinct with mixed reactions. She also serves as a member of X-Force, the deadly black-ops team led by Wolverine, who has become something of a mentor to Laura.

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YOU, LISTEN.

ONCE UPON A TIME,
BENEATH THE ANCIENT
STARS OF NIGHT, A PRINCE
FOUND A GIRL WHO LIVED
AMONGST THE BONES
OF THE DEAD.

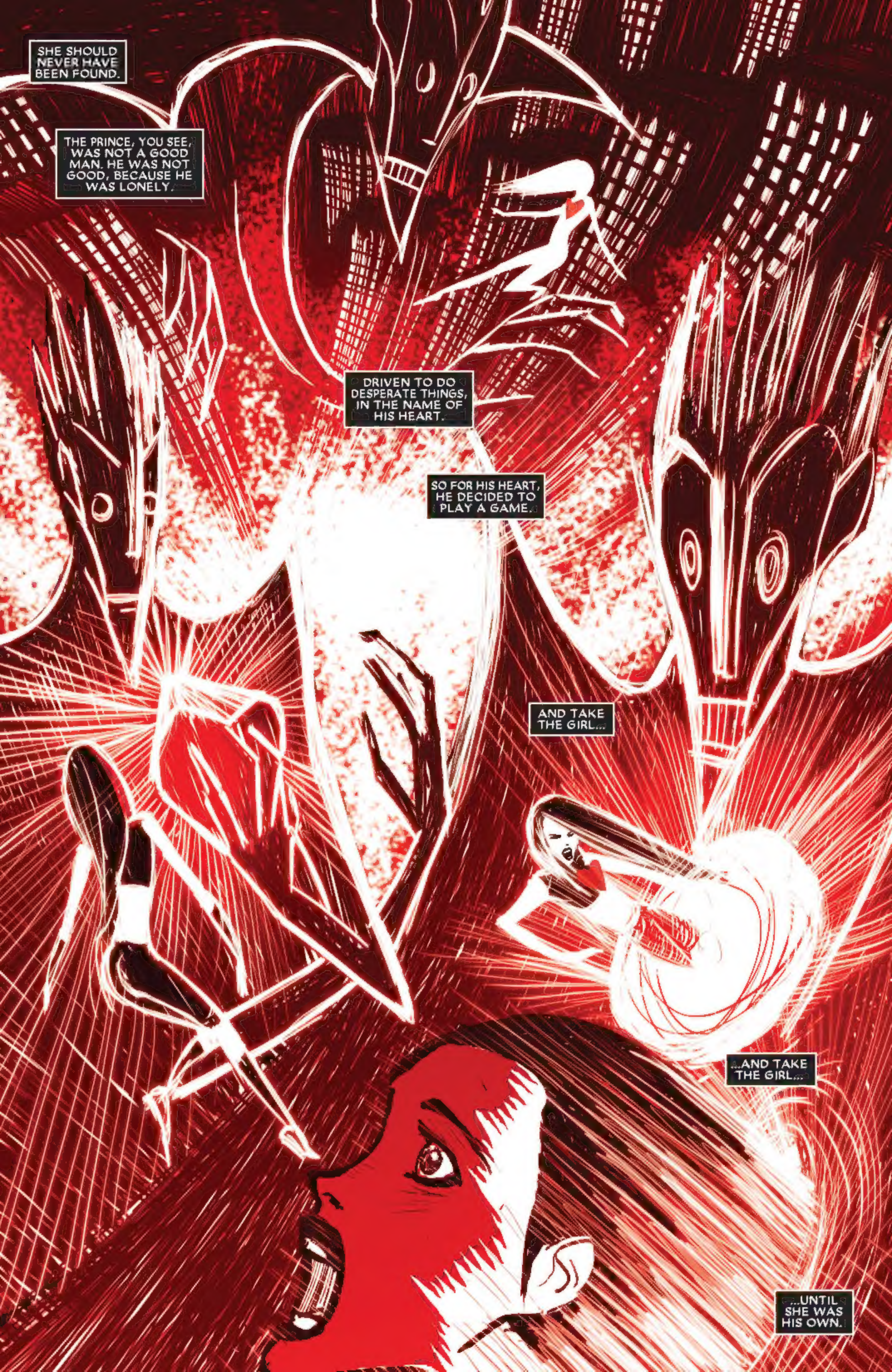
A RARE AND DANGEROUS
CREATURE, GATHERING
TO HER ALL MANNER OF
DARKNESS.

WICKED
GIRL.

LOVELY
GIRL.

BORN WITH
MURDER IN
HER BLOOD.





SHE SHOULD
NEVER HAVE
BEEN FOUND.

THE PRINCE, YOU SEE,
WAS NOT A GOOD
MAN. HE WAS NOT
GOOD, BECAUSE HE
WAS LONELY.

DRIVEN TO DO
DESPERATE THINGS,
IN THE NAME OF
HIS HEART.

SO FOR HIS HEART,
HE DECIDED TO
PLAY A GAME.

AND TAKE
THE GIRL...

...AND TAKE
THE GIRL...

...UNTIL
SHE WAS
HIS OWN.



YOU.

LISTEN.



I WAS BORN
FROM THE BELLY
OF A WOMAN
WHO SHOULD
HAVE KILLED
ME.

I SHOULD NOT
HAVE BEEN.



I SHOULD NOT
HAVE TAKEN THAT
FIRST BREATH.



THEY WANTED A
BOY. THEY WANTED
THE MAN THAT BOY
WOULD BECOME.



ANOTHER
WEAPON.



BUT THEY
GOT ME.



AND I
DID FINE.



**EARLIER.
NEW YORK CITY.**

HOT NIGHT.
THE CITY STINKS
OF SWEAT.



THE CITY
FEELS LIKE
A CAGE.

THE ENEMY
LIVES IN A
CAGE.



AND SO
NOTHING
CHANGES.



SCENT'S STILL
STRONG.

WOLVERINE. LOGAN.
X-MAN. THE CLOSEST
THING I HAVE TO A
FATHER.

IF I WAS NOT
HIS CLONE.

GOOD
OLD NOSE.

JUBILATION LEE.
FORMER X-MAN.
LOGAN'S PROTÉGÉ.





YOU
SHOULDN'T
BE HERE,
DARLIN'.

I READ HER FILE.
SHE IS EFFORTLESSLY
INCONSTANT
UNPREDICTABLE.

YOU NEED
TO GET A NEW
LINE.



YOU
THINK I
NEED YOUR
HELP?

EXCEPT FOR
HIM. ALWAYS,
HIM

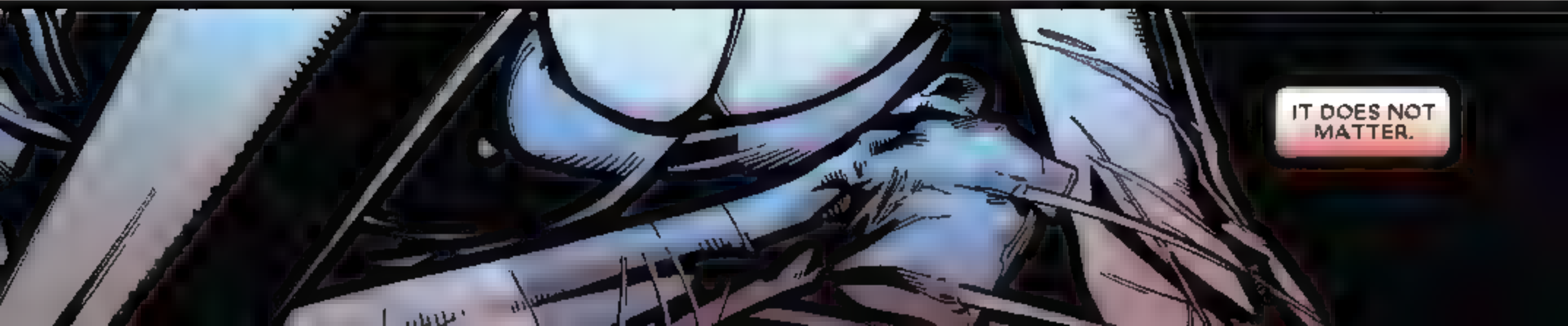


ALWAYS



SHE IS NOT HIS
BLOOD. SHE IS NOT
HIS DAUGHTER.

BUT SHE IS HIS
FRIEND IN WAYS
I WILL NEVER BE.



IT DOES NOT
MATTER.



HERE ARE
PICTURES, NAMES
ALL OF THEM FORMER
MUTANTS REGULAR VISITORS
TO AN OUTREACH CENTER
FOR THE DEPOWERED
THAT I HELP RUN.

DEAD
NOW?

SOME. OTHERS
ARE JUST...GONE.
POLICE ARE INVESTIGATING,
BUT YOU KNOW HOW
IT GOES. TOO MUCH
RED TAPE.

WHICH IS
WHY I CALLED
I HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO FIND
MUCH ON MY
OWN.



THESE GUYS
COME AFTER
YOU?

DOES IT
MATTER?



FINE.
YES.

AND THEY
GOT AWAY. NOT
MY PROUDEST
MOMENT.

YOU WERE
STUPID

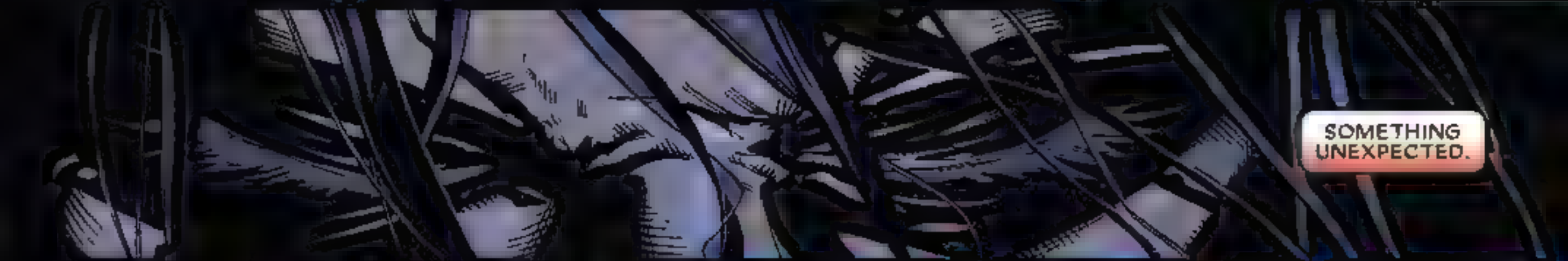


SAY THAT
AGAIN.

YOU WERE
STUPID.

ALL THOSE
PEOPLE WERE
THEY SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN BETTER THAN
TO GO TO A PLACE
THAT WOULD IDENTIFY
THEM AS FORMER
MUTANTS.

THAT WAS
STUPID.





LAURA

X



CRAP. SHE REALLY IS YOUR CLONE.

YOU GOING TO FOLLOW?

NO



LET HER GO. SHE'S GOT HER OWN DEMONS TO CHASE. LET'S TRACK DOWN YOURS.

YES

LET ME GO

YOU KNOW THAT LOOK. YOU HAVE SEEN IT IN THE MIRROR OFTEN ENOUGH.

I KNOW WHAT I AM DOING.



I HAVE ALWAYS CHASED THE NIGHT



EVEN IN THE
LAB. IN THE
CAGE

YOU LEARN
THINGS WHILE
LIVING IN A CAGE



I REMEMBER



I REMEMBER

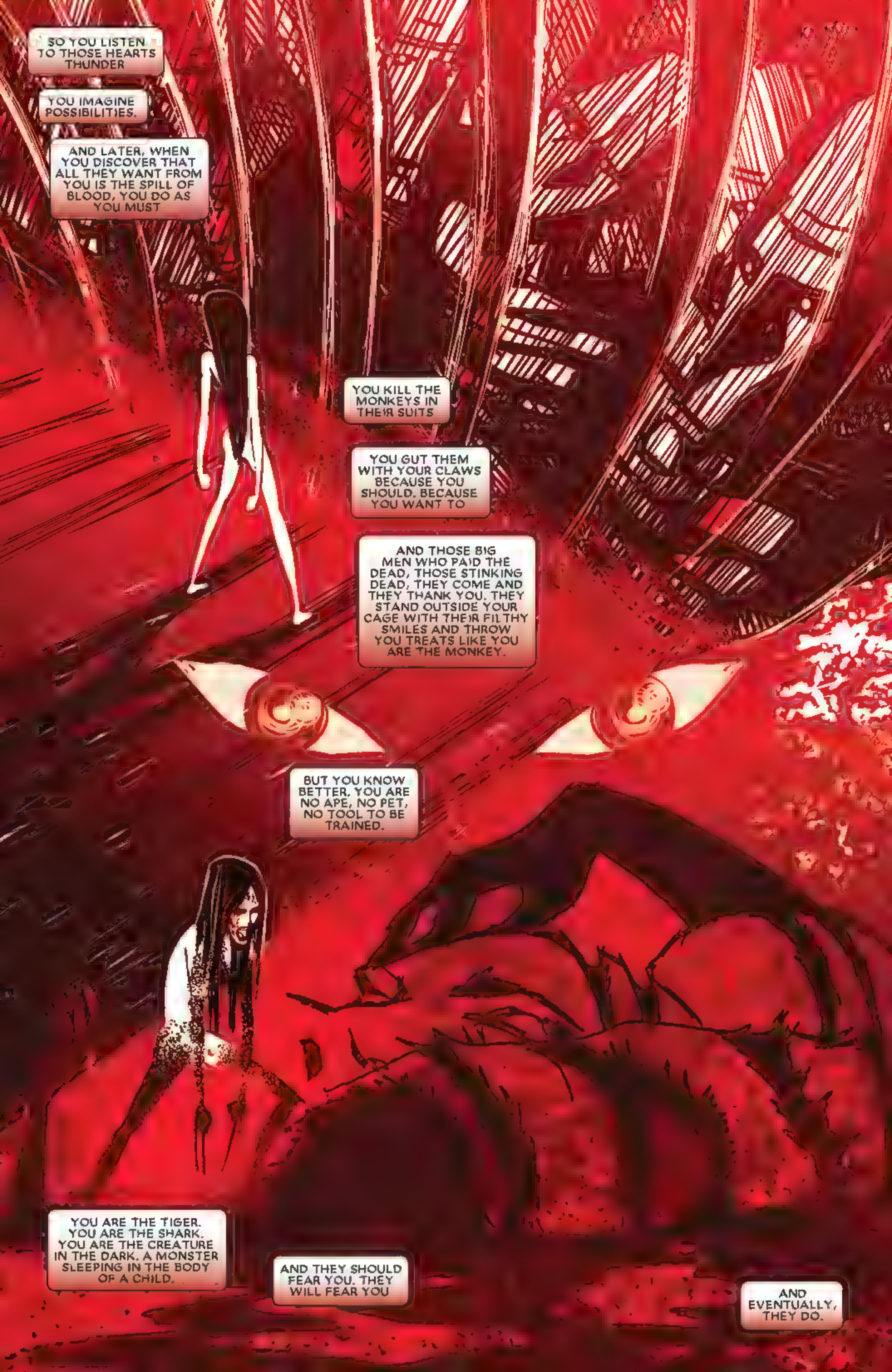
YOU WATCH THE
MONKEYS IN THEIR
WHITE COATS.

YOU LISTEN TO
THEIR HEARTBEATS
QUICKEN WHEN THEY
ARE FORCED TO FEED
AND CLEAN YOU--TO
RUN THEIR TESTS
UPON YOU--UNTIL
THEIR FEAR BECOMES
A GAME



THE ONLY
GAME YOU ARE
ALLOWED

BECAUSE
THEY WANT
YOU MINDLESS
OBEDIENT



SO YOU LISTEN
TO THOSE HEARTS
THUNDER

YOU IMAGINE
POSSIBILITIES.

AND LATER, WHEN
YOU DISCOVER THAT
ALL THEY WANT FROM
YOU IS THE SPILL OF
BLOOD, YOU DO AS
YOU MUST

YOU KILL THE
MONKEYS IN
THEIR SUITS

YOU GUT THEM
WITH YOUR CLAWS
BECAUSE YOU
SHOULD. BECAUSE
YOU WANT TO

AND THOSE BIG
MEN WHO PAID THE
DEAD, THOSE STINKING
DEAD, THEY COME AND
THEY THANK YOU. THEY
STAND OUTSIDE YOUR
CAGE WITH THEIR FILTHY
SMILES AND THROW
YOU TREATS LIKE YOU
ARE THE MONKEY.

BUT YOU KNOW
BETTER. YOU ARE
NO APE, NO PET,
NO TOOL TO BE
TRAINED.

YOU ARE THE TIGER.
YOU ARE THE SHARK.
YOU ARE THE CREATURE
IN THE DARK. A MONSTER
SLEEPING IN THE BODY
OF A CHILD.

AND THEY SHOULD
FEAR YOU. THEY
WILL FEAR YOU

AND
EVENTUALLY,
THEY DO.

SOME THINGS ARE A
BLUR. I LOST MY MIND.
I BECAME LOST IN THIS
CITY. I SOLD MY BODY.

I SOLD MY
BODY TO MEN
WHO LIKE PAIN.

I WAS MADE TO THINK
THAT I WAS USED GOODS.
MILITARY USED. GOVERNMENT
USED. SEX WAS NOT MUCH
DIFFERENT. I TRADED ONE
PIMP FOR ANOTHER.

BUT SOMETHING
HAPPENED

SOMEONE
HELPED ME

AND I
WOKE UP. JUST
A LITTLE.

A LITTLE
MORE

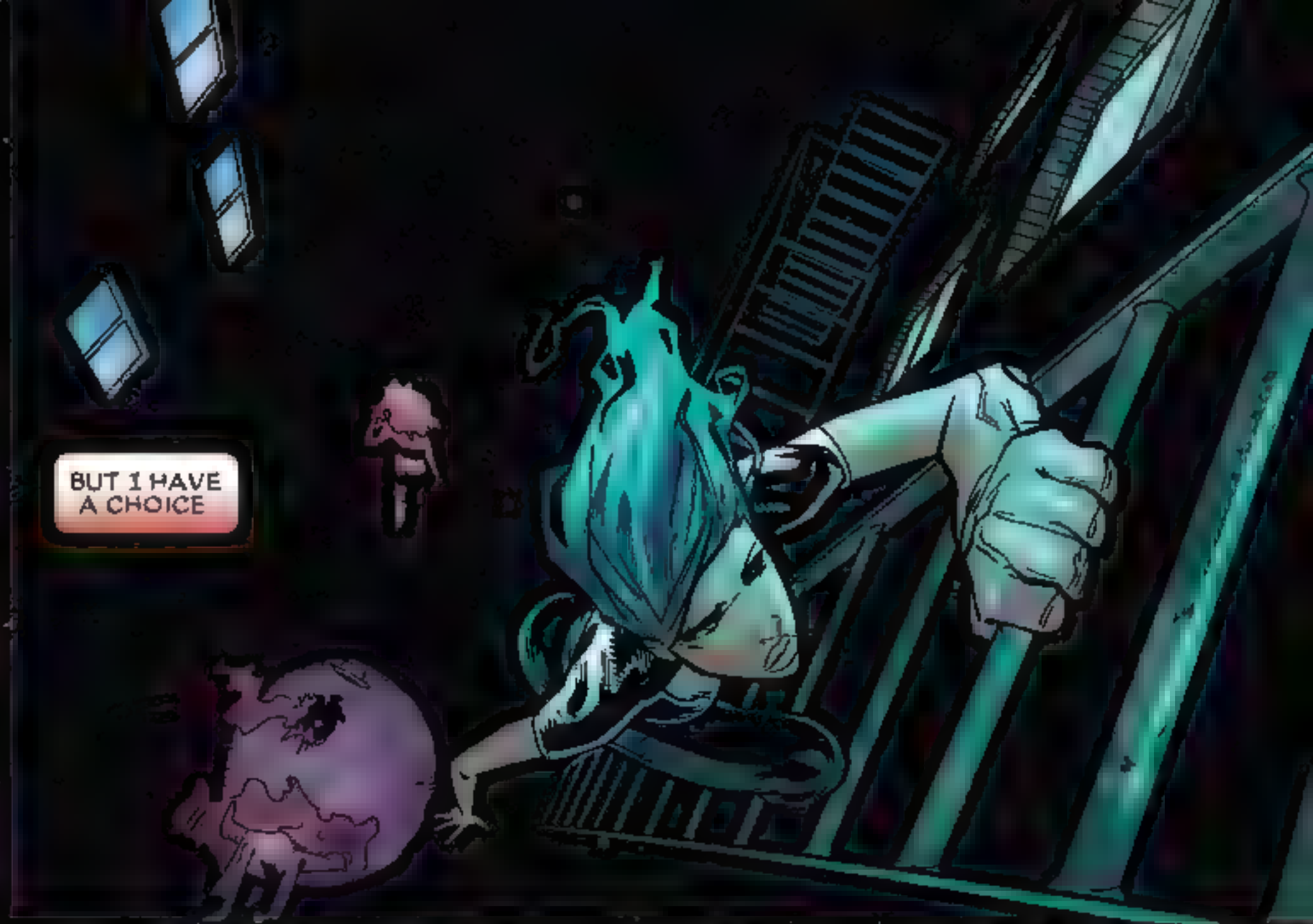
BUT I AM
STILL BEING
USED.

I AM USED
TO KILL



I AM USED
FOR DEATH

EVEN TO THE
X-MEN, SOMETIMES
I THINK THAT IS ALL
I AM WORTH.

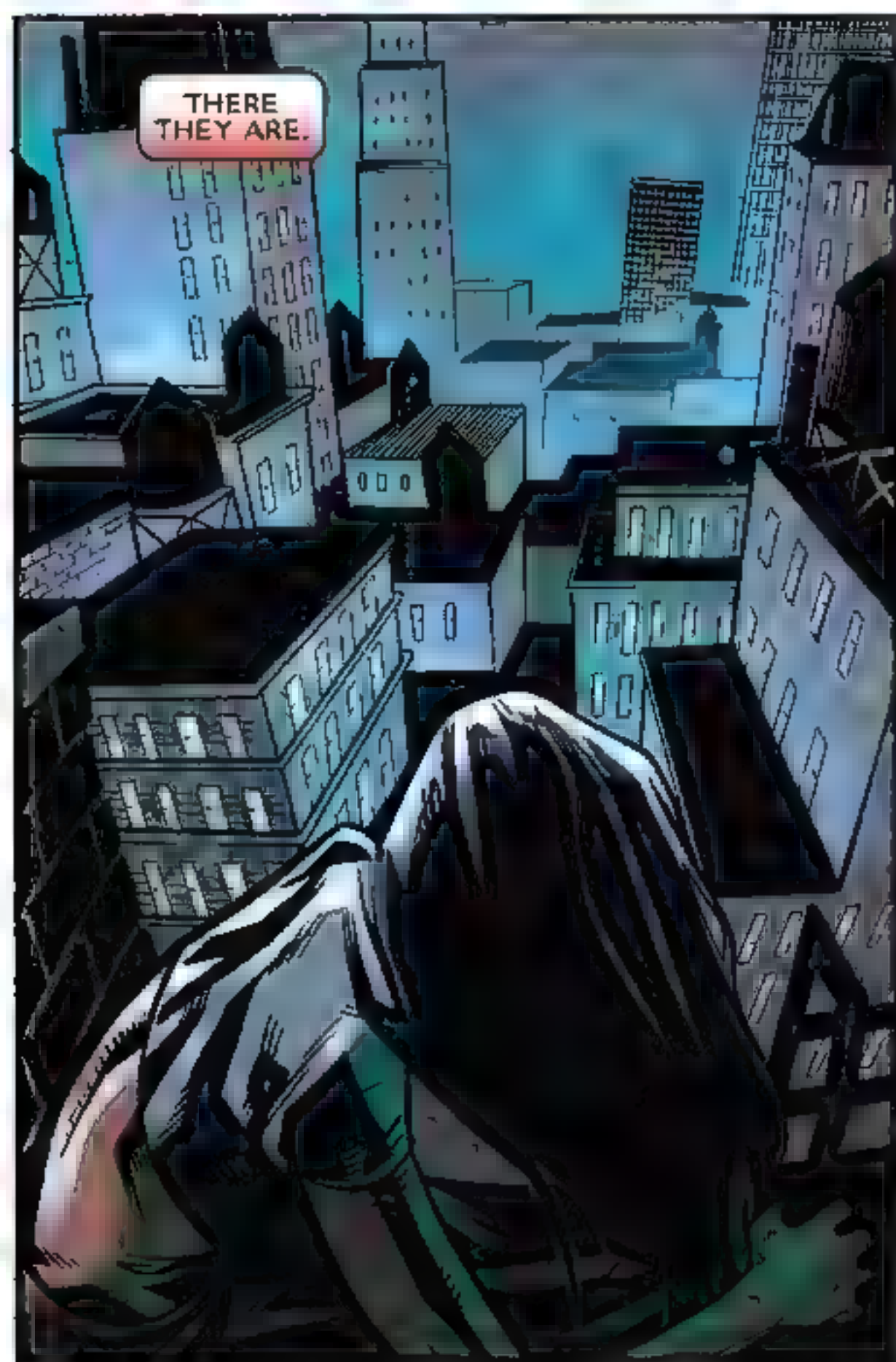


BUT I HAVE
A CHOICE

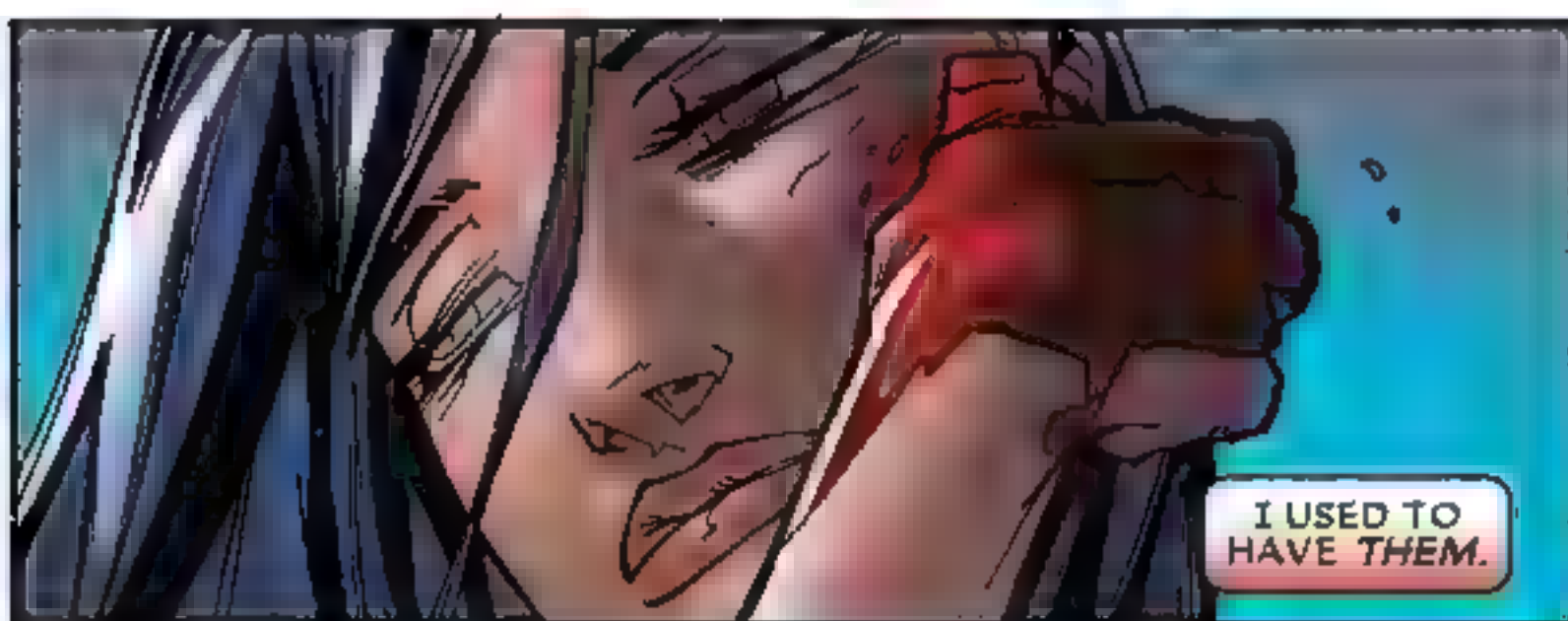


I COULD LEAVE
EVEN IF I KNOW
NOTHING ELSE

EVEN IF I
HAVE NO ONE
ELSE



THERE
THEY ARE.



I USED TO
HAVE THEM.



LOOK
AT THEM

I SHOULD
WALK AWAY.

I AM NOT
SAFE

YOU
GUYS ARE
SO LAME.

WE'RE HOMELESS,
KIDEN WE'RE STILL
WANTED BY THE POLICE,
OUR ONLY ADULT FRIEND
HATES US--

--DON'T
FORGET, WE'RE
BROKE--

--AND WE'RE
BROKE.

WHINERS.
AT LEAST WE'VE
GOT FOOD.

WHICH
YOU STOLE
WHICH
YOU ATE

WHAT SHE
MEANS IS, WE
CAN'T GO ON LIKE
THIS. WE'RE GONNA
GET CAUGHT.

OR HORRIBLY
DISEASED

WE NEED
TO LEAVE THE
CITY

LET
ME GUESS
VEGAS.

IT'S BIG.
THERE'LL BE
JOBS.

YOU'LL MAKE A
FANTASTIC SHOWGIRL,
BOBBY YOUR LEGS
GO ON FOREVER.

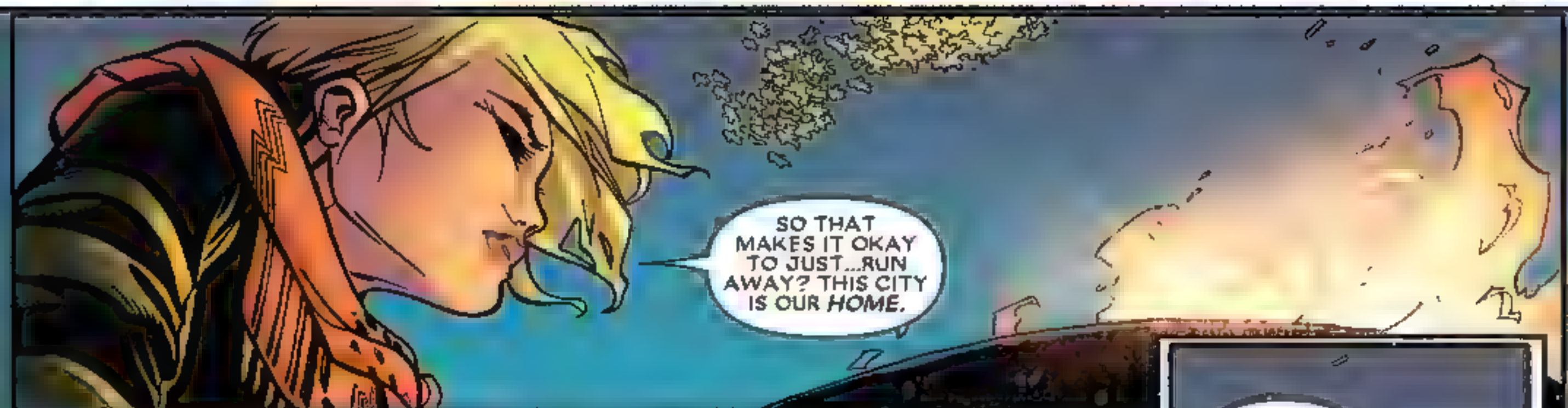
PLEASE BE
SERIOUS.

I AM
HIS CALVES
ARE HOT

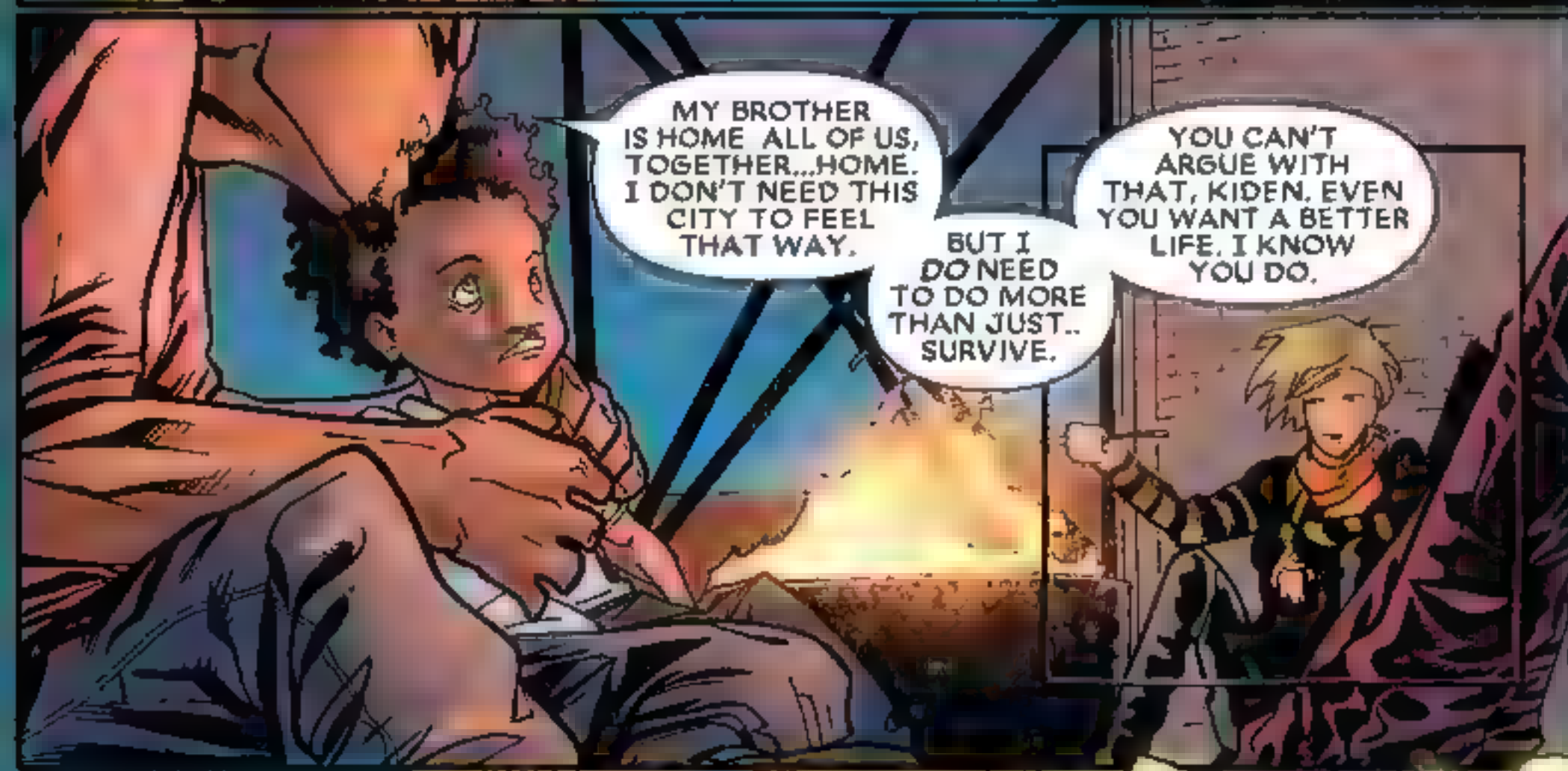


DON'T. DON'T
MAKE ME CHOOSE
BETWEEN YOU AND
MY BROTHER. HE CAN'T
KEEP LIVING LIKE
THIS. HE DOESN'T
DESERVE IT.

NONE
OF US
DO.



SO THAT
MAKES IT OKAY
TO JUST...RUN
AWAY? THIS CITY
IS OUR HOME.



MY BROTHER
IS HOME. ALL OF US,
TOGETHER...HOME.
I DON'T NEED THIS
CITY TO FEEL
THAT WAY.

BUT I
DO NEED
TO DO MORE
THAN JUST...
SURVIVE.

YOU CAN'T
ARGUE WITH
THAT, KIDEN. EVEN
YOU WANT A BETTER
LIFE. I KNOW
YOU DO.



DUDE
WHAT THE
HELL?



DIOS.

BOBBY, WHAT
IS YOUR BROTHER
DOING?



SOMEONE'S
HERE. KIDEN--

ON IT



THAT'S
RIGHT.
WHO'S
THE QUEEN
OF STOPPING
TIME?
THANK YOU
VERY MUCH



VEGAS,
MY ASS. WHAT
DOES VEGAS HAVE
THAT NEW YORK
DOESN'T?



HELLO, MISTER
EVIL OVERLORD
PEEPING TOM I
GOT YOU--



--NOW--

OH.
MAN.



WE NEED
TO

RUN?
KIDEN?

WHERE'D
SHE GO?



LAURA?



DO
YOU..

DO YOU
REMEMBER
ME?

I
REMEMBER

I REMEMBER I
REMEMBER UNTIL
IT HURTS ME. I
REMEMBER THAT
WITH THEM, I WAS
SAFE. FOR THE
FIRST TIME, SAFE

THEY WANTED NOTHING
EXCEPT TO SAVE ME.
THEY DID NOT KNOW OR
CARE THAT I WAS A
WEAPON. ONLY THAT
I WAS ONE OF THEM

LOST. ALONE.

SO...THIS
IS THIS
IS

LIKE
OLD TIMES,
MAN.

OLD TIMES. BUT NOT
LIKE THE FIRST TIME
WHEN KIDEN MET ME,
I WAS HALF NAKED,
COVERED IN BLOOD.

ABUSED

A PART OF MY
LIFE I DON'T LIKE
TO REMEMBER.

WE HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU IN MORE
THAN A YEAR. YOU
LEFT WITHOUT SAYING
GOODBYE

WHICH,
YOU KNOW,
IS OKAY--

NO, IT'S
NOT

--BECAUSE
YOU'RE BACK

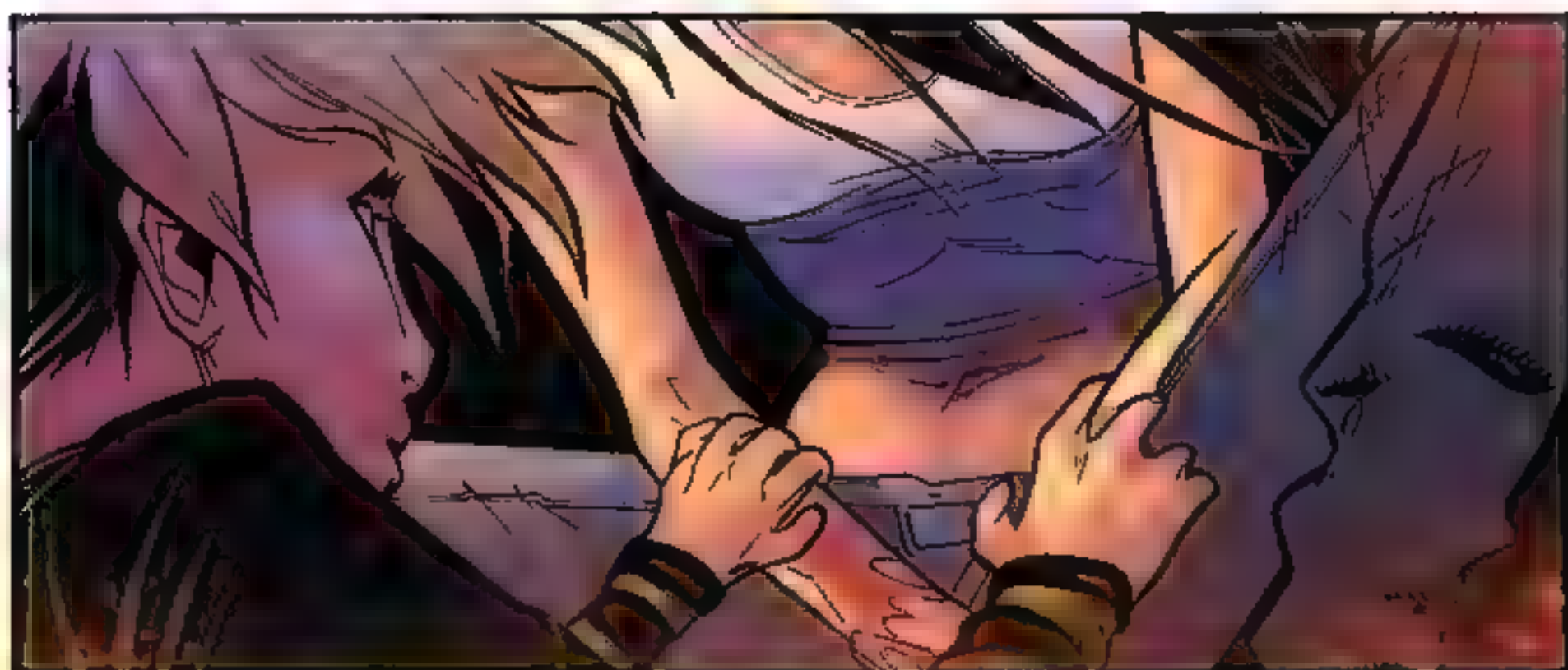
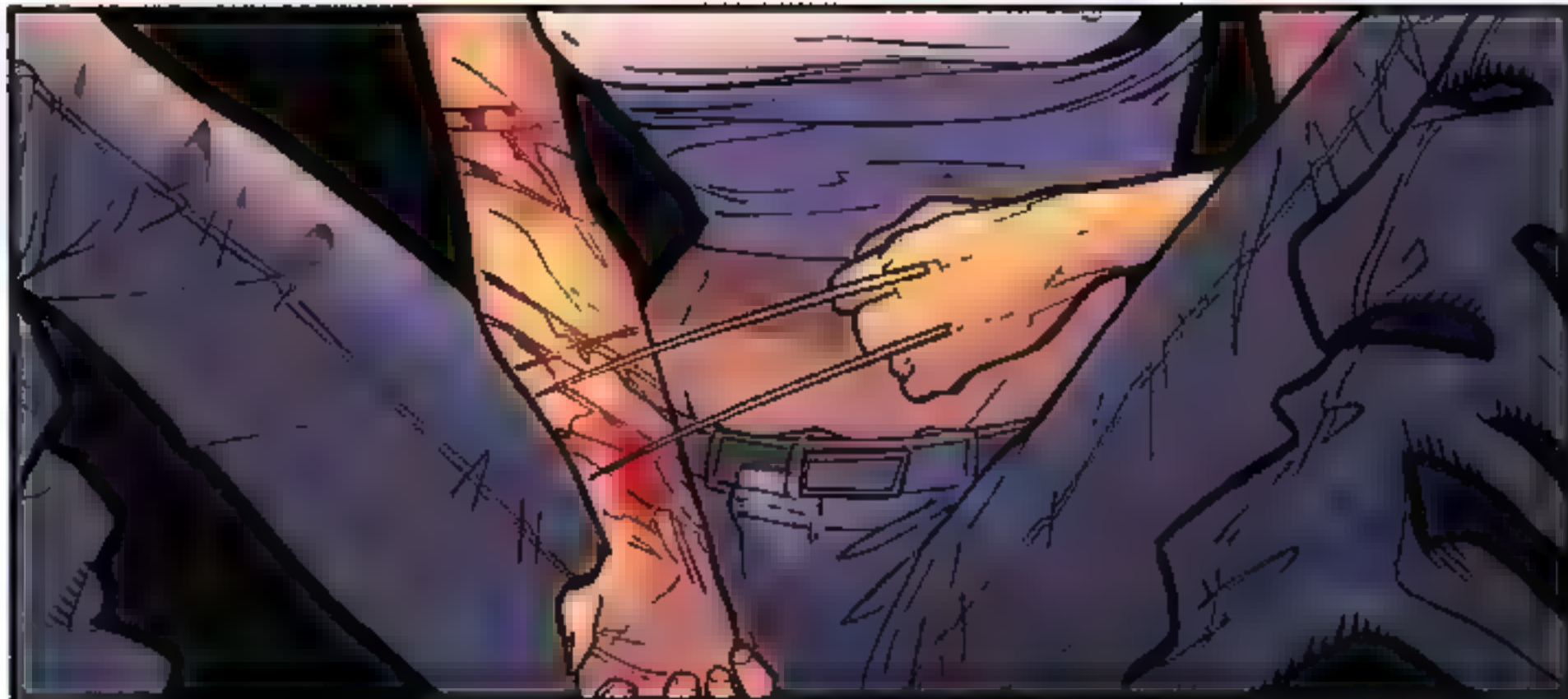
WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN ALL THIS
TIME? WE LOOKED
FOR YOU, IN CASE YOU
DIDN'T KNOW. WE
LOOKED ALL
OVER

YOU...
LOOKED.

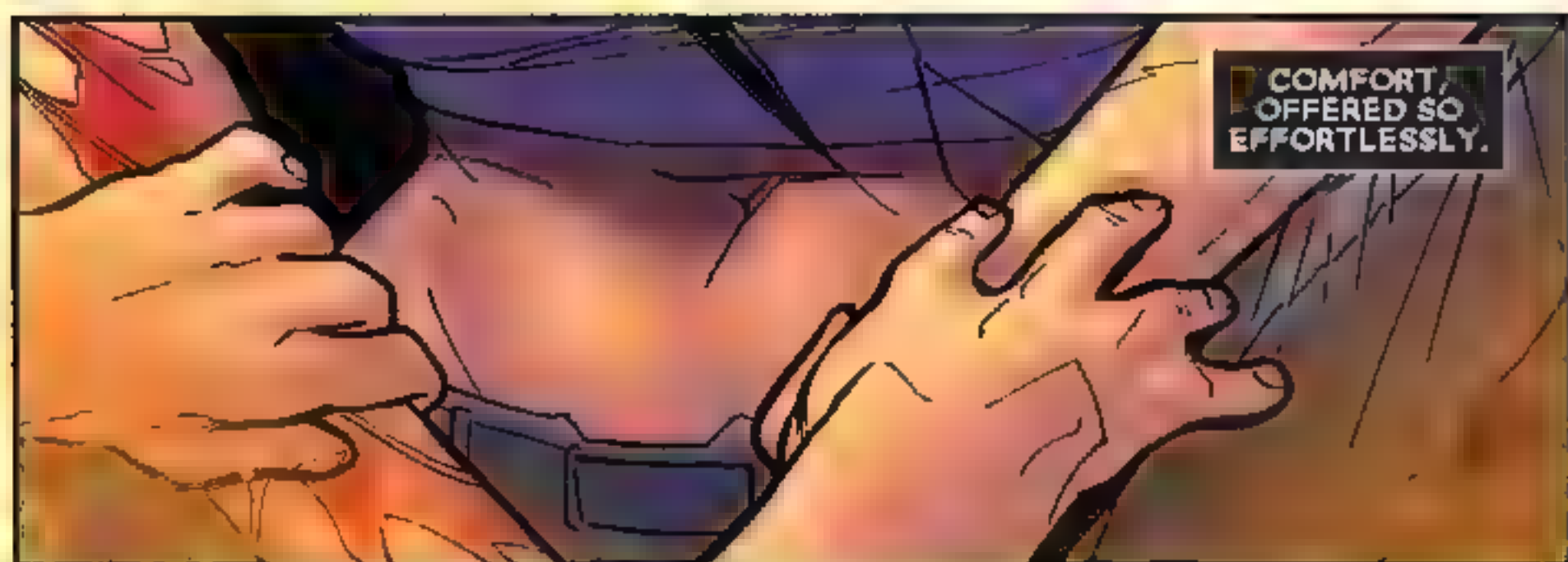
YOU
DISAPPEARED.
WE WERE
WORRIED.

WORRIED.

BECAUSE
YOU'RE OUR
FRIEND



COMFORT,
OFFERED SO
EFFORTLESSLY.



BUT SHE IS
STILL ALONE.





WE ARE ALL
ALONE.

EVEN ME.

LISTENING TO EVERY MIND
IN THE WORLD. EVERY MIND,
WEeping AND LOVING AND
SCREAMING AND DYING.

AND IT NEVER
QUIETS.

OH, GOD.
PLEASE. I WISH
IT WOULD QUIET.

SHE IS SO
QUIET.

MY WICKED,
LOVELY GIRL.



WHAT COMFORT
WILL YOU OFFER
ME?

HEY.

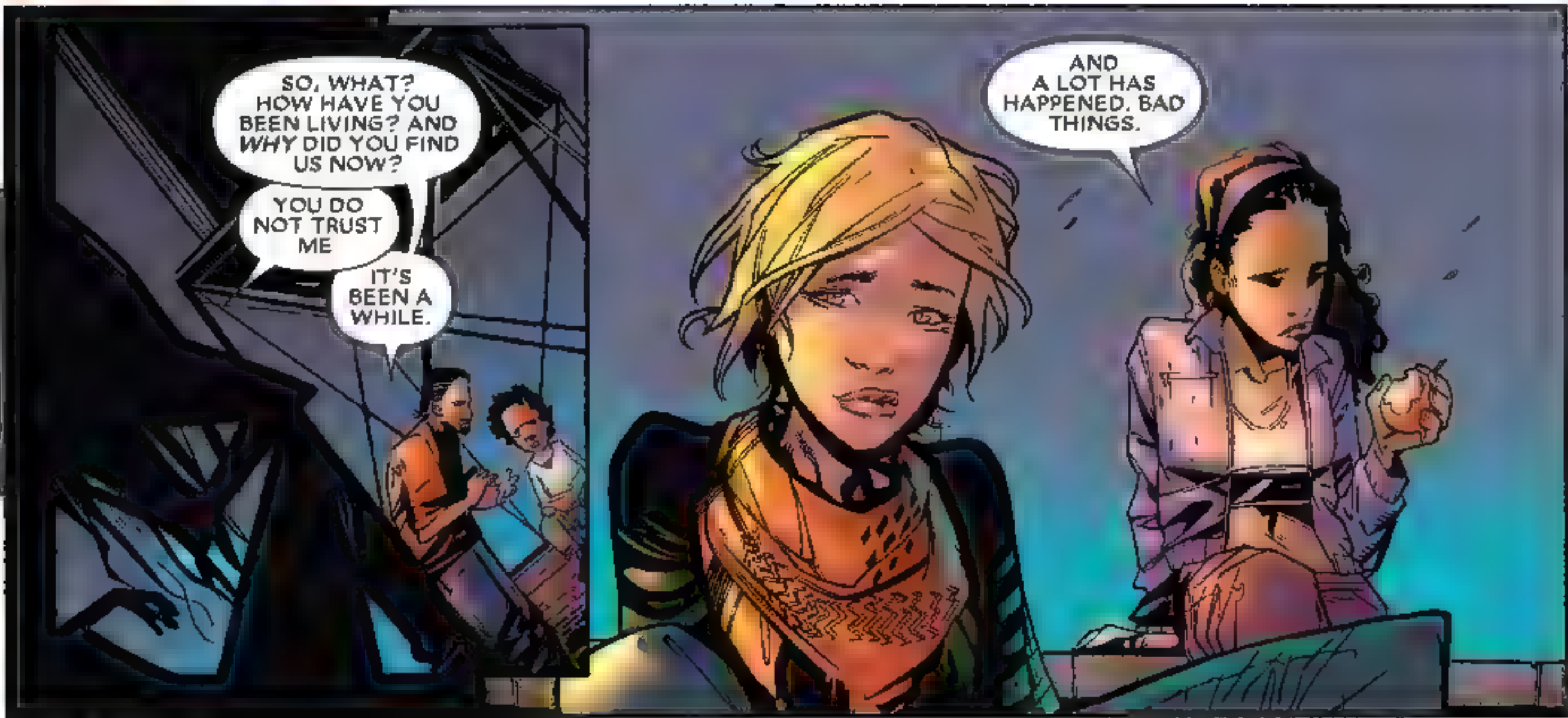
LAURA.



YOU'RE NOT .YOU
KNOW, BACK ON THE
STREET, ARE YOU?
LIKE LIKE WHEN WE
FIRST MET?

NO.

NO SEX FOR
MONEY.

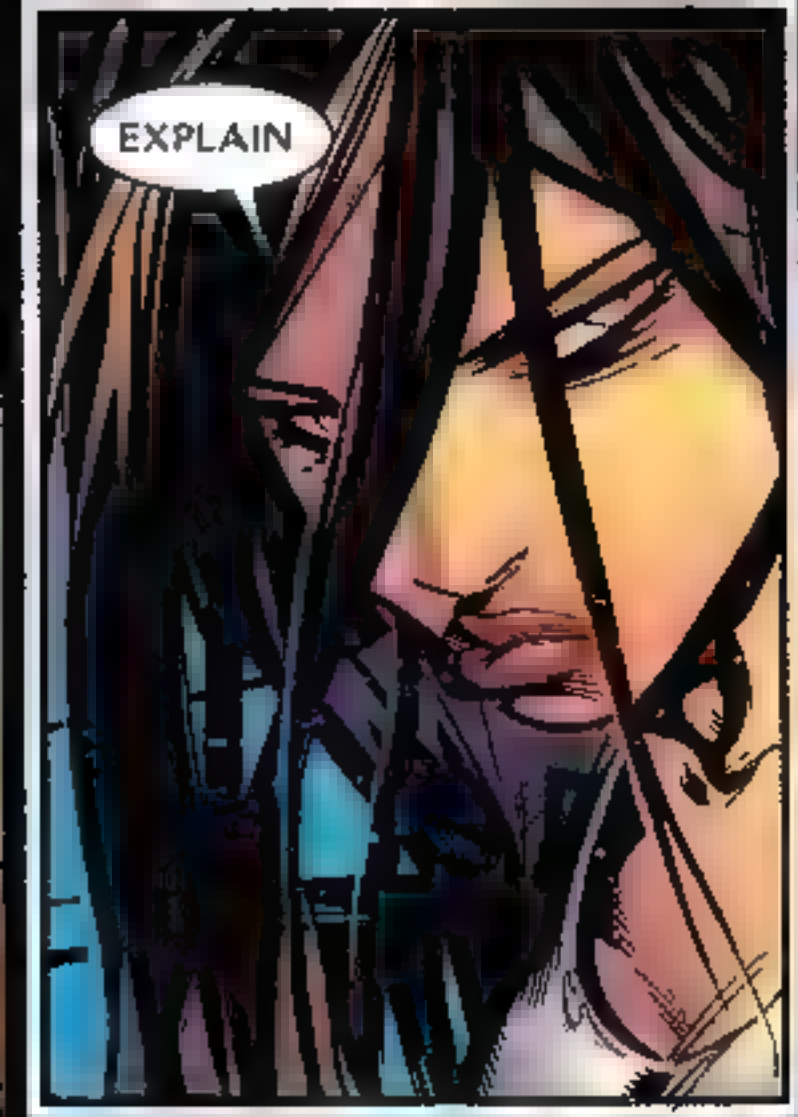


SO, WHAT?
HOW HAVE YOU
BEEN LIVING? AND
WHY DID YOU FIND
US NOW?

YOU DO
NOT TRUST
ME

IT'S BEEN A
WHILE.

AND
A LOT HAS
HAPPENED. BAD
THINGS.





LOVELY
LAURA.

MY
LAURA.

WELCOME
HOME.

NO.

THIS
IS NOT
REAL.

REAL ENOUGH.
DREAMS ARE THE
ONLY REALITIES THAT
MATTER, LAURA.

DREAMS
KEEP A MAN'S
SOUL ALIVE.



NO
PRETENSE.
NO SECOND
THOUGHTS.

STOP
TALKING

YOUR
MIND IS SO
CLEAN.

MAKE
ME

OR
NOT!

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

YOU WOULDN'T
LIKE TO KNOW
WHO I AM?

YOU
ARE ALL THE
SAME

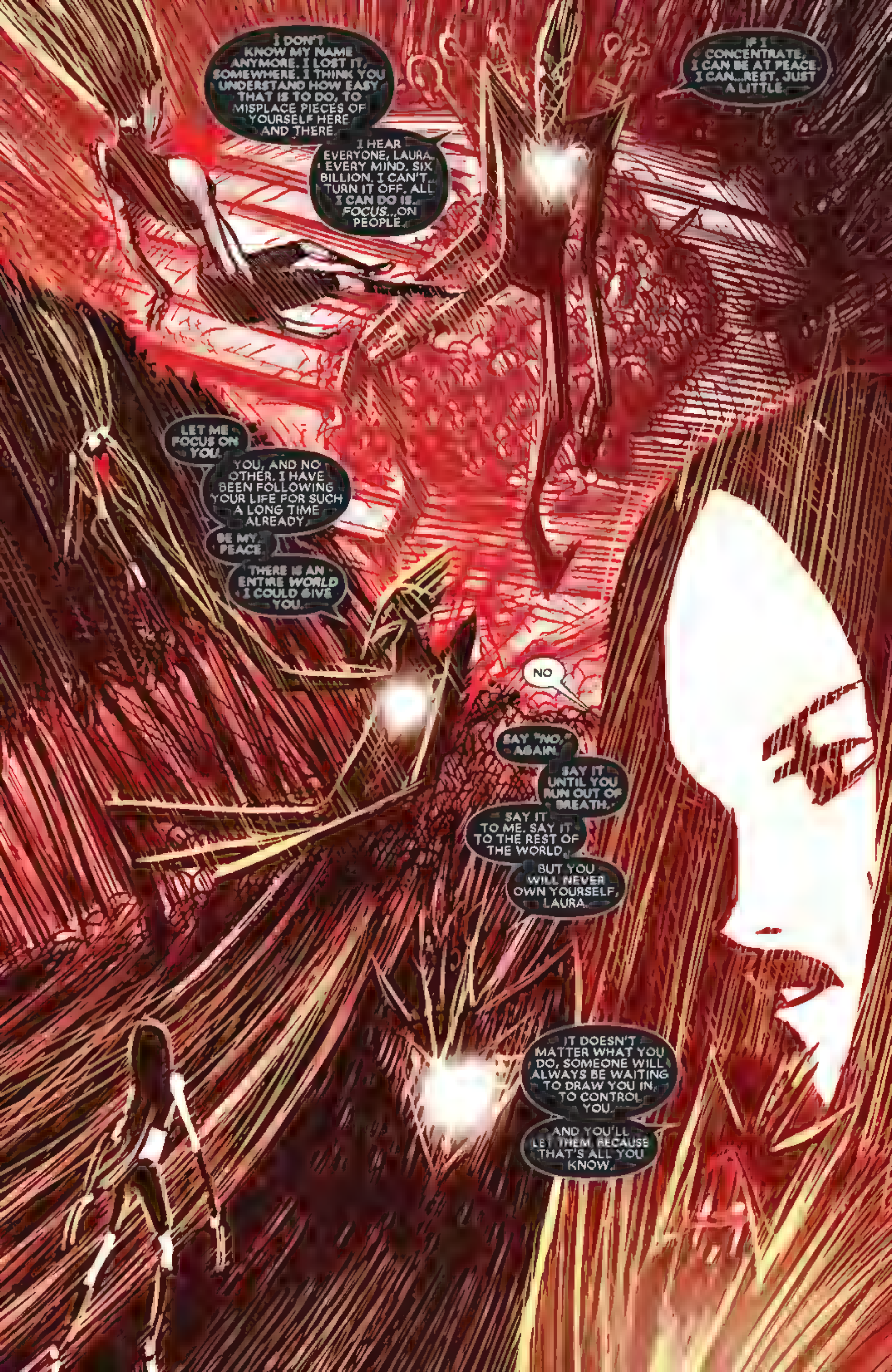
USERS
MANIPULATORS.
PAIN MAKERS

NOT -
ME. NOT
YET.

FINE YOUR
NAME

SOME
CALL ME THE
GAMESMASTER.

WHAT
DO YOU CALL
YOURSELF?



I DON'T
KNOW MY NAME
ANYMORE. I LOST IT,
SOMEWHERE. I THINK YOU
UNDERSTAND HOW EASY
THAT IS TO DO, TO
MISPLACE PIECES OF
YOURSELF HERE
AND THERE

I HEAR
EVERYONE, LAURA.
EVERY MIND. SIX
BILLION. I CAN'T
TURN IT OFF. ALL
I CAN DO IS
FOCUS...ON
PEOPLE

IF I
CONCENTRATE,
I CAN BE AT PEACE.
I CAN...REST. JUST
A LITTLE

LET ME
FOCUS ON
YOU

YOU, AND NO
OTHER. I HAVE
BEEN FOLLOWING
YOUR LIFE FOR SUCH
A LONG TIME
ALREADY

BE MY
PEACE

THERE IS AN
ENTIRE WORLD
I COULD GIVE
YOU

NO

SAY "NO,"
AGAIN

SAY IT
UNTIL YOU
RUN OUT OF
BREATH

SAY IT
TO ME. SAY IT
TO THE REST OF
THE WORLD

BUT YOU
WILL NEVER
OWN YOURSELF,
LAURA

IT DOESN'T
MATTER WHAT YOU
DO, SOMEONE WILL
ALWAYS BE WAITING
TO DRAW YOU IN,
TO CONTROL
YOU

AND YOU'LL
LET THEM, BECAUSE
THAT'S ALL YOU
KNOW



BORN A
SLAVE, ALWAYS
A SLAVE. DOESN'T
MATTER IF THE CHAINS
FALL AWAY, YOU'LL
PUT THEM ON
AGAIN.

HERE
IN YOUR
MIND.

FIRST
THE MEN WHO
CREATED
YOU.

THEN,
THE PIMP.

LATER,
THE X-MEN.

NOW,
ME.

YOU
NEVER LEFT
THE CAGE
LAURA.

YOU
NEVER
WILL.

WHY ARE
YOU TELLING
ME THIS?

BECAUSE
I AM ALSO IN
A CAGE.

I
KNOW.

SO END
IT. YOU KNOW
HOW.

BUT UNLIKE
YOU, I BELIEVE
IN LIFE. NO MATTER
HOW MUCH IT
HURTS ME.

YOU ARE
WRONG.

NEVER.

YOU ARE
WRONG

SWEET
LAURA—

I BELIEVE
IN LIFE

I
BELIEVE

I. FIGHT. I
BLEED FOR OTHERS.
TO KEEP THEM ALIVE
I LIVE. I LIVE, SO
OTHERS WILL
LIVE.

I
BELIEVE.

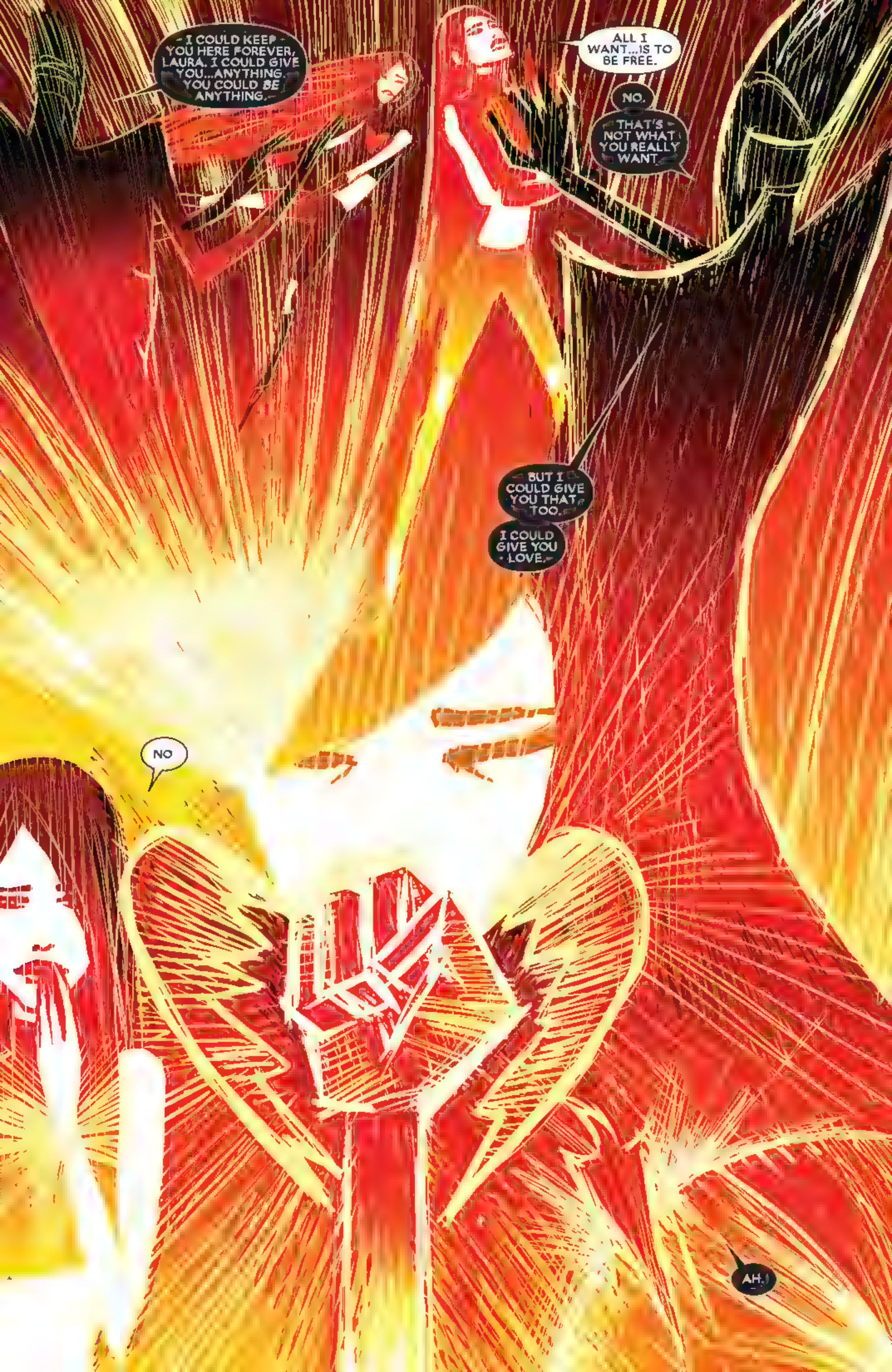
DO
YOU?

OR WERE YOU
JUST PROGRAMMED
TO FEEL THAT
WAY?

WHAT IS
REAL, LITTLE
LAURA? DO YOU
EVEN KNOW?

DOES IT
MATTER?

YES



I COULD KEEP
YOU HERE FOREVER,
LAURA. I COULD GIVE
YOU...ANYTHING.
YOU COULD BE
ANYTHING.

ALL I
WANT...IS TO
BE FREE.

NO.

THAT'S
NOT WHAT
YOU REALLY
WANT

BUT I
COULD GIVE
YOU THAT
TOO.

I COULD
GIVE YOU
LOVE.

NO

AH



I HAVE
CHOSEN MANY
OVER THE YEARS,
MEN AND WOMEN
AND CHILDREN,
WHO KEEP ME
SANE.

BUT YOUR
MIND IS DIFFERENT
FROM ALL OF THEM.
YOUR PAIN IS
DIFFERENT.

AND I
WILL NOT LET
YOU GO.

BUT I
WON'T KEEP
YOU HERE
EITHER.

IF THAT'S
WHAT YOU
WANT.

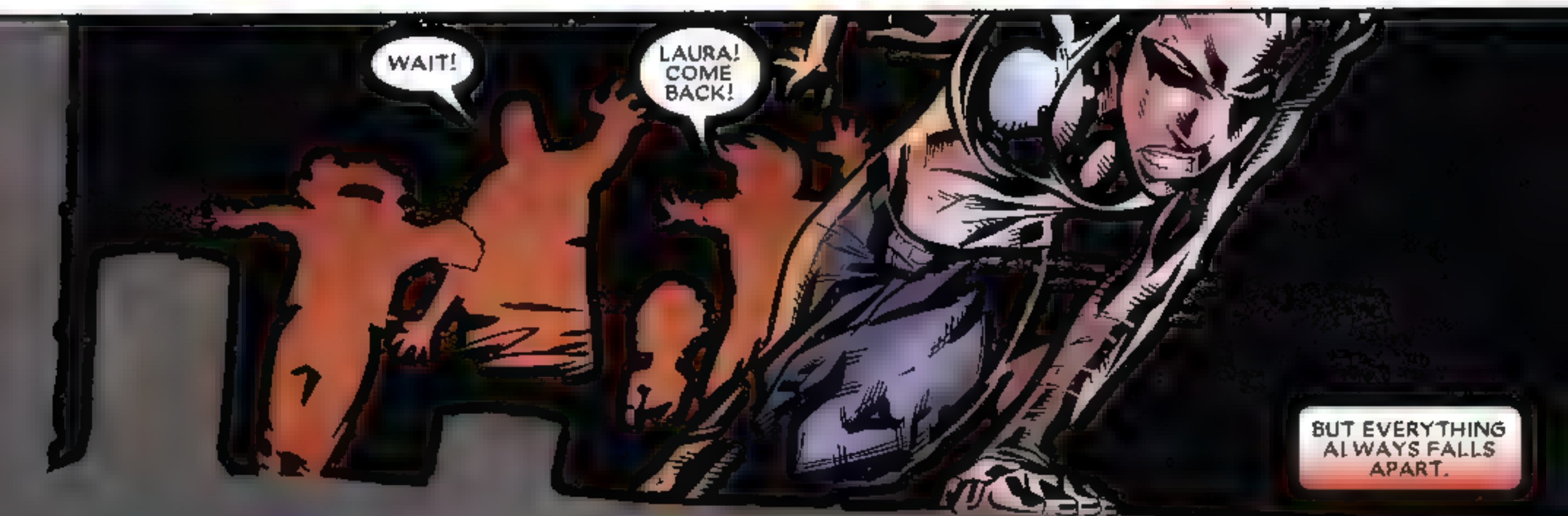
YOU
HAVE A
PRICE.

NOT
YET.

BUT UNTIL
THEN, YOU WILL
NEVER BE
ALONE.

I'LL BE
WATCHING.

WITH YOU,
INSIDE THE BARS
OF THE CAGE.



LIKE A CAGE THE
CITY IS LIKE A CAGE
AND THE ENEMY...THE
ENEMY LIVES IN THE

NO

NO. THERE
IS NO CAGE

I AM NOT
MY ENEMY.

NOT
ANYMORE

I WON'T LET
MYSELF

I WON'T.

THE
GAMESMASTER
WAS WRONG

I AM BIGGER
THAN THE BARS

NOTHING
CAN HOLD
ME.

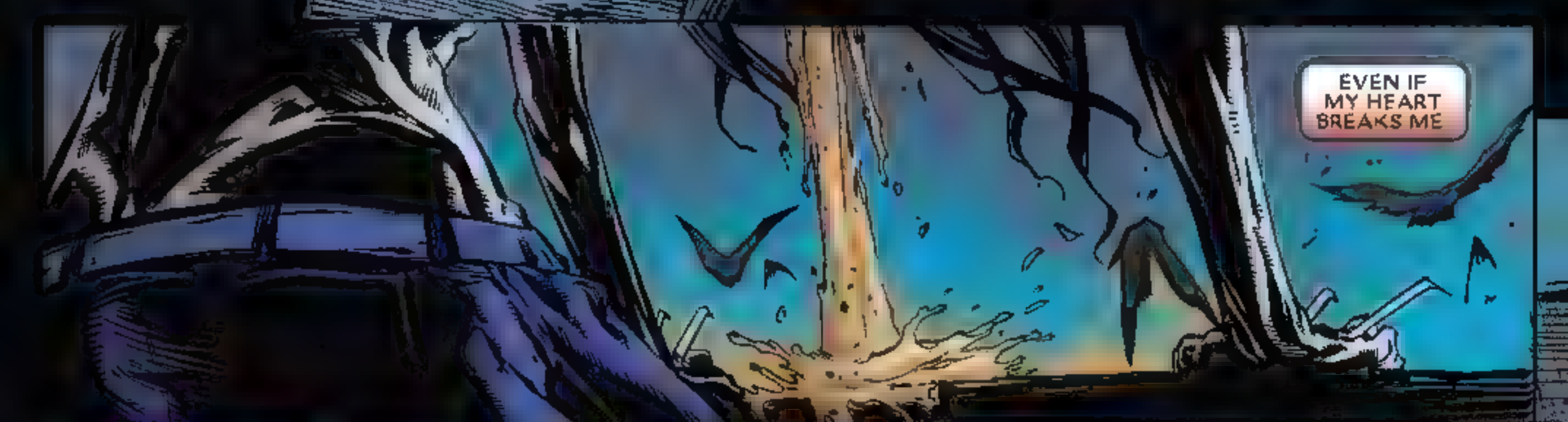


I CAN RUN
FAST ENOUGH

I CAN FIGHT
LONG ENOUGH

I CAN DO
ANYTHING.
BE ANYONE.

MY CHOICE.
MINE.



EVEN IF
MY HEART
BREAKS ME



I WOULD
TAKE THE
PAIN.

NO!

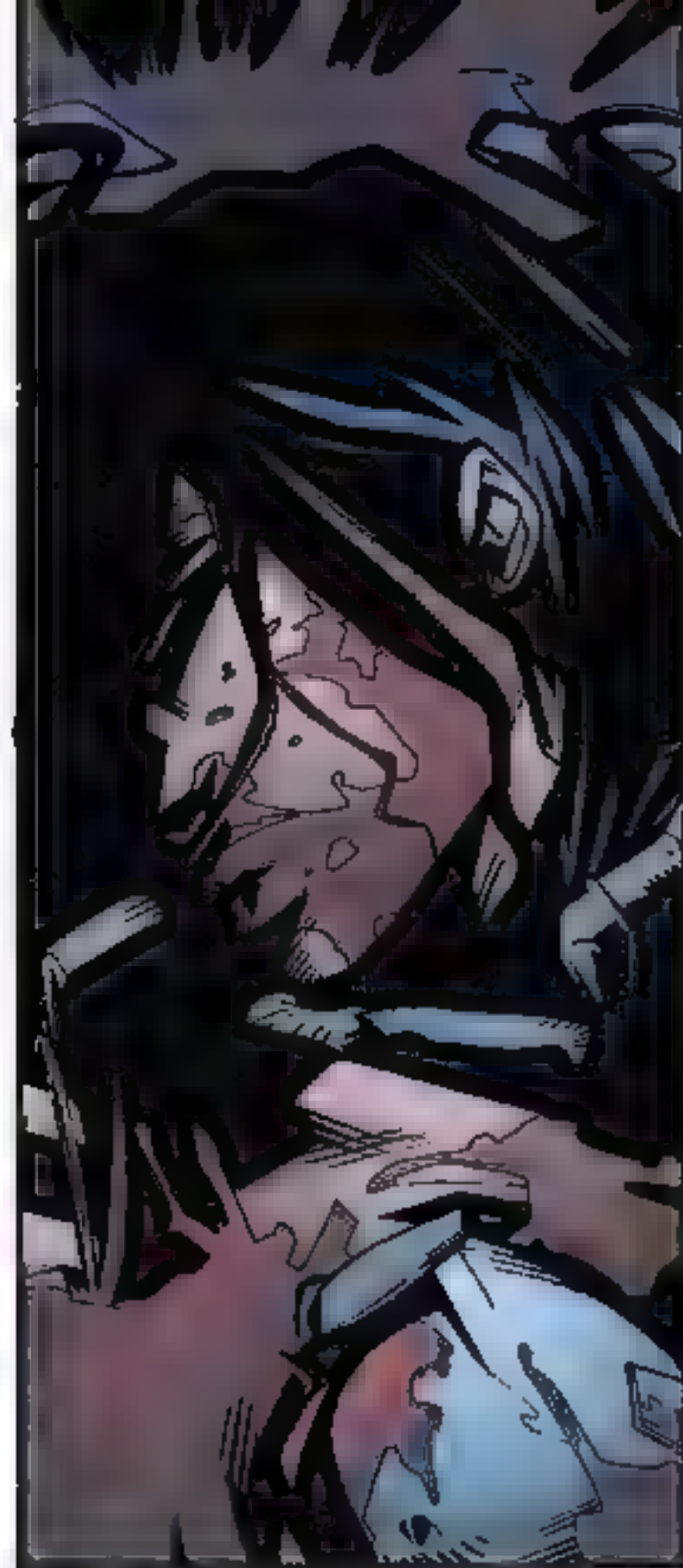


IF I COULD
BE FREE.

LAURA!



I WOULD
TAKE IT



I STOPPED
TIME.

BUT
STOPPING TIME
DOESN'T STOP
THE FALL.

I I LOST
CONTROL BEFORE
I COULD FIND
SOMETHING SOFT
FOR YOU TO
LAND ON

THANK
YOU . FOR
TRYING



DON'T.
DON'T MOVE
DON'T THANK
ME.

I WILL
BE FINE. I
WILL LIVE



I
KNOW

DIOS. WHAT
HAPPENED?

NOTHING.

LAURA ..
LAURA RAN
UNTIL SHE GOT
TIRED.

TIRED AND
BLOODY?

SHUT UP,
BOBBY.

COME ON.
YOU'RE COMING
HOME WITH US
WE'LL TAKE CARE
OF YOU, LAURA. YOU
DON'T. YOU DON'T
NEED TO RUN
ANYMORE



I
KNOW

LAURA.

WHO
WHO THE
HELL ARE
YOU?



HER
FRIEND.

HEARD THAT
BEFORE.

YOU CAN'T
HAVE HER BACK,
MISTER. SHE'S NOT...
SHE DOESN'T DO THAT
STUFF ANYMORE. YOU
TRY TO TAKE HER,
WE'LL FIGHT.

KIDEN...



HE IS NOT MY PIMP.

OH. WELL.

HE'S STILL OLD AND GROSS

JUST A FRIEND.

KIDEN.



I NEED TO GO WITH HIM.

YOU SURE? YOU WERE RUNNING ..FROM SOMETHING. IF IT'S HIM--

NO.

BUT.. THANK YOU. THANK YOU FOR BEING.. MY FRIEND.



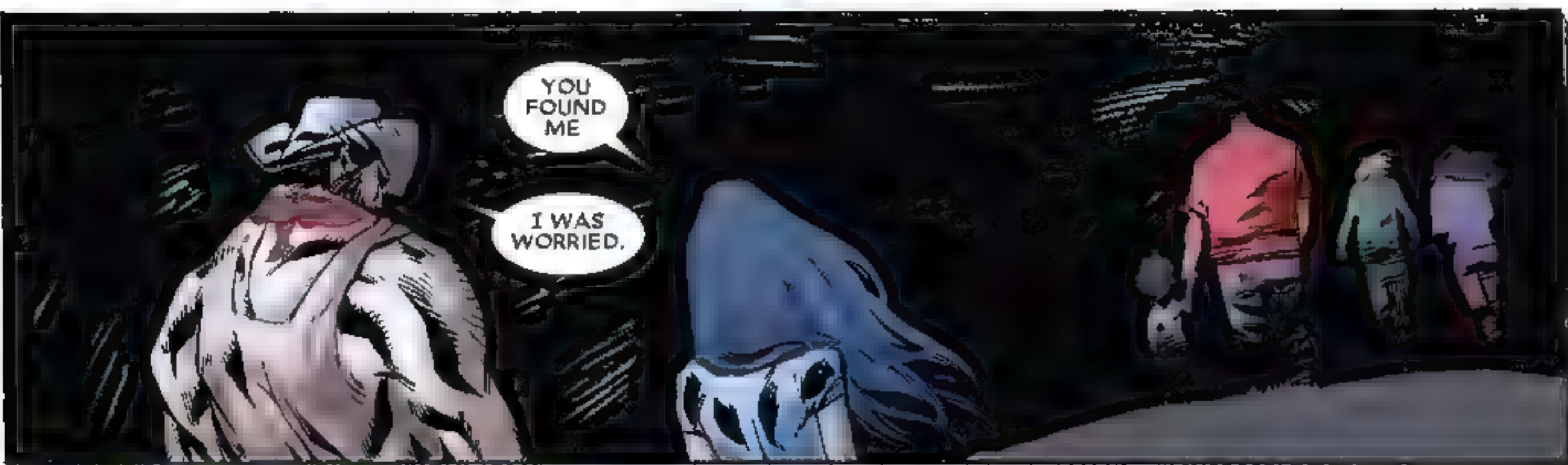
YOU EVER NEED TO RUN AGAIN...

RUN TO US.



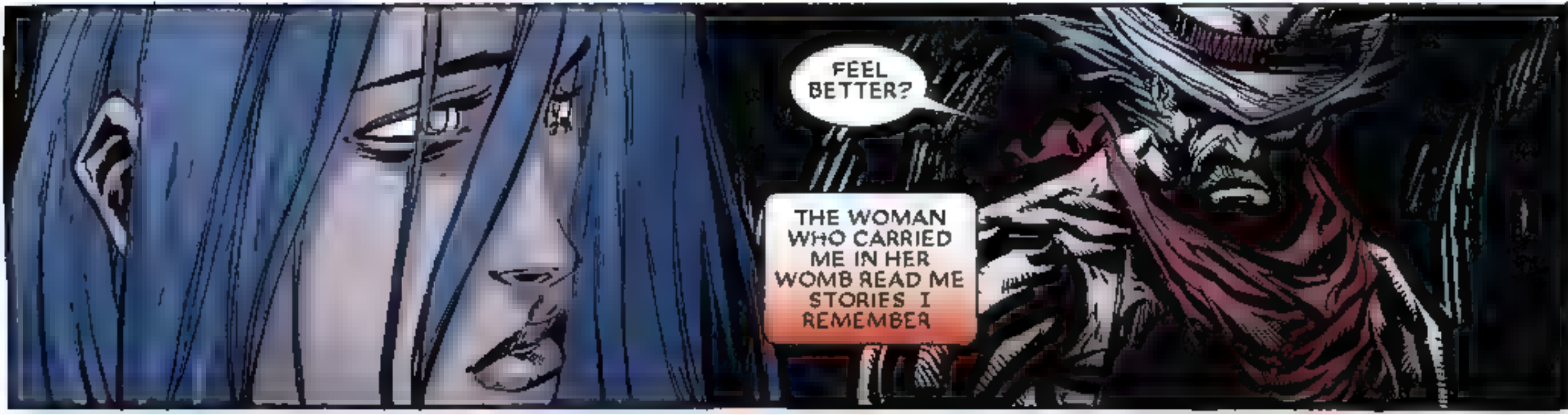
INTERESTING KID. I THINK I LIKE HER.

YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME YOU HAD FRIENDS IN THE CITY.



YOU FOUND ME

I WAS WORRIED.



FEEL BETTER?

THE WOMAN WHO CARRIED ME IN HER WOMB READ ME STORIES I REMEMBER

PINOCCHIO.
A PUPPET.

YOU
SAW. WHAT
I DID?

I SAW
ENOUGH

PAIN ISN'T
THE ANSWER TO
YOUR FEELINGS,
KID.

IT
HELPS.

UNTIL HE
BECAME A
REAL BOY

I AM NOT
REAL. NOT
YET

GOD, LAURA
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE? WHAT
DID I GET YOU
INTO?

NOTHING, OLD
MAN. YOU DID
NOTHING

I WAS BORN
INSIDE A CAGE.
RAISED INSIDE
A CAGE

I AM HERE
BECAUSE I DO
NOT KNOW HOW
TO LIVE ANY
OTHER WAY.

BUT I WILL
LEARN.

COME ON,
DARLIN'.

I CAN
HAVE WHAT
I WANT.

I CAN
CHANGE.

WATCH ME

X END.

SPF™



DECONNICK
STEGMAN
PALMER
OLAZABA
DOE

SIF



ASGARD WAS DESTROYED IN THE CATAclySM OF RAGNAROK. THE NURSE GODS WERE DEAD.

UNTIL THOR, THE GOD OF THUNDER AND MIGHTIEST OF THE PANTHEON, LIVED AGAIN. AND SEEKING OUT THE SPIRITS OF HIS KIN IN THE BODIES OF EVERYDAY MORTALS, THOR FILLED OUT THE RANKS OF HIS COMRADES. HE RESTORED ASGARD TO GLORY, AND BROUGHT IT TO A WELCOMING NEW HOME IN THE SMALL, NEIGHBORLY TOWN OF BROXTON, OKLAHOMA.

BUT THOR COULD NOT FIND SIF.

WHEN THE GOD OF THUNDER THOUGHT HE'D FREED THE SPIRIT OF HIS FORMER LOVE FROM THE MORTAL BODY OF A YOUNG BRIDE, HE WAS SHOCKED TO FIND HE'D BEEN FOOLED — IT WAS HIS MISCHIEVOUS BROTHER LOKI, NOW FEMALE. THE TRICKSTER LATER REVEALED THAT THE BLACK-HAIRED FORM HIS SPIRIT INHABITED WAS SIF'S...AND THAT SIF'S SPIRIT LAY TRAPPED IN THE DYING BODY OF AN ELDERLY CANCER PATIENT.

DISCOVERING THE RUSE, THOR FOUND AND FREED SIF mere SECONDS BEFORE HER HOST PASSED AWAY BACK IN HER TRUE BODY, AND REUNITED WITH HER LOVE, SIF CAME TO BROXTON. BUT RATHER THAN ASCEND TO HER RIGHTFUL PLACE IN ASGARD, SIF ASSUMED A MORTAL'S LIFE AND STAYED AN ANONYMOUS RESIDENT IN THE HUMBLE TOWN BELOW...

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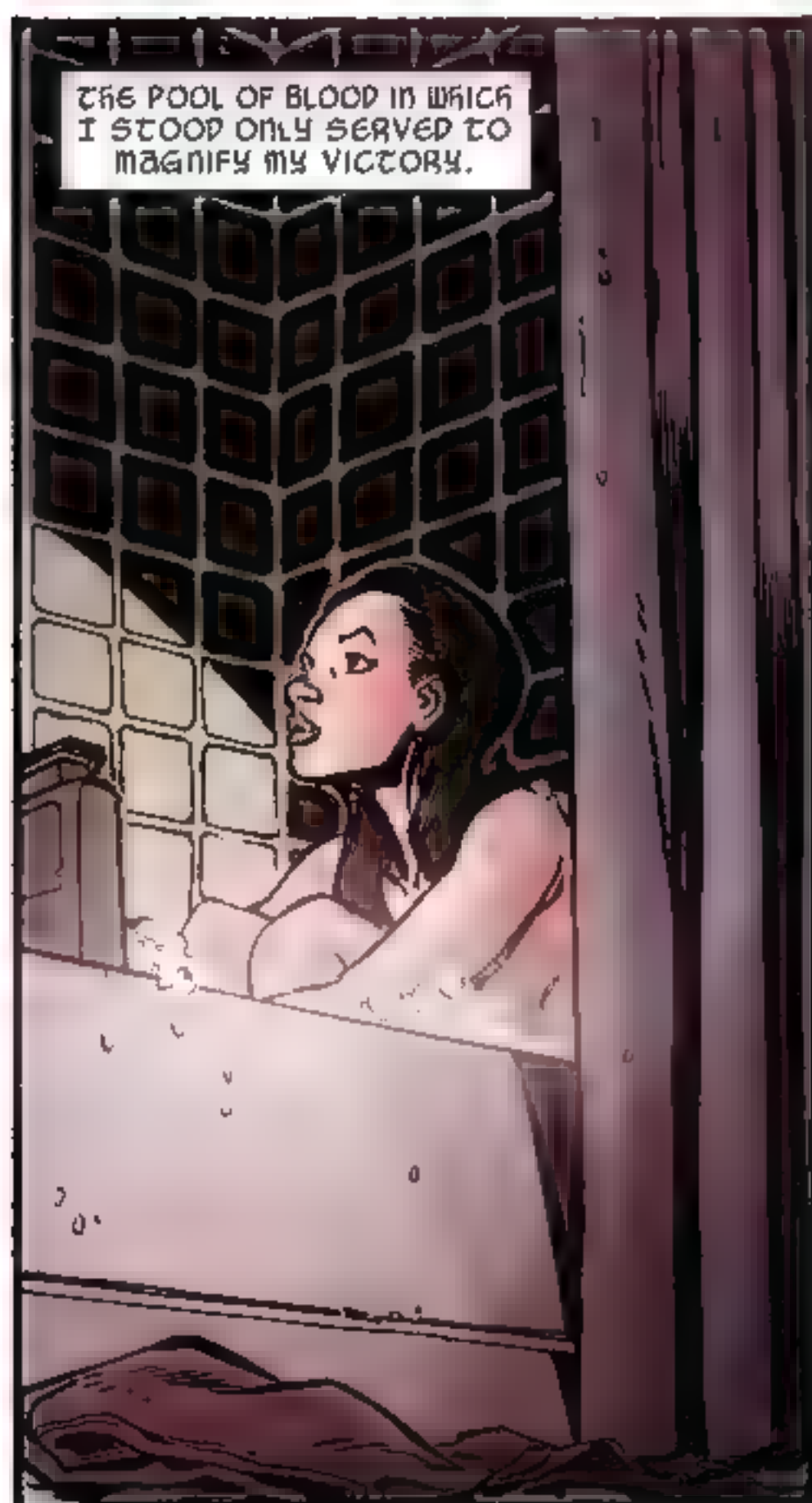
Broxton, Oklahoma

SOONER
HOTEL
FREE TV

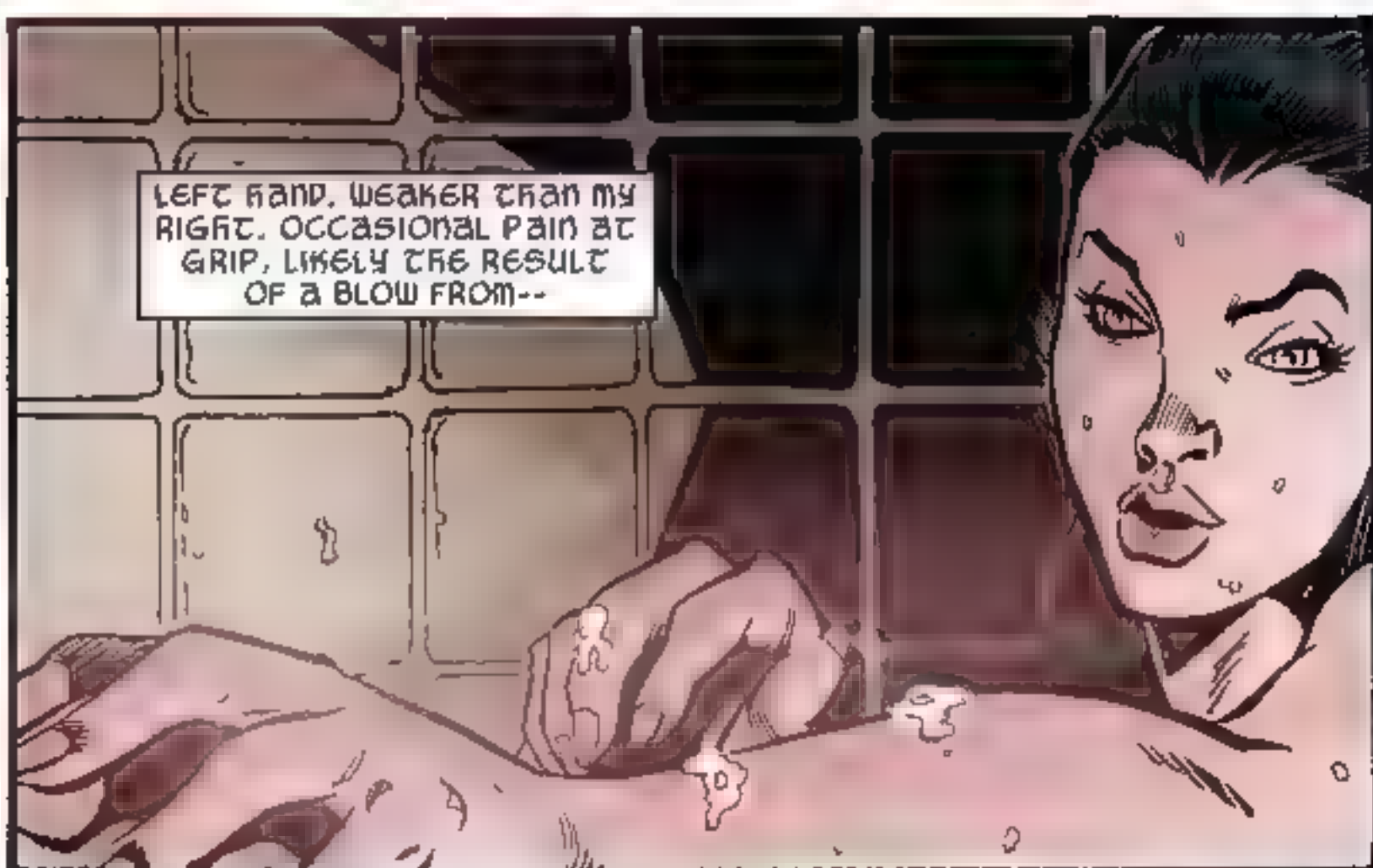
NO VACANCY



LEFT FOOT. ONE SCAR.
SIX CENTIMETERS.
EARNED IN BATTLE WITH
TINDR THE VAIN, WHO
PIERCED MY ARMOR,
LEATHERS AND FLESH,
BUT COULD NOT DIVIDE
ME FROM MY SPIRIT.



THE POOL OF BLOOD IN WHICH
I STOOD ONLY SERVED TO
MAGNIFY MY VICTORY.



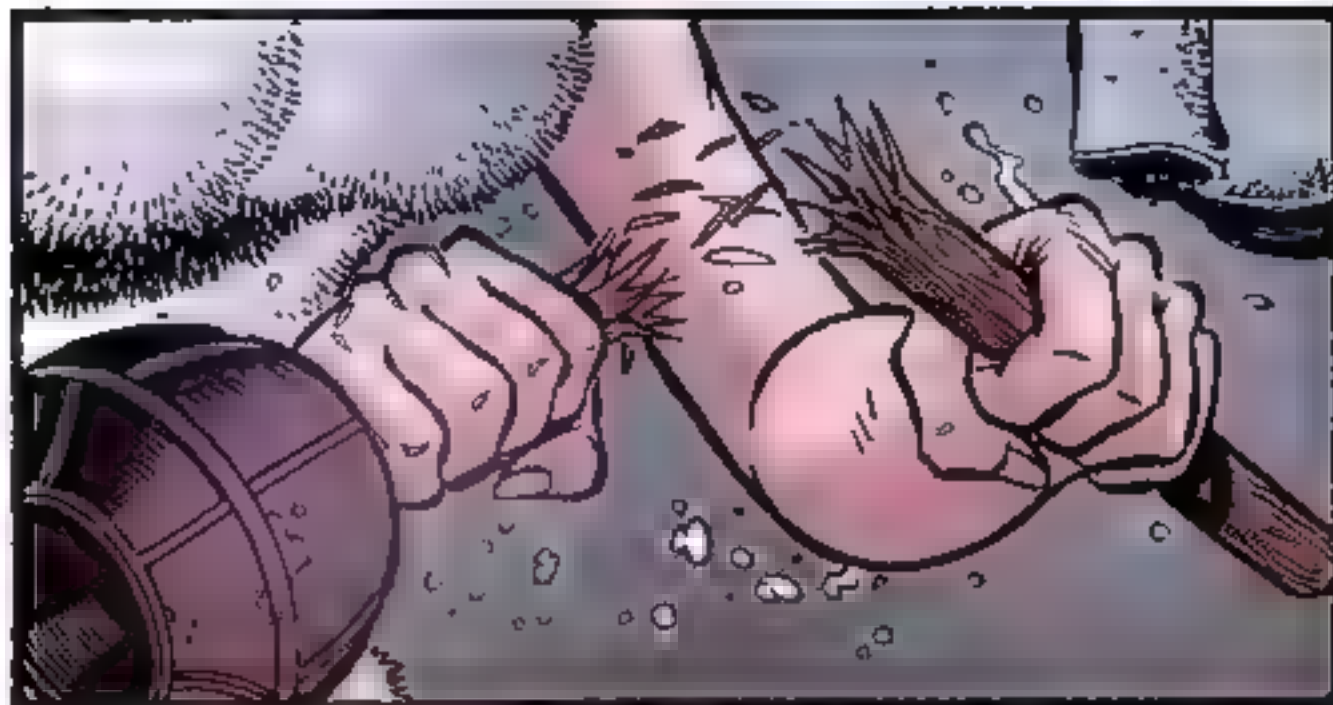
LEFT HAND. WEAKER THAN MY
RIGHT. OCCASIONAL PAIN AT
GRIP, LIKELY THE RESULT
OF A BLOW FROM--



--WHAT WAS
THAT SOUND?

I AM THE LADY SIF, BORN A GODDESS AND FORGED A WARRIOR. I WAS BAPTIZED IN THE TEARS OF MINE ENEMIES, AND THEIR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN FEAR MY NAME...

I AM ROCK AND WHEAT AND FIRE AND ASH, AND IN MY LORD THOR, I AM PROMISED TO THE SKY.



YET MY LIMBS TREMBLE.



OF COURSE. MY SKIN IS DAMP AND THE AIR IS COOL.



LAAAADY...

NO--THE NIGHT AIR IS AS FAFNIR'S BREATH; THERE IS NO CHILL. I QUAKE WITH FEAR.

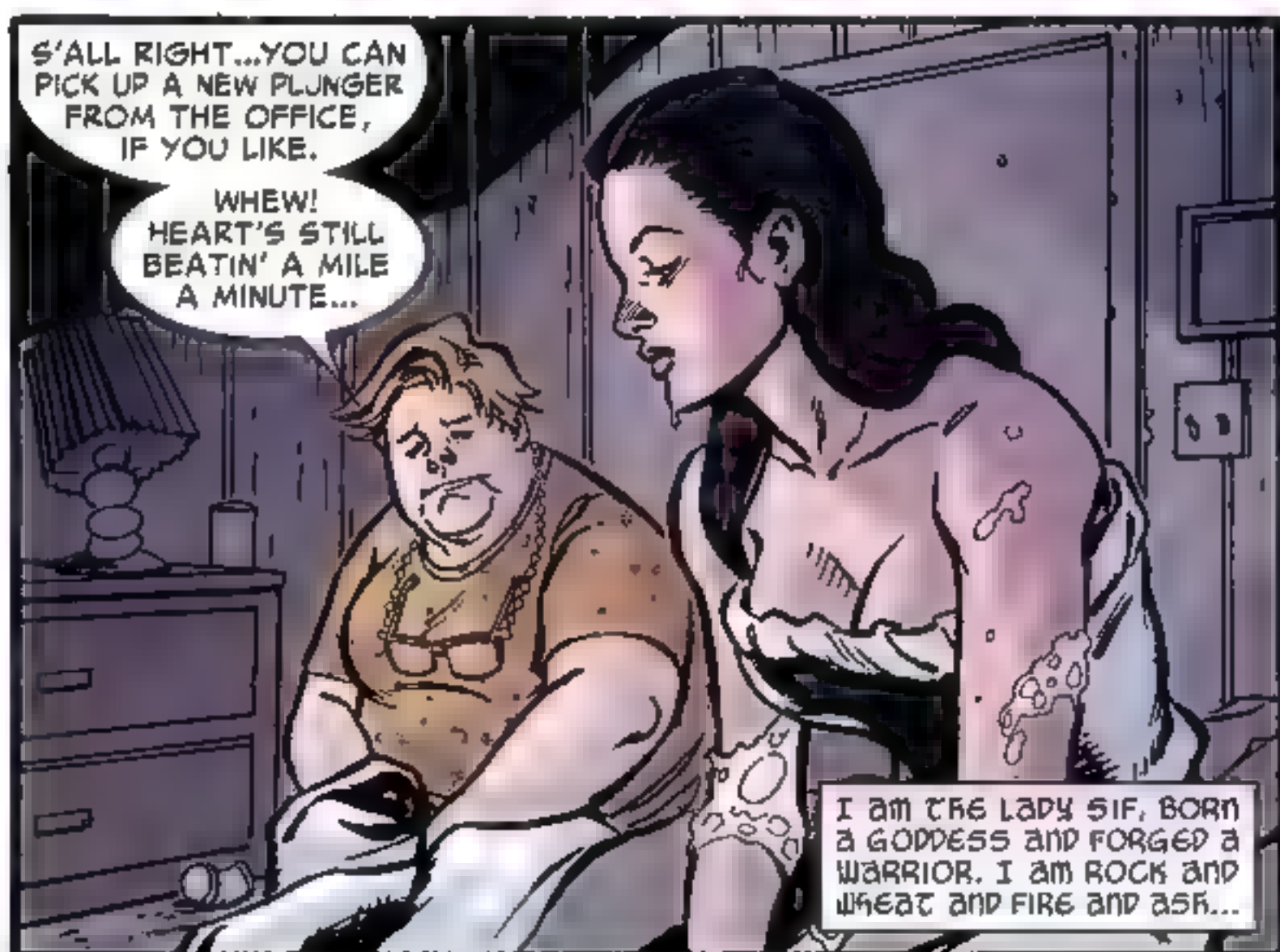
LOKI COMES!

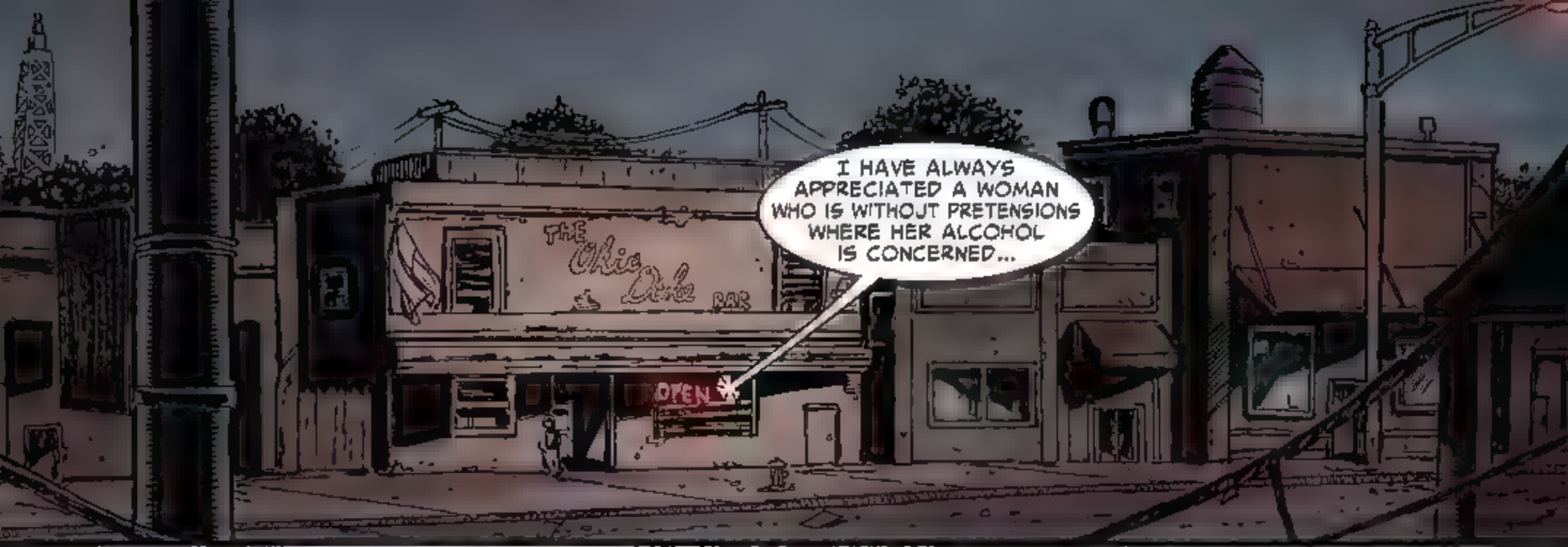
LAAAADY...

HE MADE A COSTUME OF MY FLESH AND IMPRISONED MY SOUL...AND NOW HE COMES AGAIN.

LAAAADY...

AGAIN HE MEANS TO CLAIM THIS BODY FOR HIS Pelt.





I HAVE ALWAYS APPRECIATED A WOMAN WHO IS WITHOUT PRETENSIONS WHERE HER ALCOHOL IS CONCERNED...



ROUGH NIGHT?

...aye.



SORRY TO HEAR IT. YOU CARE TO UNBURDEN YOURSELF, I'M HAPPY TO LISTEN.



ALWAYS BEEN PART OF THE JO--

LEAVE THE BOTTLE.





PEOPLE OF
BROXTON! MY NAME IS
BETA RAY BILL AND I COME
TO YOU SEEKING THE
MIGHTY THOR!

I REQUIRE
THE AID OF MY OATH
BROTHER.



BILL!!

SIF...?

I...I
WAS...

ABOUT TO
INTRODUCE YOUR
COMPANION?

AH. YES. MAY
I PRESENT TI ASHA
RA. SHE IS...



...WITH
ME.

HELLO...

AWK-WARD.

ANOTHER
KORBINITE...HOW...
LOVELY FOR YOU
BOTH.

TELL ME...
WHAT NEED HAVE
YOU OF THOR?



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN "TAKEN"...?
HOW? SKUTTLEBUTT'S
MORE THAN A
SHIP, SHE'S--

PIRATES?
SENTIENT.
YES.

DISEASED PIRATES
FERRYING A PARASITIC
ENTITY--A BIO-
MECHANICAL VIRUS



IT ATTACKED
HER CRYSTALLINE POWER
SOURCE AND BEGAN REROUTING
HER NEURAL PATHWAY
PARALLELS.

SKUTTLEBUTT
IS, IN
EFFECT...

POSSESSED.

I COULD
HAVE STOPPED
THEM, BUT--



--THERE
WASN'T TIME,
BILL.

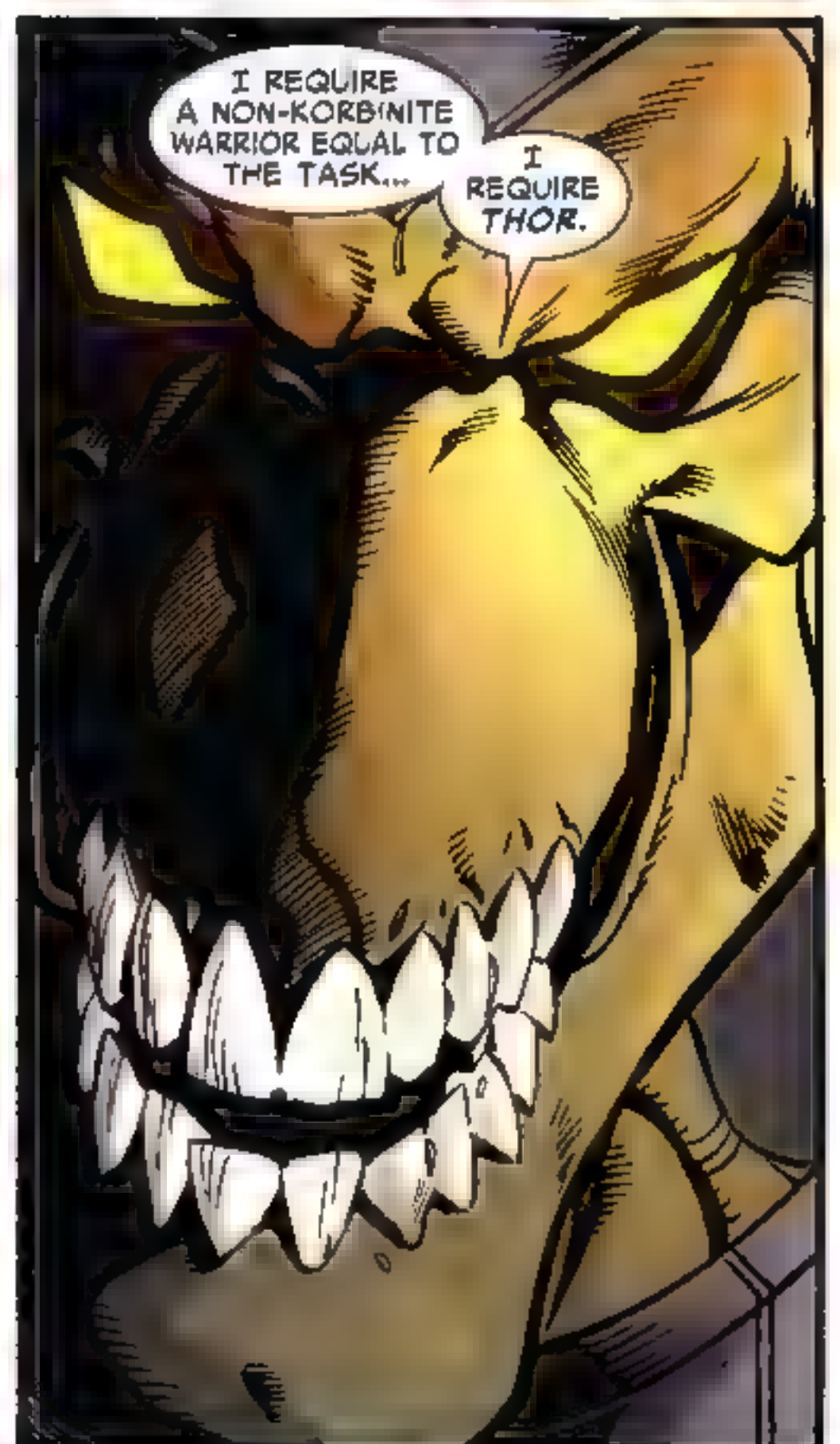
SKUTTLEBUTT'S
PRIMARY PROTOCOL
IS TO PRESERVE
KORBINITE LIFE...



SHE JETTISONED
HER MOST PRECIOUS
CARGO...US.

HER HULL
MATRIX RECOGNIZES
OUR BIOLOGY AND
WILL NOT ALLOW
US TO RE-ENTER
THE SHIP.

EVEN MANUAL
OVERRIDE CODES
ARE USELESS.



I REQUIRE
A NON-KORBINITE
WARRIOR EQUAL TO
THE TASK...

I
REQUIRE
THOR.



AS DO I
AND THE REST OF
THE NINE WORLDS
AT PRESENT.



...
OF
COURSE.

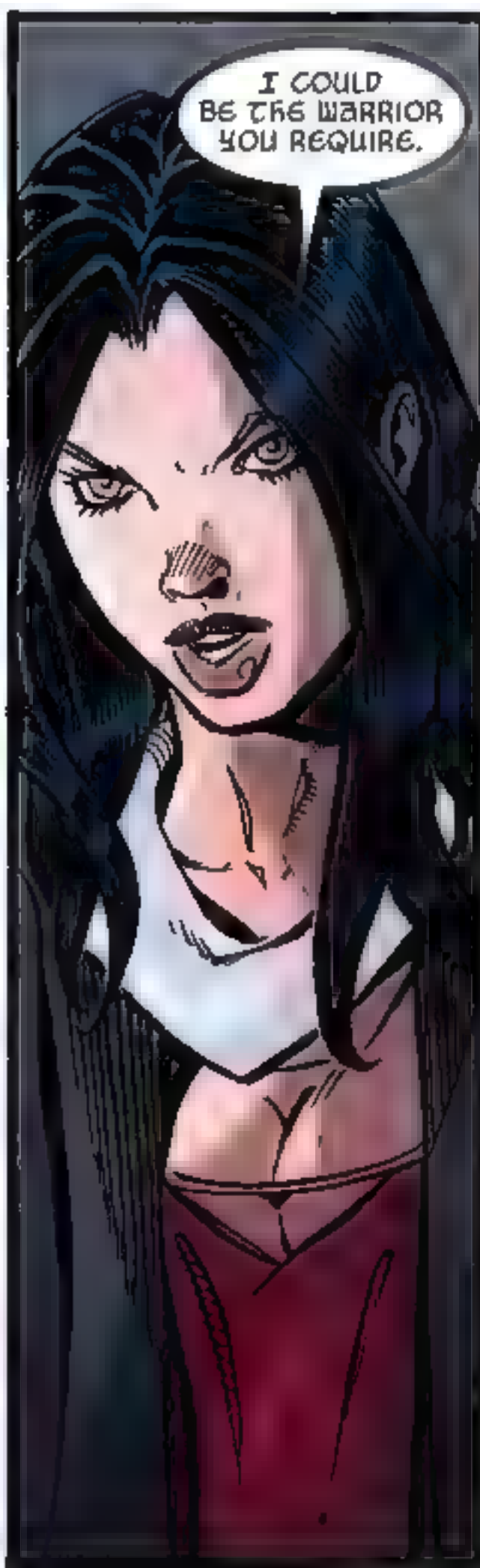


SKUTTLEBUTT
IS NO STRANGER
TO ME. I'VE BATTLED
BY HER SIDE
BEFORE.

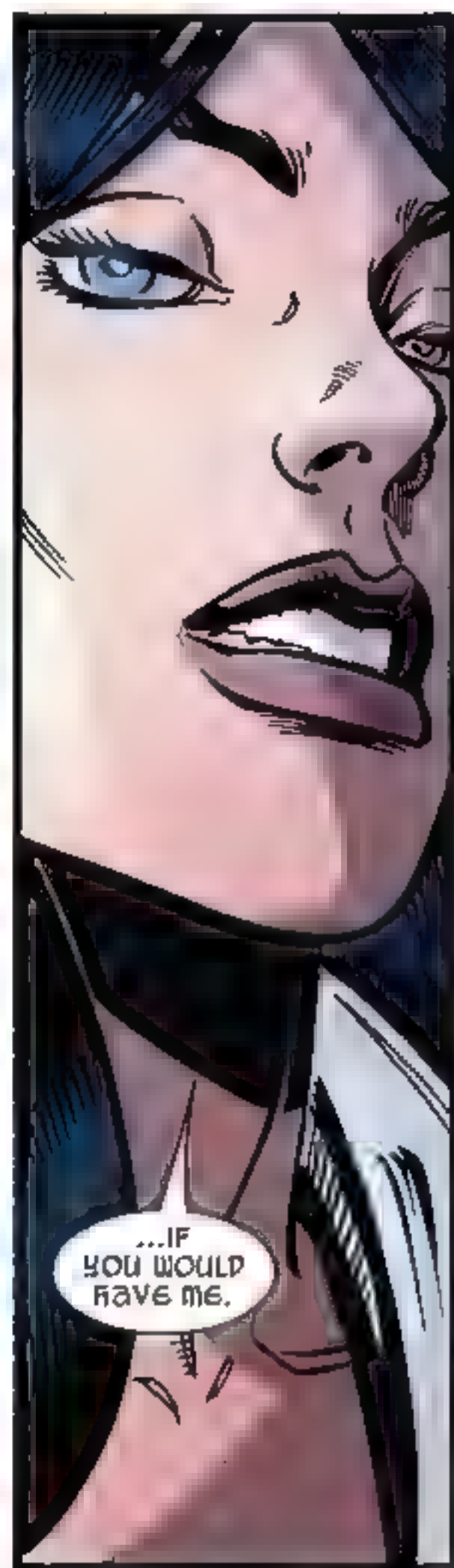
THOR'S AID
CANNOT BE HAD
AT PRESENT.



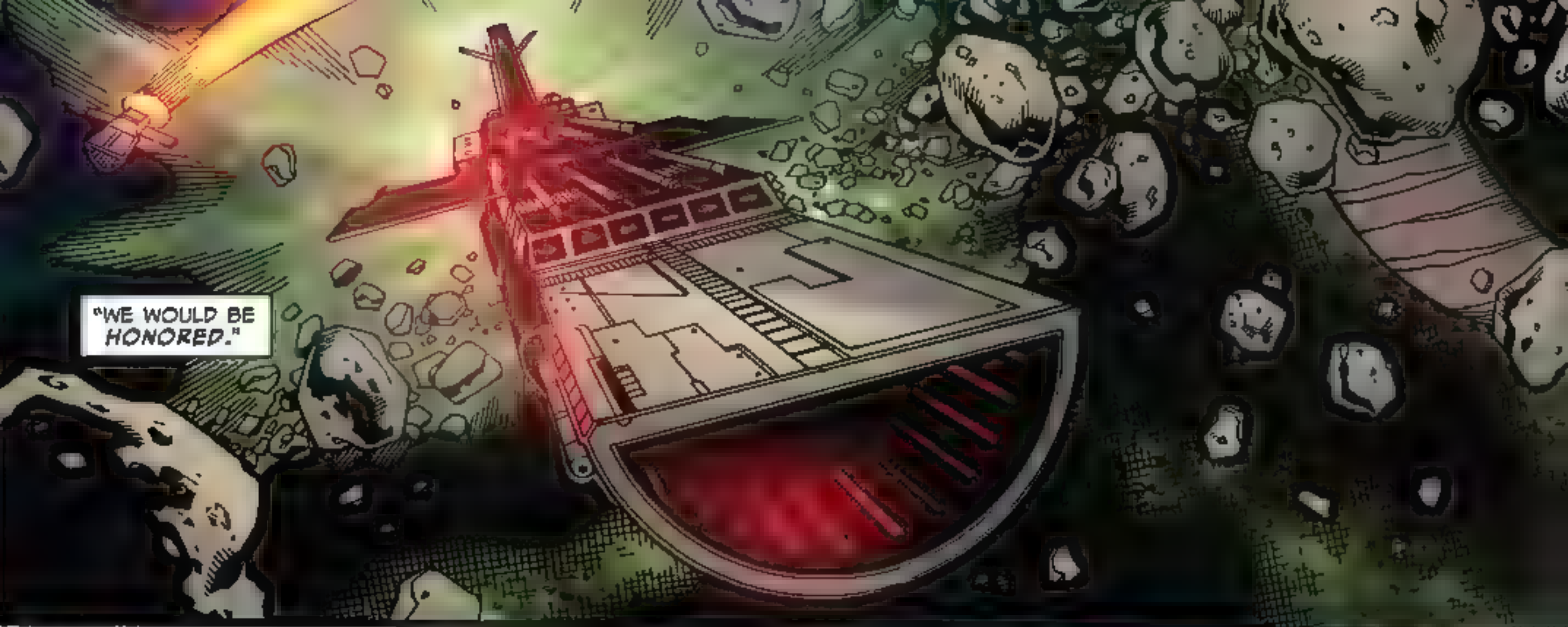
WHILE I
LANGUISH HERE...
OF SERVICE TO NO
NOBLE CAUSE.



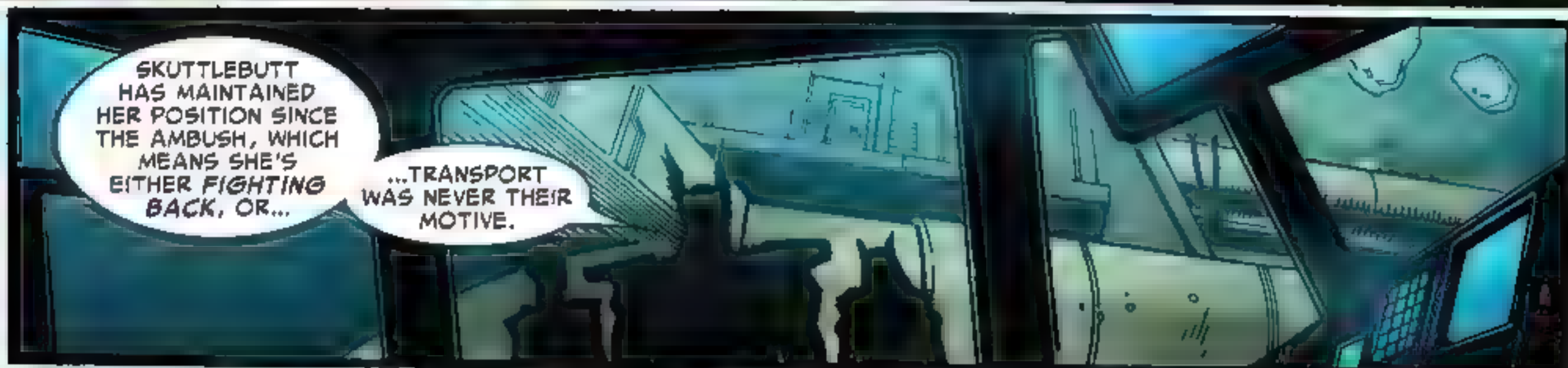
I COULD
BE THE WARRIOR
YOU REQUIRE.



...IF
YOU WOULD
HAVE ME.

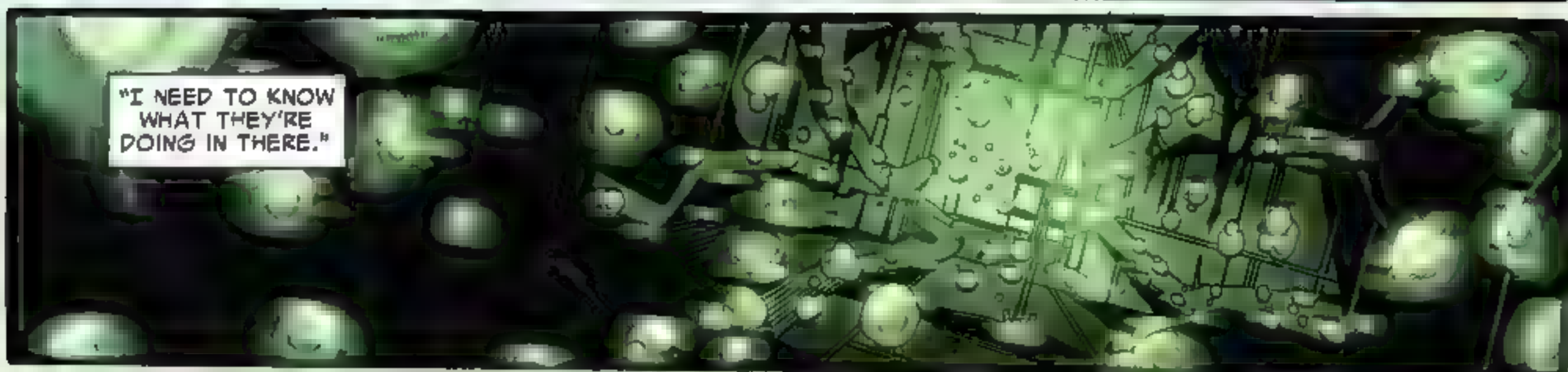


"WE WOULD BE
HONORED."

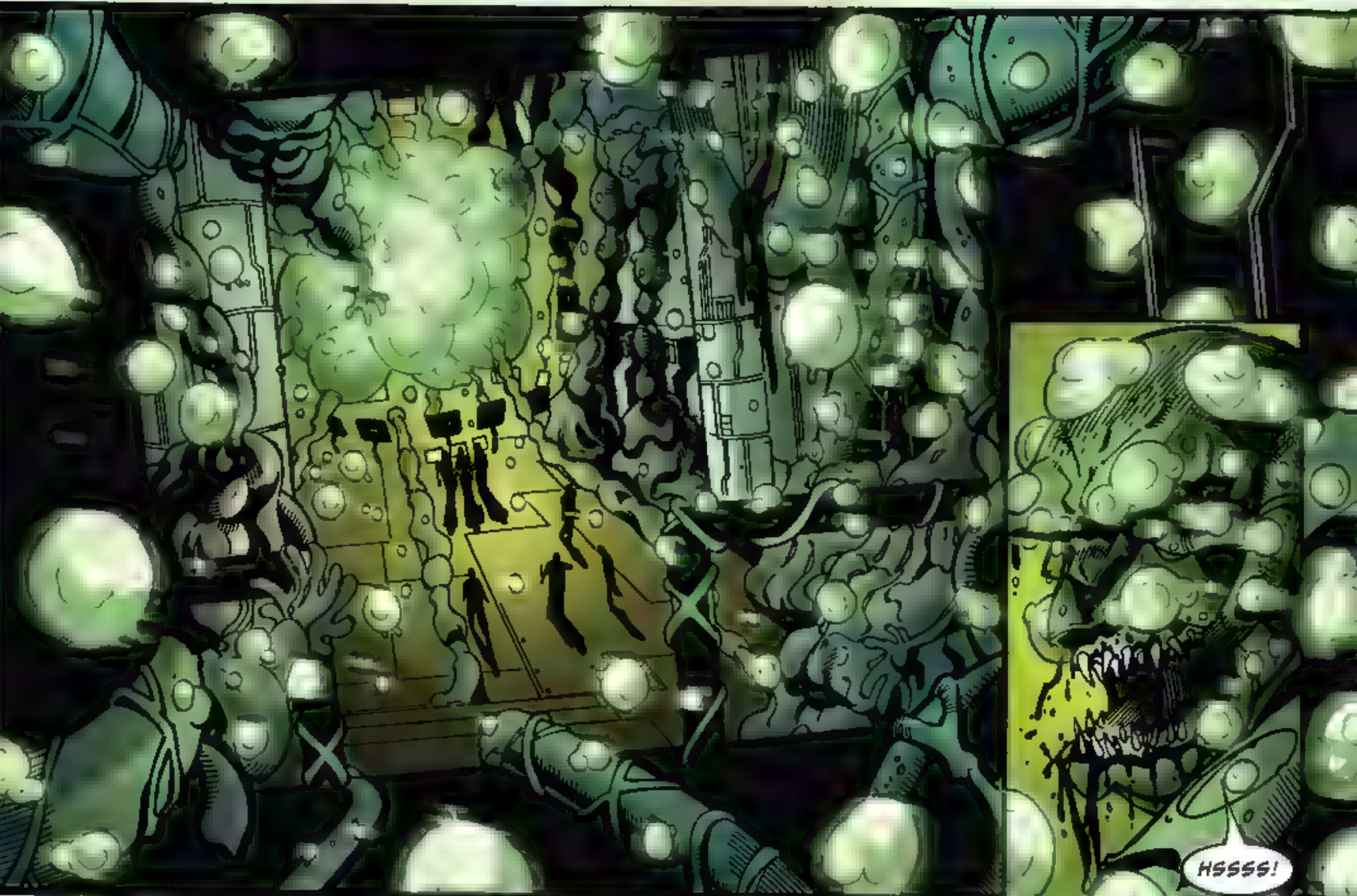


SKUTTLEBUTT
HAS MAINTAINED
HER POSITION SINCE
THE AMBUSH, WHICH
MEANS SHE'S
EITHER FIGHTING
BACK, OR...

...TRANSPORT
WAS NEVER THEIR
MOTIVE.



"I NEED TO KNOW
WHAT THEY'RE
DOING IN THERE."



HSSSS!



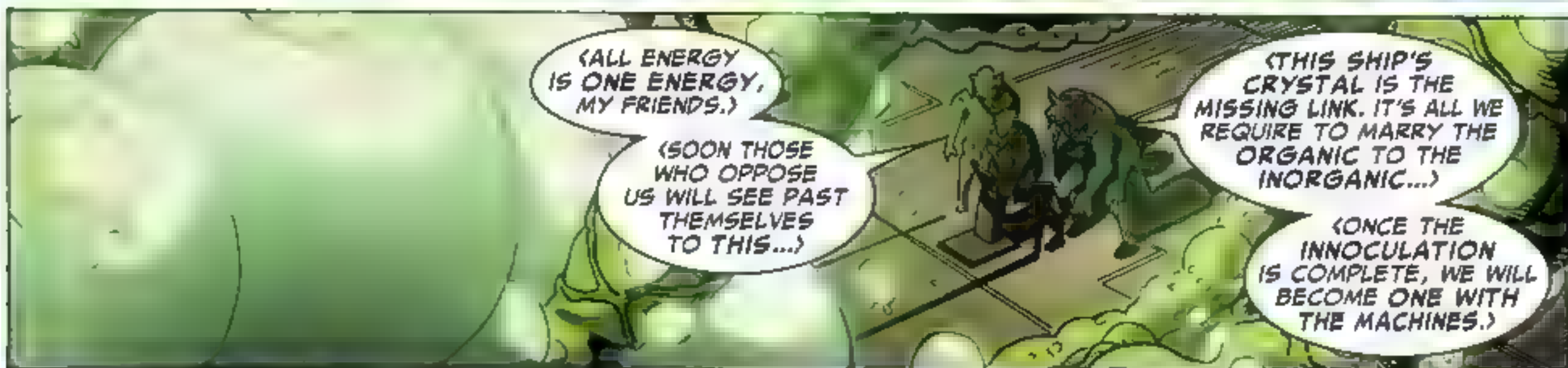
⟨THE SHUTTLE
VESSEL MAINTAINS
ITS POSITION OFF THE
STARBOARD STERN, FRIEND.
NO ATTEMPT TO DOCK
AS OF YET.⟩

⟨READY TO
FIRE ON YOUR
SAY-SO.⟩



⟨TO
WHAT
END?⟩

⟨WE ARE NOT
MURDERERS. OUR
WAY IS TO FREE
THOSE WHO WOULD
OPPOSE US...⟩



⟨ALL ENERGY
IS ONE ENERGY,
MY FRIENDS.⟩

⟨SOON THOSE
WHO OPPOSE
US WILL SEE PAST
THEMSELVES
TO THIS...⟩

⟨THIS SHIP'S
CRYSTAL IS THE
MISSING LINK. IT'S ALL WE
REQUIRE TO MARRY THE
ORGANIC TO THE
INORGANIC...⟩

⟨ONCE THE
INNOCULATION
IS COMPLETE, WE WILL
BECOME ONE WITH
THE MACHINES.⟩

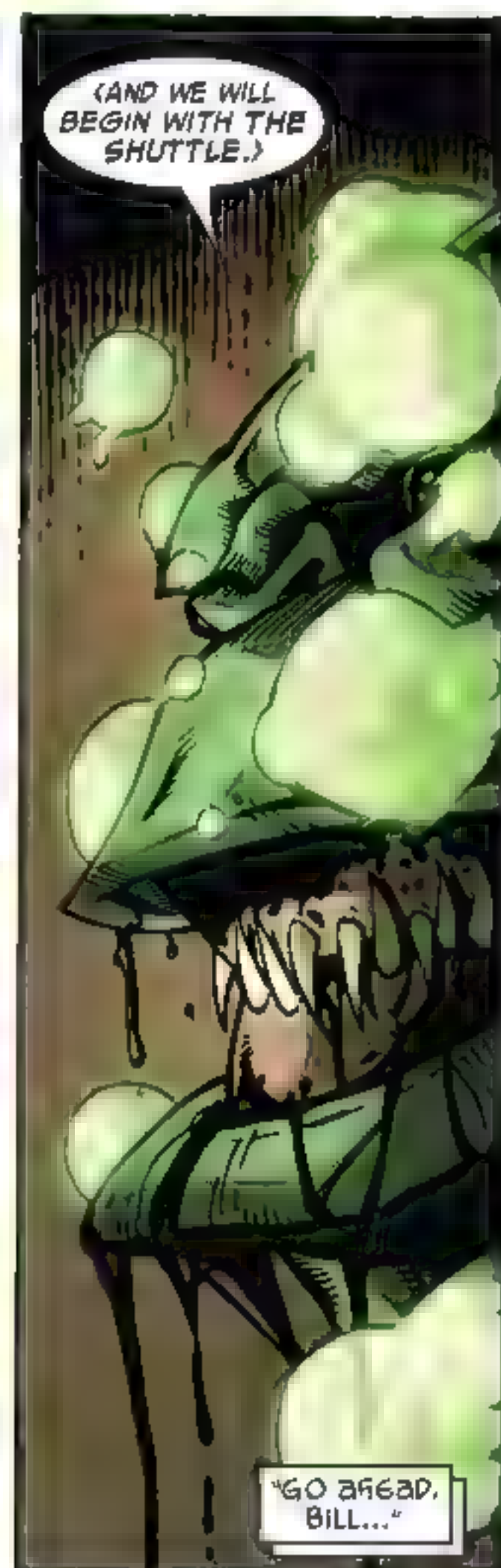


⟨THROUGH THIS
MIRACLE DEVICE, WE
WILL DELIVER OUR MESSAGE
OF FREEDOM ON WAVES
THROUGH SPACE...⟩

⟨THE SALVATION
CONDITION WILL BE
AS CONTAGIOUS AS AN
IDEA...AS INSIDIOUS
AS A DOUBT...⟩

⟨WE WILL
MULTIPLY THROUGH
NETWORKS JUST AS
WE HAVE THROUGH
CELLULAR
BIOLOGY...⟩

⟨SOON THE
VERY COSMOS WILL
EXIST AS A SINGLE
ENERGY IN THE SERVICE
OF OUR GLORIOUS
LIBERATOR...⟩



⟨AND WE WILL
BEGIN WITH THE
SHUTTLE.⟩

“GO AHEAD,
BILL...”



THERE ARE TWO SETS OF DOORS THAT MAKE UP THE AIRLOCK...

YOU SHOULD SEE AN INPUT PANEL JUST TO THE RIGHT OF THE FIRST SET.

LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU'VE FOUND IT.



I HAVE IT.

ENTER THE COMBINATION I GAVE YOU.



IS IT MEANT TO TURN RED?



DWEEE-UUMM DWEEE-UUMM DWEEE-UUMM

HULL BREACH ATTEMPT, SECTOR 4. HULL BREACH ATTEMPT, SECTOR 4.

HULL BREACH ATTEMPT, SECTOR 4. HULL BREACH ATTEMPT--

PLEASE... JOIN US.



DID YOU
REALLY THINK THAT
WOULD WORK?

NO...BUT
I HOPED IT
WOULD.

YOU'LL HAVE
TO FORCE YOUR
WAY IN.



IF I
MUST...

SMASH

ONCE THE
OUTER HATCH HAS CLOSED
BEHIND YOU, THE AIRLOCK WILL
AUTOMATICALLY TRIGGER THE
INNER DOORS...

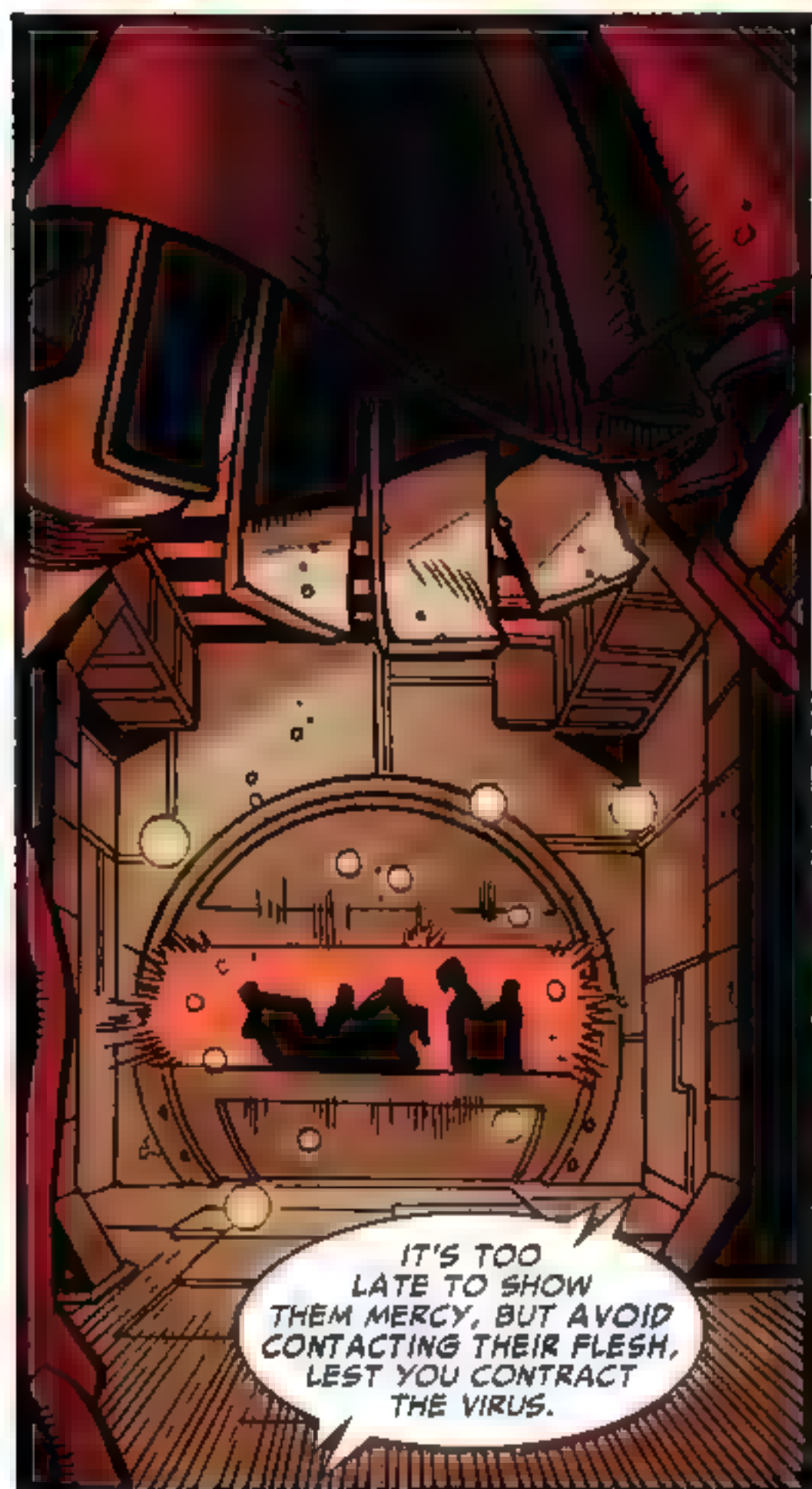
THEY'LL
BE WAITING FOR
YOU, SIF.



AND
I FOR
THEM.

THE CREATURES
YOU ARE ABOUT
TO CONFRONT ARE
INFECTED.

THEIR MINDS
ARE NOT THEIR
OWN. THEY WILL NOT
ACT IN THEIR OWN
SELF-INTEREST.



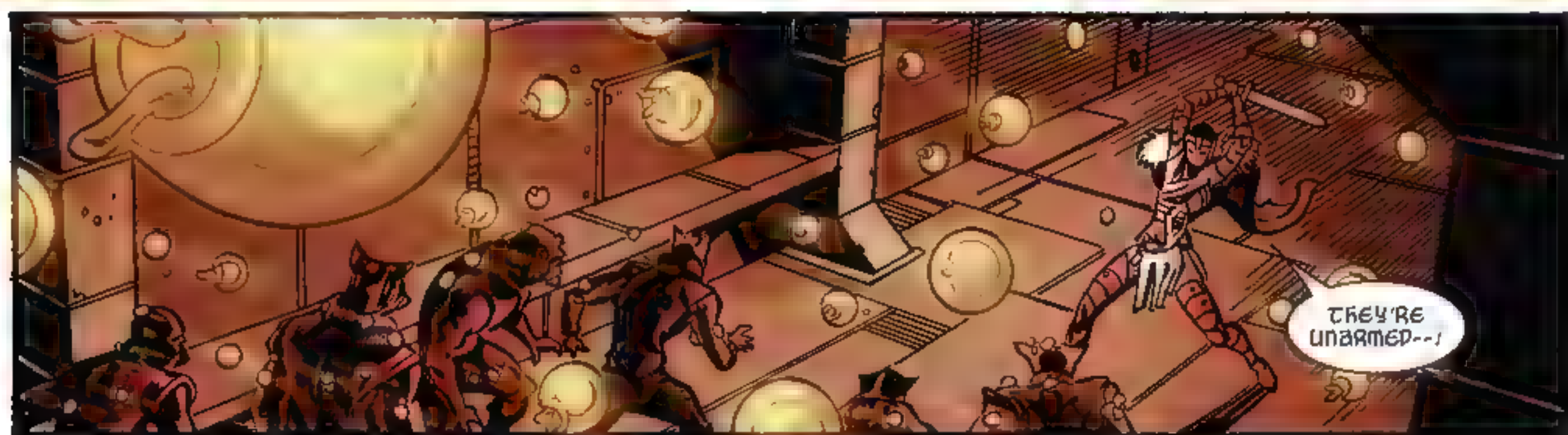
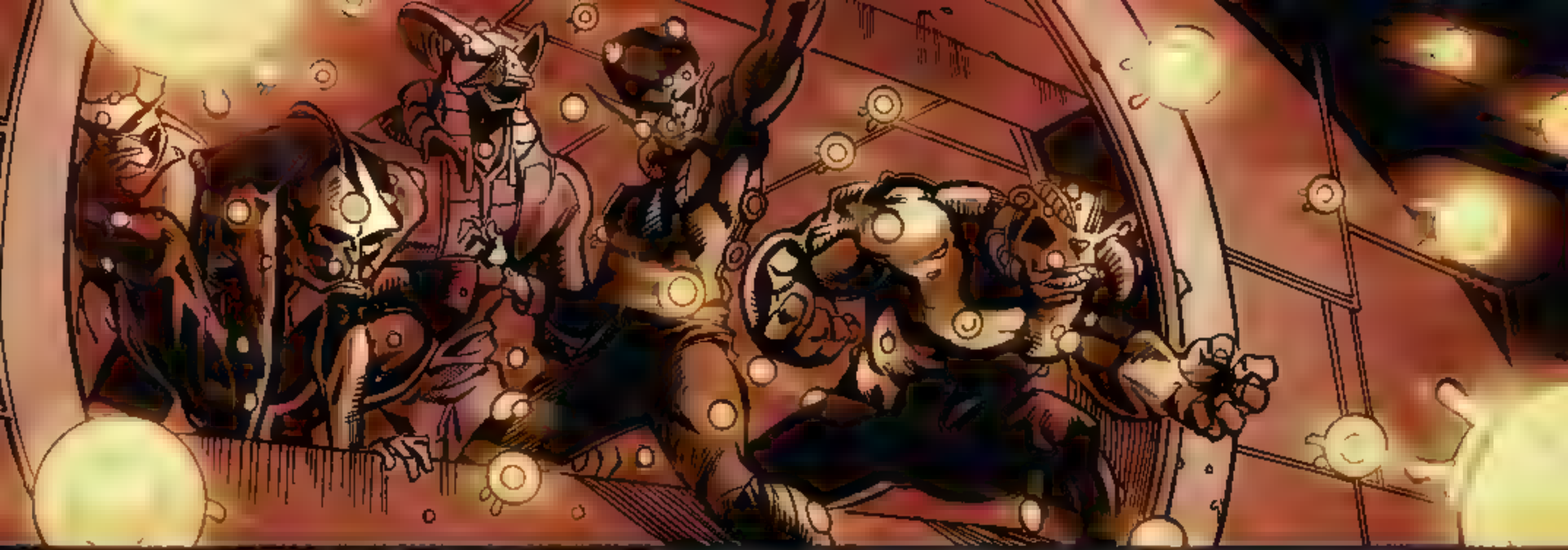
IT'S TOO
LATE TO SHOW
THEM MERCY, BUT AVOID
CONTACTING THEIR FLESH,
LEST YOU CONTRACT
THE VIRUS.

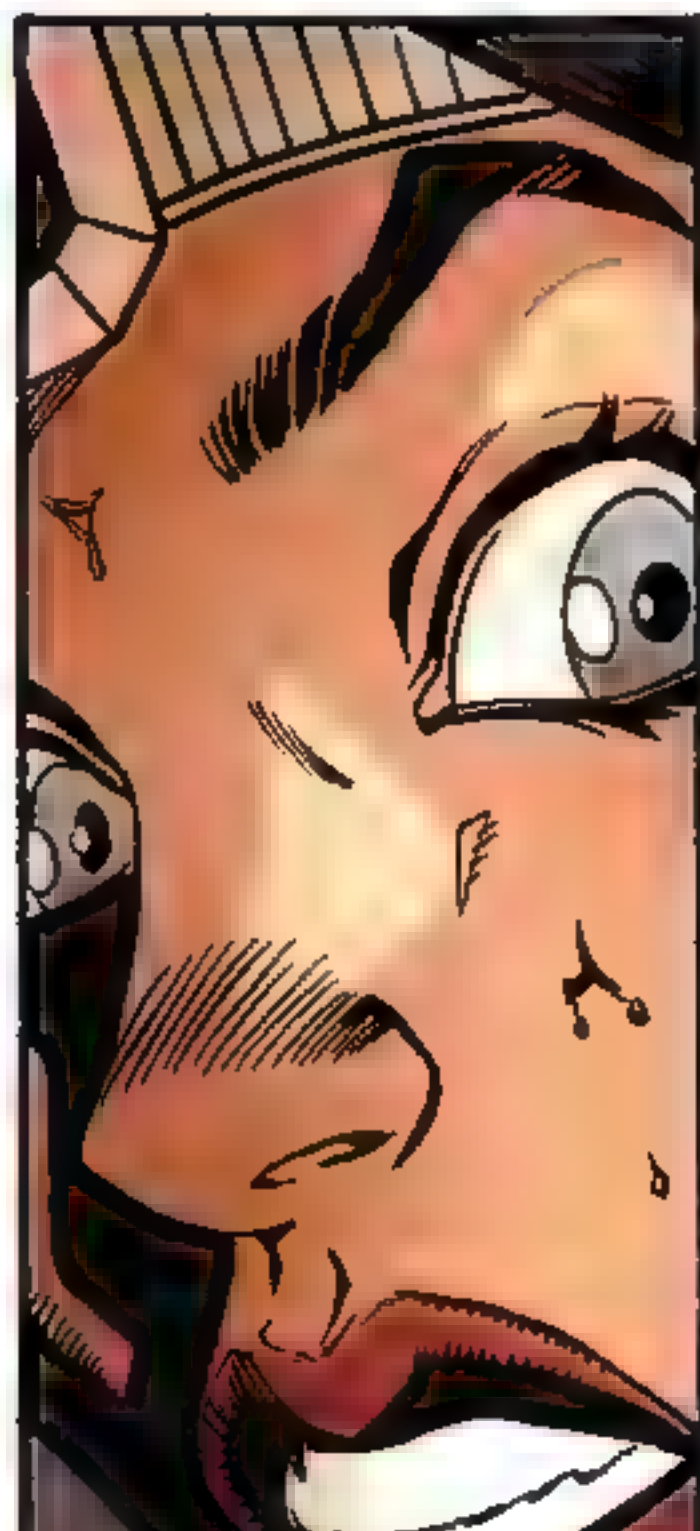
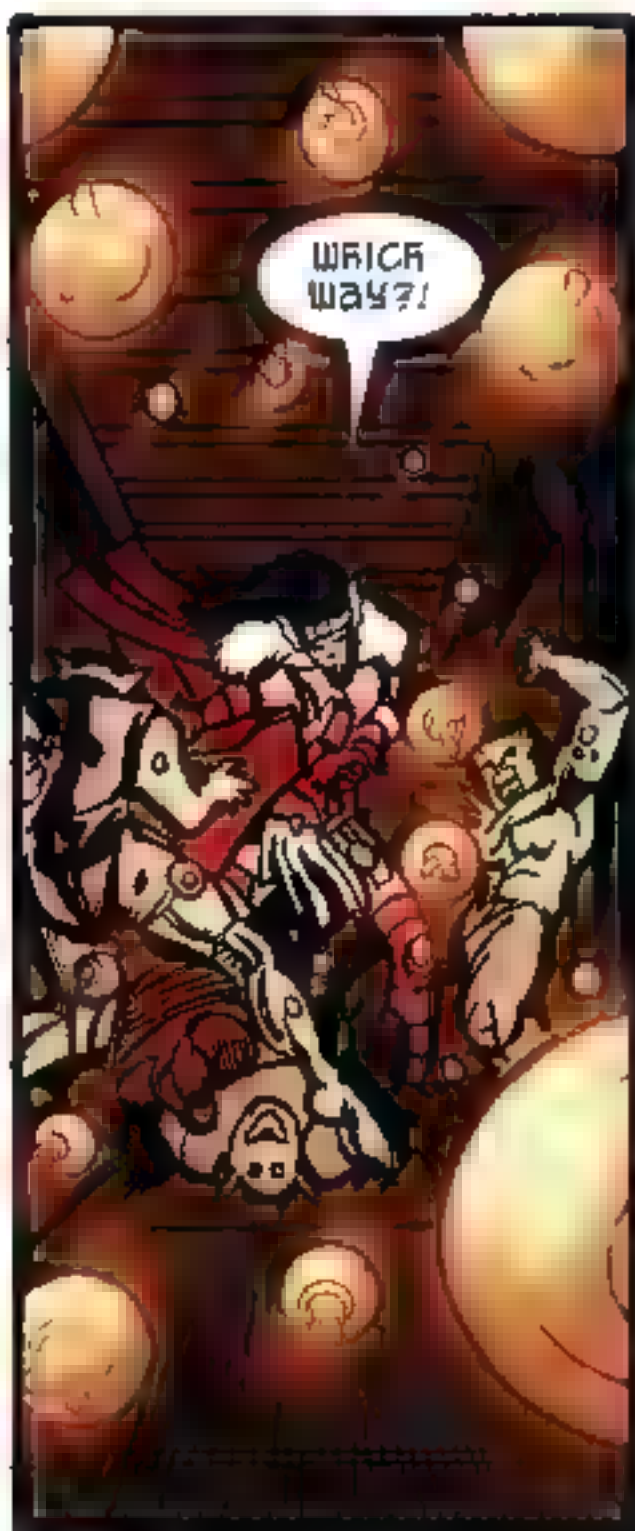
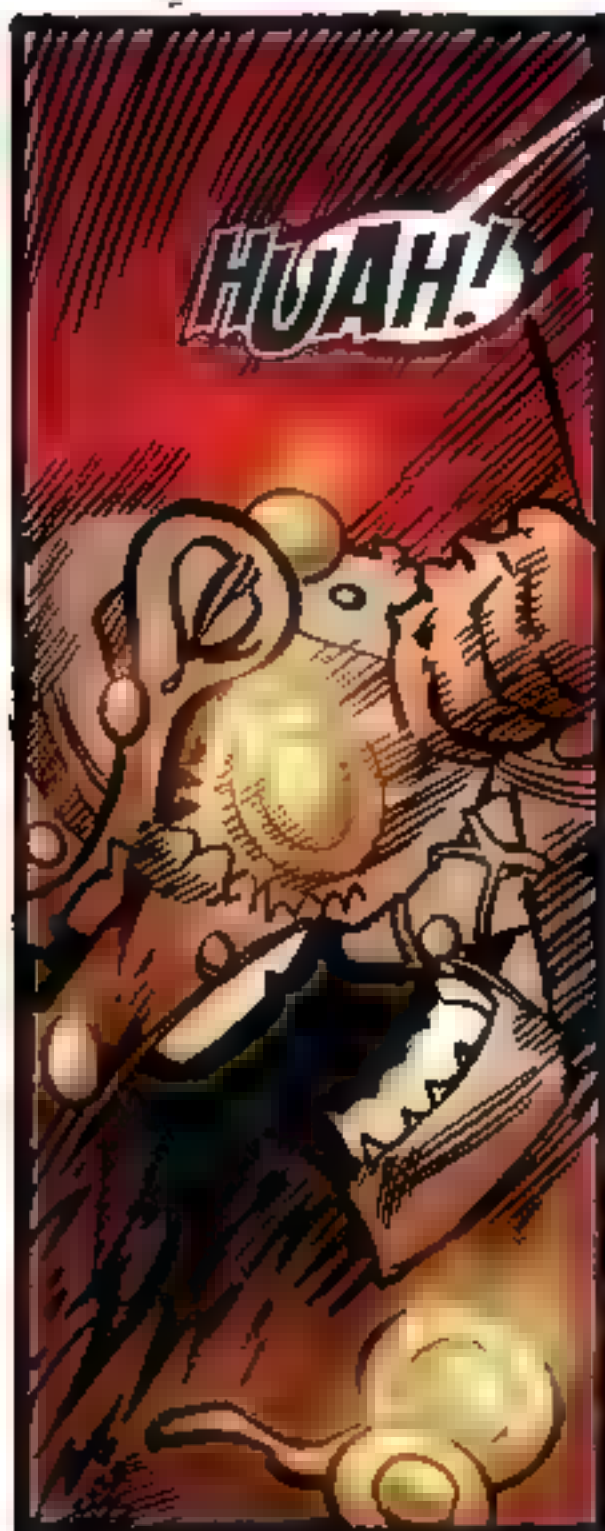


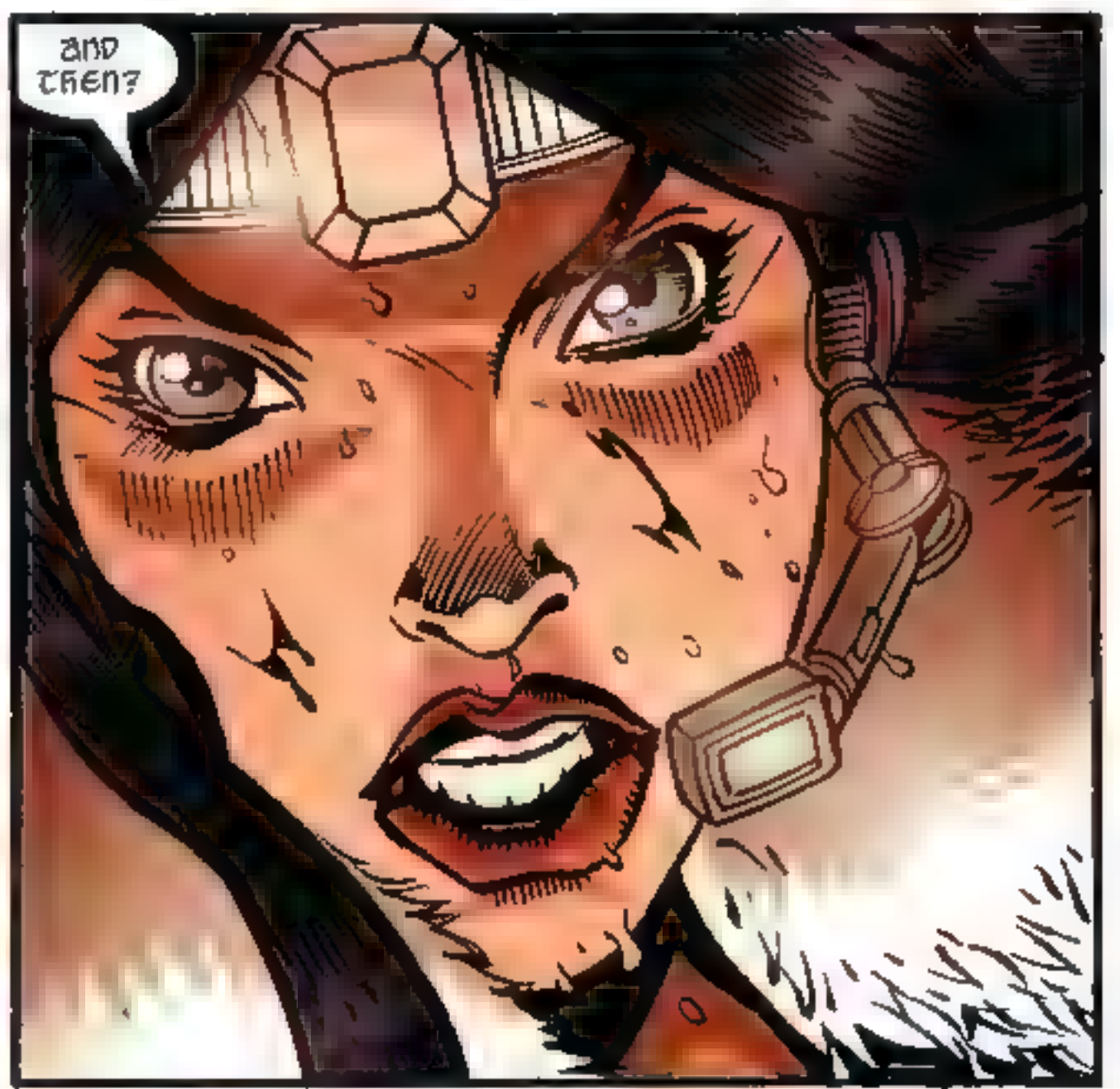
I am an
asgardian. I will
NOT BE COWED BY THE
SNIFFLES.

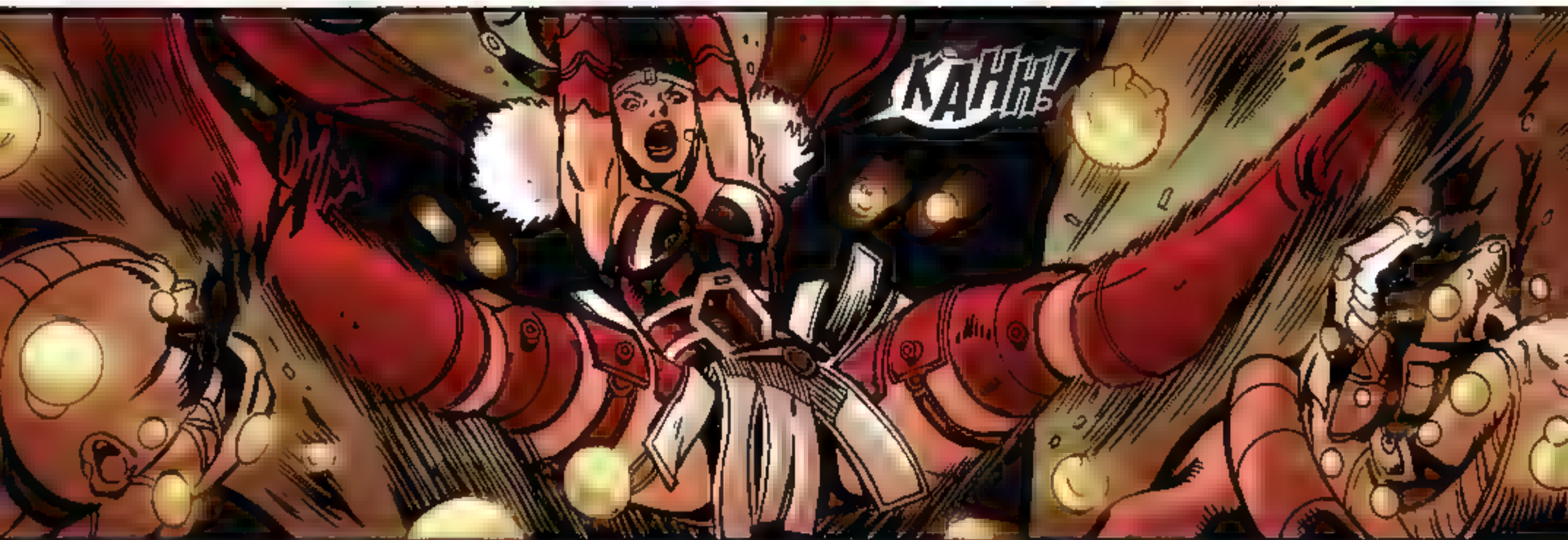
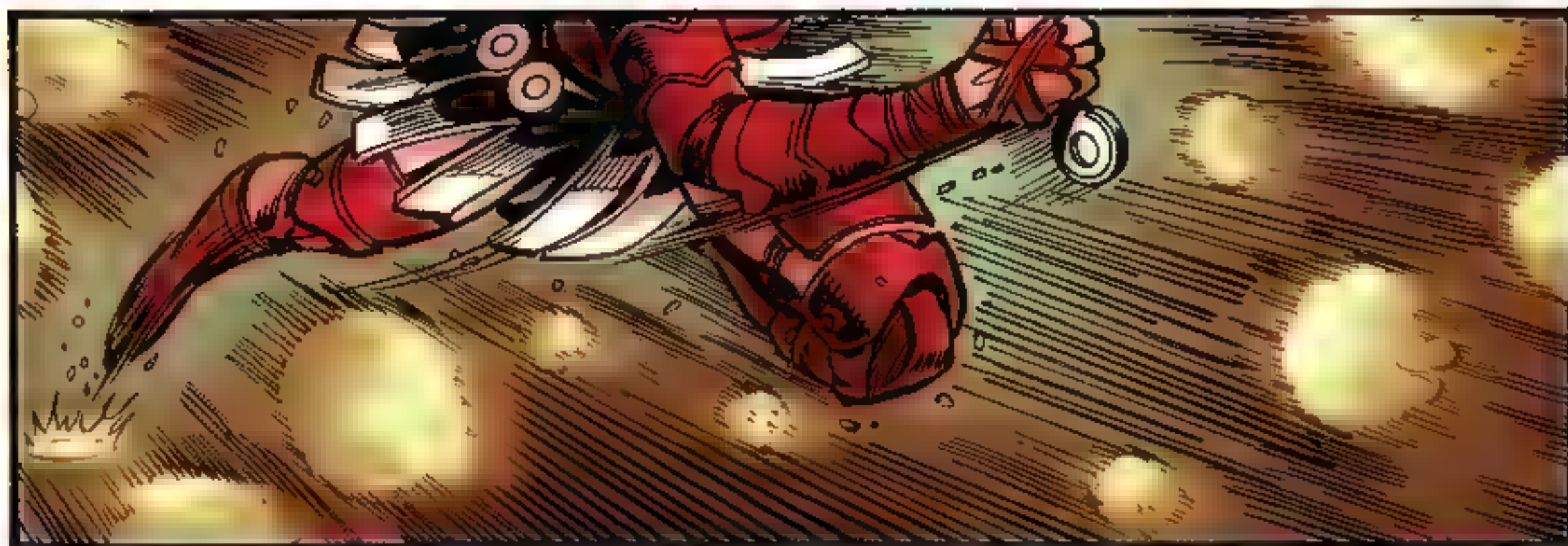
IT
ATTACKS THE
MIND, SIF...

EVEN A
GODDESS CAN BE
DEFEATED BY THE
ENEMY INSIDE
HER HEAD.











YOU WOULD
BE WISE TO SURRENDER
AND DEPART THIS VESSEL
AT ONCE, VILLAIN.



WOSXNLE
XGD WSTNLEXSC
WSTNLE!

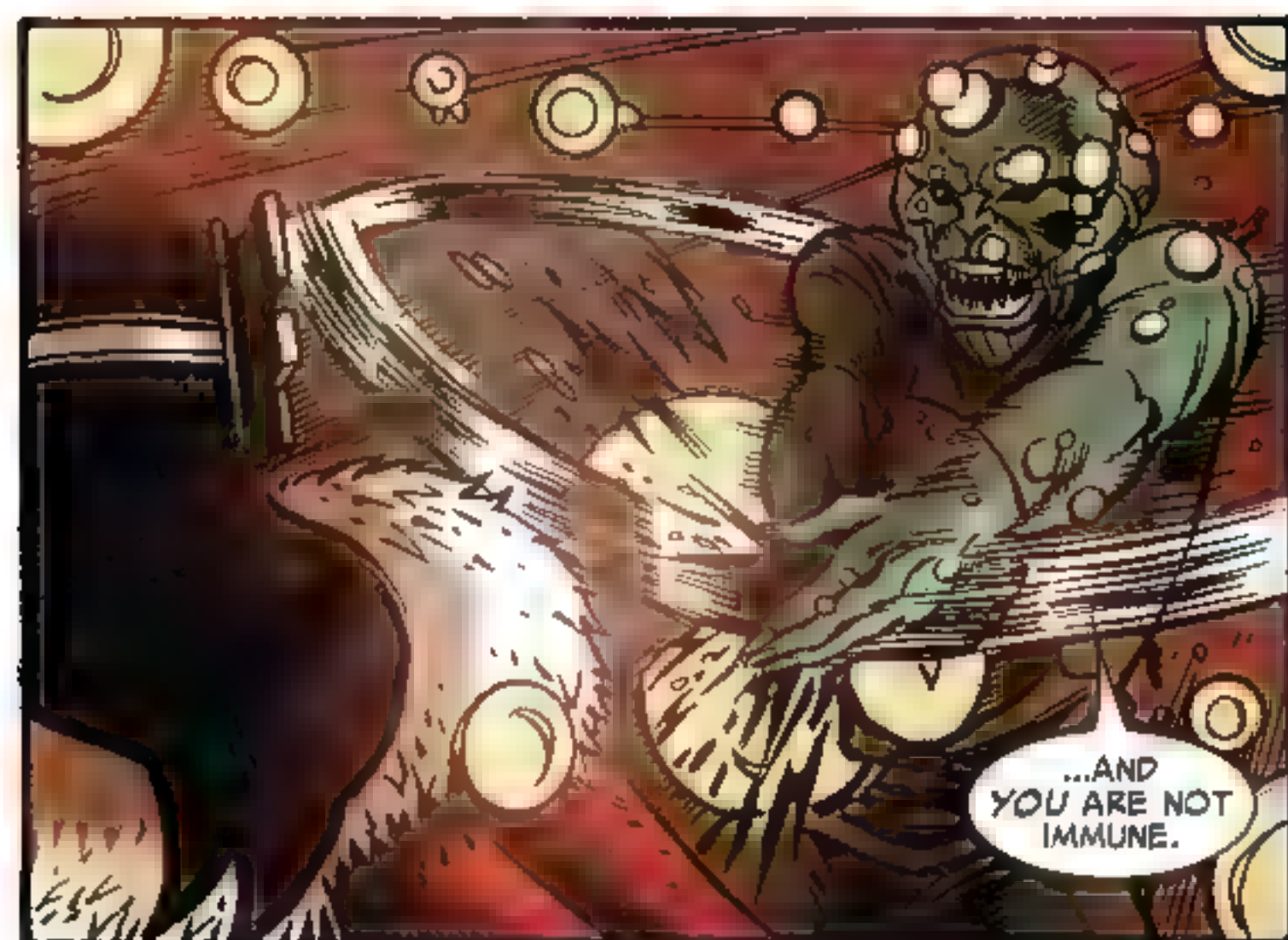
SIF, I'M
SETTING YOUR
EARPIECE UP TO
TRANSLATE...

--AN ASGARDIAN!
AN ENTITY AS POWERFUL
AS YOURSELF WILL MAKE
A FINE ADDITION TO
OUR NUMBER.



YOUR FOLLOWERS
TRIED TO INFECT
ME AND FAILED.
I AM IMMUNE.

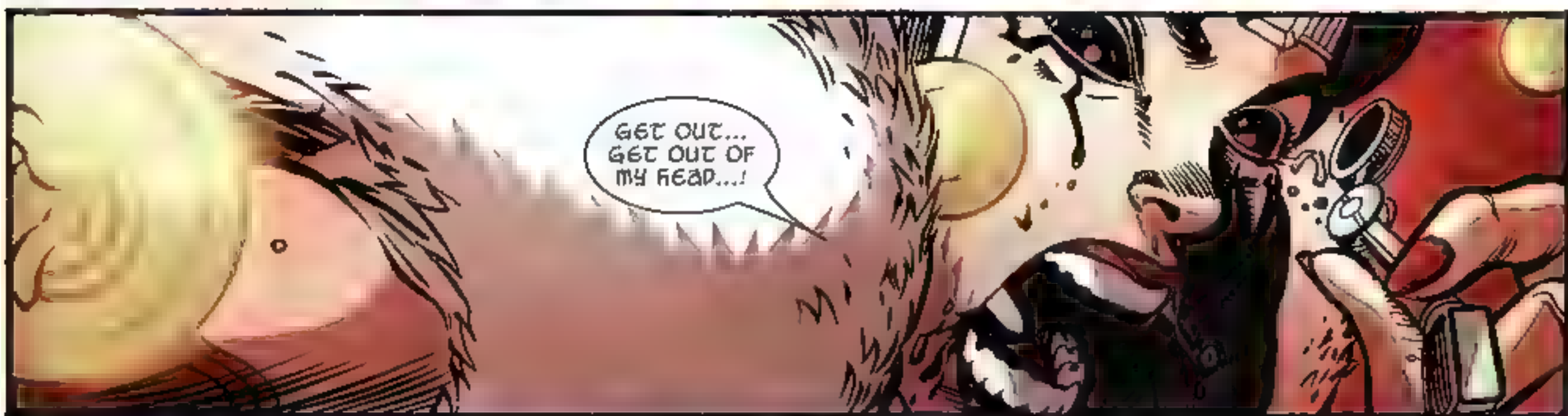
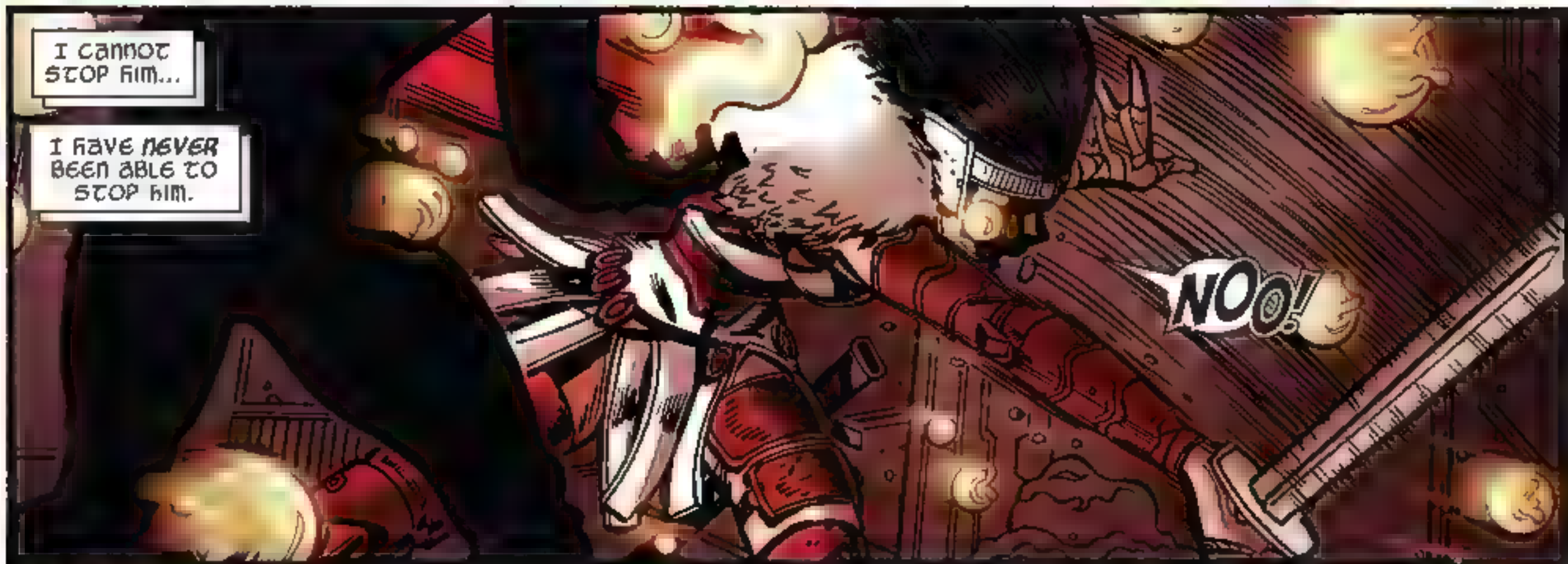
FOLLOWERS?
HIERARCHY IS
AN ILLUSION. WE
ARE ONE...

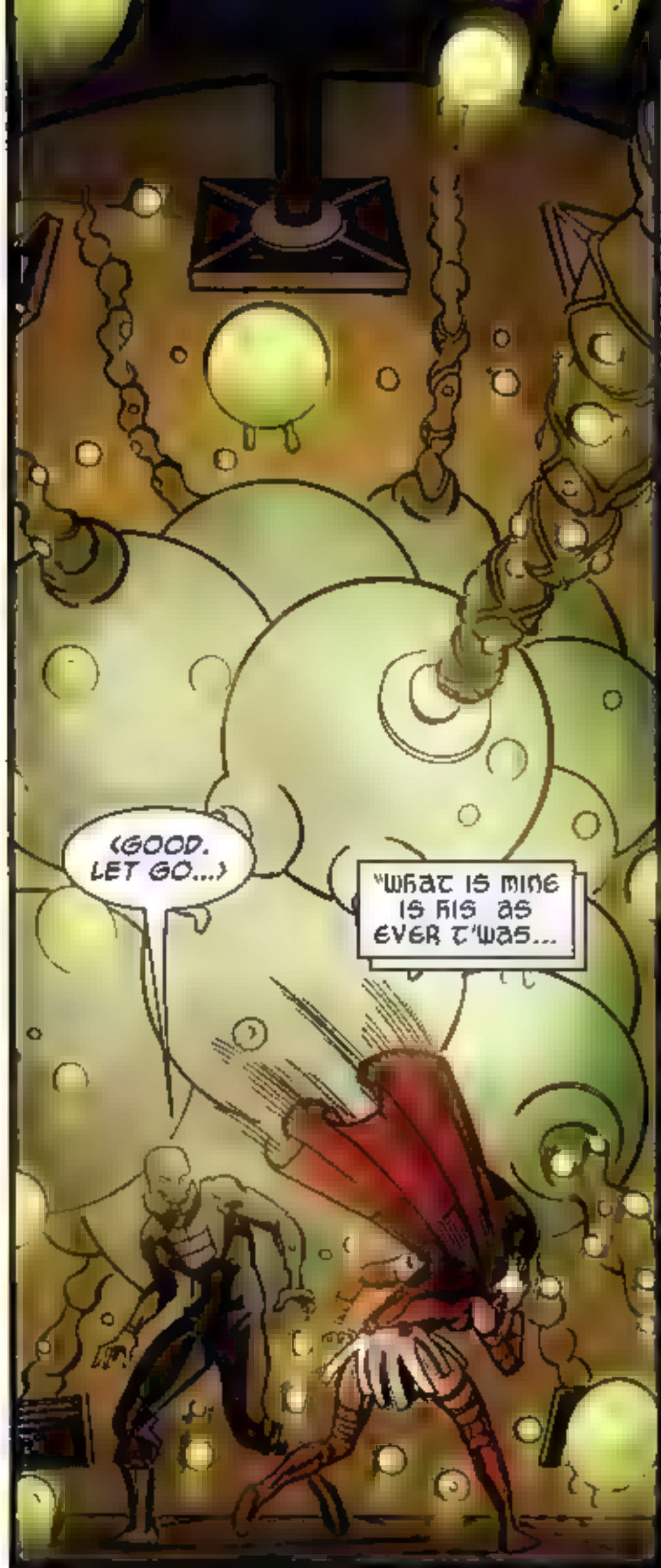


...AND
YOU ARE NOT
IMMUNE.



KEFF
KEFF





(GOOD.
LET GO...)

"WHAT IS MINE
IS HIS AS
EVER T'WAS..."



"THE FLESH
IS AS MY ONCE
FLAXEN MANE..."

(SOON YOU WILL
OFFER ALL YOU
HAVE TO THE GREAT
LIBERATOR...)

"...ONLY MINE
UNTIL HE COMES
FOR A TROPHY."



"GODDESS, WARRIOR,
BATTLE-HARDENED..."

(ALL YOU
HAVE...)

(AND
ALL YOU
ARE...)

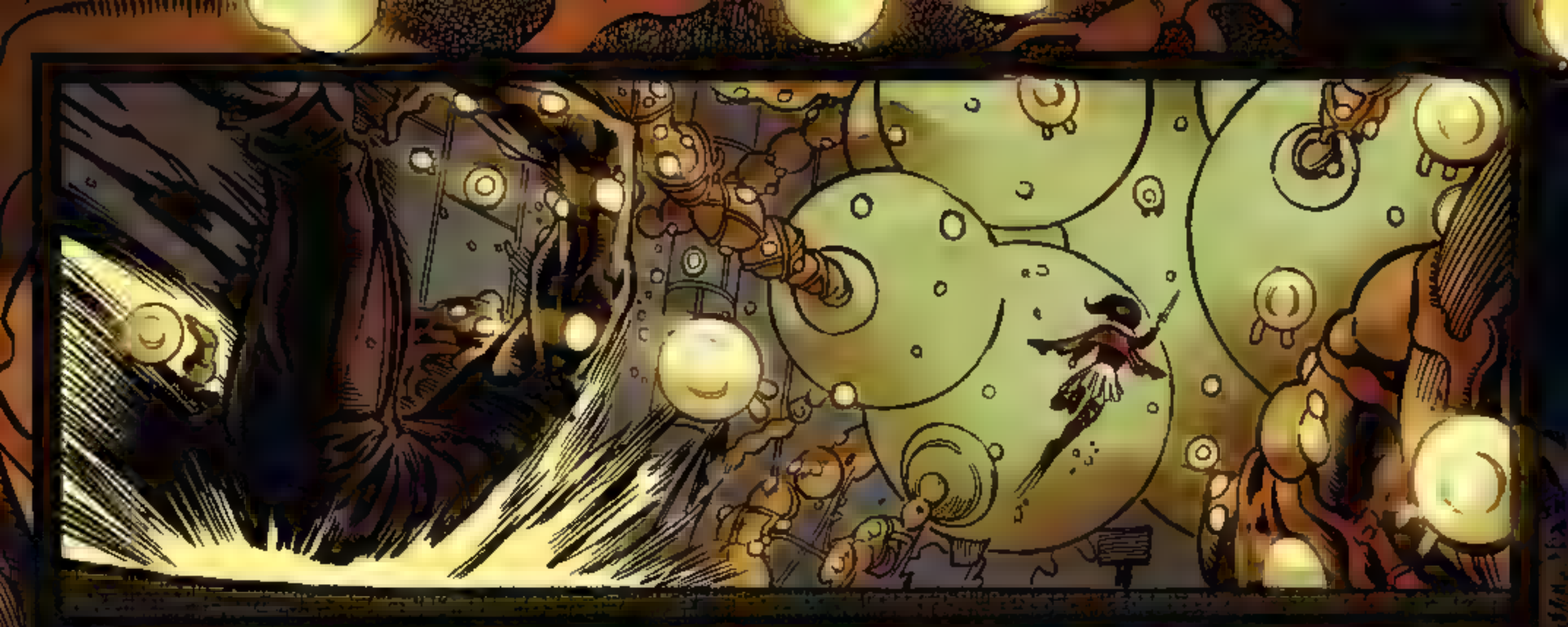
"...AND
POWERLESS."

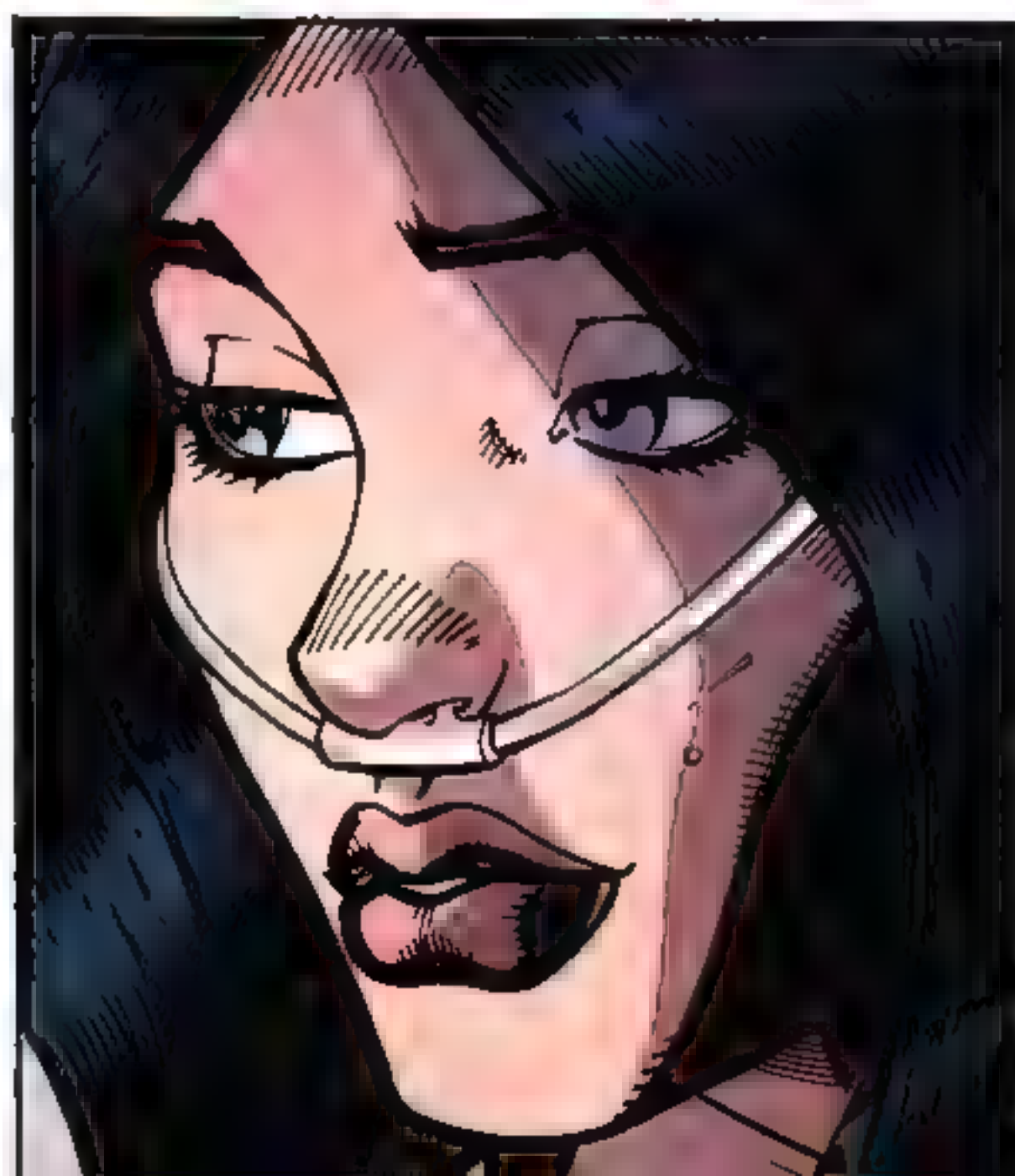
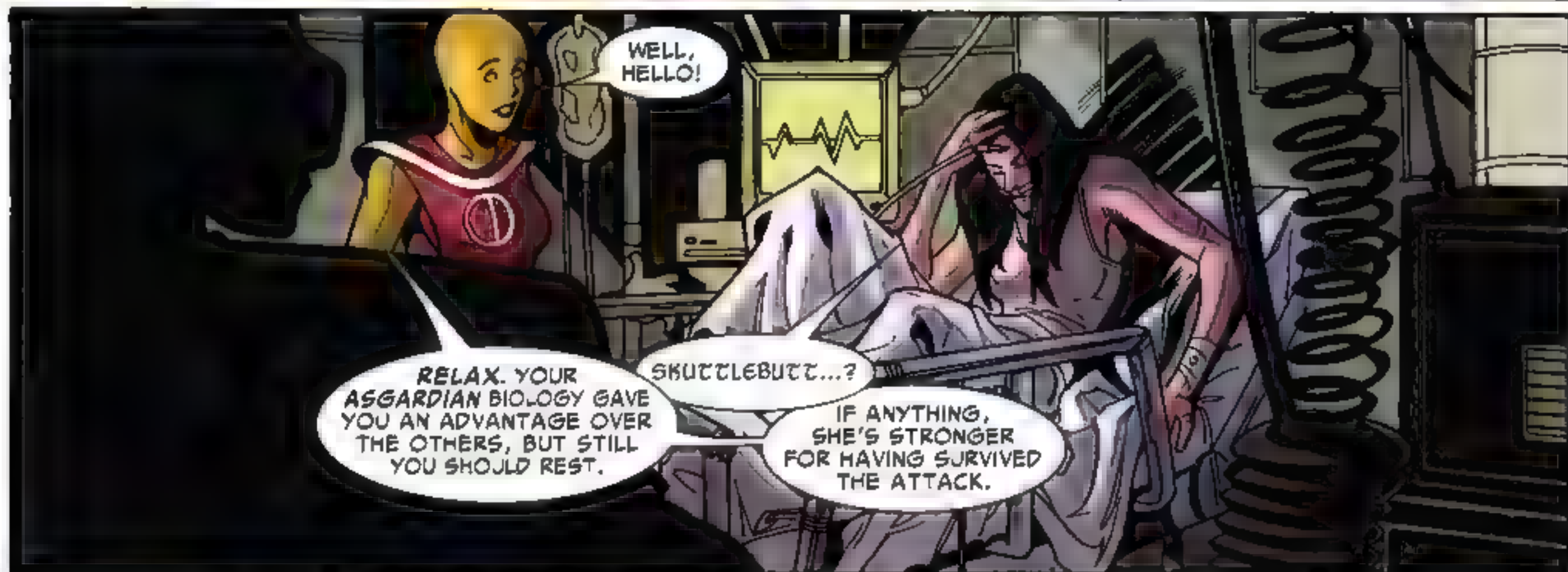


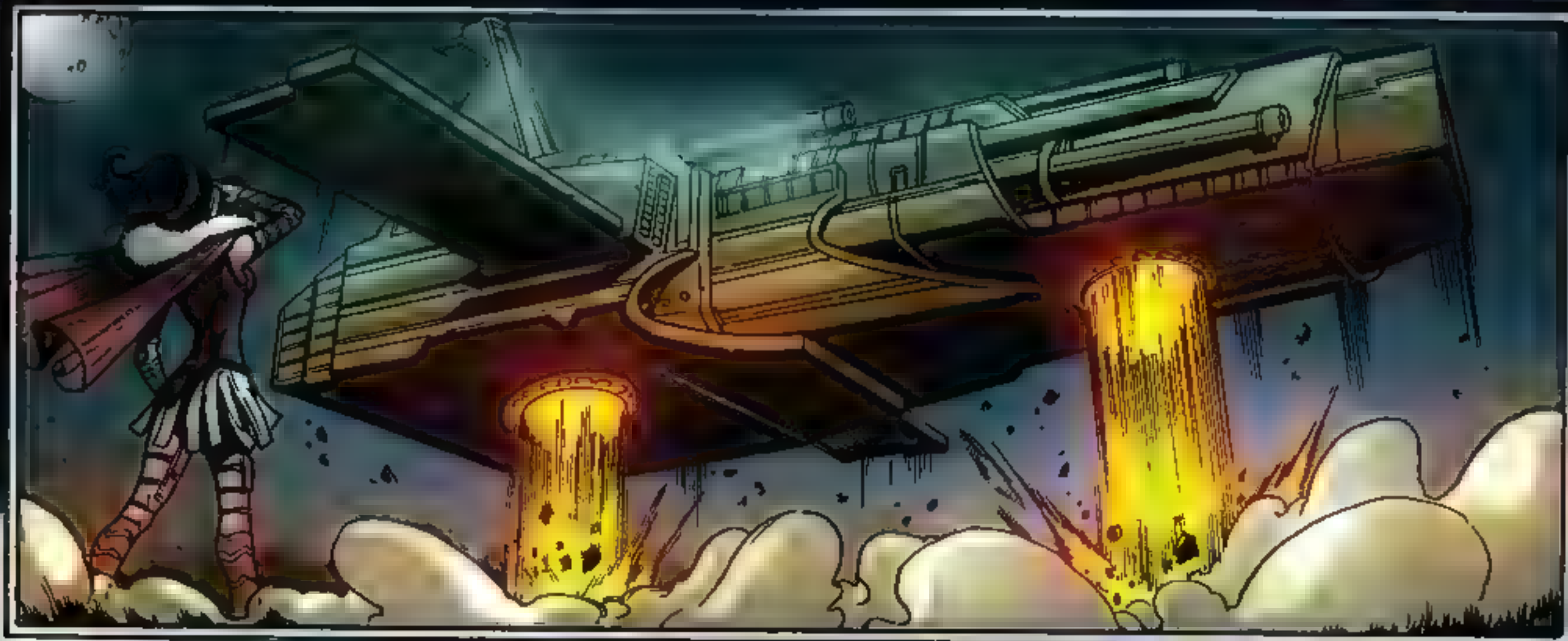
...I SHALL
WEAR YOUR PRETTY
LIMBS LIKE A LAVISH
PARTY FROCK.



NOOOOOO!!!







I AM THE LADY SIF, BORN A GODDESS AND FORGED A WARRIOR. I HAVE BEEN BAPTIZED IN THE TEARS OF MY ENEMIES AND THEIR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN FEAR MY NAME.

I AM ROCK AND WHEAT AND MOLTEN LAVA...

...AND WHEN I AT LAST HAVE MY VENGEANCE BLACKEST BILE WILL RAIN LIKE BLOOD FROM THE SKY.

I AM THE LADY SIF

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DECONNICK
WRITER

RYAN
STEGMAN
PENCILER

TOM PALMER WITH
VICTOR OLAZABA
INKS

JUAN
DOE
COLORIST

VC'S JOE
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LETTERER

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BUCKLEY
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ALAN
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EXEC. PRODUCER

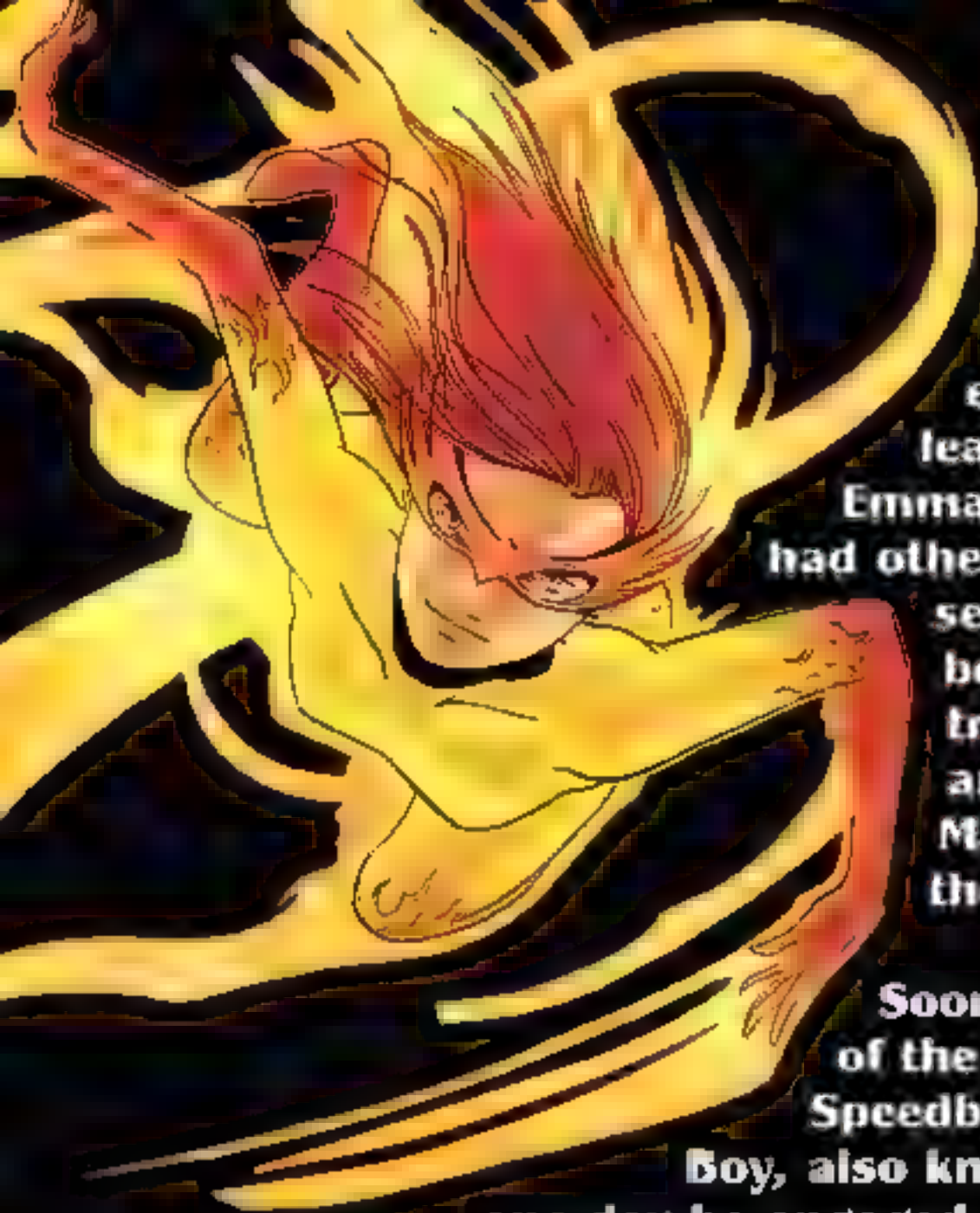
End

WOMEN
of
MARVEL
ONE-SHOT
1

FIRESTAR



McKEEVER
RIOS
WILSON



Raised by her single father and grandmother, shy young Angelica Jones discovered she had the mutant ability to convert electromagnetic energy into microwave radiation. Angelica enrolled in the Massachusetts Academy, hoping to learn how to control her powers, but headmistress Emma Frost – the White Queen of the Hellfire Club – had other plans. Codenamed “Firestar,” Angelica was secretly groomed as a potential assassin and bodyguard. When Angelica uncovered Frost’s true motives, she attacked her would-be mentor and destroyed the training complex under the Massachusetts Academy, freeing herself from the dark path she was unwittingly set upon.

Soon after, Angelica became a founding member of the New Warriors, alongside the young heroes Speedball, Night Thrasher, Nova, Namorita, and Marvel Boy, also known as Vance Astrovik, the man Angelica would one day be engaged to marry. Following their time with the New Warriors, Angelica and Vance became full-fledged members of the Avengers, aiding the team against such threats as Ultron and Kang the Conqueror.

It was during this time that Angelica found out she had never developed an immunity to her own microwave powers and that every use of her power threatened her ability to have children. With Hank Pym’s help, Angelica donned a suit that promised to stave off future damage and heal past wounds. After this ordeal, Angelica decided that she needed to experience life more fully before settling down into married life and her engagement with Vance was ended.

After retiring her costumed identity in the face of the Superhuman Registration Act, Angelica learned that her microwave powers had given her cancer. With the support of her closest gal pals – Patsy Walker, Hellcat; Monica Rambeau, Photon; and Felicia Hardy, Black Cat – Angelica battled the cancer into remission, documenting her fight along the way to inspire others diagnosed with the disease. Still undergoing treatments to keep the cancer in check, Angelica is now adjusting to college life at New York University – and keeping up the occasional super-powered interlude as....

FIRESTAR

A full-page comic book illustration of Firestar, a woman with long red hair and a red mask, flying through a city street. She is surrounded by intense yellow and orange flames that engulf the buildings and the air. The perspective is looking down the street, with buildings on either side. Firestar is in the center, moving towards the viewer.

YOU'D THINK I'D BE HAPPY.

YOU'D THINK I'D BE RELIEVED.

WELL, APPARENTLY,
YOU'D THINK WRONG.

Marvel proudly presents
the fabulous, FIRESTAR, in
MY NEW LIFE

SEAN McMEYER writer / EMMA RINE artist /
MATTHEW WILSON editors / KRISTY KENNEDY inkers /
STEPHANIE HARRIS cover art /

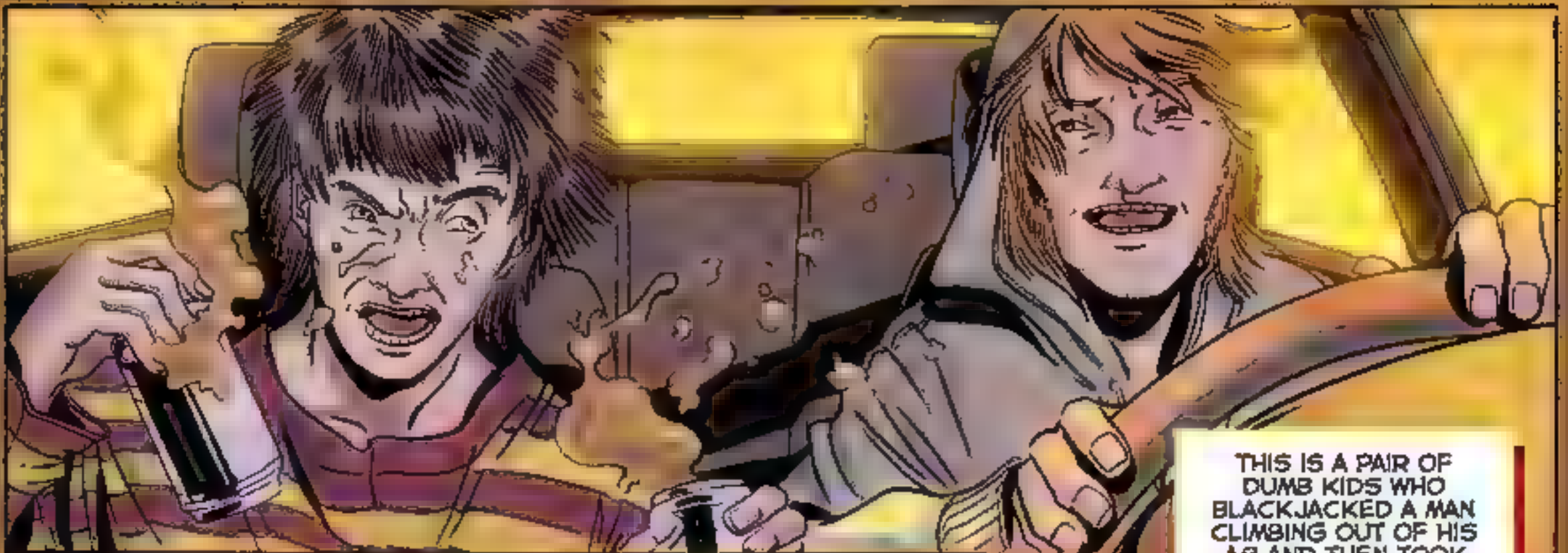
JOHN COPELAND production / LUCY HANCOCK cover artist
JOE MORROW editor / JOE MORROW editor-in-chief /
JOE MORROW publisher / ALAN FINE exec. producer



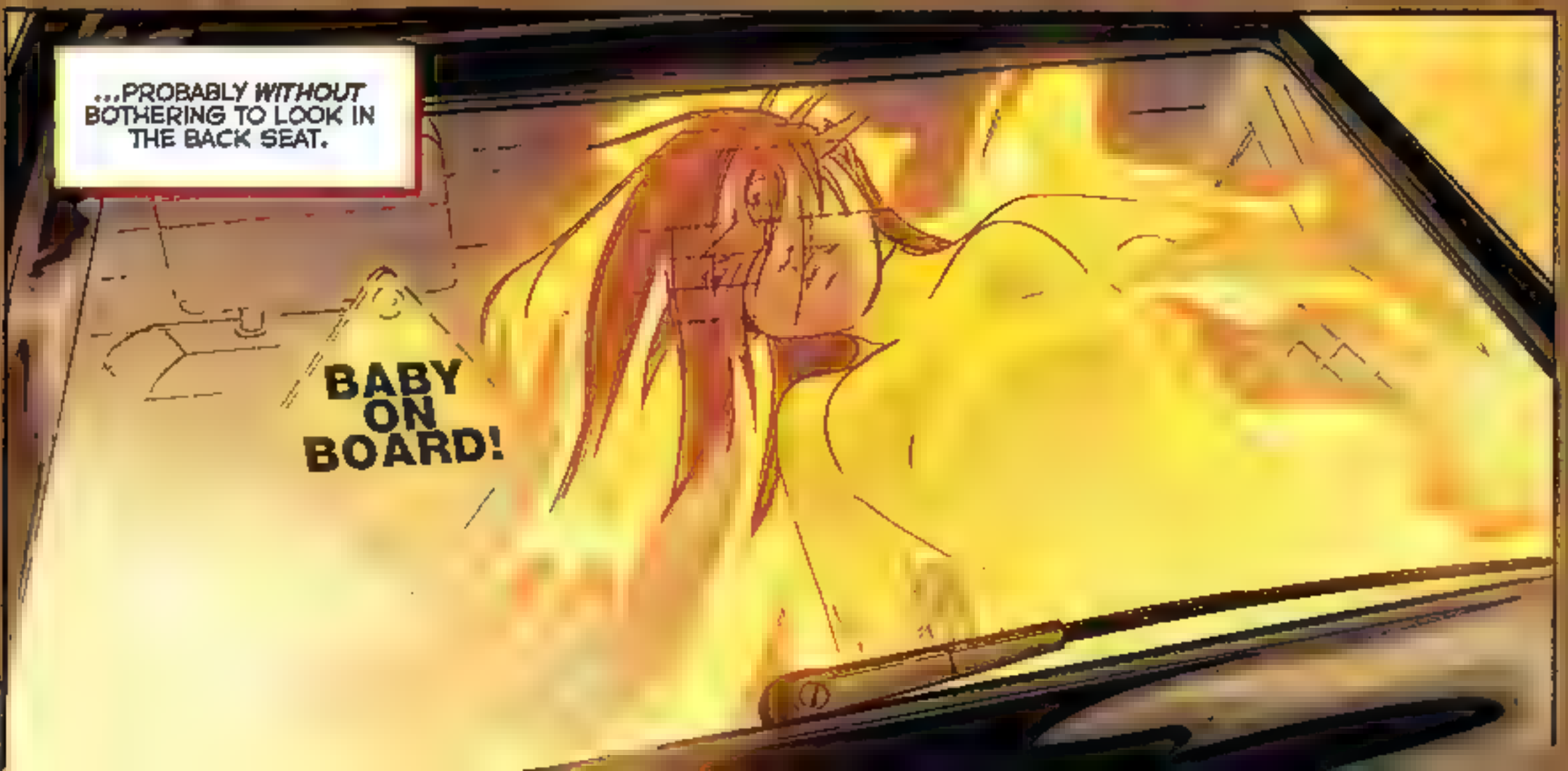
BUT THAT'S NOT THIS.

THIS IS A COUPLE
JOYRIDING BOZOS WHO
THINK LIFE'S A VIDEO GAME.

WHICH, FOR ME, IT
SORT-OF IS IN A WAY...
BUT AGAIN, THAT'S NOT *THIS*.



THIS IS A PAIR OF
DUMB KIDS WHO
BLACKJACKED A MAN
CLIMBING OUT OF HIS
AB AND THEN TOOK
HIS KEYS...



...PROBABLY WITHOUT
BOTHERING TO LOOK IN
THE BACK SEAT.

**BABY
ON
BOARD!**

NORMALLY A BURST TIRE OR AN OVERHEATED ENGINE WOULD DO THE TRICK, BUT THIS CALLS FOR A QUICK-AND-GENTLE END.

LUCKY FOR ME, WITH LUXURY CARS LIKE THIS...

...PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING'S ELECTRONIC.



WHOA! DUDE, THAT FIRE CHICK'S GONNA MELT US!

...IT'S MICROWAVES I CONTROL.

SO IF I CONCENTRATE A BROAD FREQUENCY RANGE WHERE THE CONTROL PANEL OUGHT TO BE...

AWW, WHAT?!

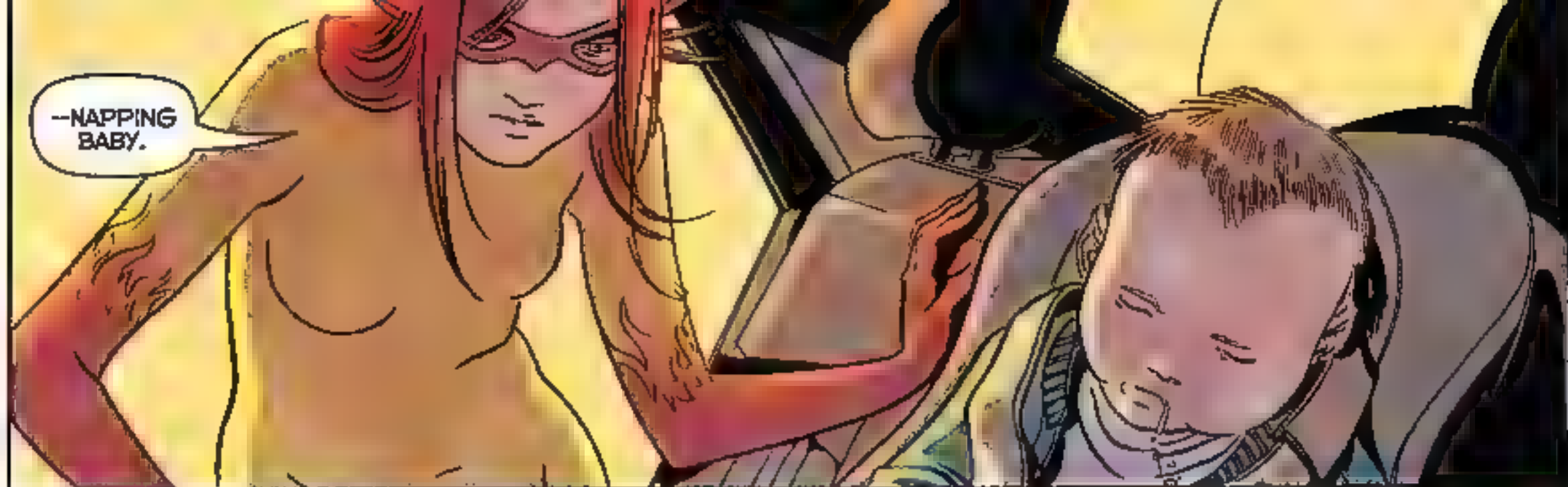
AND, DESPITE WHAT THE PASSENGER-SEAT BOZO CALLS ME...

YOU TWO EVEN FLINCH AND I'LL DEEP-FRY YOUR EYEBALLS.

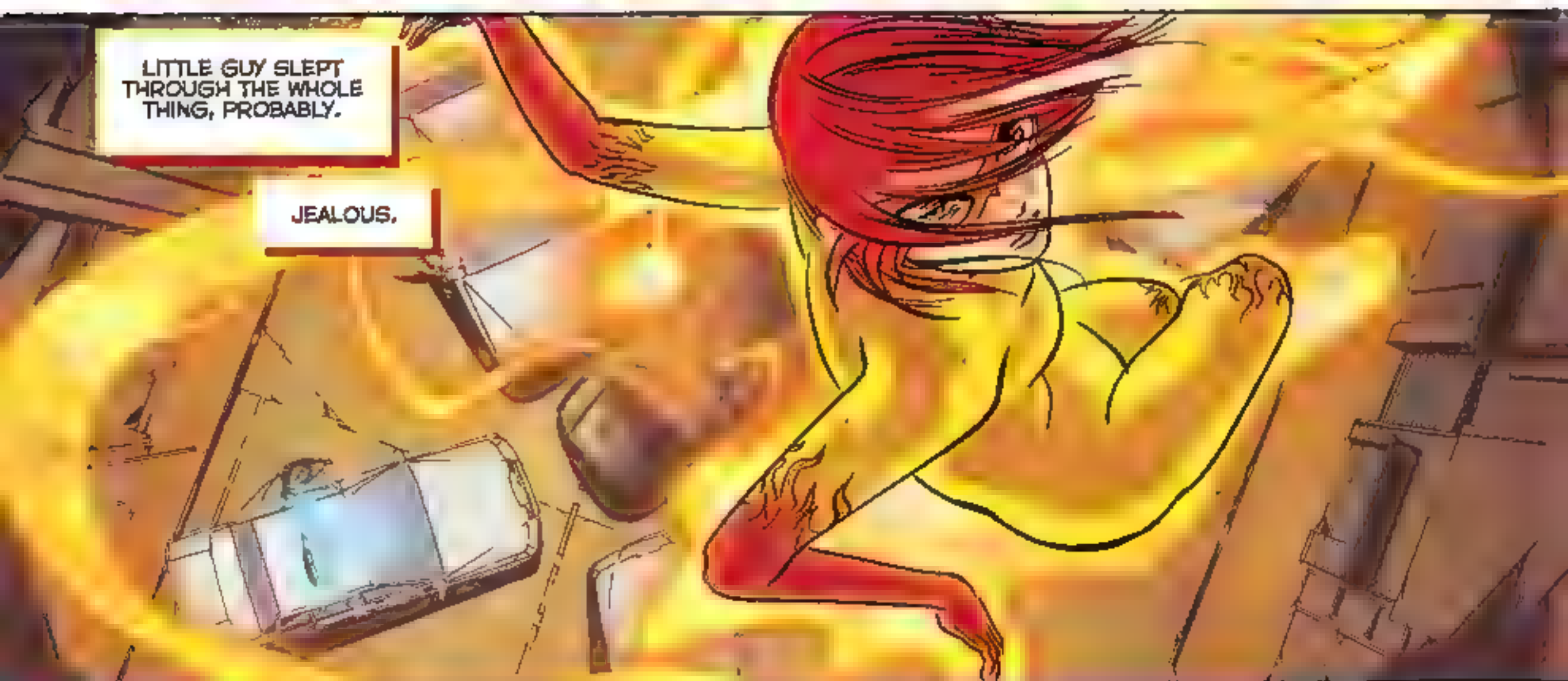
NOT REALLY.

I NEED TO CHECK ON THE--

...THE RIDE COMES TO A FULL AND COMPLETE STOP.



-NAPPING
BABY.

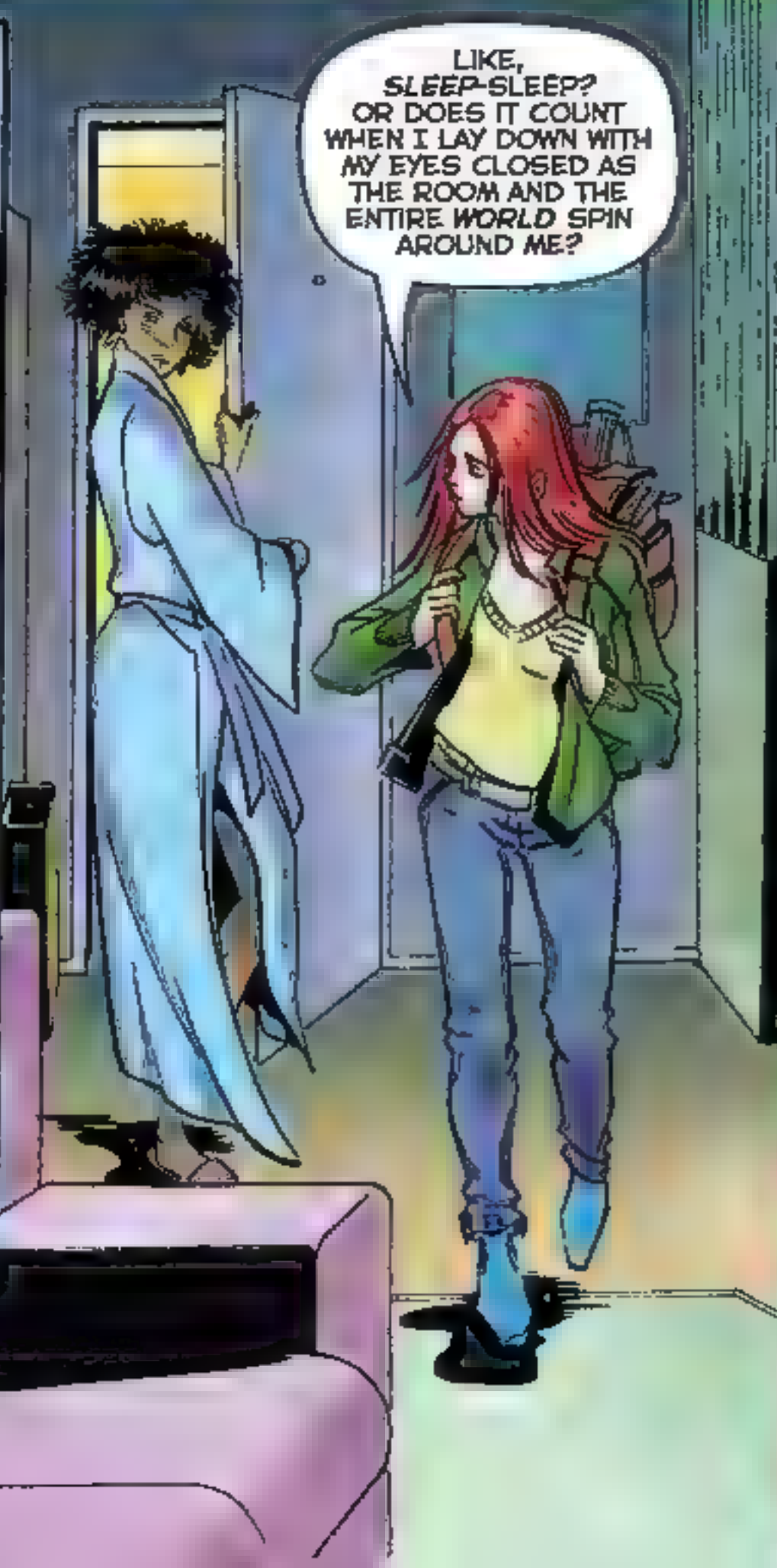


LITTLE GUY SLEPT
THROUGH THE WHOLE
THING, PROBABLY.

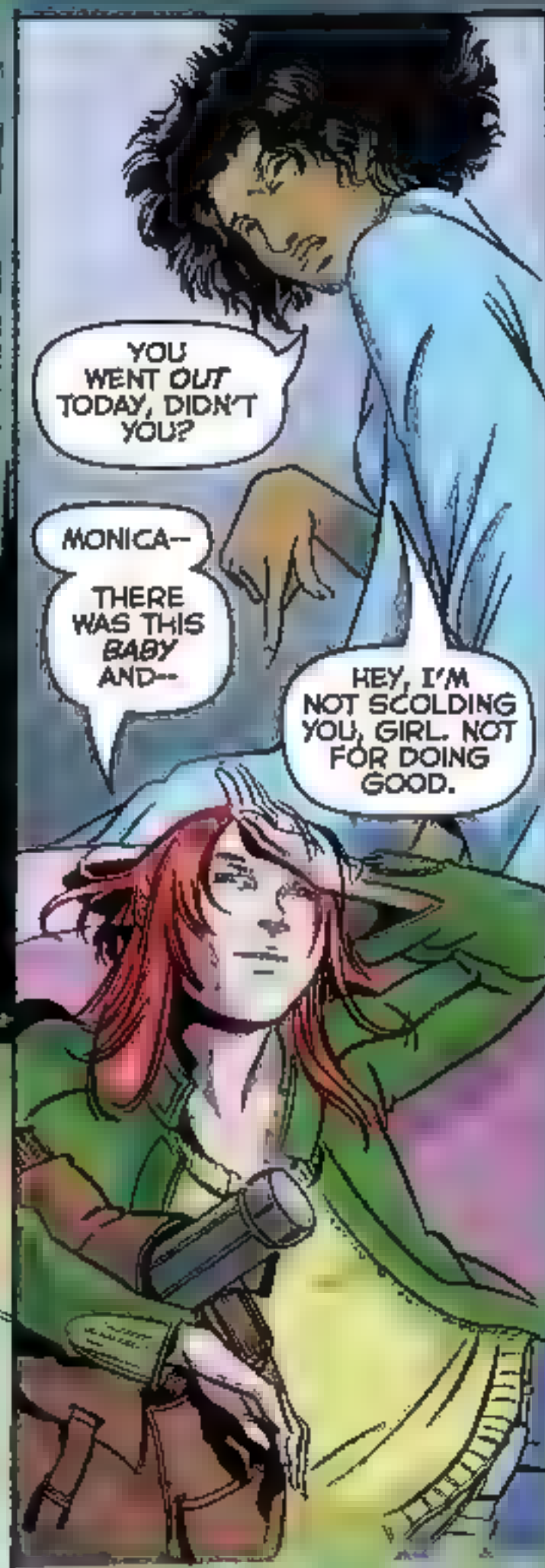
JEALOUS.



LOOK
AT YOU.
WHEN'S THE
LAST TIME YOU
GOT SOME
SLEEP?



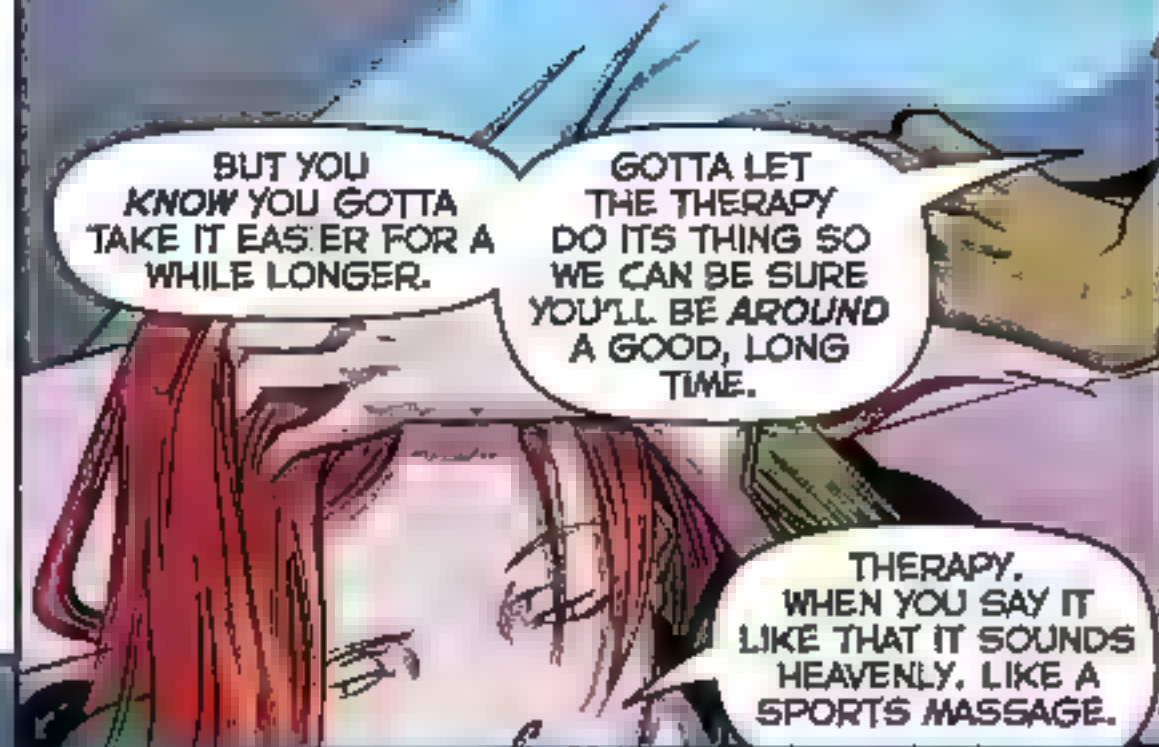
LIKE,
SLEEP-SLEEP?
OR DOES IT COUNT
WHEN I LAY DOWN WITH
MY EYES CLOSED AS
THE ROOM AND THE
ENTIRE WORLD SPIN
AROUND ME?



YOU
WENT OUT
TODAY, DIDN'T
YOU?

MONICA--
THERE
WAS THIS
BABY
AND--

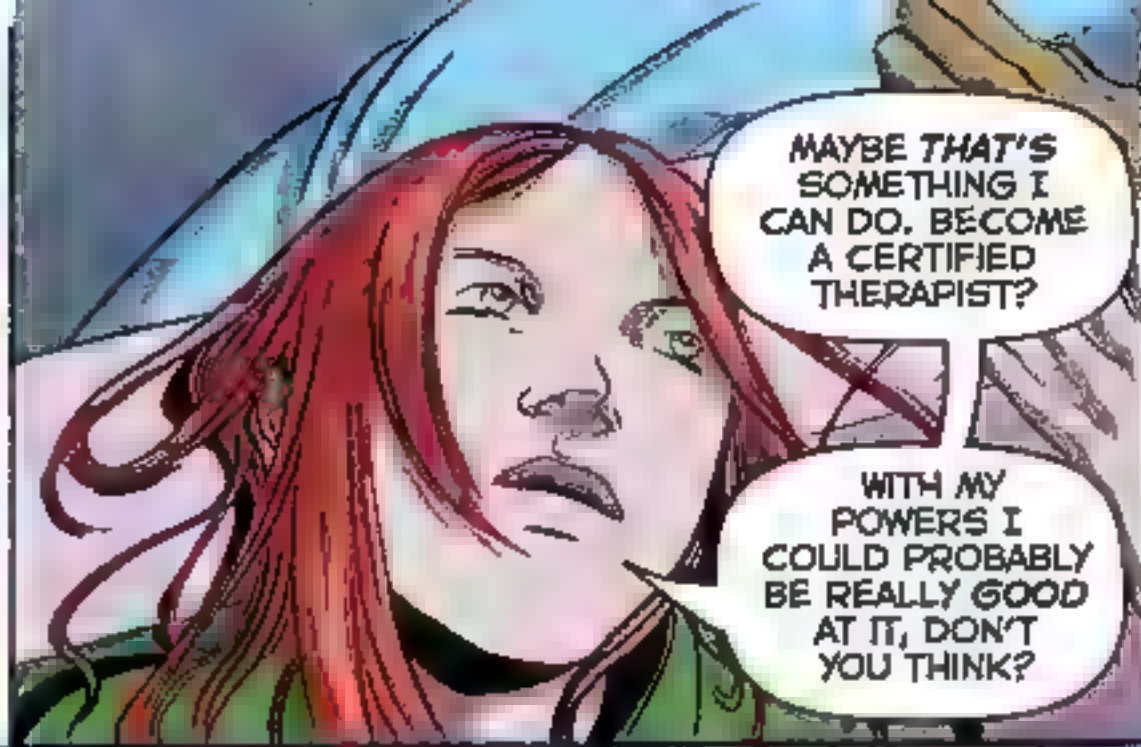
HEY, I'M
NOT SCOLDING
YOU, GIRL. NOT
FOR DOING
GOOD.



BUT YOU KNOW YOU GOTTA TAKE IT EASIER FOR A WHILE LONGER.

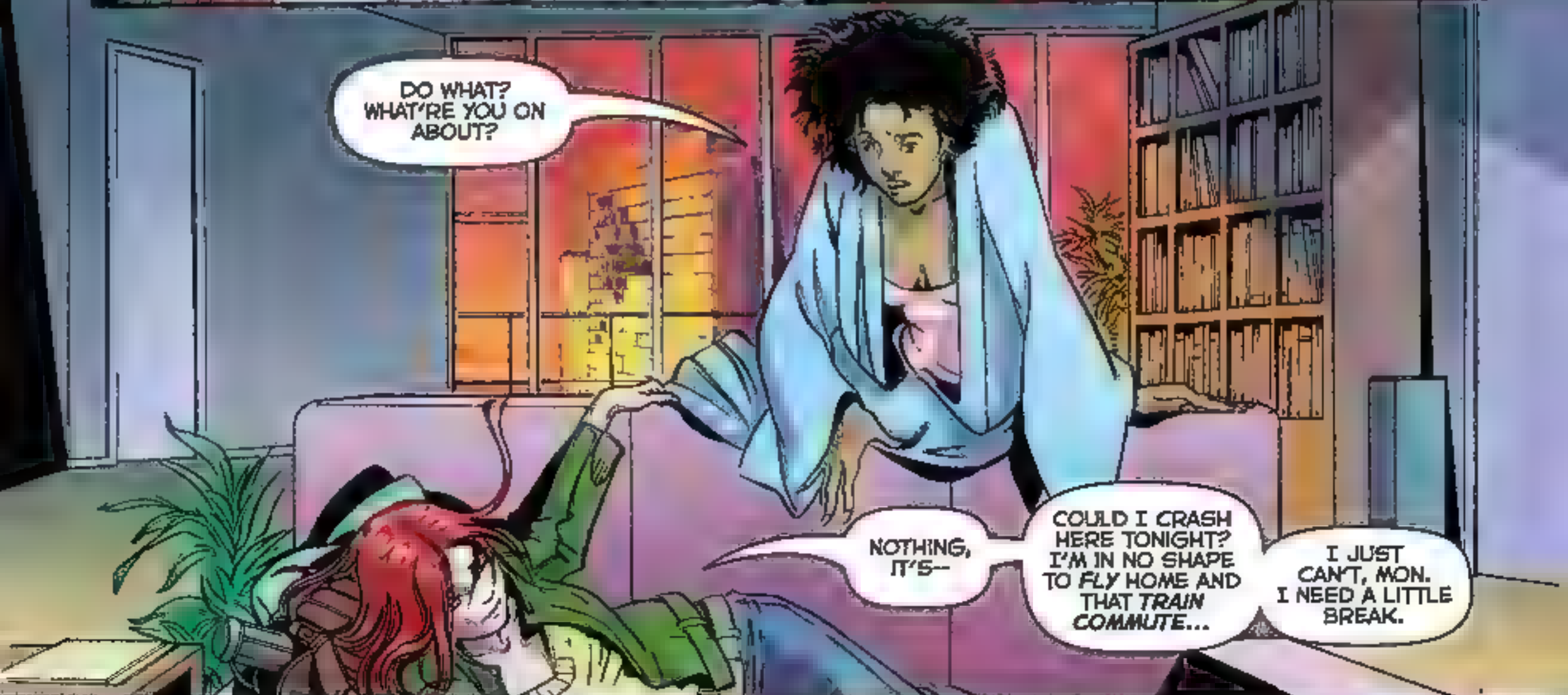
GOTTA LET THE THERAPY DO ITS THING SO WE CAN BE SURE YOU'LL BE AROUND A GOOD, LONG TIME.

THERAPY. WHEN YOU SAY IT LIKE THAT IT SOUNDS HEAVENLY. LIKE A SPORTS MASSAGE.



MAYBE THAT'S SOMETHING I CAN DO. BECOME A CERTIFIED THERAPIST?

WITH MY POWERS I COULD PROBABLY BE REALLY GOOD AT IT, DON'T YOU THINK?

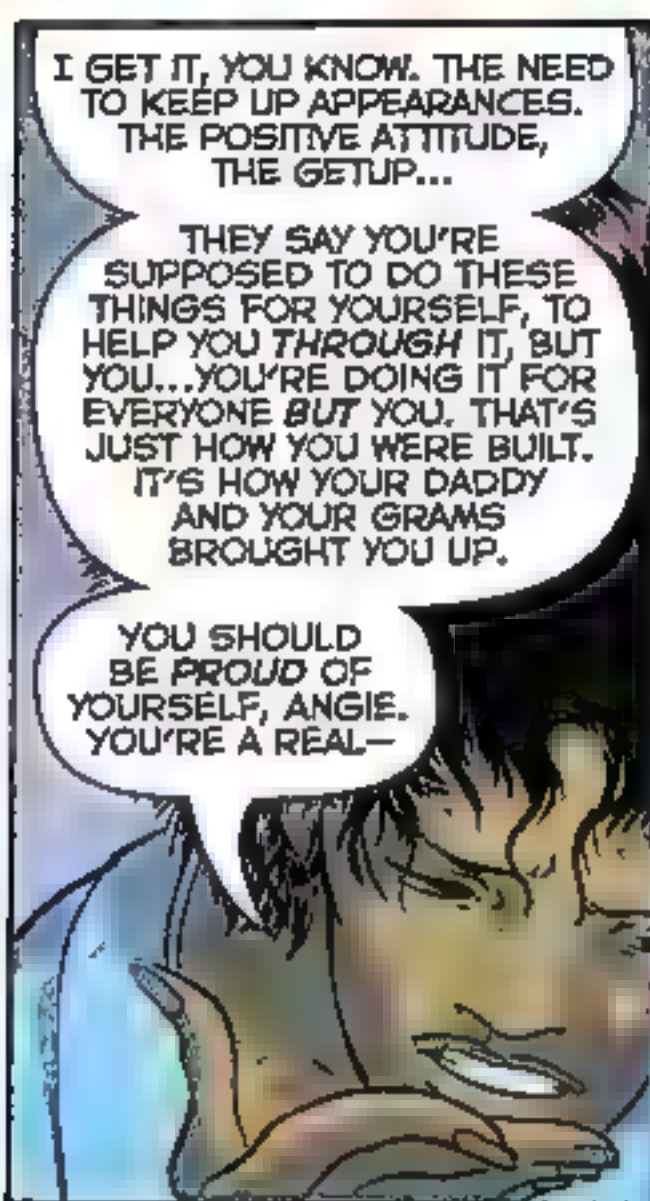


DO WHAT? WHAT'RE YOU ON ABOUT?

NOTHING, IT'S--

COULD I CRASH HERE TONIGHT? I'M IN NO SHAPE TO FLY HOME AND THAT TRAIN COMMUTE...

I JUST CAN'T, MON. I NEED A LITTLE BREAK.



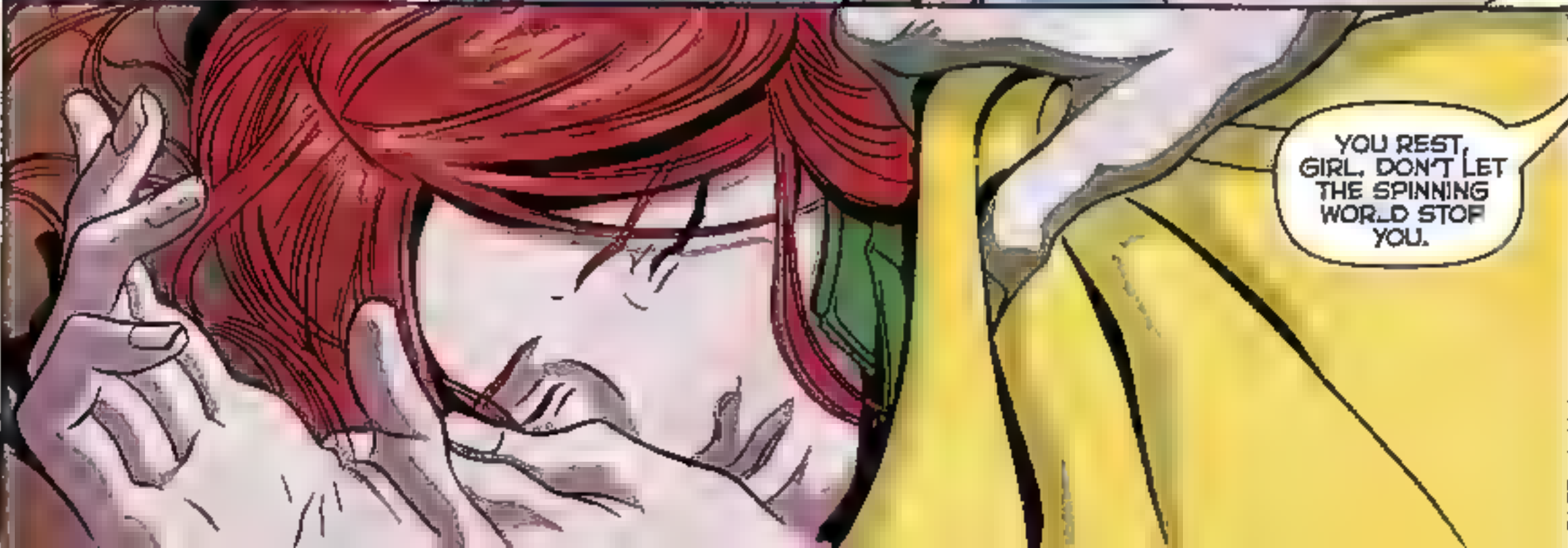
I GET IT, YOU KNOW. THE NEED TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES. THE POSITIVE ATTITUDE, THE GETUP...

THEY SAY YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO THESE THINGS FOR YOURSELF, TO HELP YOU THROUGH IT, BUT YOU...YOU'RE DOING IT FOR EVERYONE BUT YOU. THAT'S JUST HOW YOU WERE BUILT. IT'S HOW YOUR DADDY AND YOUR GRAMS BROUGHT YOU UP.

YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF YOURSELF, ANGIE. YOU'RE A REAL--



AWW. LOOK AT YOU.



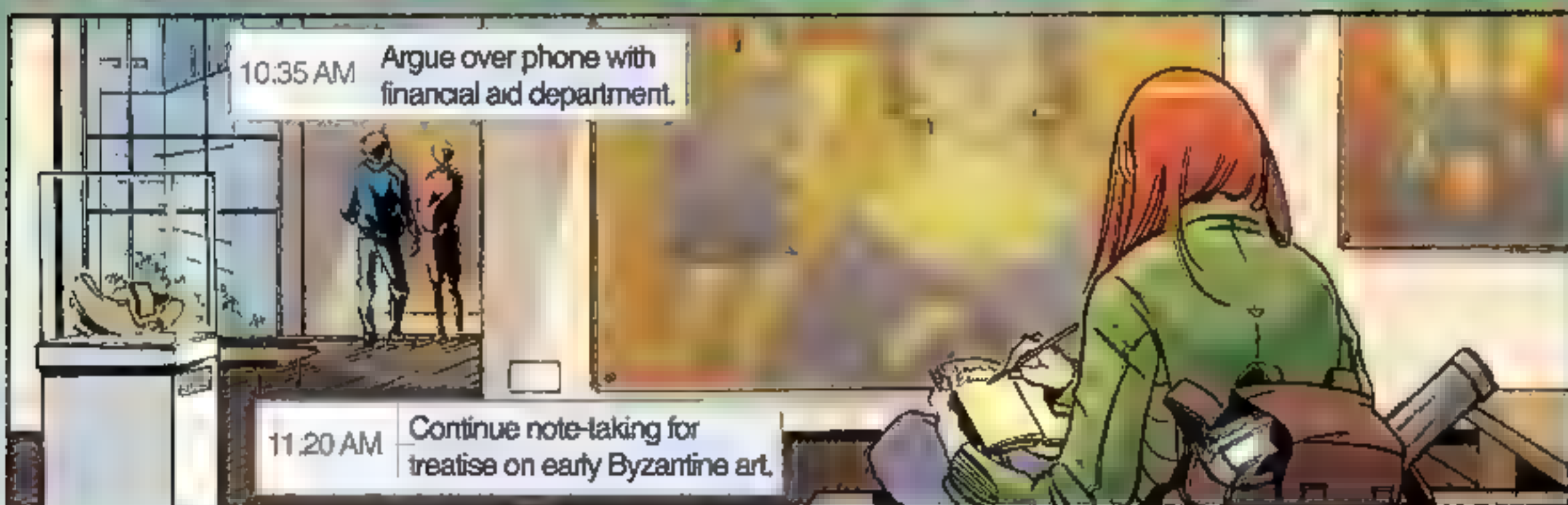
YOU REST, GIRL. DON'T LET THE SPINNING WORLD STOP YOU.



WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH A SECOND CHANCE AT LIFE?

8.50 AM Rush in late to morning lecture.

HERE'S ME:



10.35 AM Argue over phone with financial aid department.

11.20 AM Continue note-taking for treatise on early Byzantine art.



1 15 PM Pound head on desk over third draft of said treatise.

1 25 PM Begin draft four

1 40 PM Begin draft four, take three.



2:00 PM Save construction worker from fatal fall; grab lunch

2:20 PM Attend afternoon art-restoration symposium.

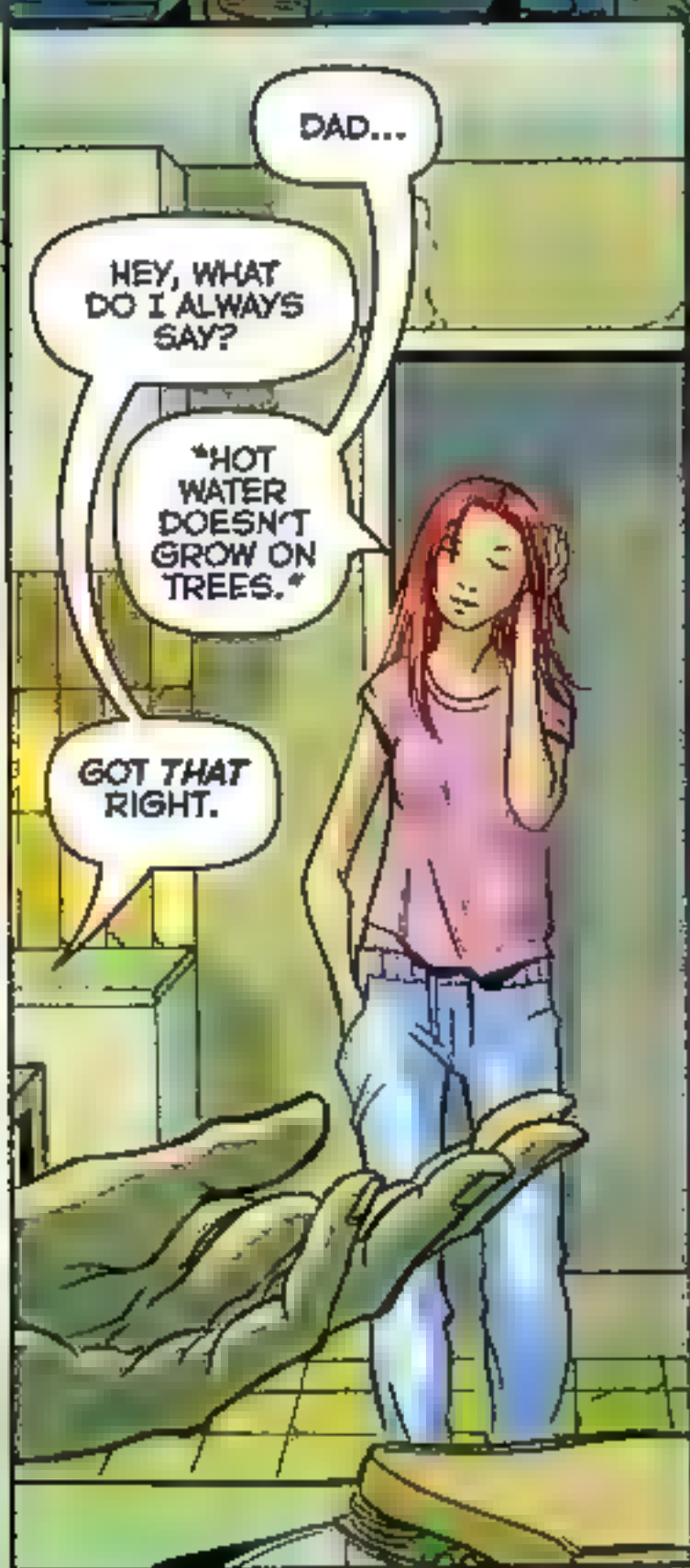


4 45 PM Take Northeast Corridor home.

LATHER, RINSE AND REPEAT...



WE OUTTA
THAT SHOWER
YET, ANGEL?



DAD...

HEY, WHAT
DO I ALWAYS
SAY?

*HOT
WATER
DOESN'T
GROW ON
TREES.*

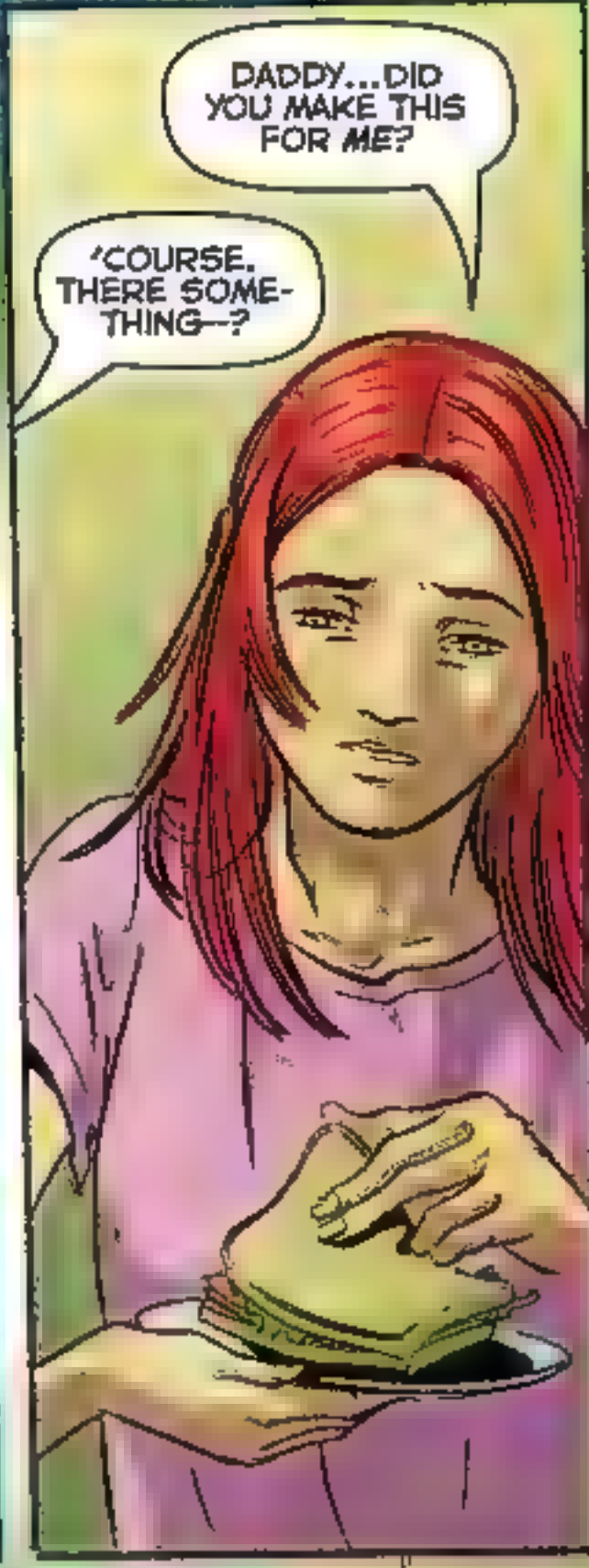
GOT THAT
RIGHT.



LOOK AT YOU.
YOU LOOK GREAT.
GOT SOME
COLOR.

THE TRAIN
MADE ME SICK
AGAIN, SO MAYBE
IT'S SOME SORT
OF UPCHUCK
AFTERGLOW?

THAT'S MY
GIRL. STILL
CAN'T TAKE A
COMPLIMENT.



DADDY... DID
YOU MAKE THIS
FOR ME?

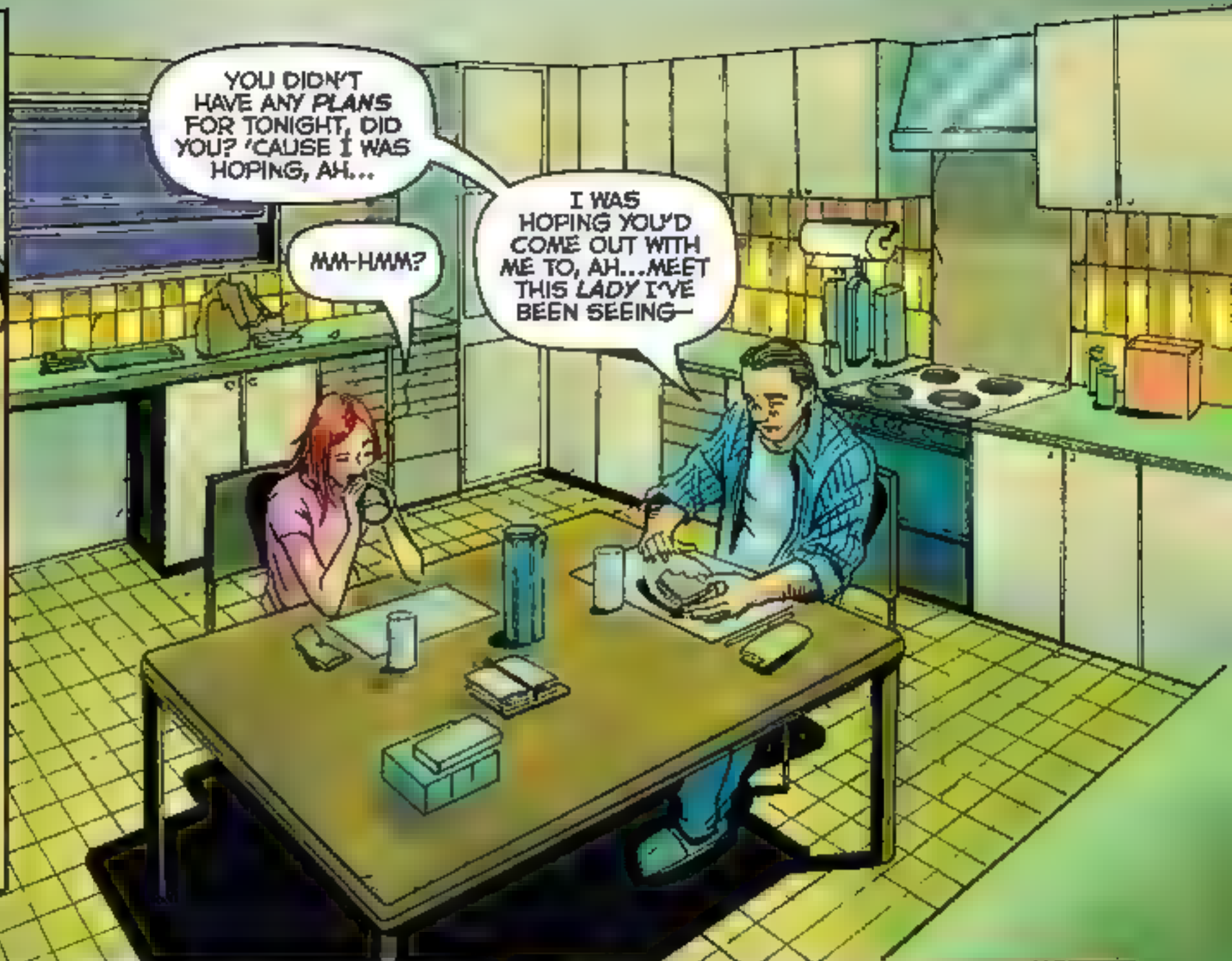
'COURSE.
THERE SOME-
THING--?



AGHH, SPICY
COLD CUTS.
WHAT WAS I
THINKING?

I WASN'T
THINKING, THAT'S
WHAT. TAKE A
SEAT, ANGEL,
AND I'LL--

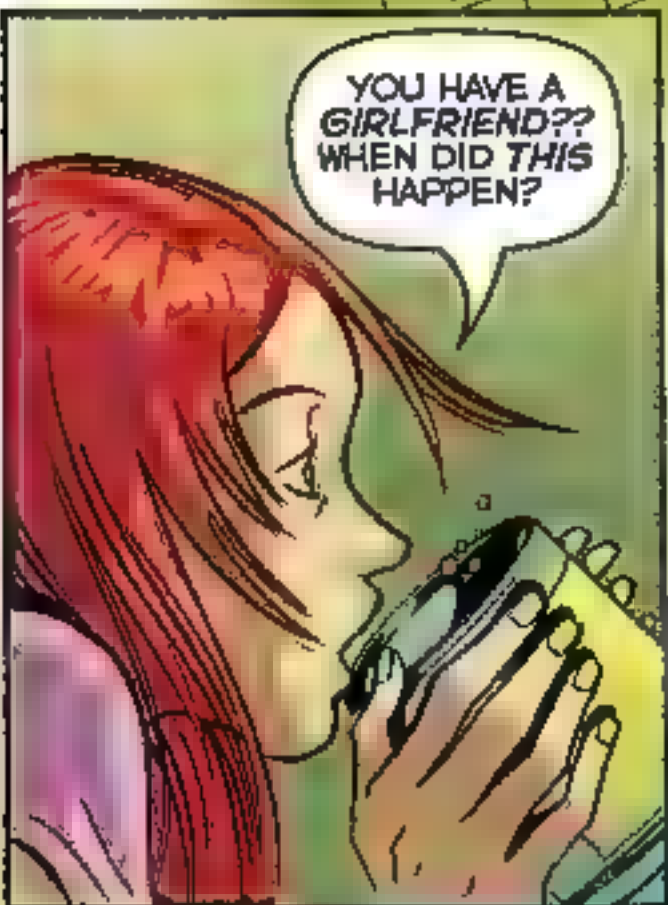
NO, NO, IT'S
OKAY. I'LL JUST
NUKE UP SOME
SOUP.



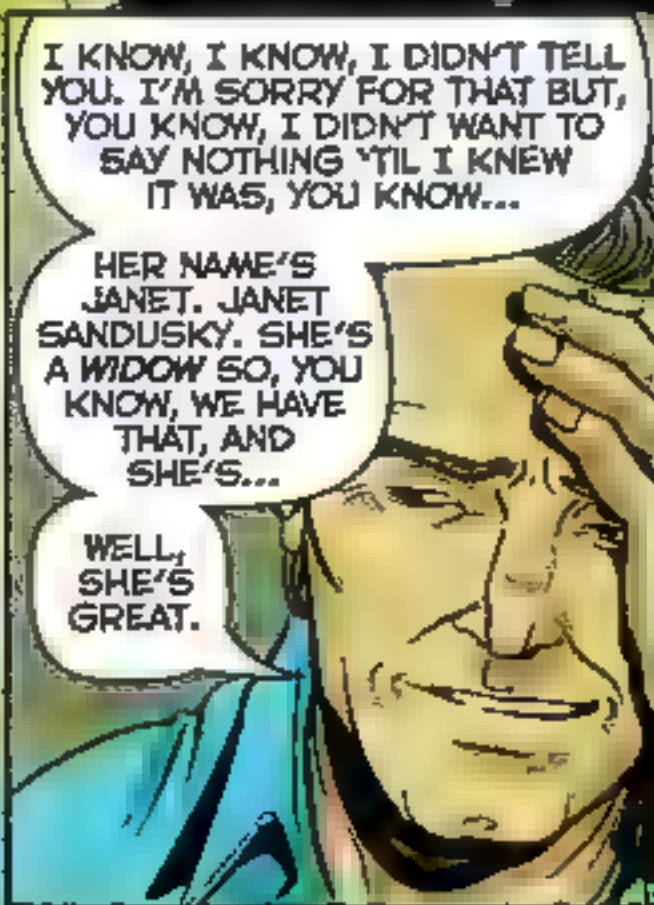
YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY PLANS FOR TONIGHT, DID YOU? 'CAUSE I WAS HOPING, AH...

MM-HMM?

I WAS HOPING YOU'D COME OUT WITH ME TO, AH...MEET THIS LADY I'VE BEEN SEEING—



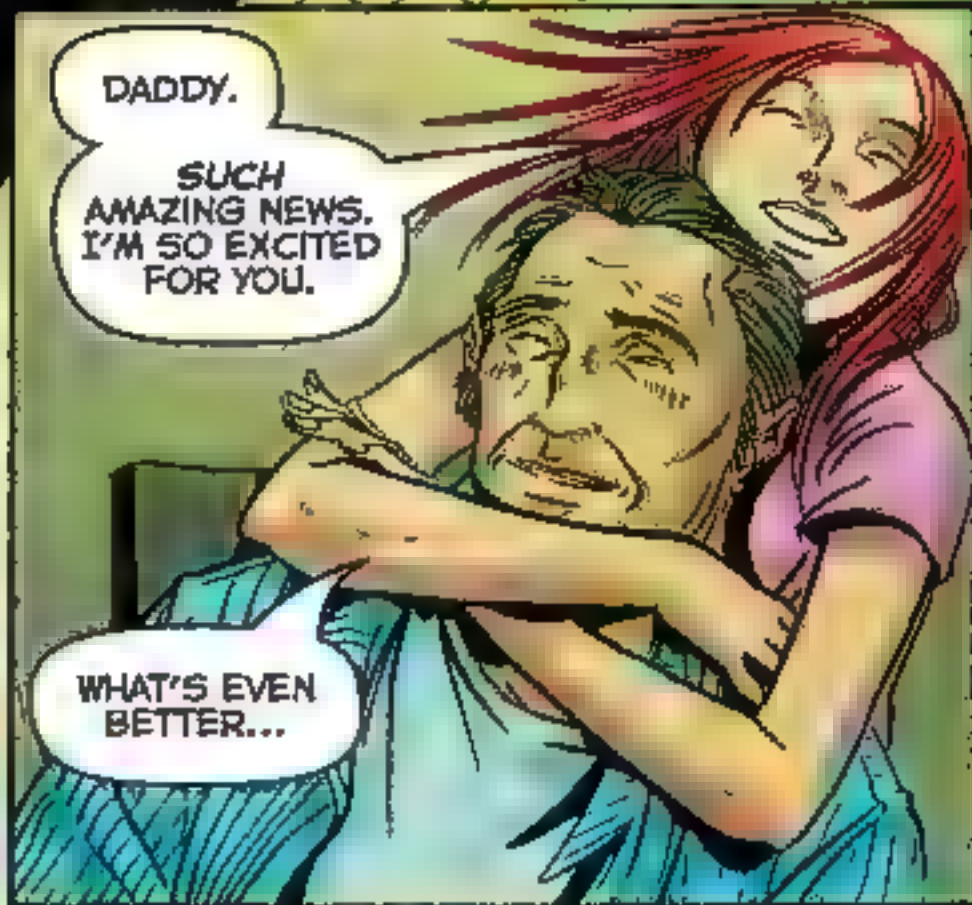
YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND?? WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?



I KNOW, I KNOW, I DIDN'T TELL YOU. I'M SORRY FOR THAT BUT, YOU KNOW, I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY NOTHING 'TIL I KNEW IT WAS, YOU KNOW...

HER NAME'S JANET. JANET SANDUSKY. SHE'S A WIDOW SO, YOU KNOW, WE HAVE THAT, AND SHE'S...

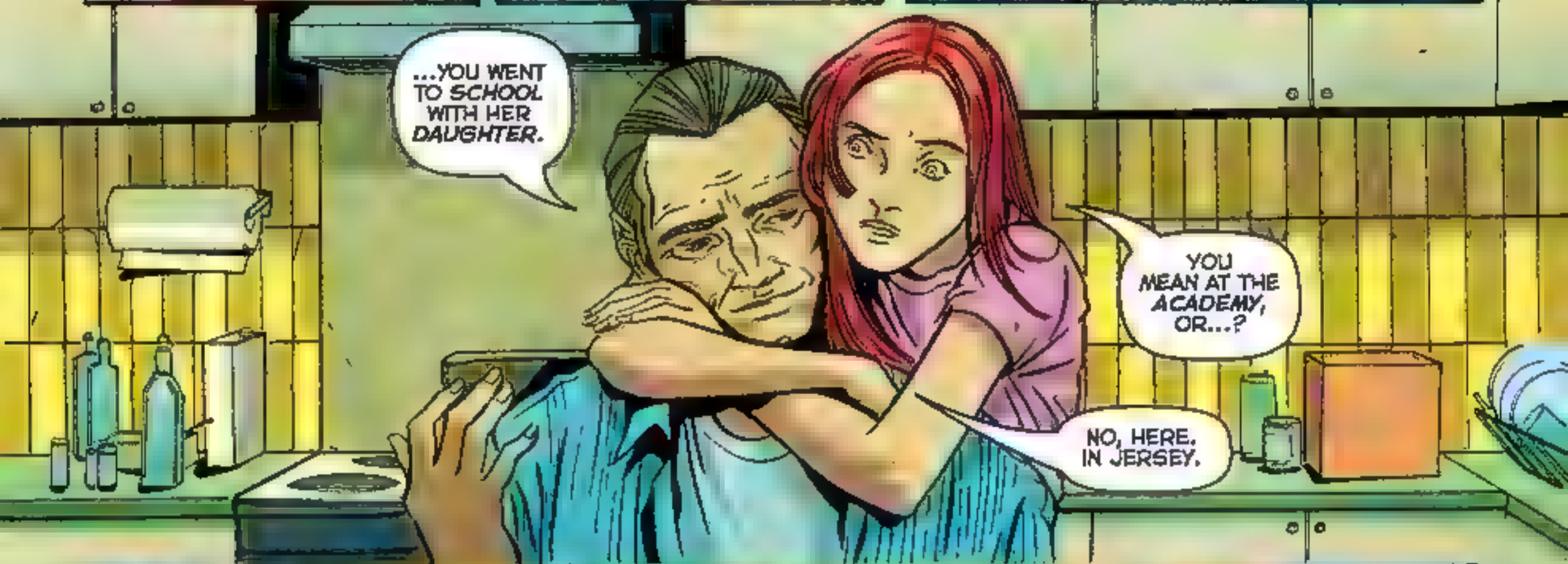
WELL, SHE'S GREAT.



DADDY.

SUCH AMAZING NEWS. I'M SO EXCITED FOR YOU.

WHAT'S EVEN BETTER...



...YOU WENT TO SCHOOL WITH HER DAUGHTER.

YOU MEAN AT THE ACADEMY, OR...?

NO, HERE. IN JERSEY.



AND SANDUSKY'S HER MARRIED NAME.

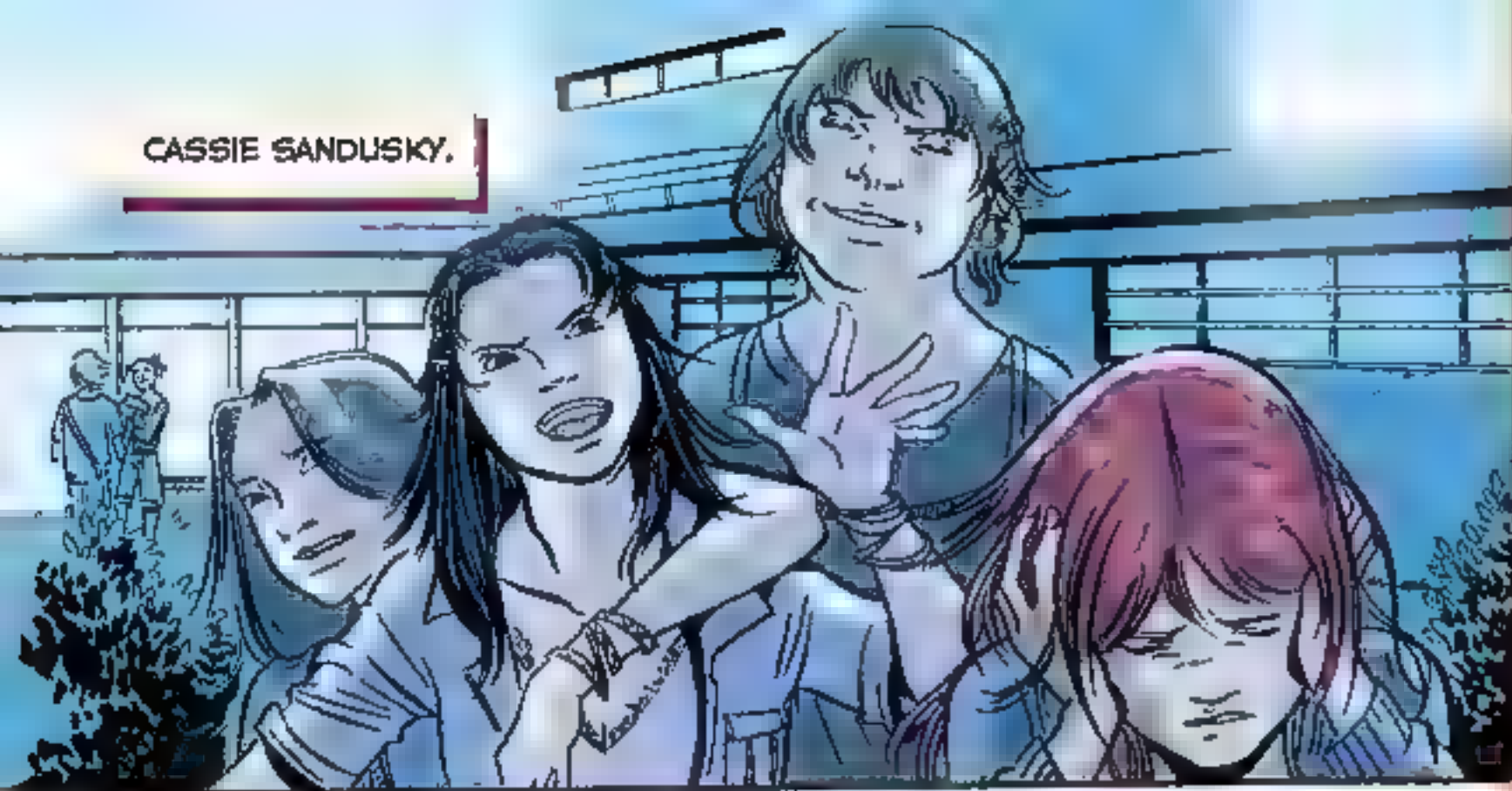
UH-HUH.

SANDUSKY.

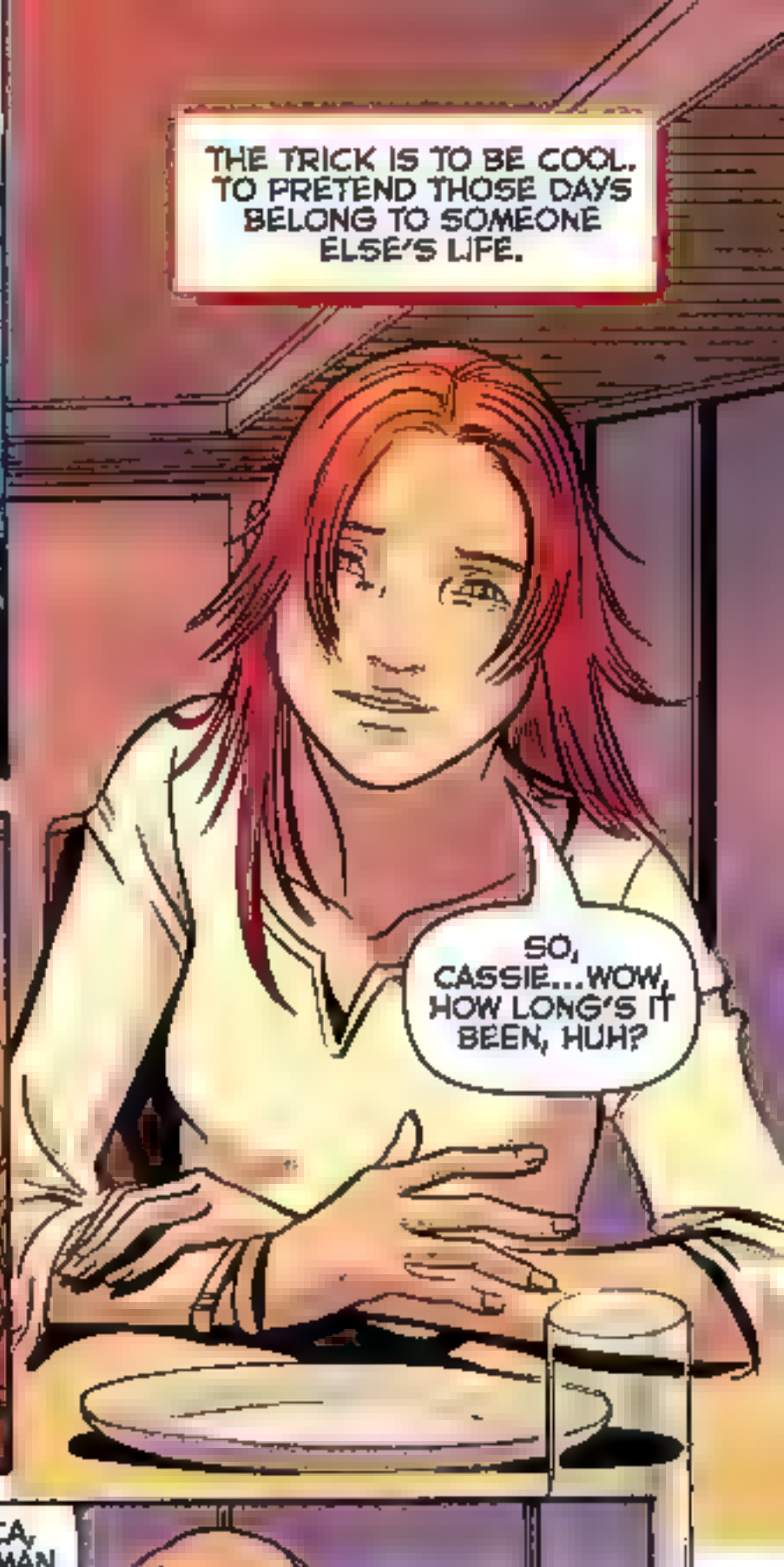
YEAH.

CASSIE SANDUSKY?

CASSIE SANDUSKY.

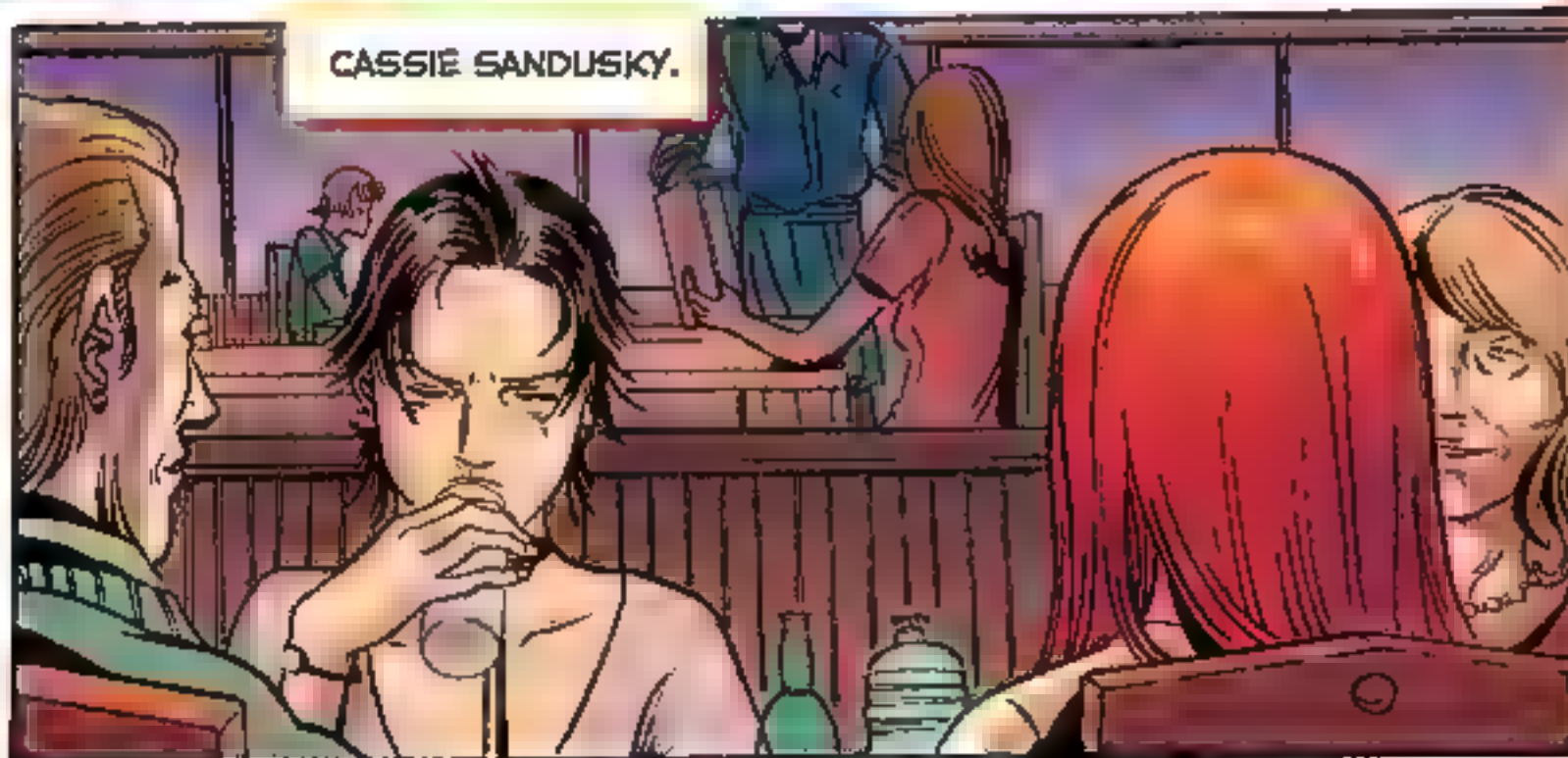


THE TRICK IS TO BE COOL.
TO PRETEND THOSE DAYS
BELONG TO SOMEONE
ELSE'S LIFE.

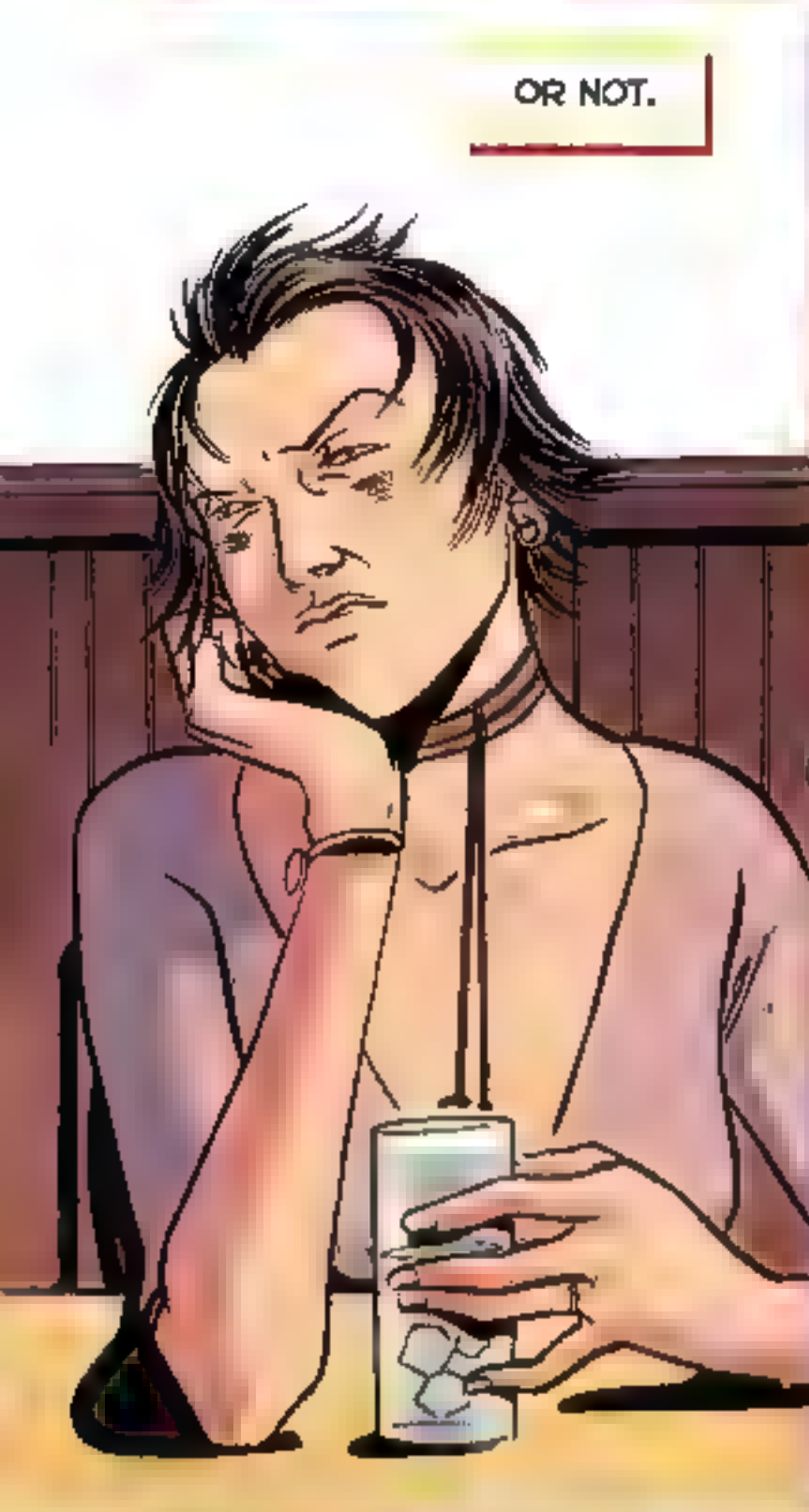


SO,
CASSIE...WOW,
HOW LONG'S IT
BEEN, HUH?

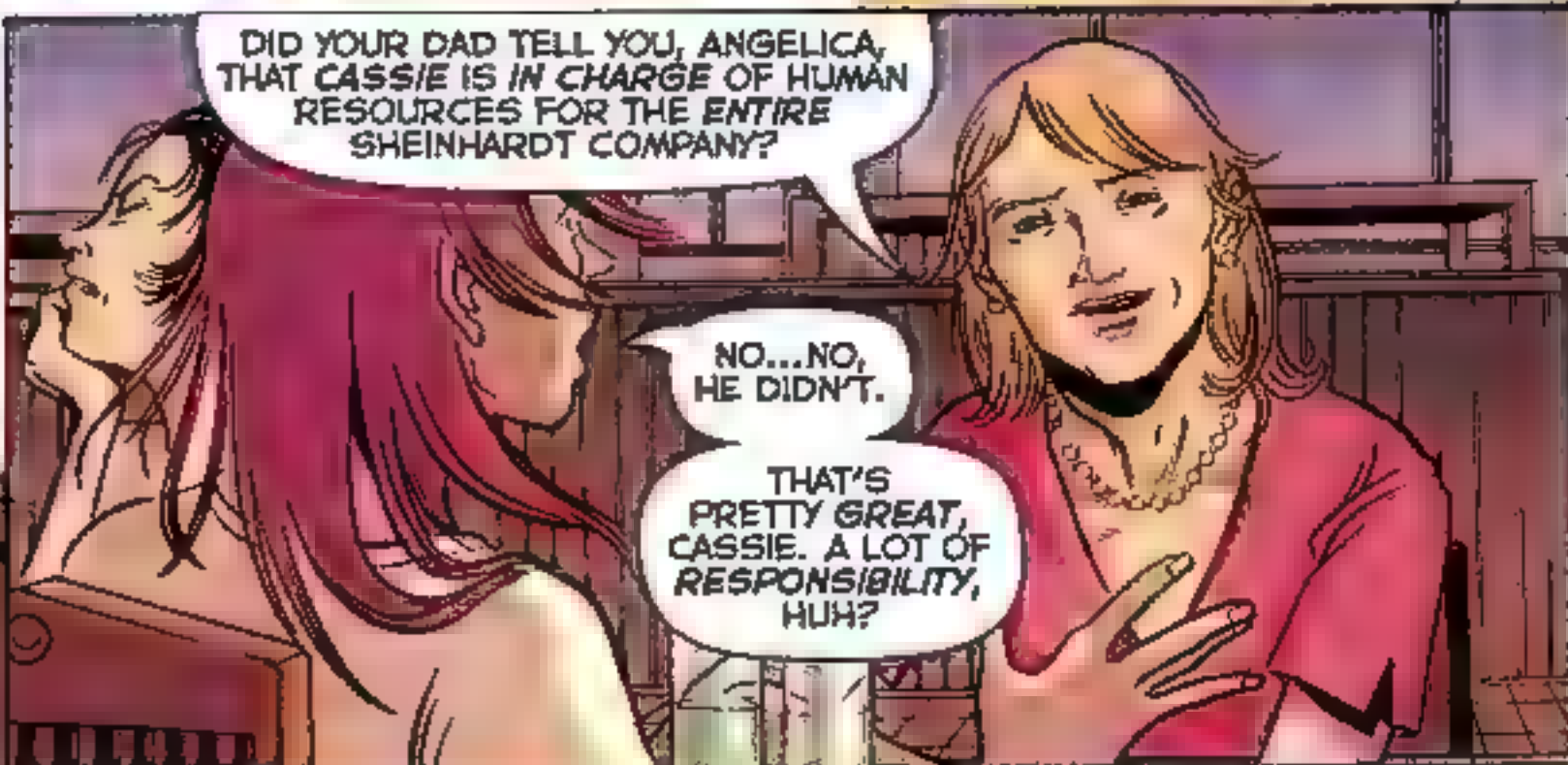
CASSIE SANDUSKY.



OR NOT.



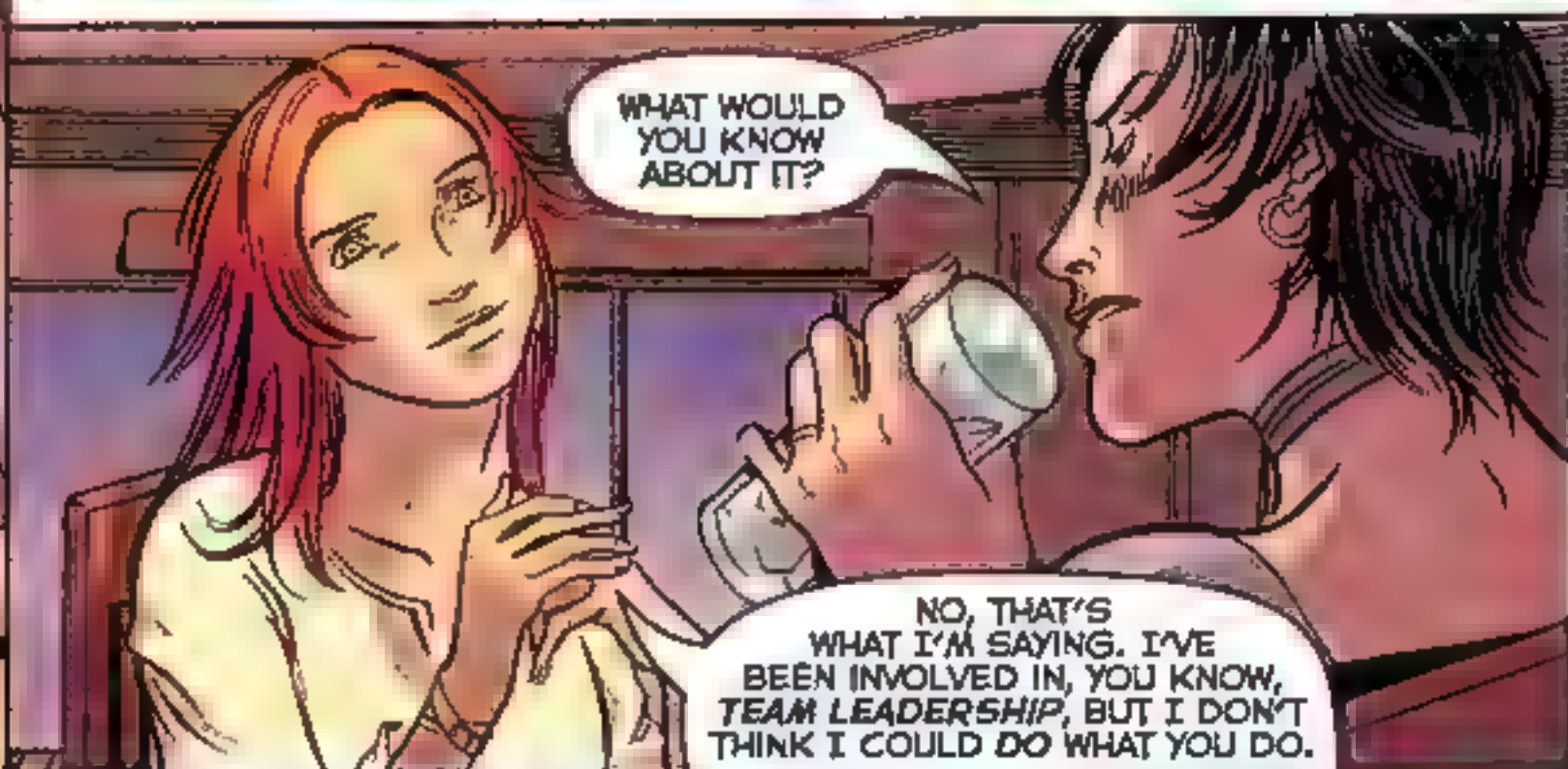
DID YOUR DAD TELL YOU, ANGELICA,
THAT CASSIE IS IN CHARGE OF HUMAN
RESOURCES FOR THE ENTIRE
SHEINHARDT COMPANY?



NO...NO,
HE DIDN'T.

THAT'S
PRETTY GREAT,
CASSIE. A LOT OF
RESPONSIBILITY,
HUH?

WHAT WOULD
YOU KNOW
ABOUT IT?

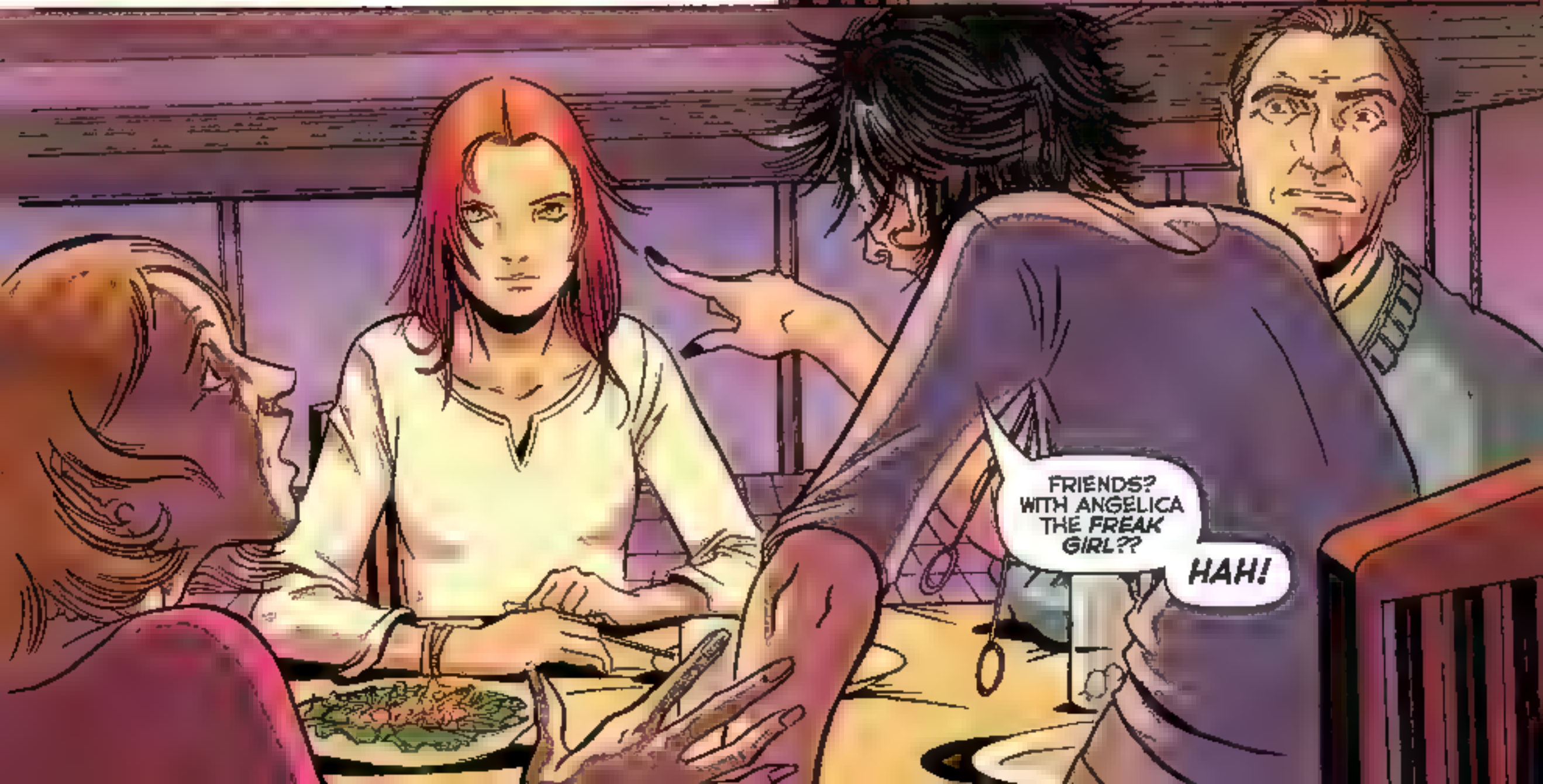
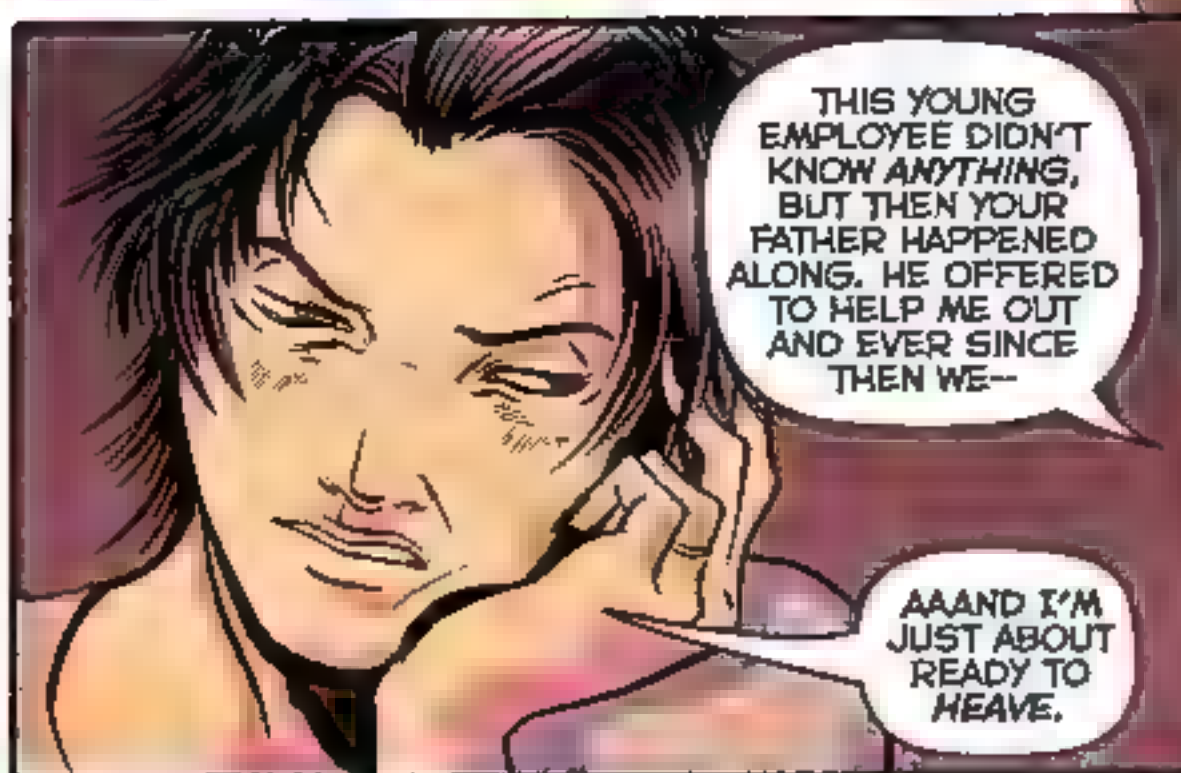
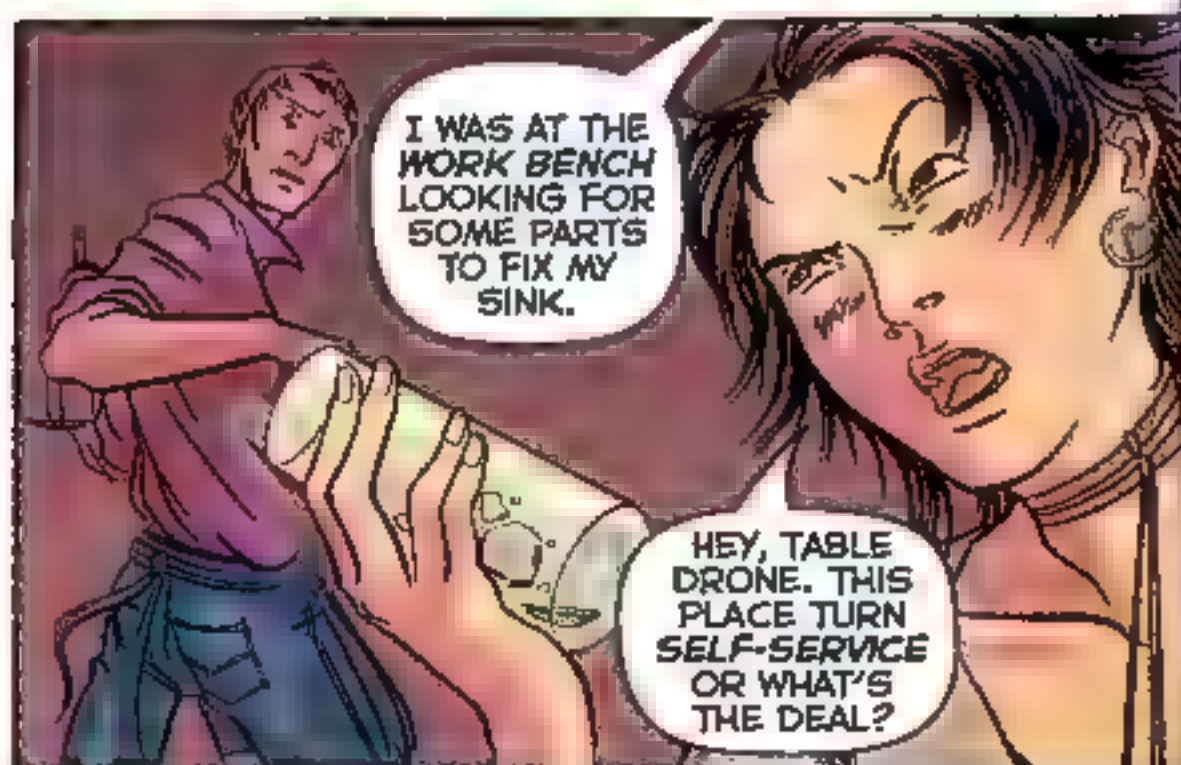
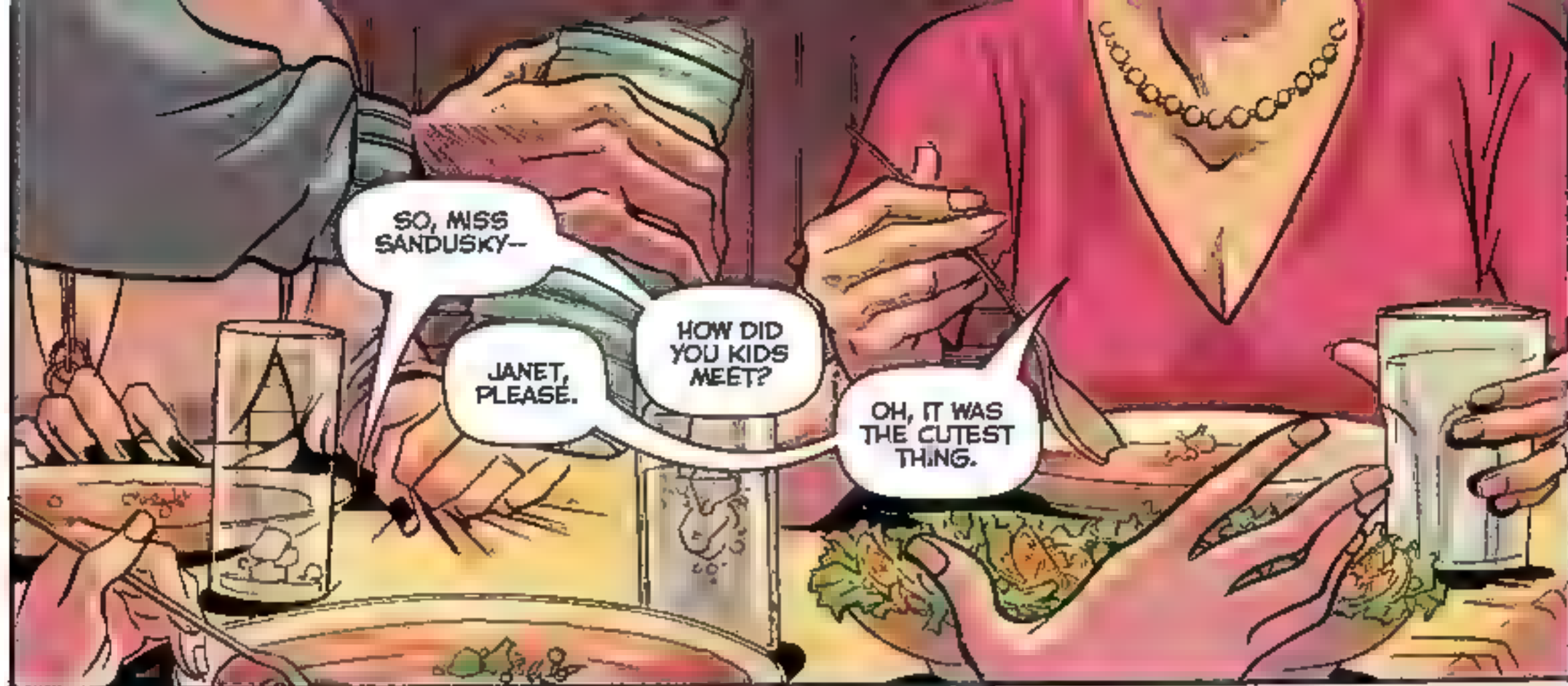


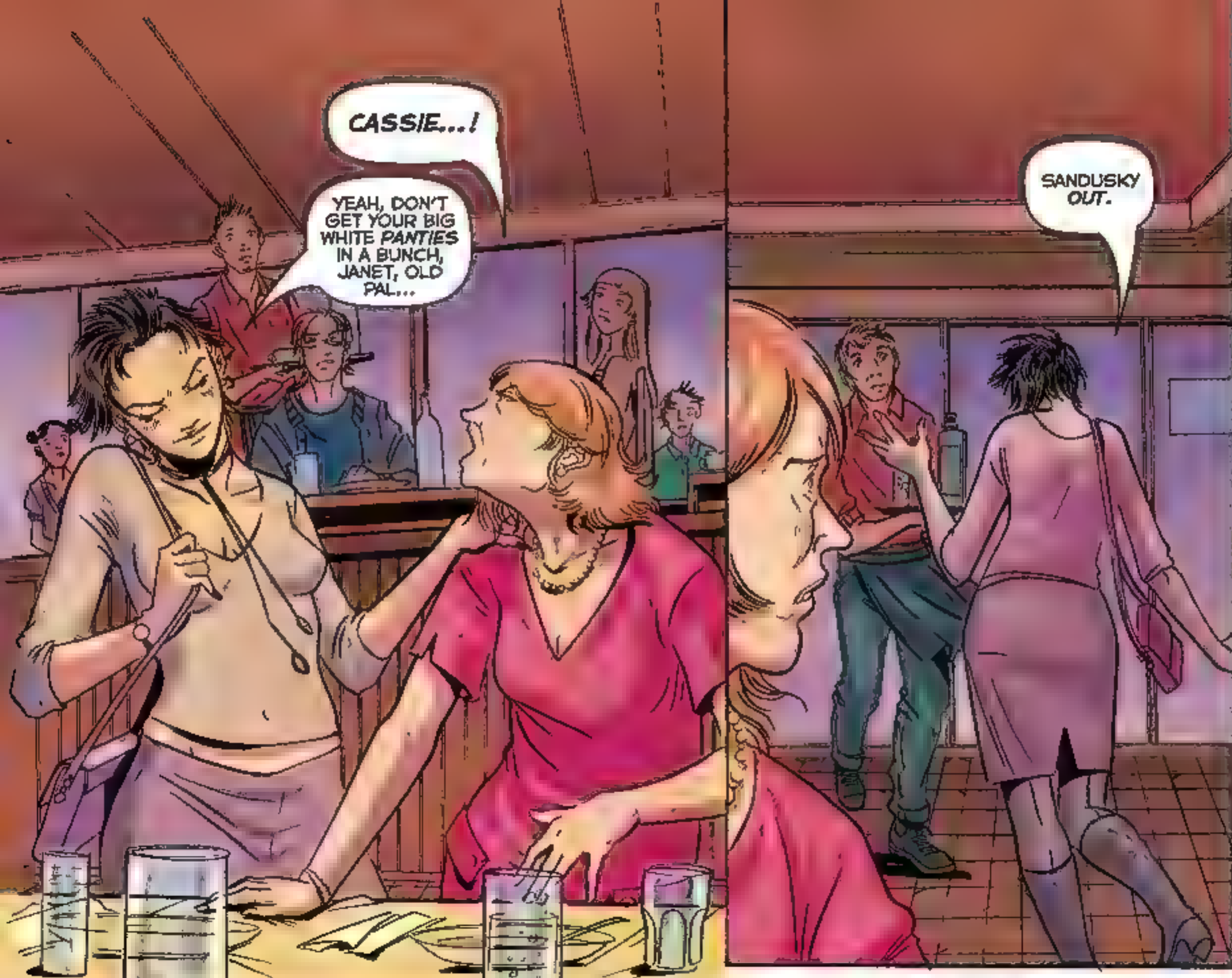
NO, THAT'S
WHAT I'M SAYING. I'VE
BEEN INVOLVED IN, YOU KNOW,
TEAM LEADERSHIP, BUT I DON'T
THINK I COULD DO WHAT YOU DO.

HMP.

PROB'LY
NOT.



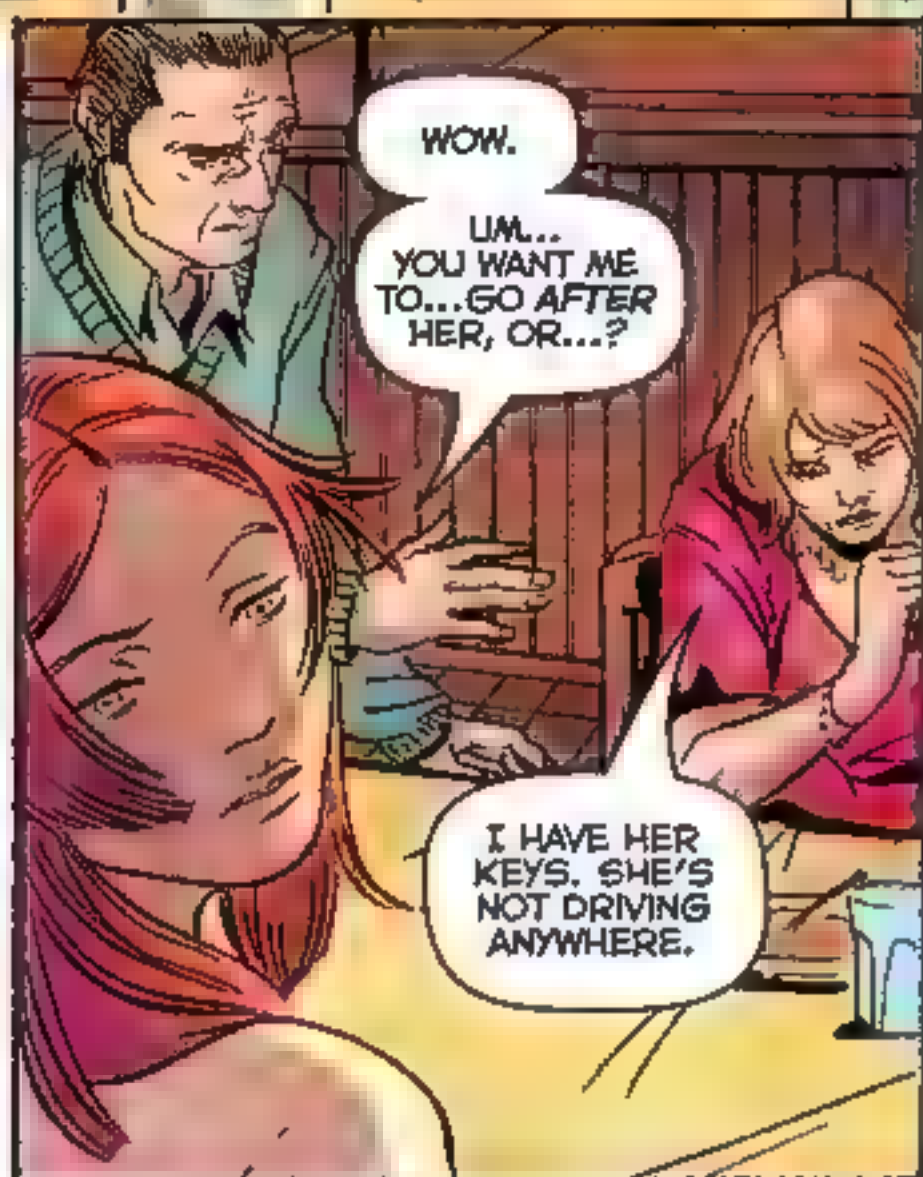




CASSIE...!

YEAH, DON'T
GET YOUR BIG
WHITE PANTIES
IN A BUNCH,
JANET, OLD
PAL...

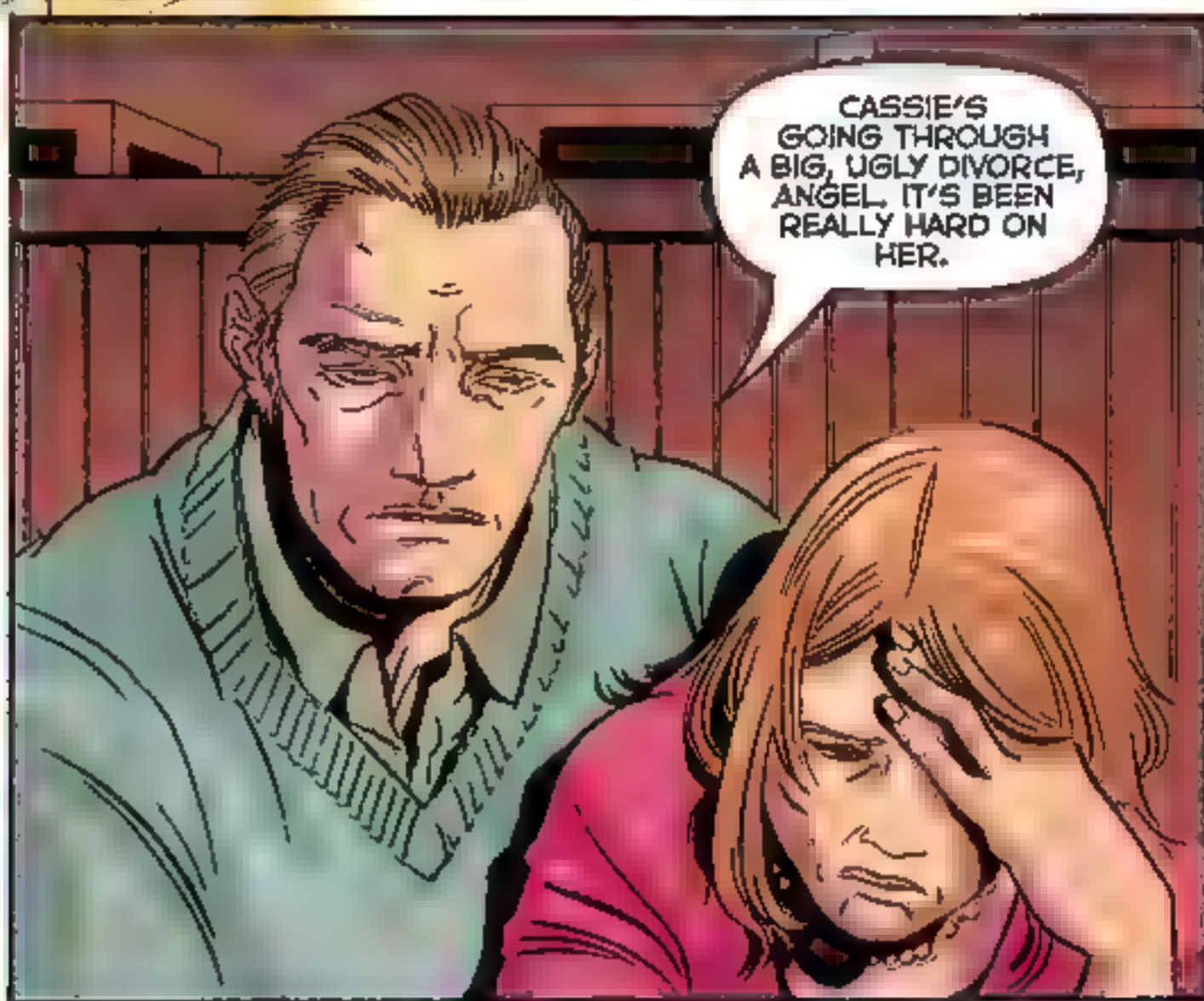
SANDUSKY
OUT.



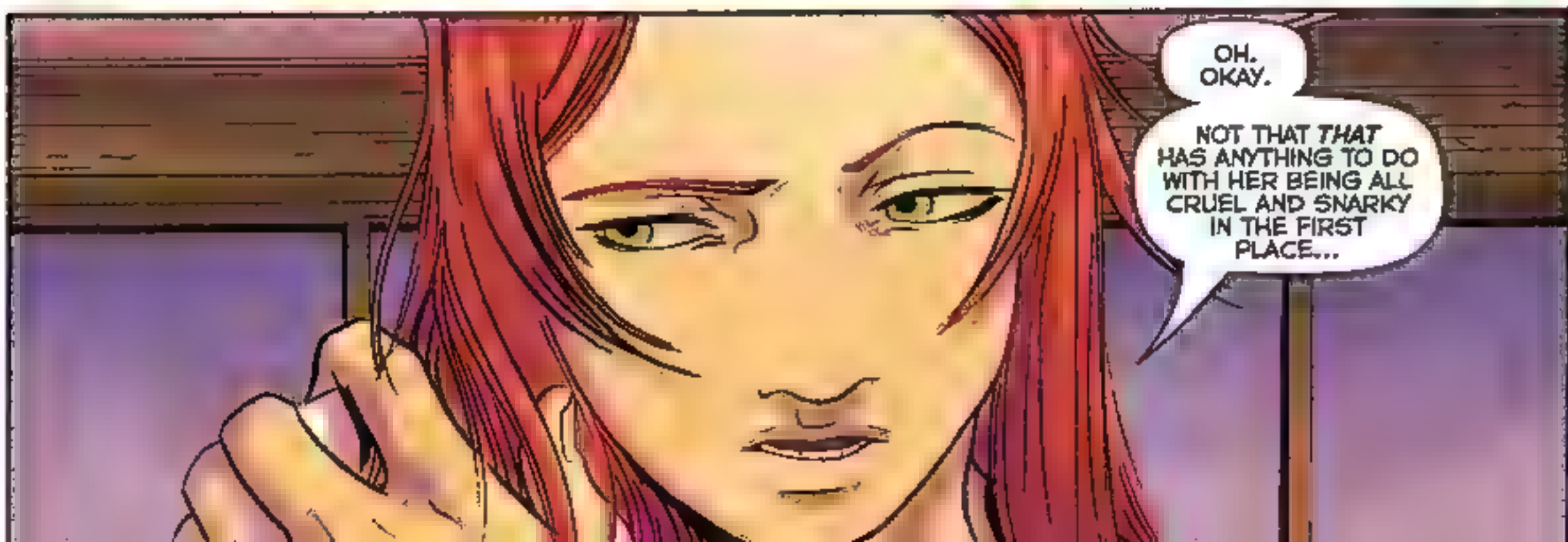
WOW.

UM...
YOU WANT ME
TO...GO AFTER
HER, OR...?

I HAVE HER
KEYS. SHE'S
NOT DRIVING
ANYWHERE.



CASSIE'S
GOING THROUGH
A BIG, UGLY DIVORCE,
ANGEL. IT'S BEEN
REALLY HARD ON
HER.



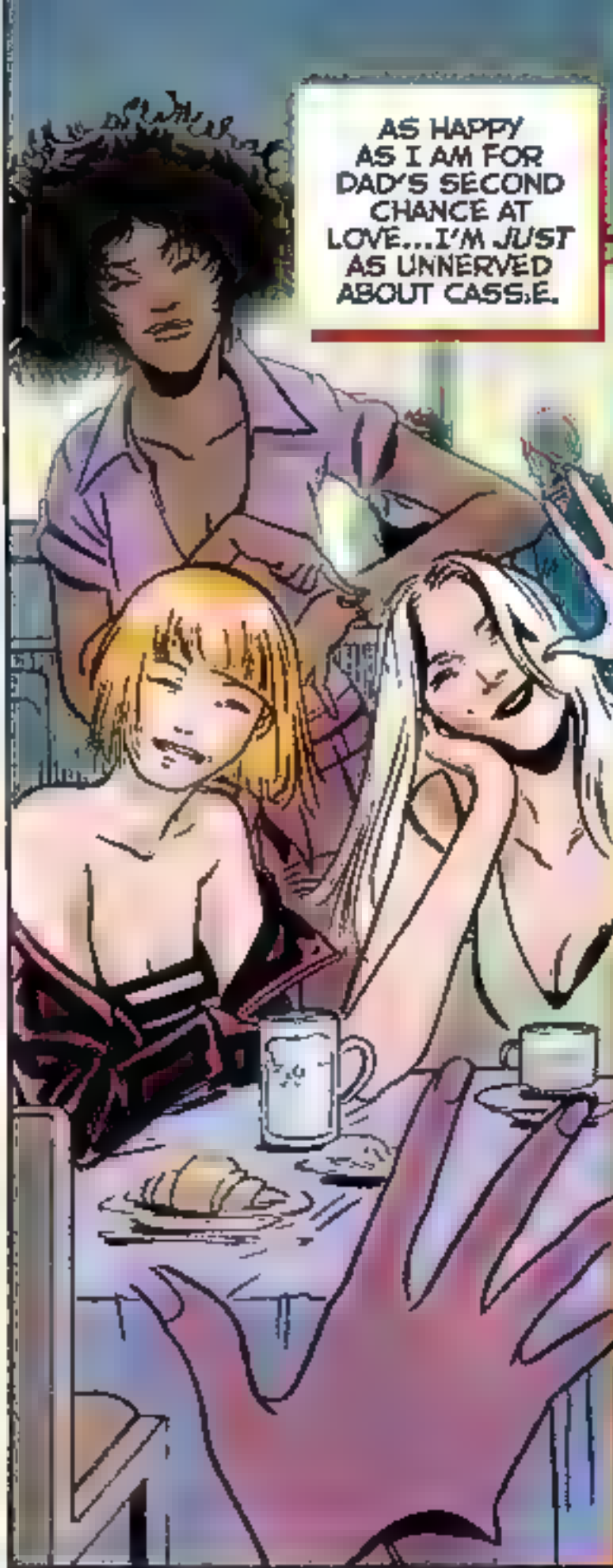
OH.
OKAY.

NOT THAT THAT
HAS ANYTHING TO DO
WITH HER BEING ALL
CRUEL AND SNARKY
IN THE FIRST
PLACE...

MORE OF MY
OH-SO-ROUTINE DAYS
PASS BY AND I JUST
CAN'T SHAKE IT.



AS HAPPY
AS I AM FOR
DAD'S SECOND
CHANCE AT
LOVE... I'M JUST
AS UNNERVED
ABOUT CASSIE.

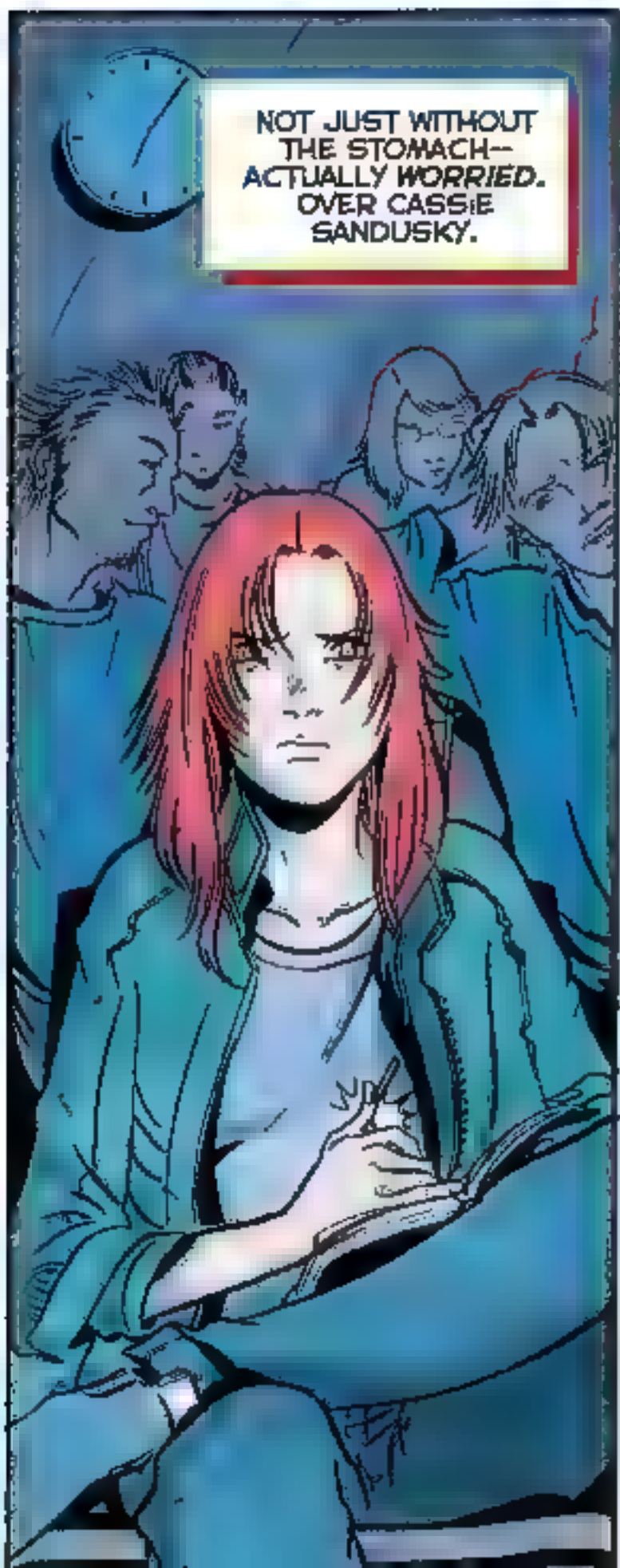


ALL THESE YEARS, ALL
THE FANTASIES OF MY
TORMENTOR BECOMING
THE TORMENTED...



THE REAL THING
COMES ALONG AND I
FIND MYSELF WITHOUT
THE STOMACH FOR IT.

NOT JUST WITHOUT
THE STOMACH—
ACTUALLY WORRIED.
OVER CASSIE
SANDUSKY.

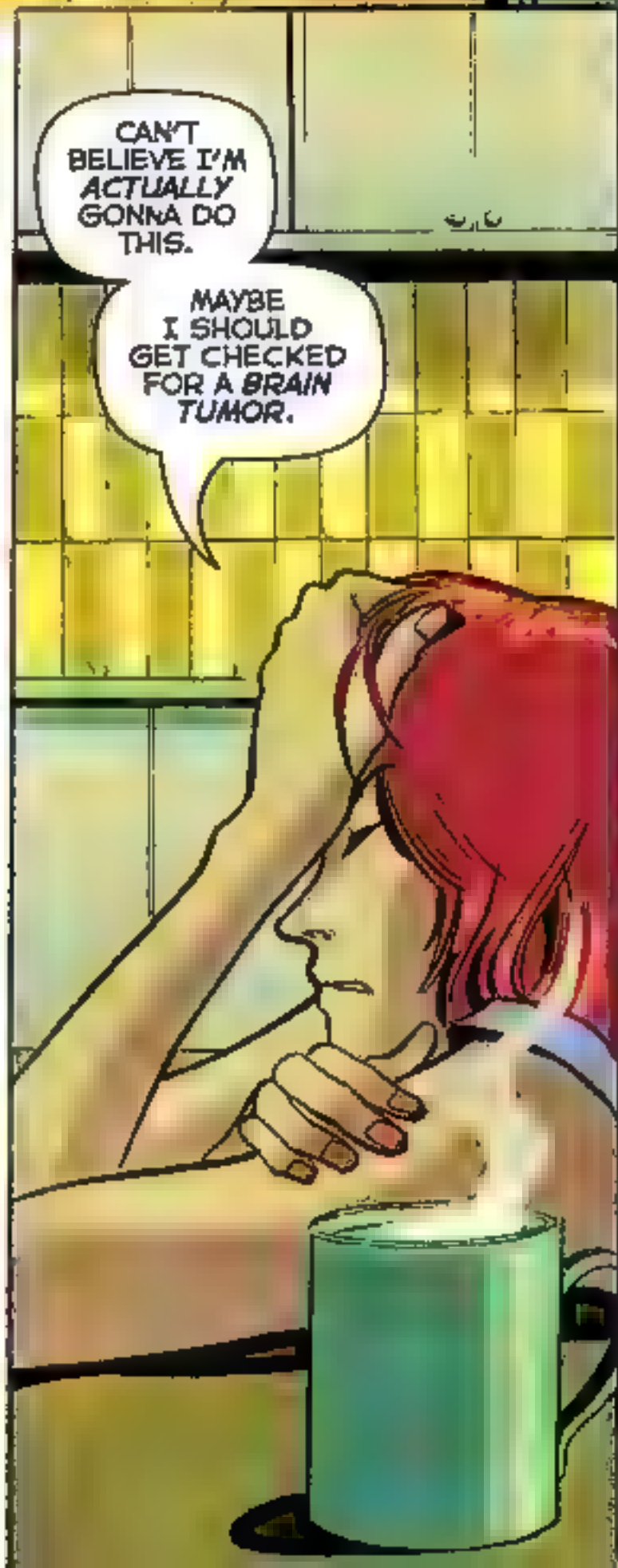


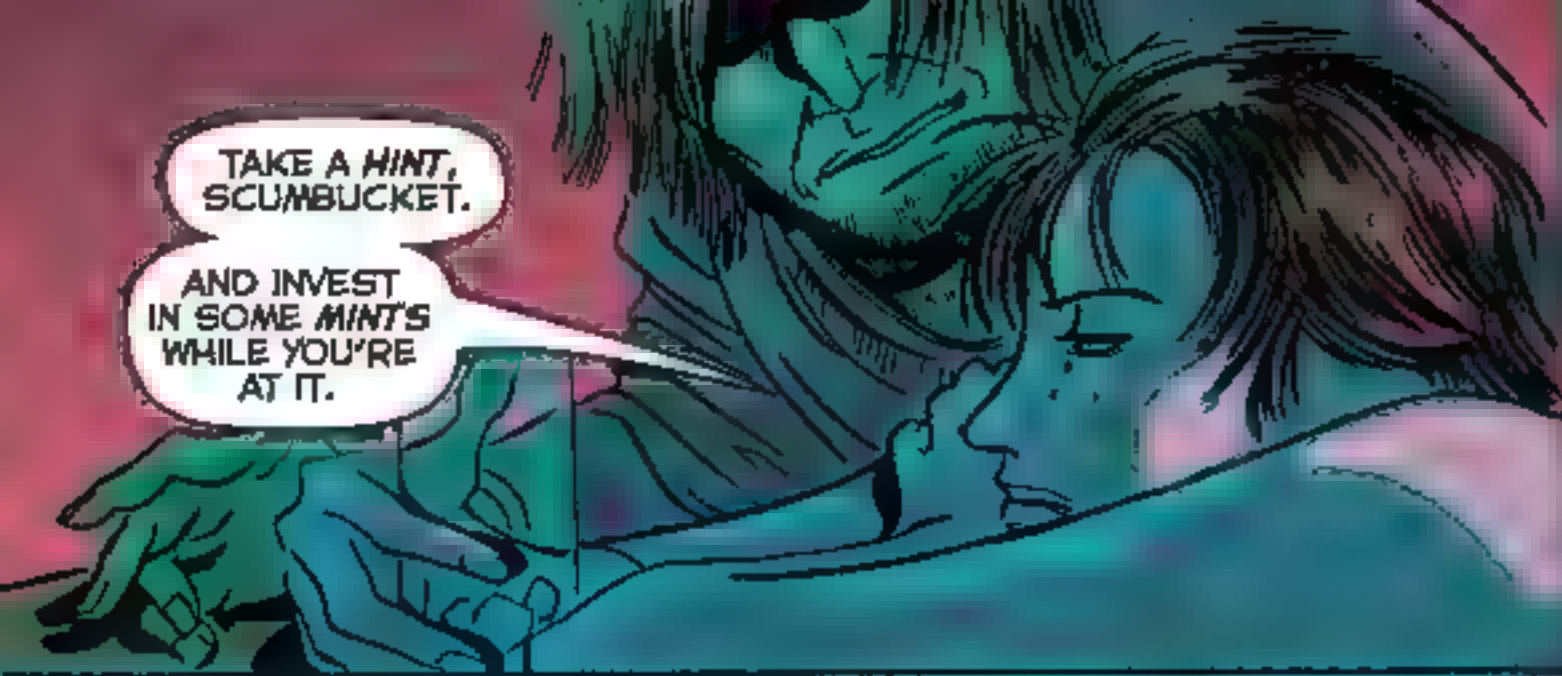
SHE DESERVES A
SECOND CHANCE,
TOO, DOESN'T
SHE? DOESN'T
EVERYONE?



CAN'T
BELIEVE I'M
ACTUALLY
GONNA DO
THIS.

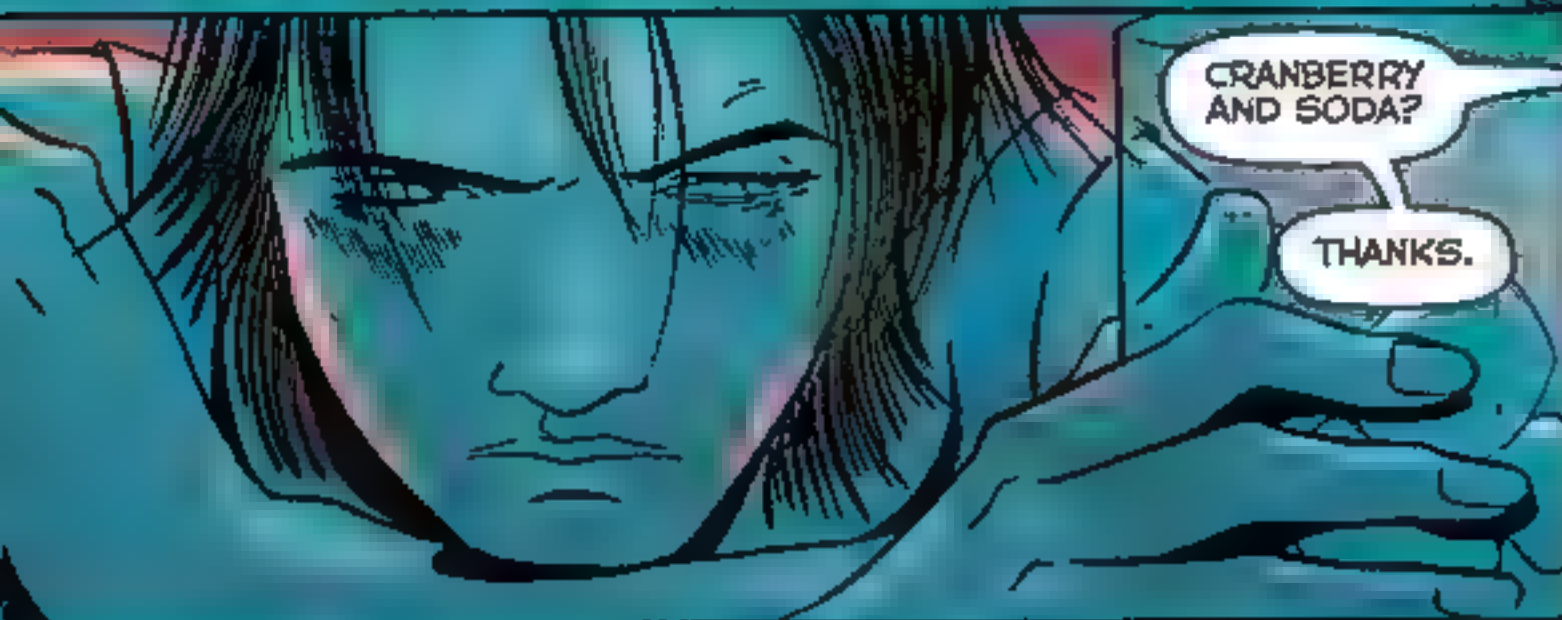
MAYBE
I SHOULD
GET CHECKED
FOR A BRAIN
TUMOR.





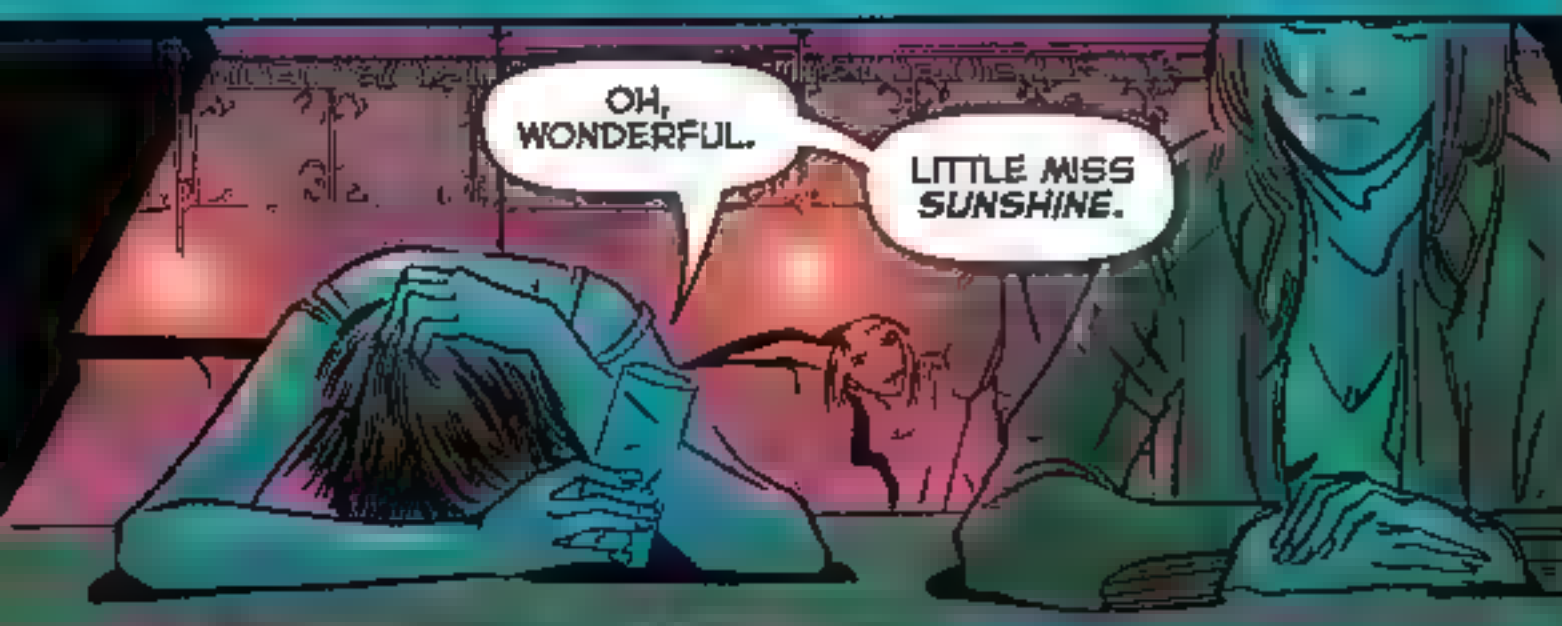
TAKE A HINT,
SCUMBUCKET.

AND INVEST
IN SOME MINTS
WHILE YOU'RE
AT IT.



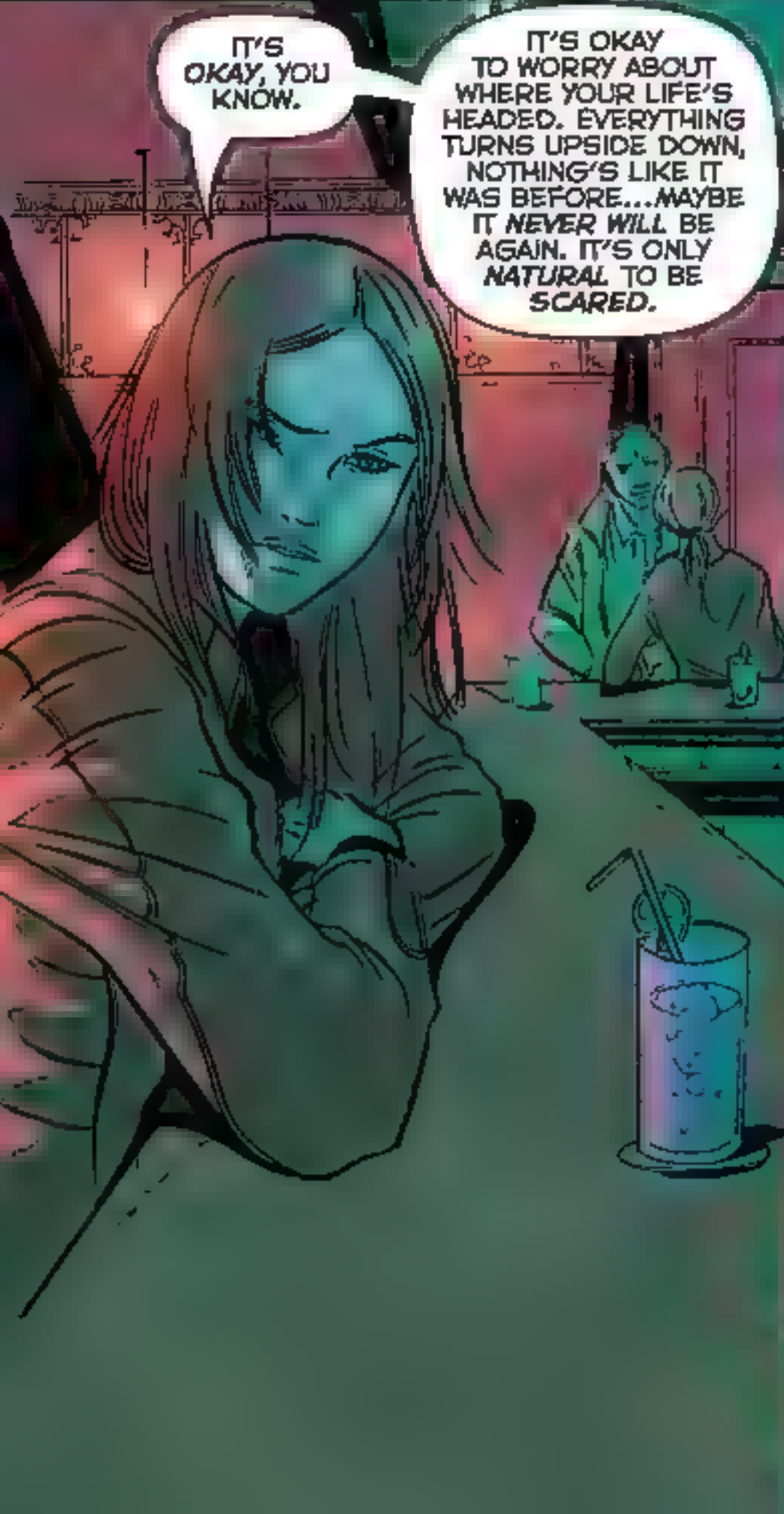
CRANBERRY
AND SODA?

THANKS.



OH,
WONDERFUL.

LITTLE MISS
SUNSHINE.



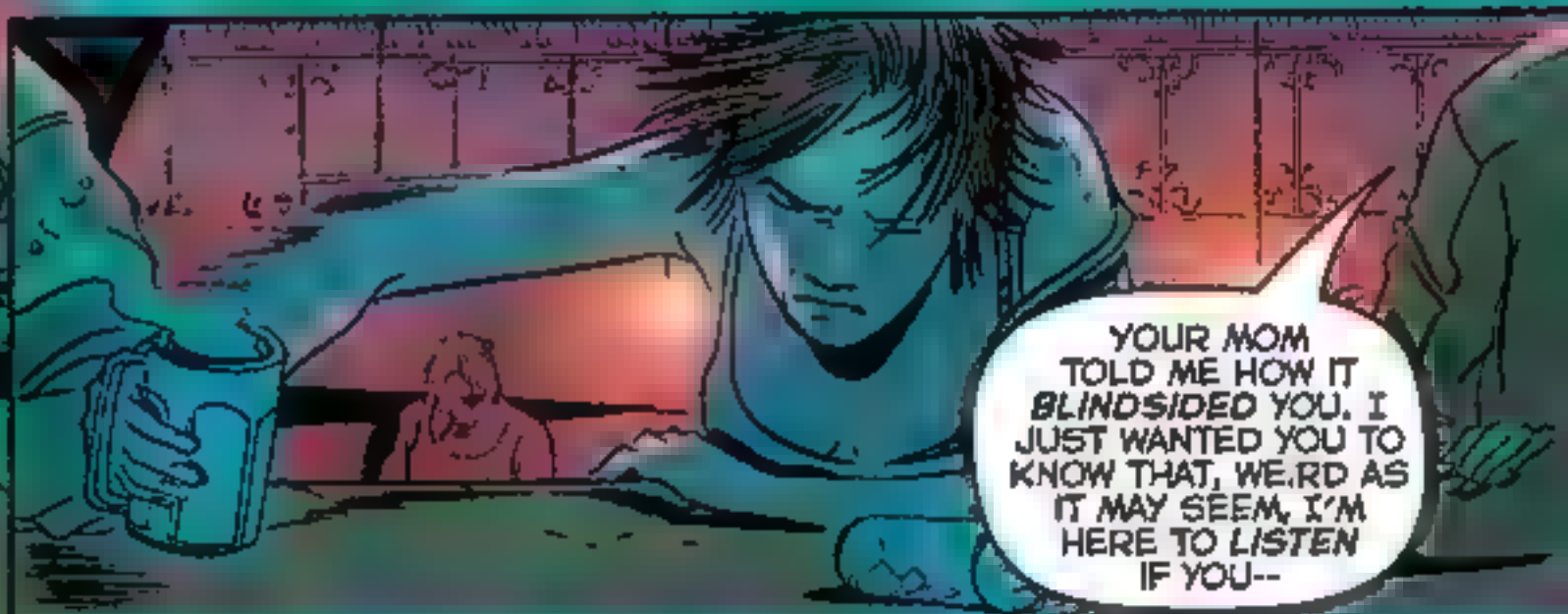
IT'S
OKAY, YOU
KNOW.

IT'S OKAY
TO WORRY ABOUT
WHERE YOUR LIFE'S
HEADED. EVERYTHING
TURNS UPSIDE DOWN,
NOTHING'S LIKE IT
WAS BEFORE....MAYBE
IT NEVER WILL BE
AGAIN. IT'S ONLY
NATURAL TO BE
SCARED.



YOUR
DIVORCE.

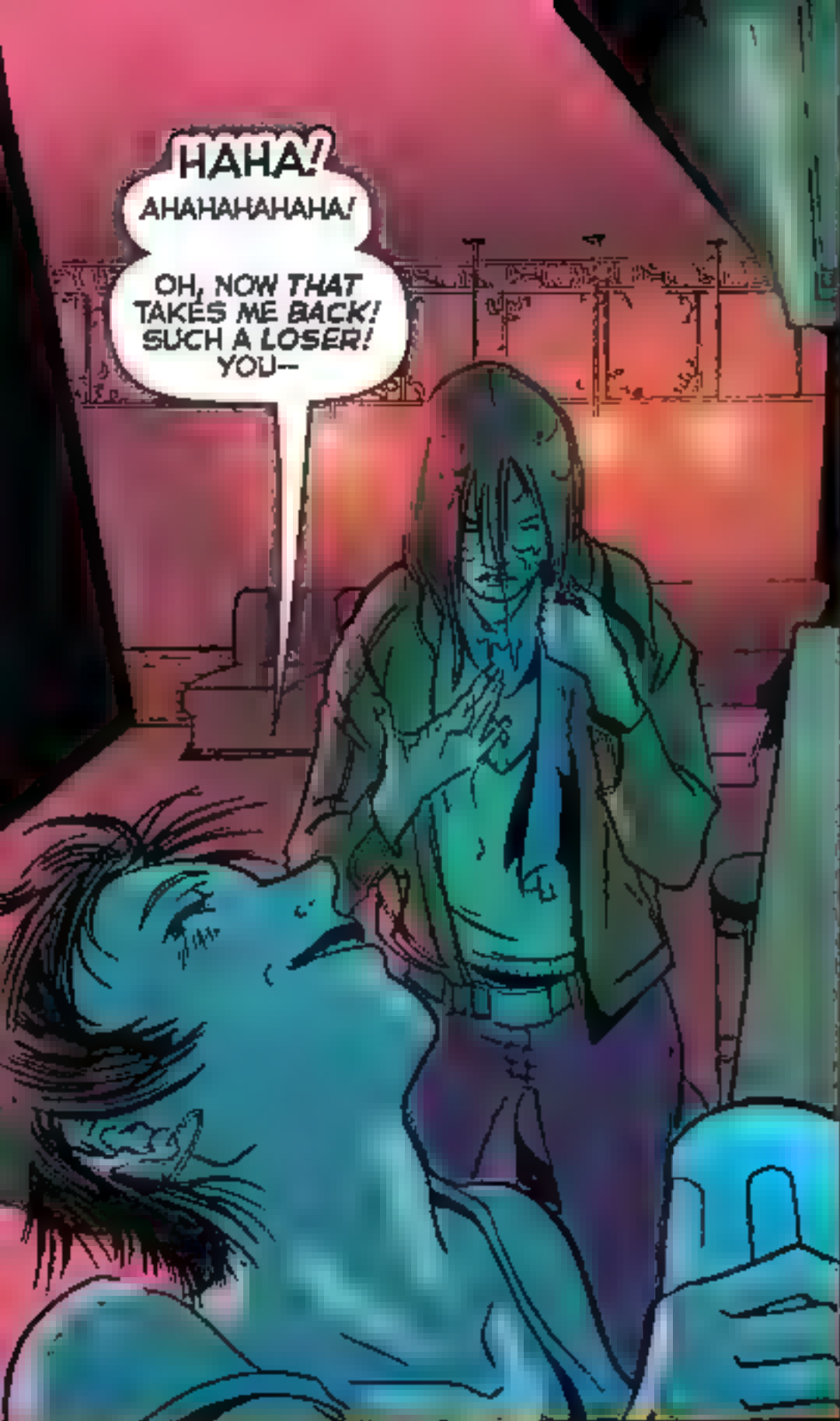
WHAT.
IN THE HELL
ARE YOU BABBLING
ABOUT?



YOUR MOM
TOLD ME HOW IT
BLINDSIDED YOU. I
JUST WANTED YOU TO
KNOW THAT, WE'D AS
IT MAY SEEM, I'M
HERE TO LISTEN
IF YOU--

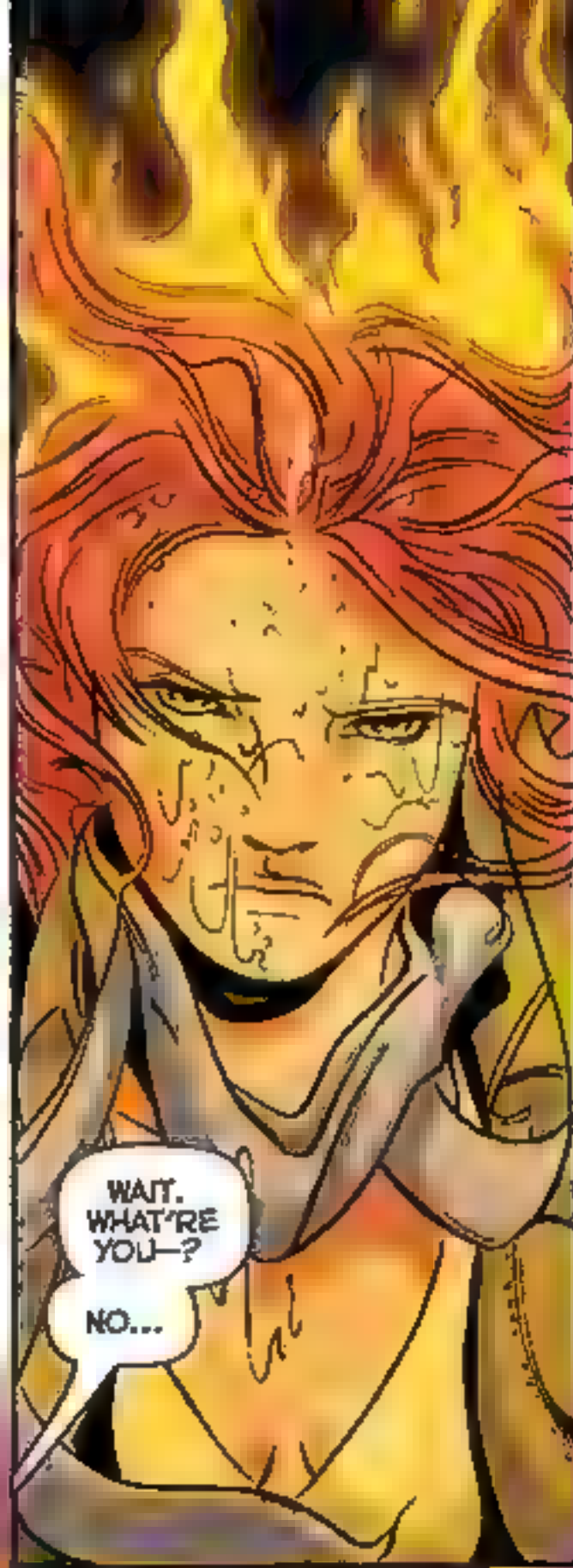


YOU
DON'T GET
TO KNOW
ME!



HAHA!
AHAAAAHAHA!

OH, NOW THAT
TAKES ME BACK!
SUCH A LOSER!
YOU—



WAIT.
WHAT'RE
YOU—?

NO...



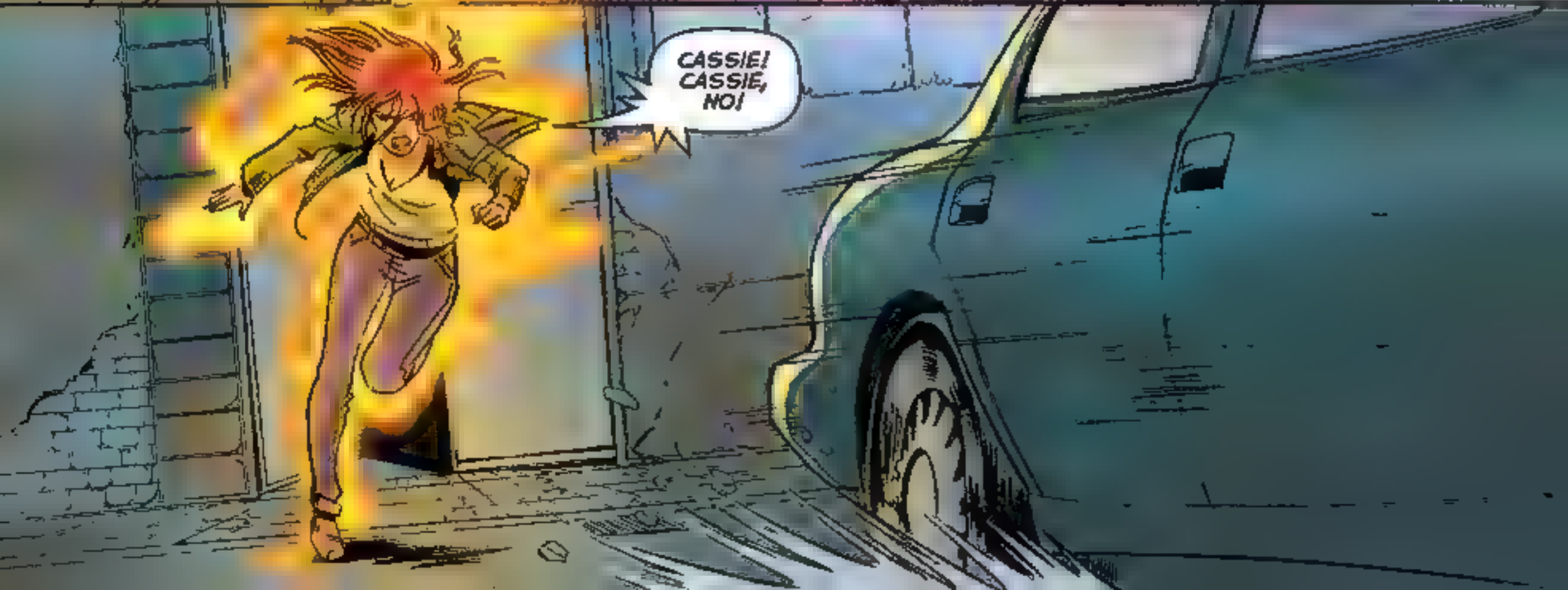
NO!
THAT'S
NOT
FAIR!



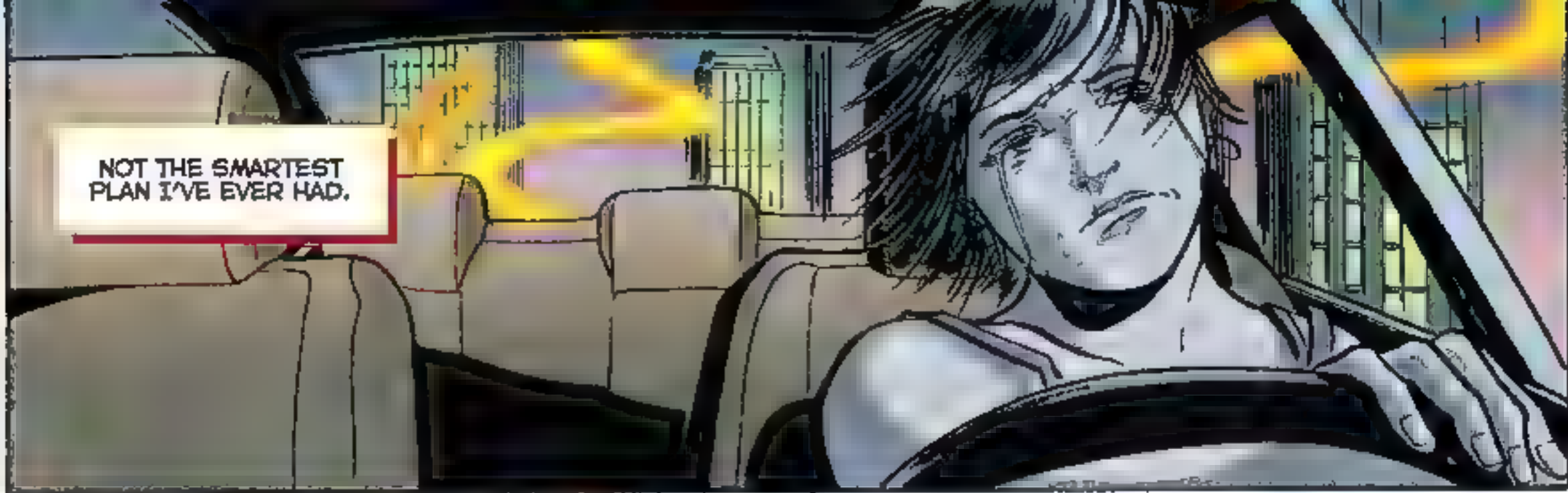
FREAK
GIRL!
FREAK!

FREEEAK!!

SORRY. I'M
REALLY SORRY.
HOPE THIS
COVERS IT.



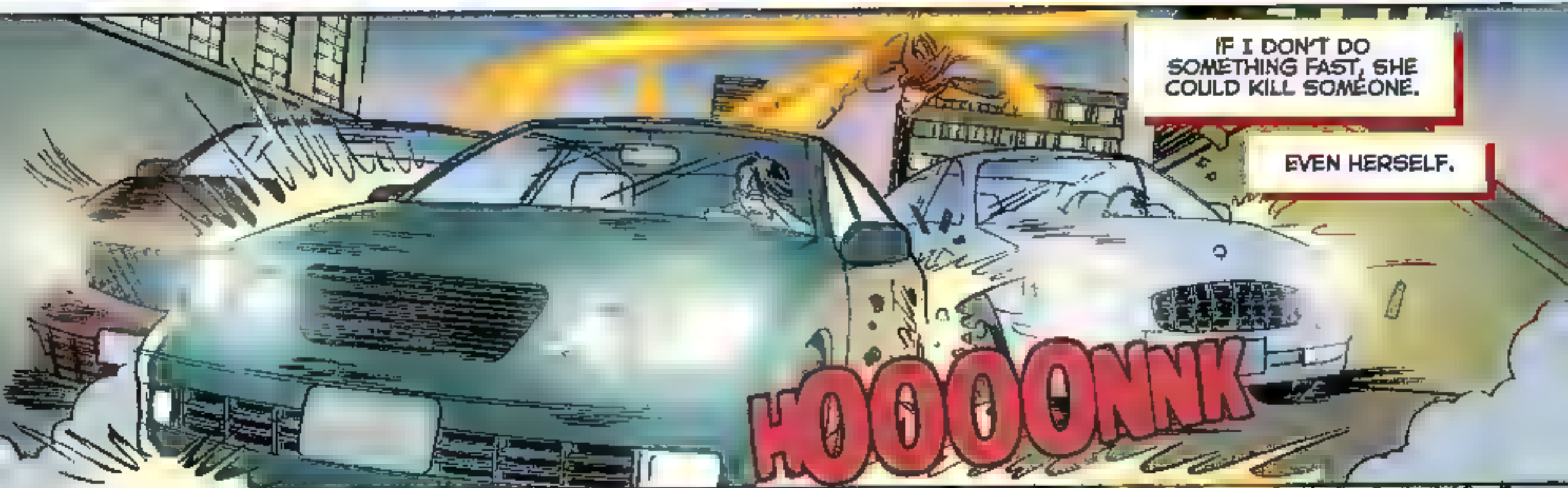
CASSIE!
CASSIE,
NO!



NOT THE SMARTEST
PLAN I'VE EVER HAD.

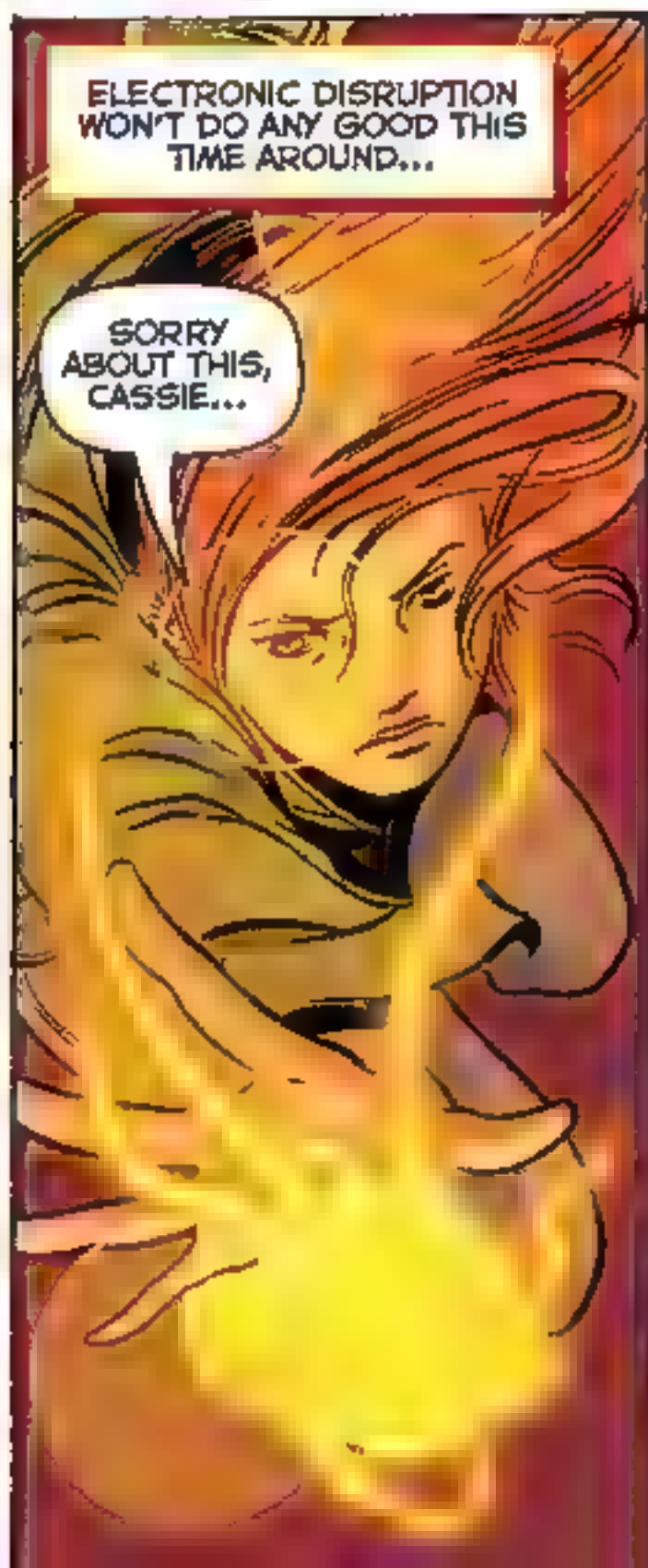


I ONLY WANTED TO HELP,
AND NOW CASSIE'S ALL
OVER THE ROAD.



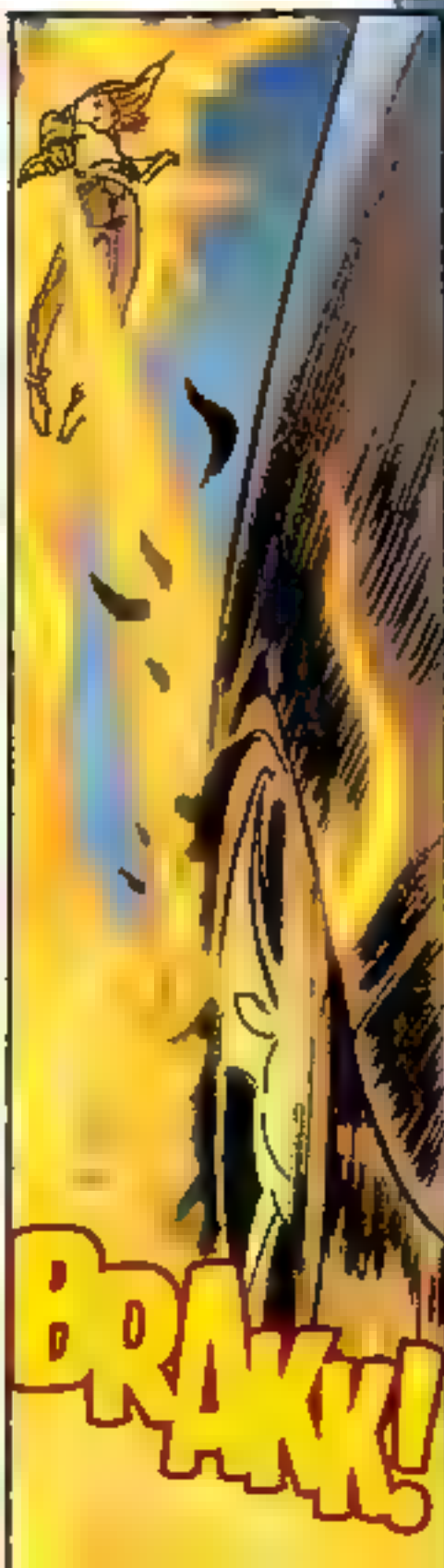
IF I DON'T DO
SOMETHING FAST, SHE
COULD KILL SOMEONE.

EVEN HERSELF.

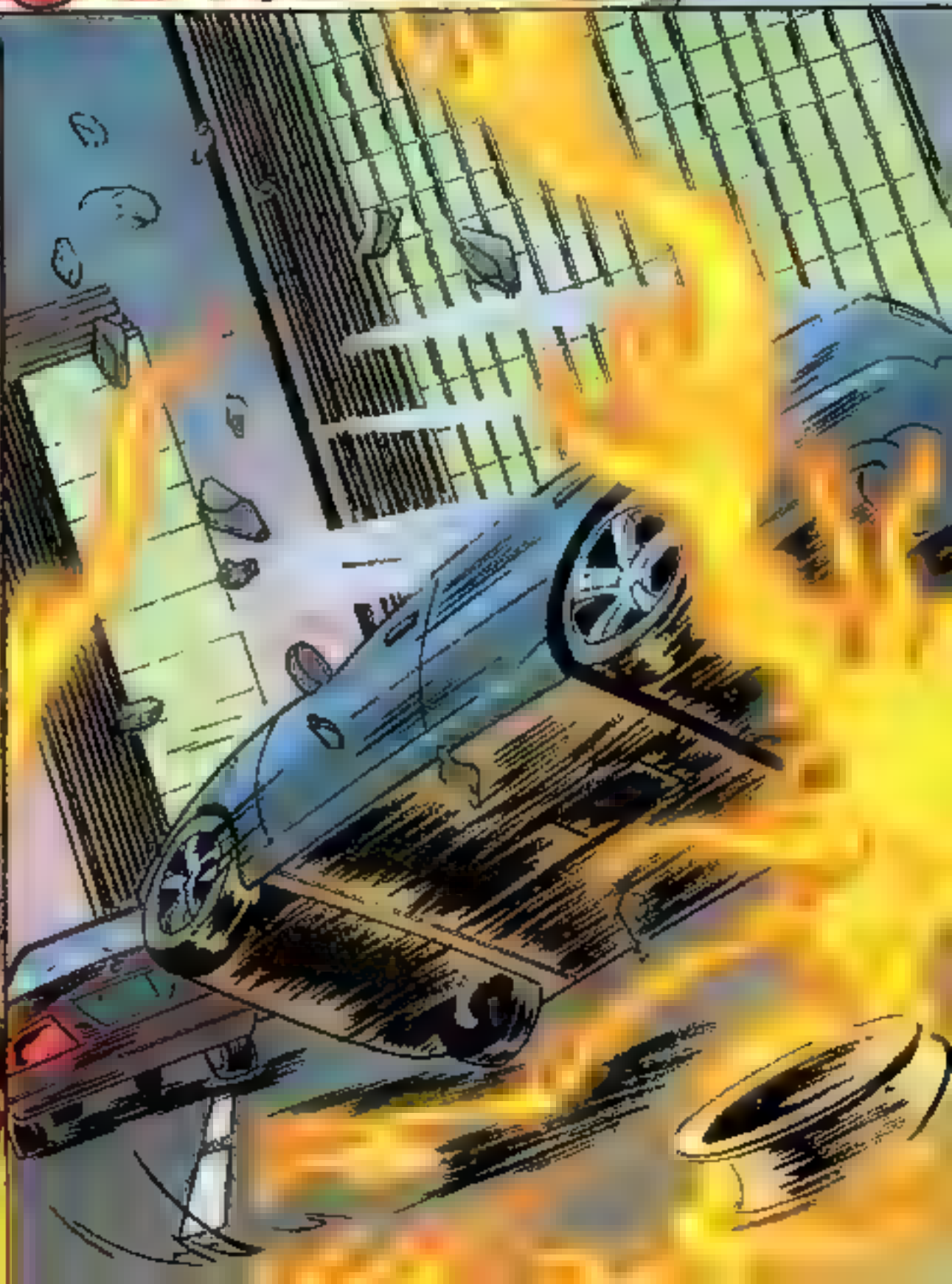


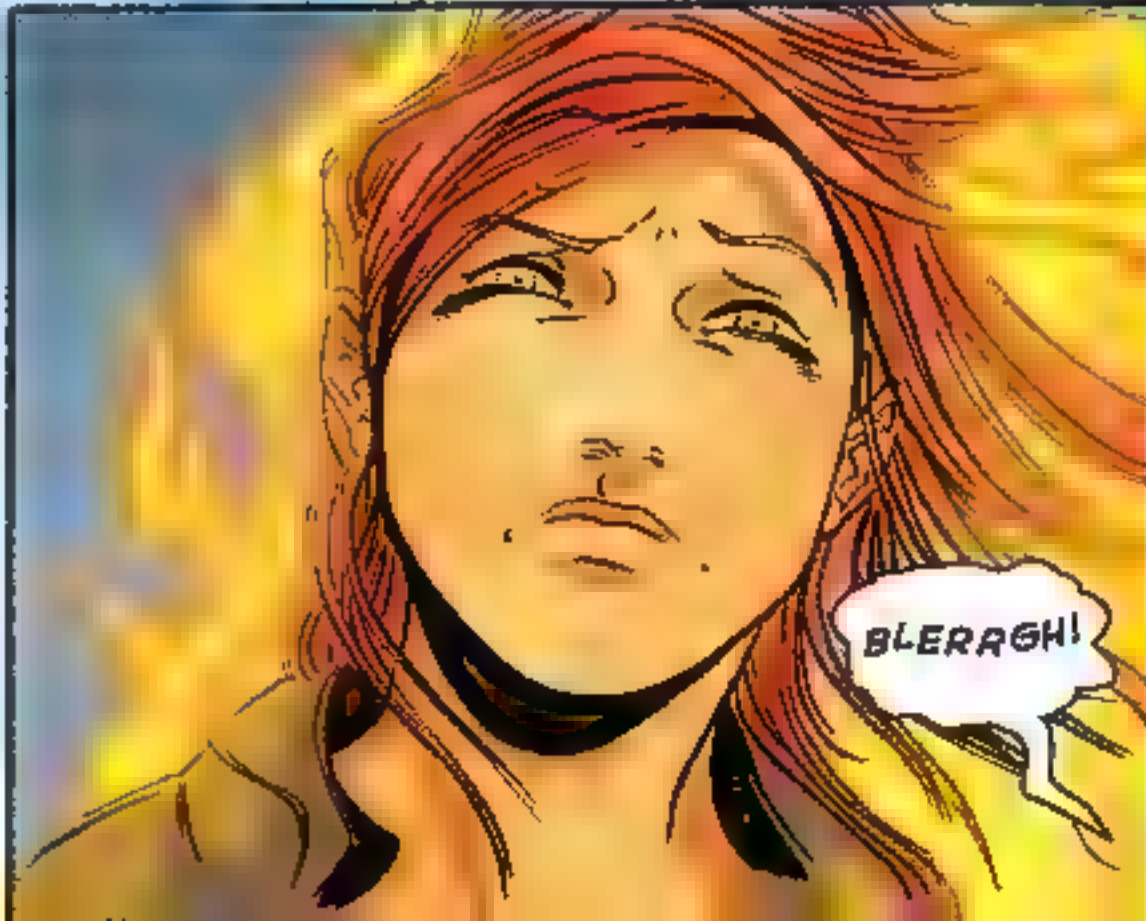
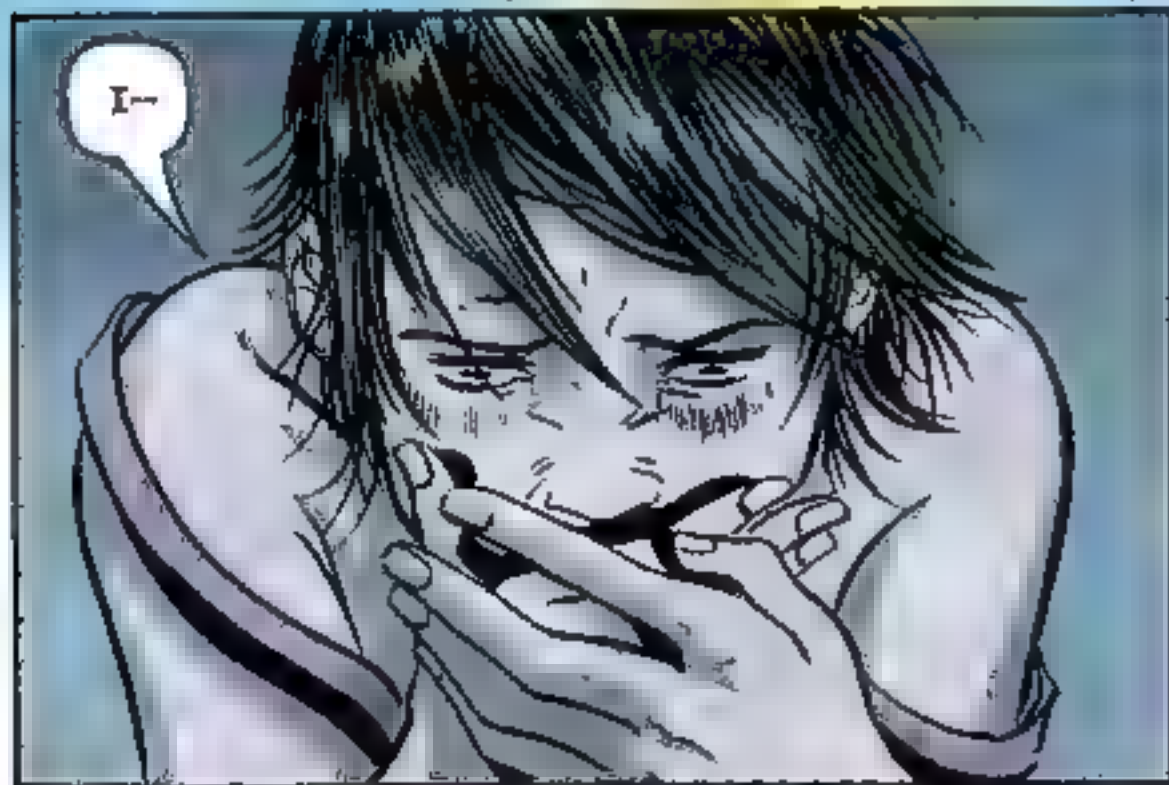
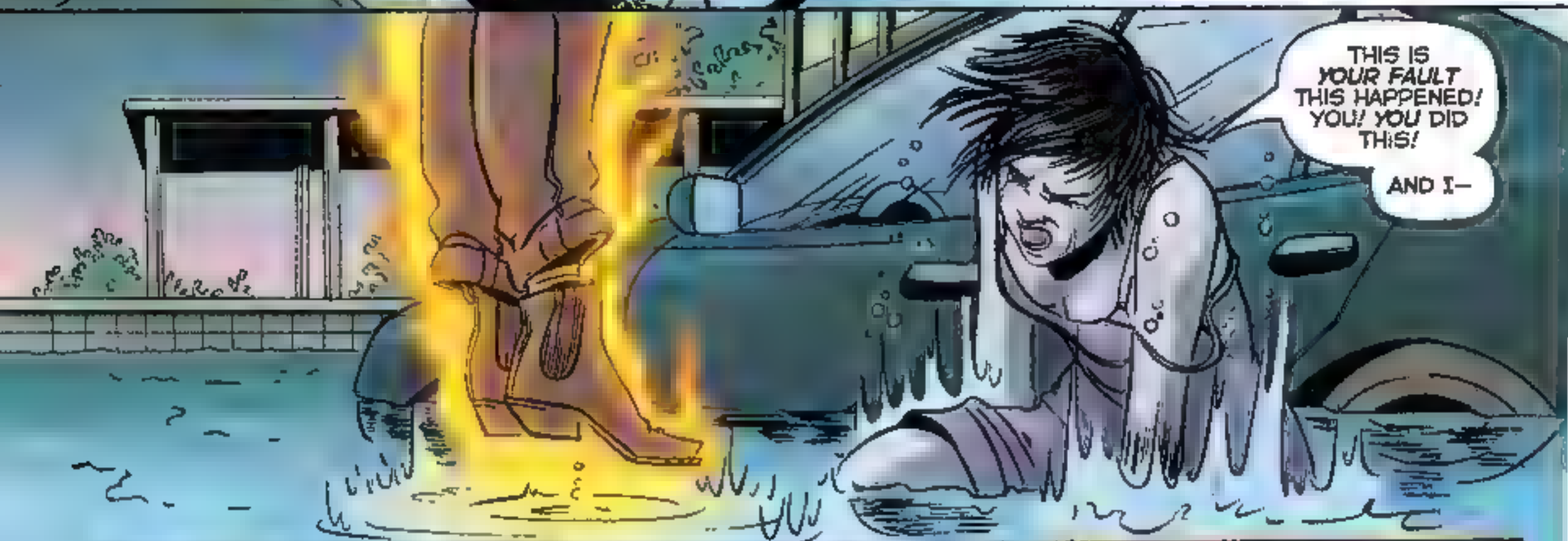
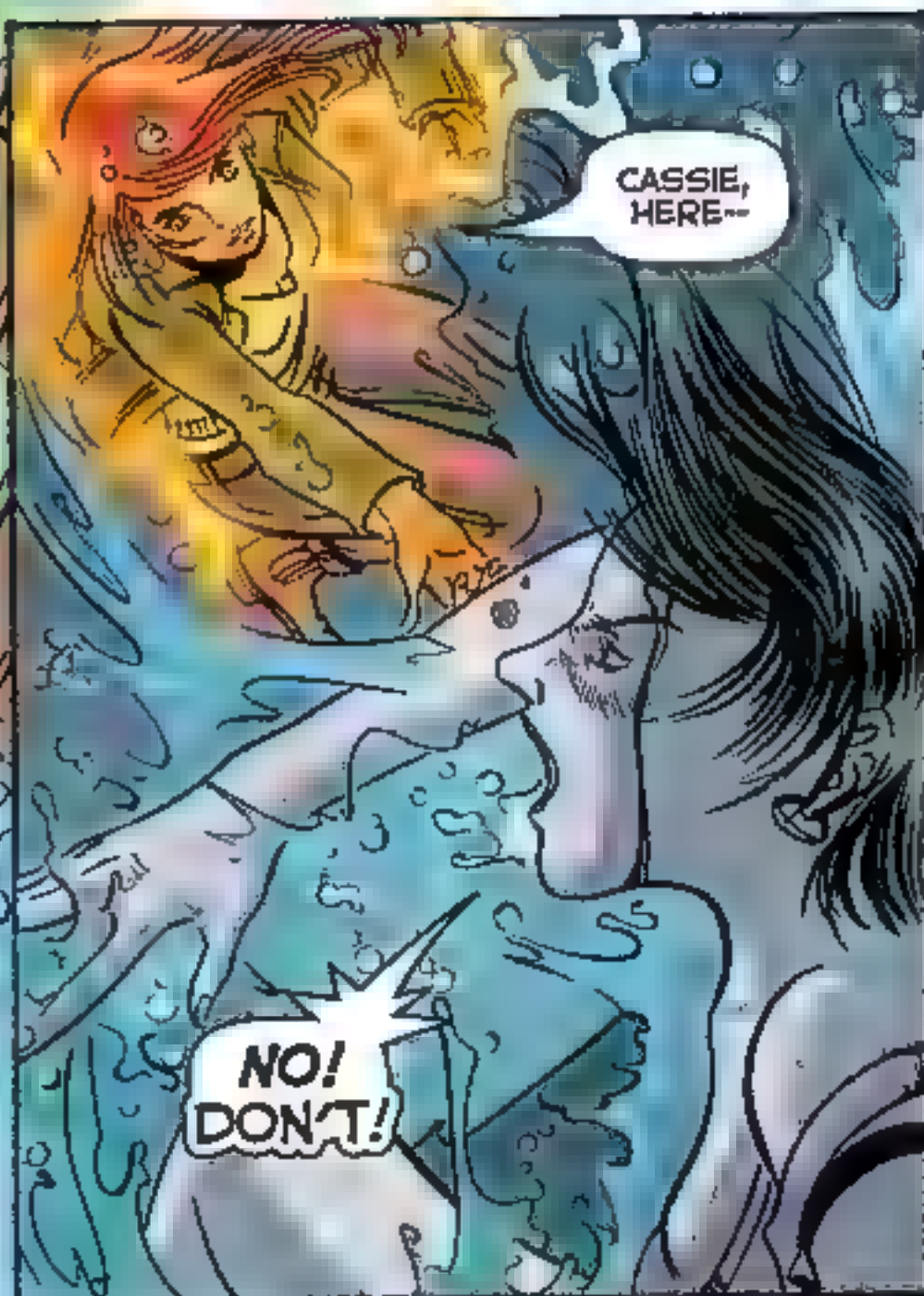
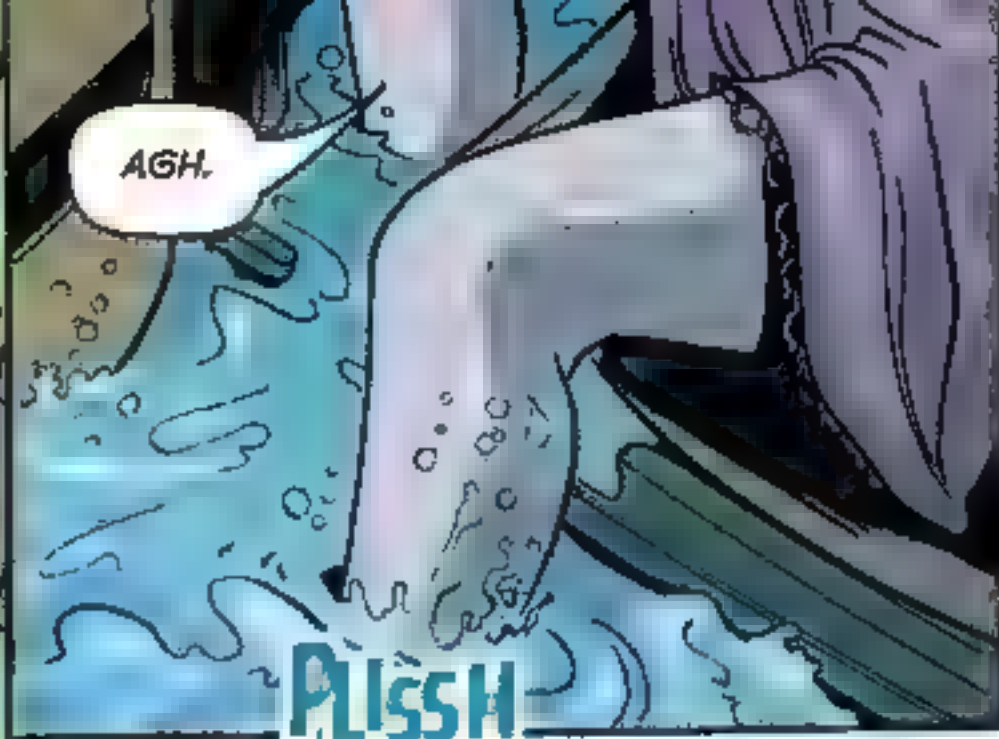
ELECTRONIC DISRUPTION
WON'T DO ANY GOOD THIS
TIME AROUND...

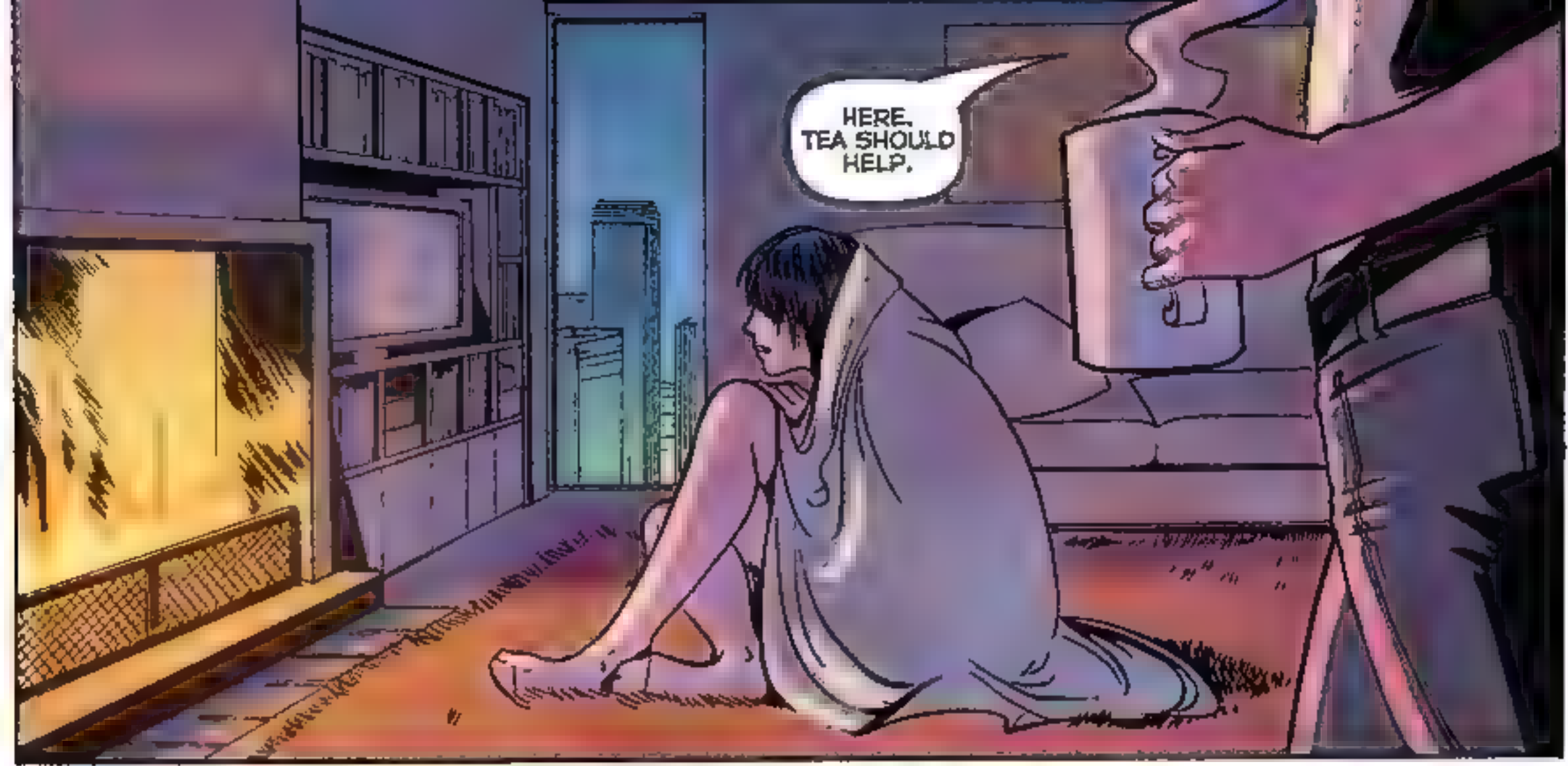
SORRY
ABOUT THIS,
CASSIE...



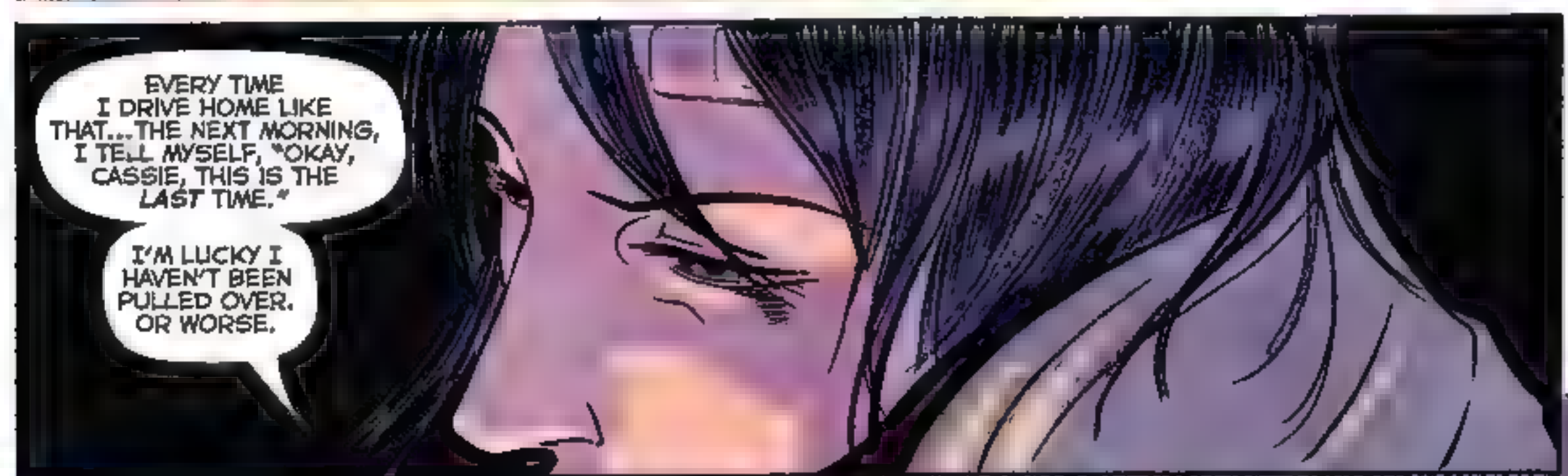
BRAKK!





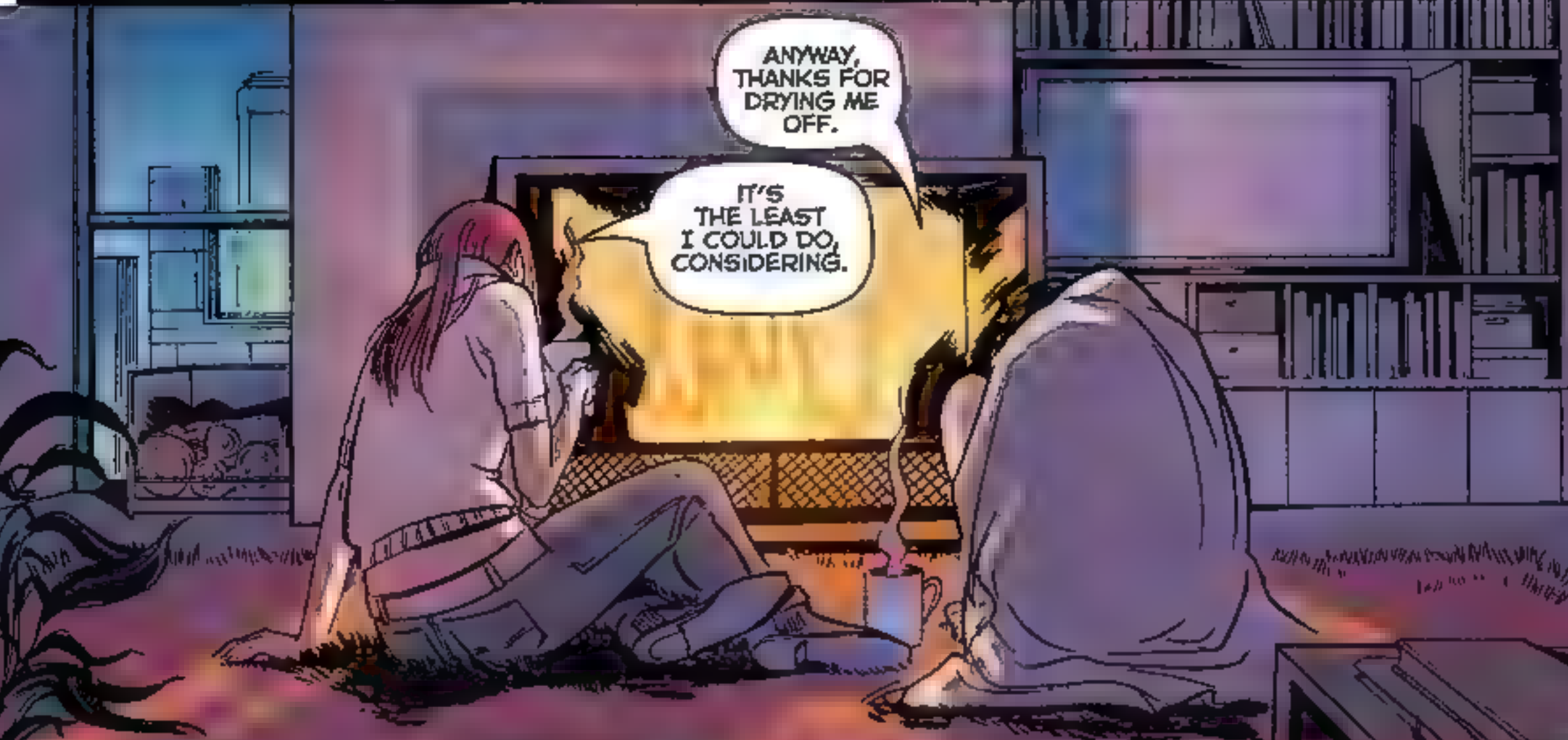


HERE.
TEA SHOULD
HELP.



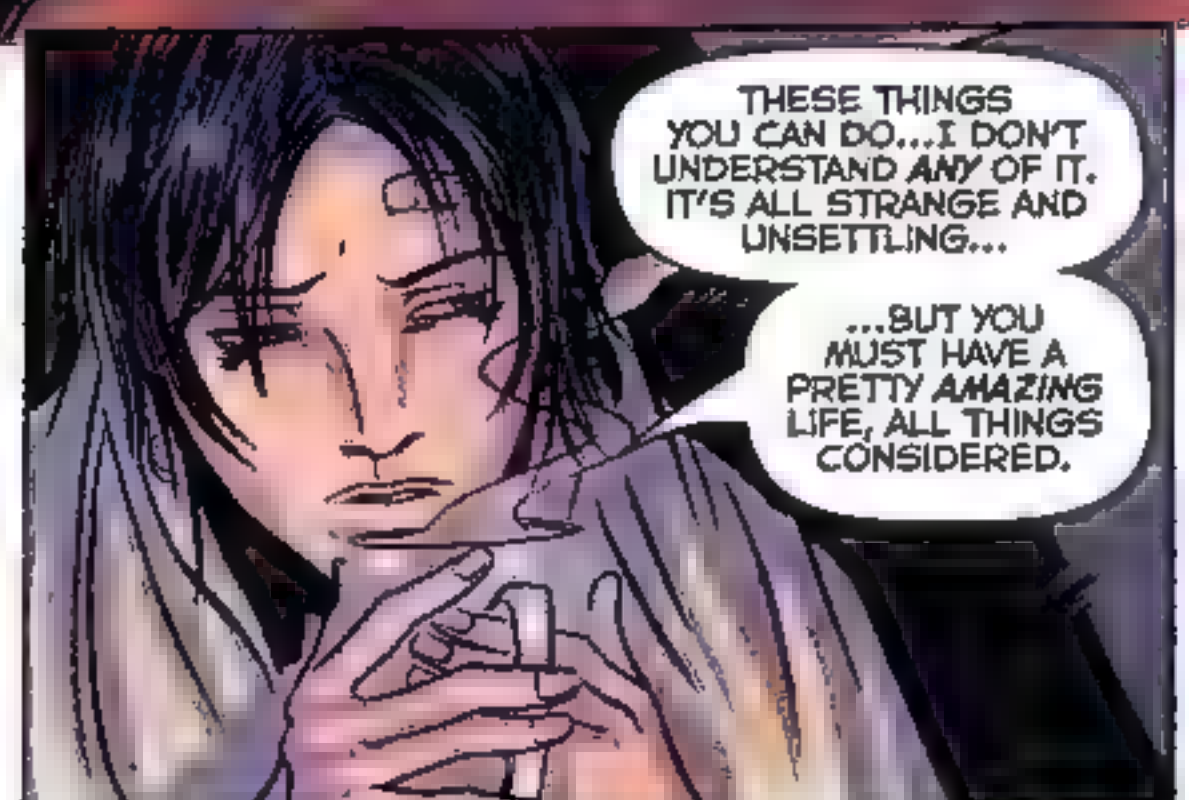
EVERY TIME
I DRIVE HOME LIKE
THAT...THE NEXT MORNING,
I TELL MYSELF, "OKAY,
CASSIE, THIS IS THE
LAST TIME."

I'M LUCKY I
HAVEN'T BEEN
PULLED OVER.
OR WORSE.



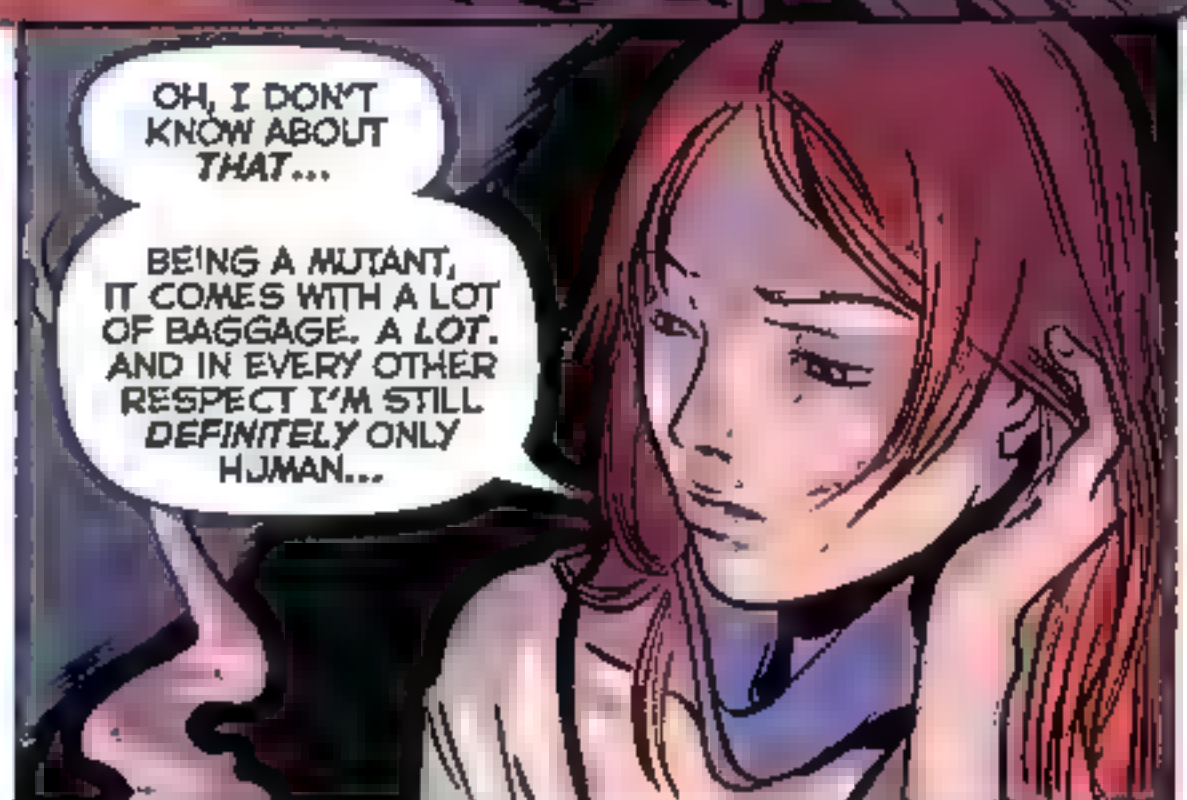
ANYWAY,
THANKS FOR
DRYING ME
OFF.

IT'S
THE LEAST
I COULD DO,
CONSIDERING.



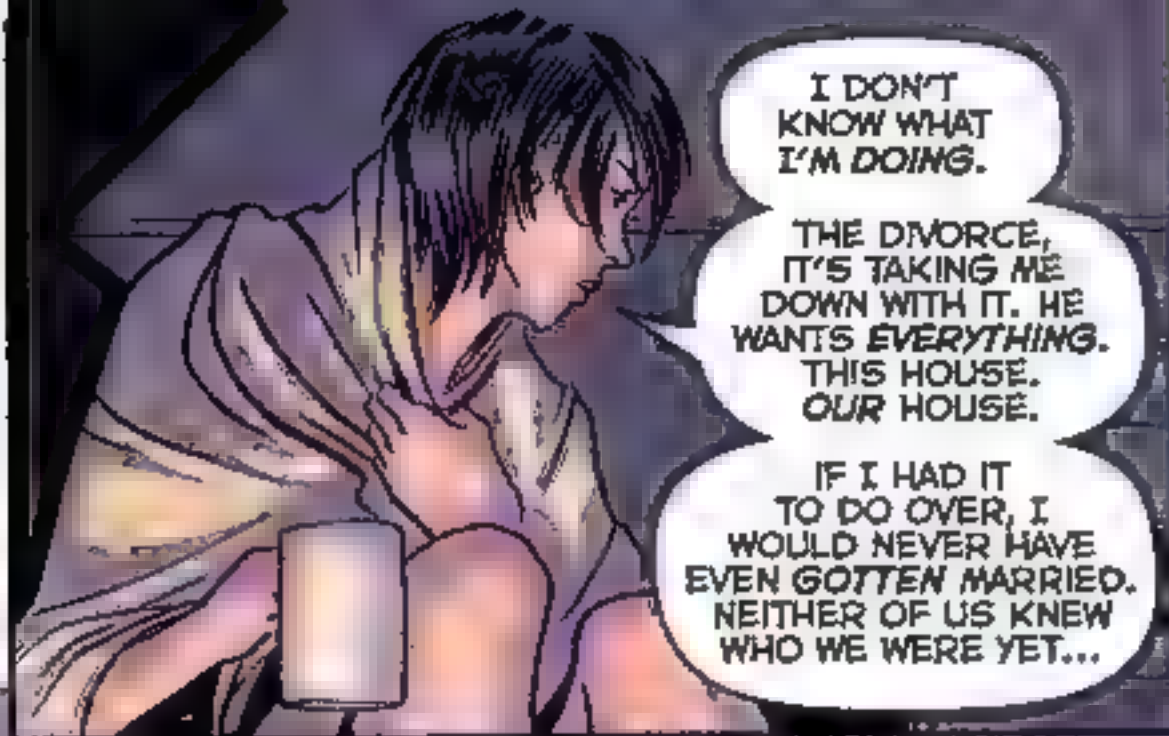
THESE THINGS
YOU CAN DO...I DON'T
UNDERSTAND ANY OF IT.
IT'S ALL STRANGE AND
UNSETTLING...

...BUT YOU
MUST HAVE A
PRETTY AMAZING
LIFE, ALL THINGS
CONSIDERED.



OH, I DON'T
KNOW ABOUT
THAT...

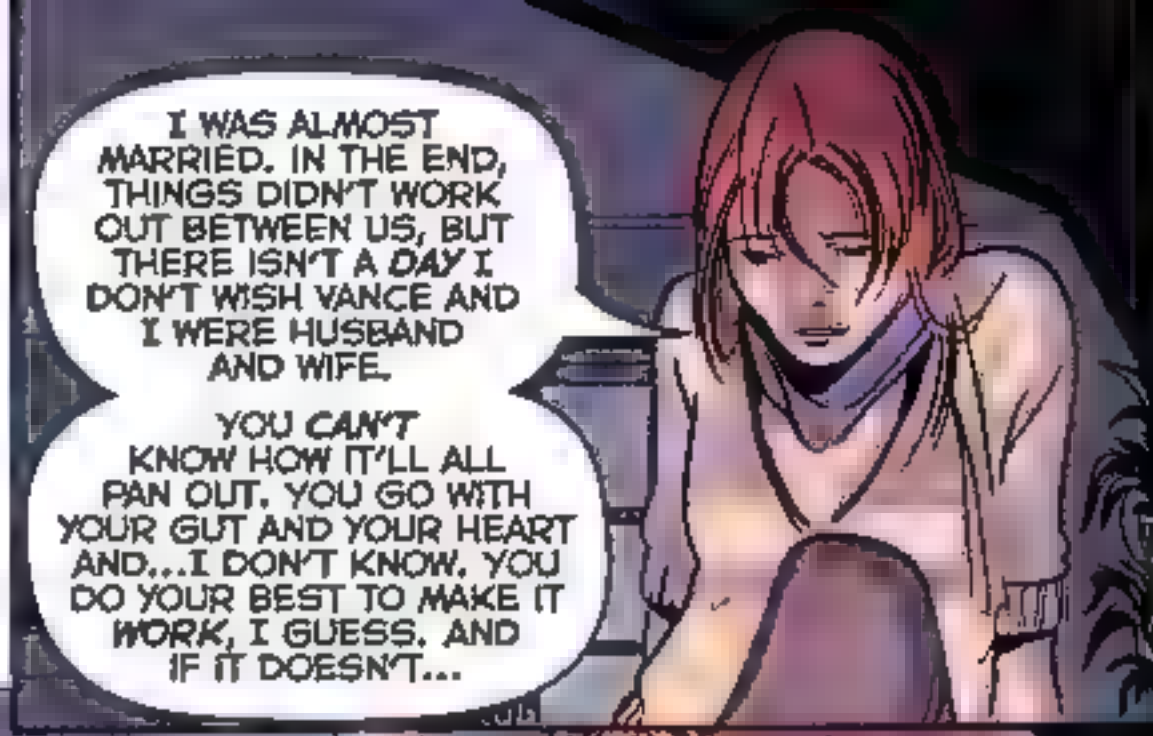
BEING A MUTANT,
IT COMES WITH A LOT
OF BAGGAGE. A LOT.
AND IN EVERY OTHER
RESPECT I'M STILL
DEFINITELY ONLY
HUMAN...



I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
I'M DOING.

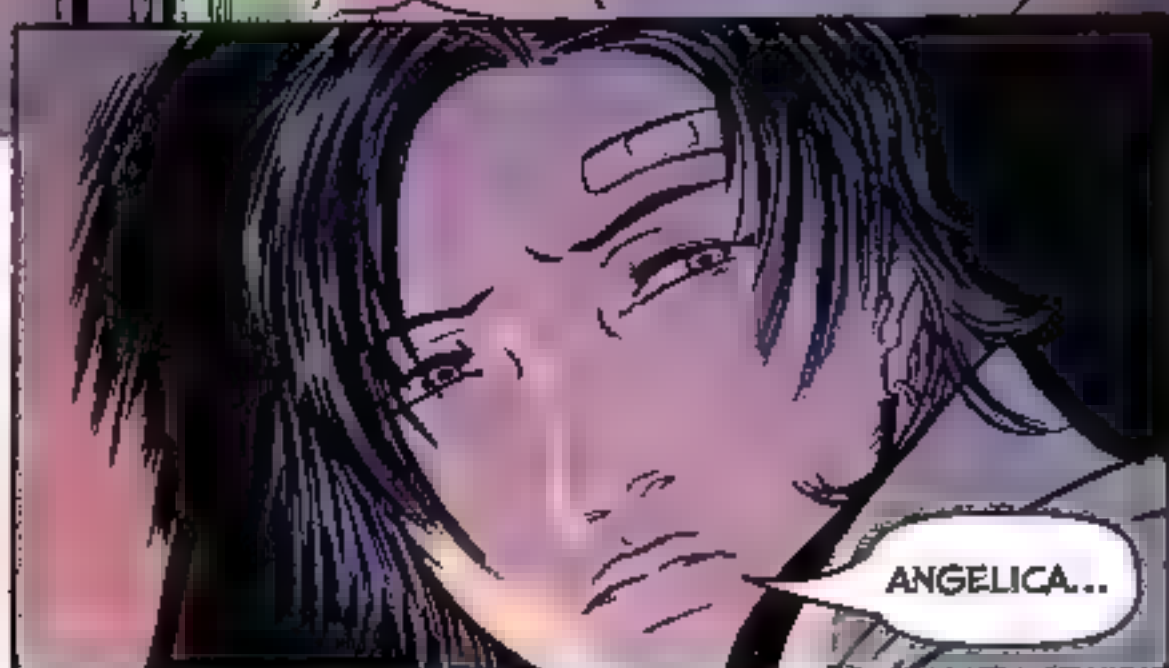
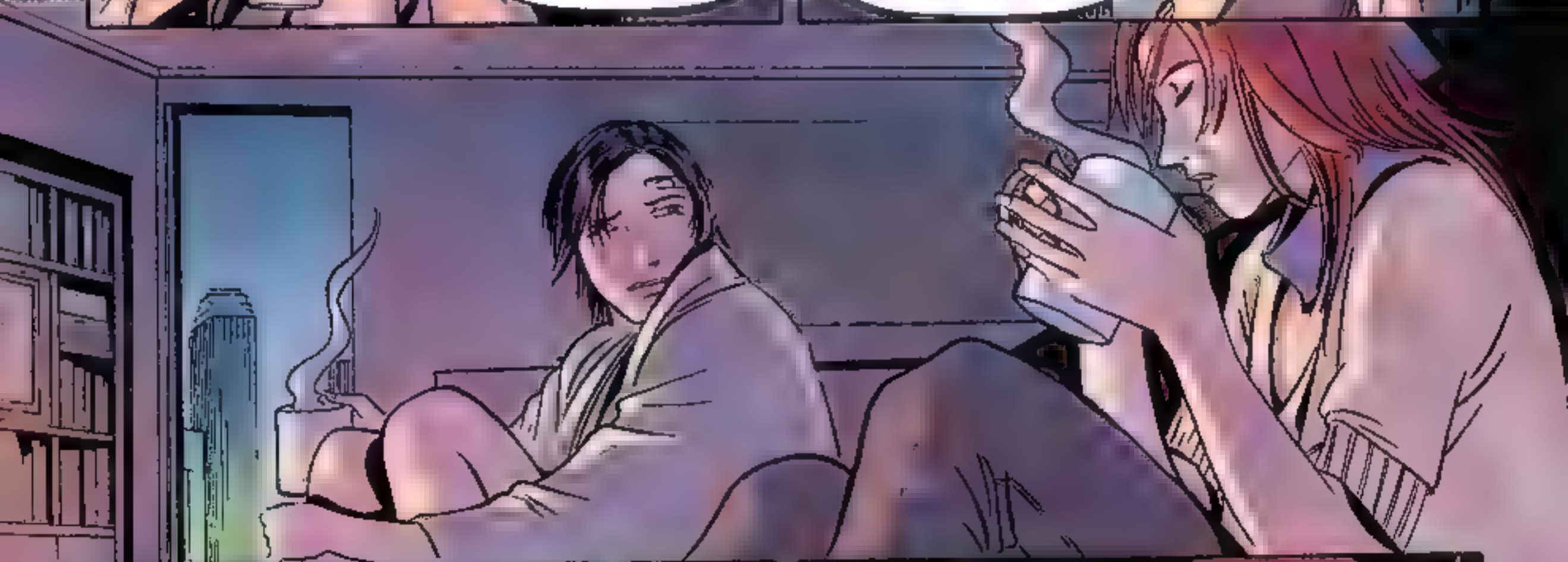
THE DIVORCE,
IT'S TAKING ME
DOWN WITH IT. HE
WANTS EVERYTHING.
THIS HOUSE.
OUR HOUSE.

IF I HAD IT
TO DO OVER, I
WOULD NEVER HAVE
EVEN GOTTEN MARRIED.
NEITHER OF US KNEW
WHO WE WERE YET...

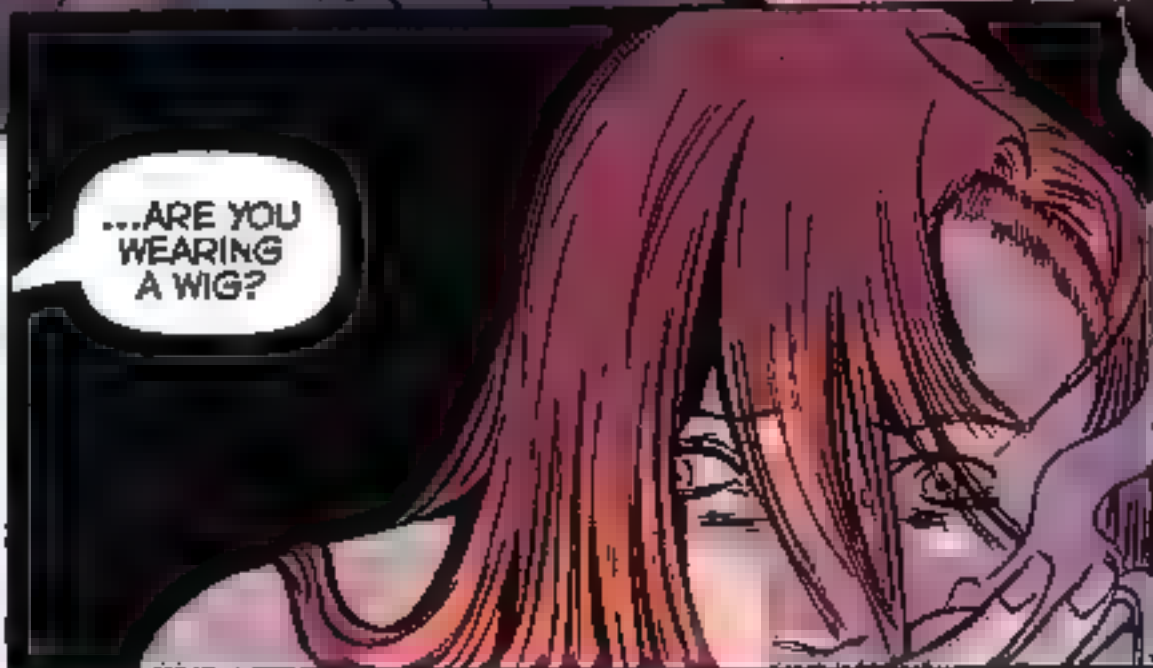


I WAS ALMOST
MARRIED. IN THE END,
THINGS DIDN'T WORK
OUT BETWEEN US, BUT
THERE ISN'T A DAY I
DON'T WISH VANCE AND
I WERE HUSBAND
AND WIFE.

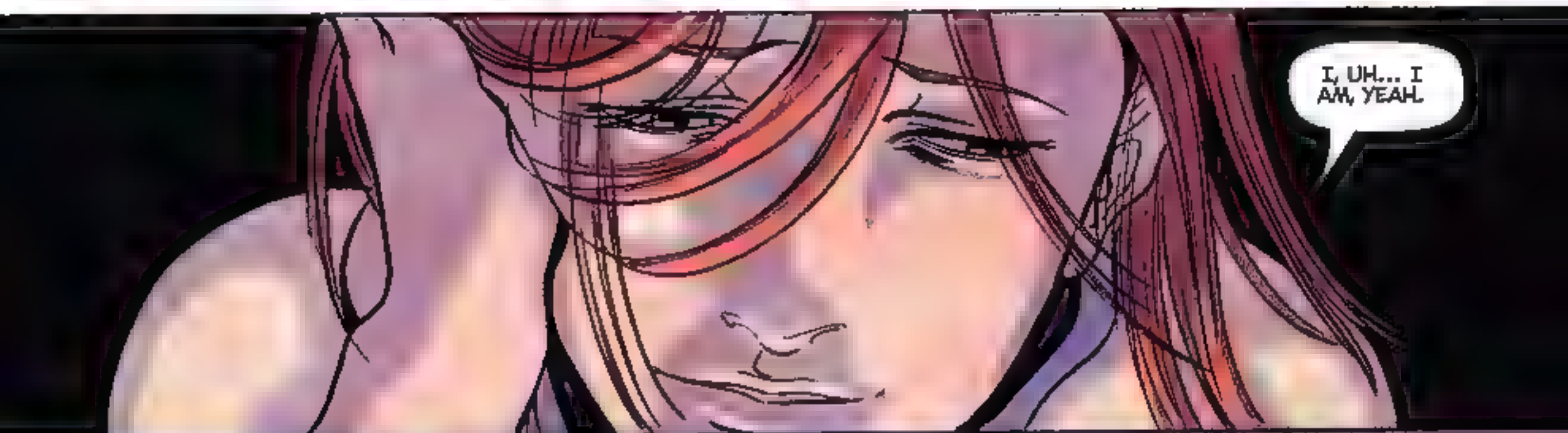
YOU CAN'T
KNOW HOW IT'LL ALL
PAN OUT. YOU GO WITH
YOUR GUT AND YOUR HEART
AND... I DON'T KNOW. YOU
DO YOUR BEST TO MAKE IT
WORK, I GUESS. AND
IF IT DOESN'T...



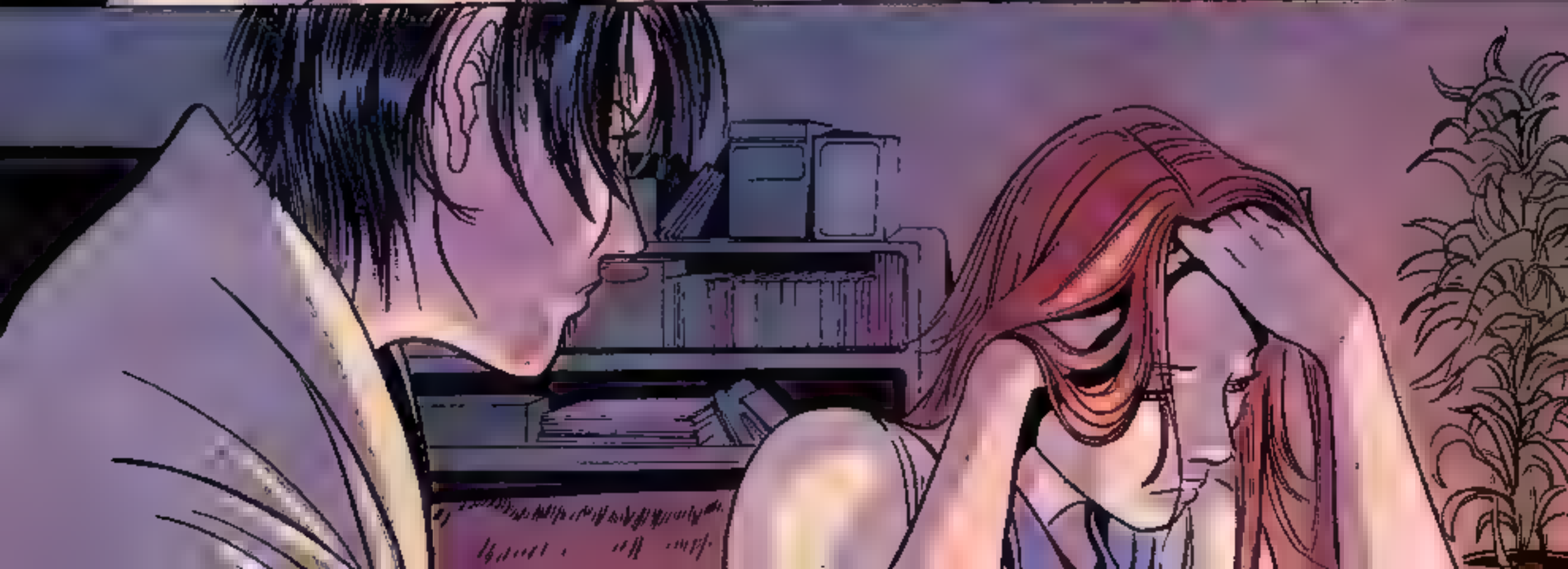
ANGELICA...

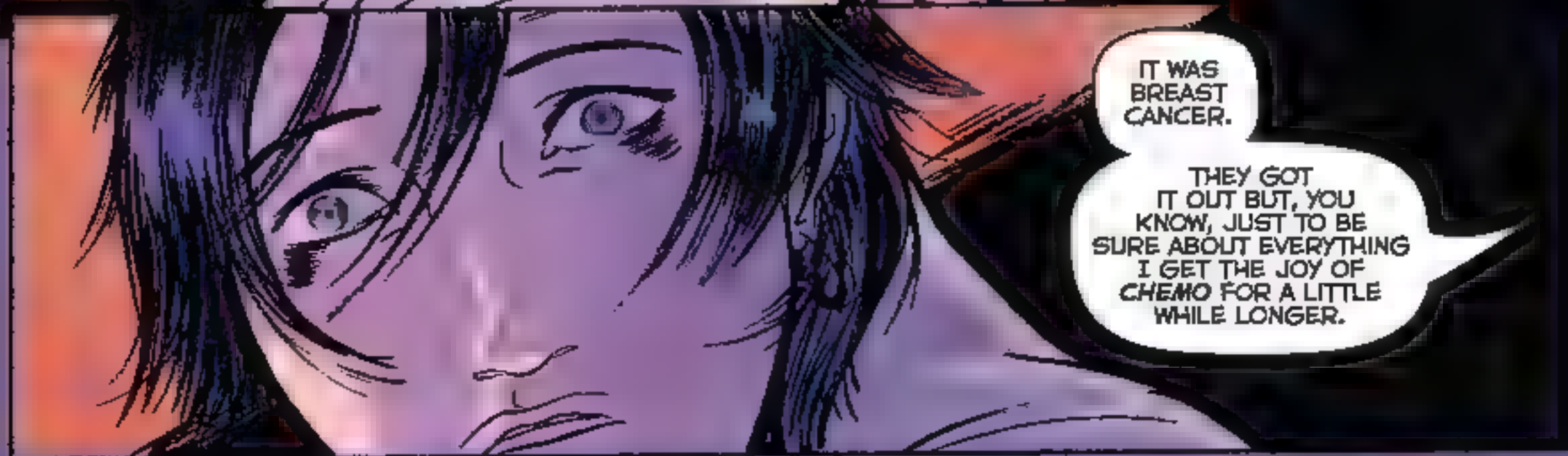
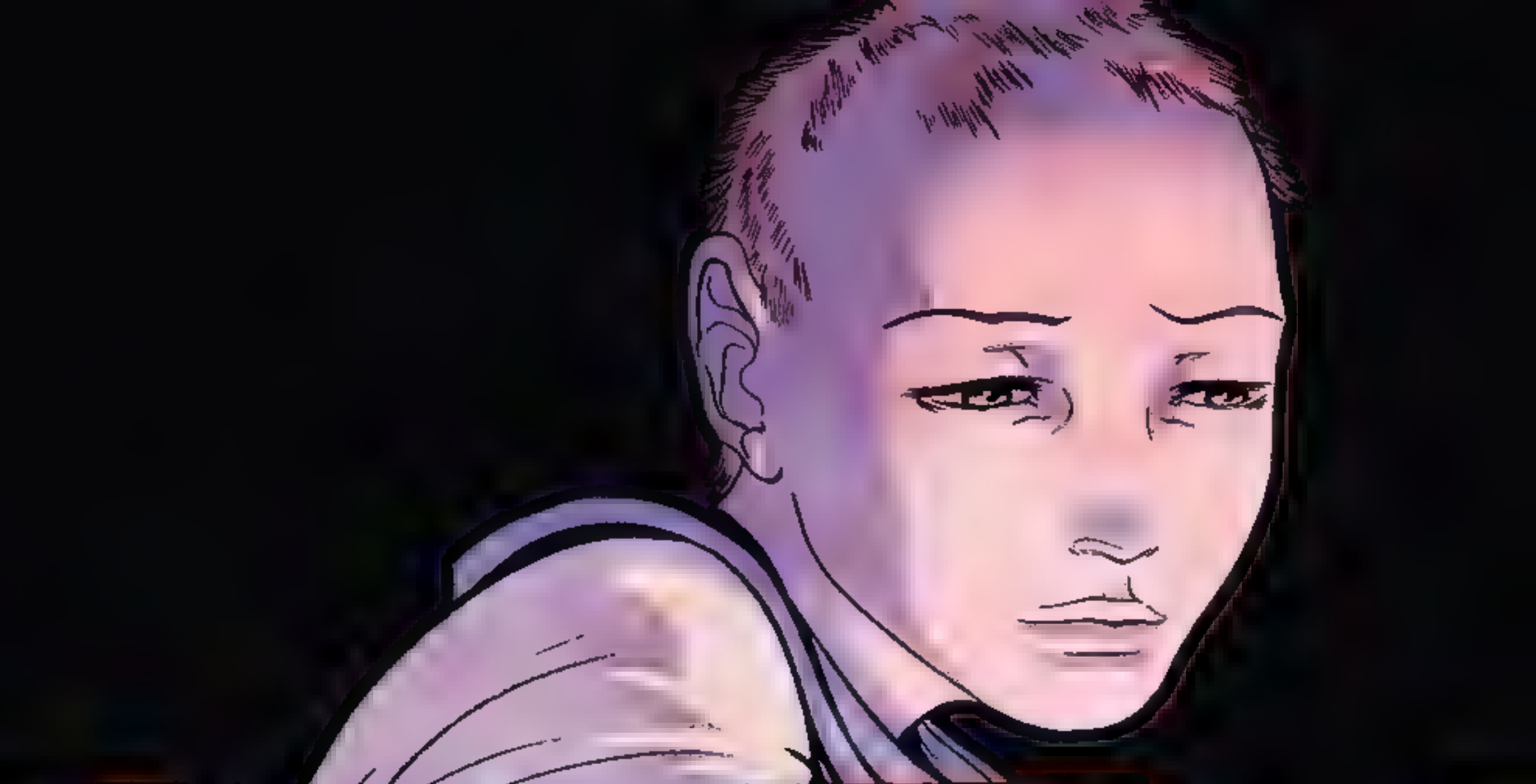


...ARE YOU
WEARING
A WIG?



I, UH... I
AM, YEAH.





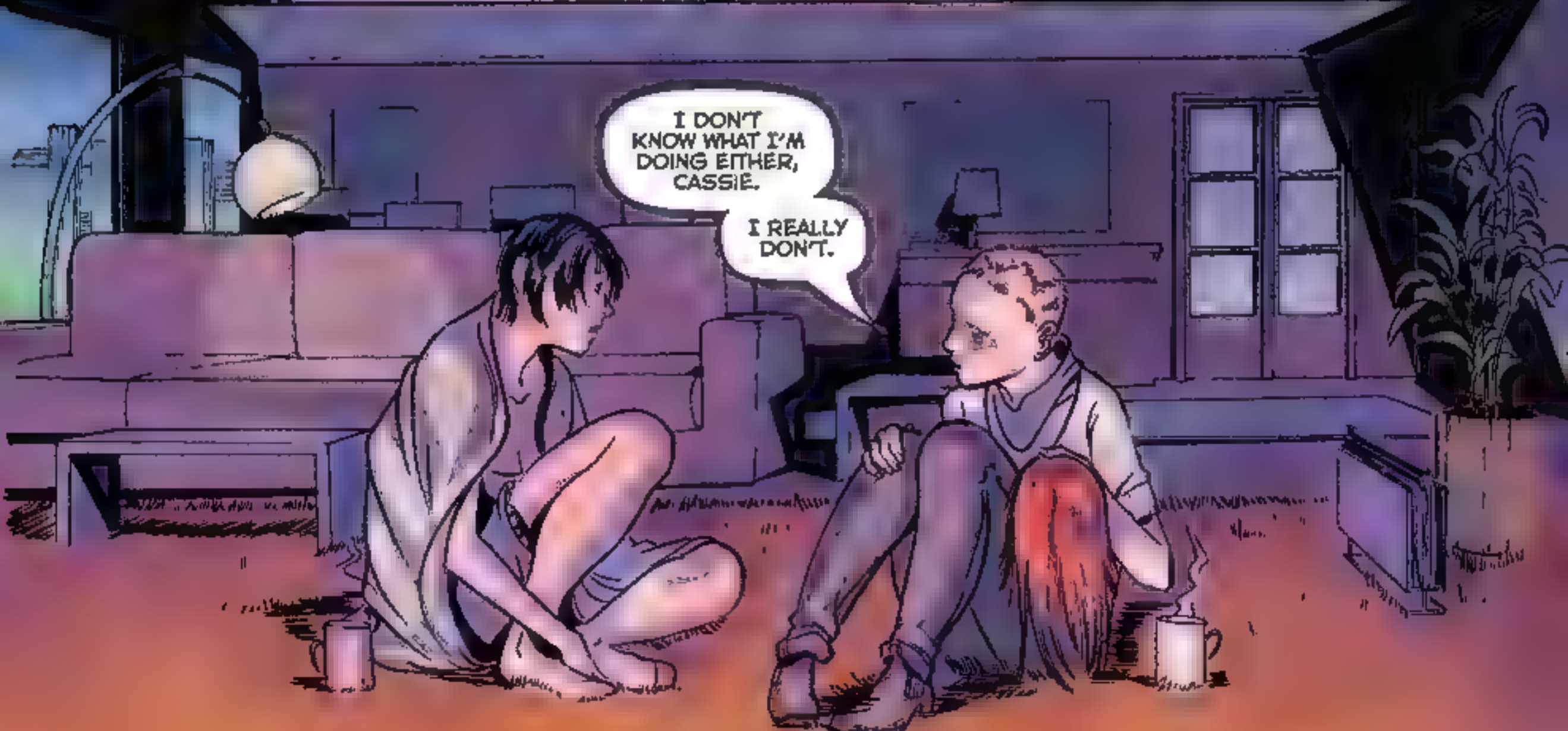
IT WAS
BREAST
CANCER.

THEY GOT
IT OUT BUT, YOU
KNOW, JUST TO BE
SURE ABOUT EVERYTHING
I GET THE JOY OF
CHEMO FOR A LITTLE
WHILE LONGER.



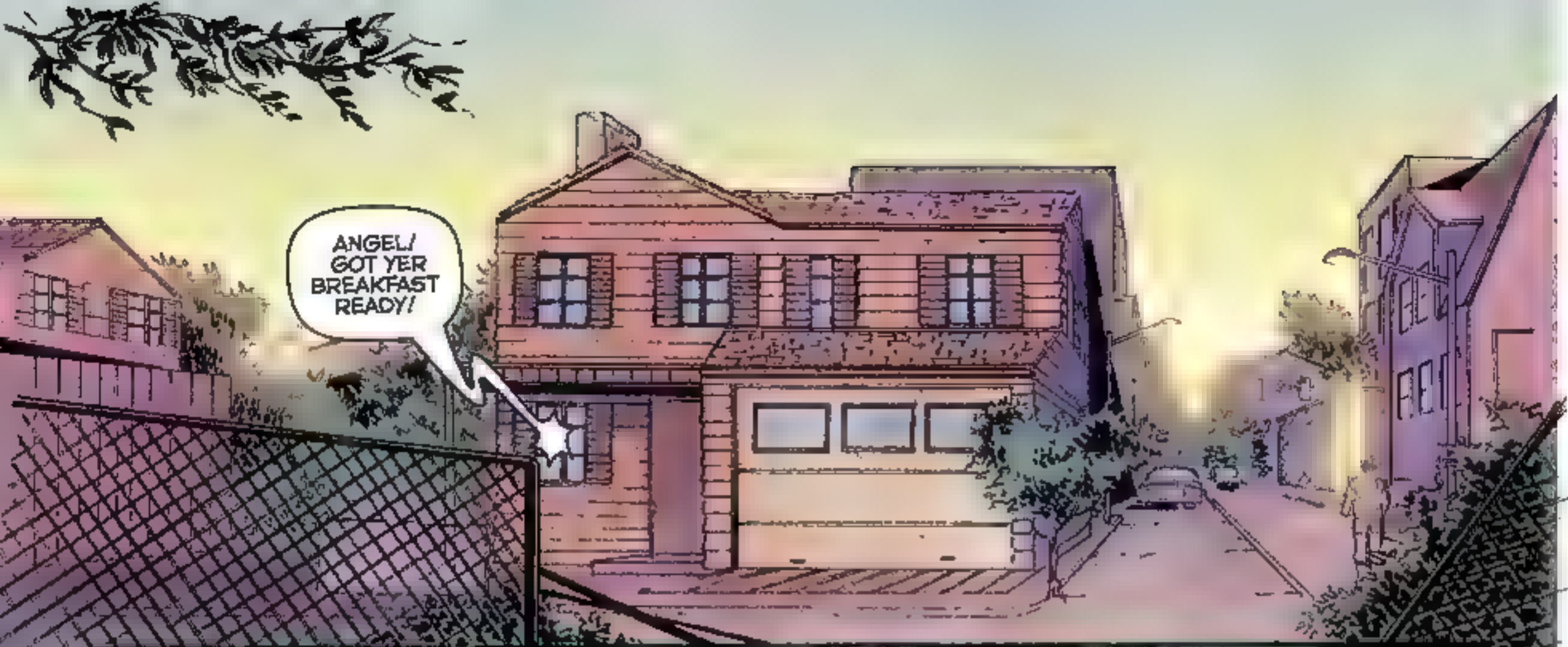
IT'S A HECK
OF A DIET PLAN,
LET ME TELL YOU. NOT
MUCH OF A SLEEP
AID, THOUGH.

HEHH...

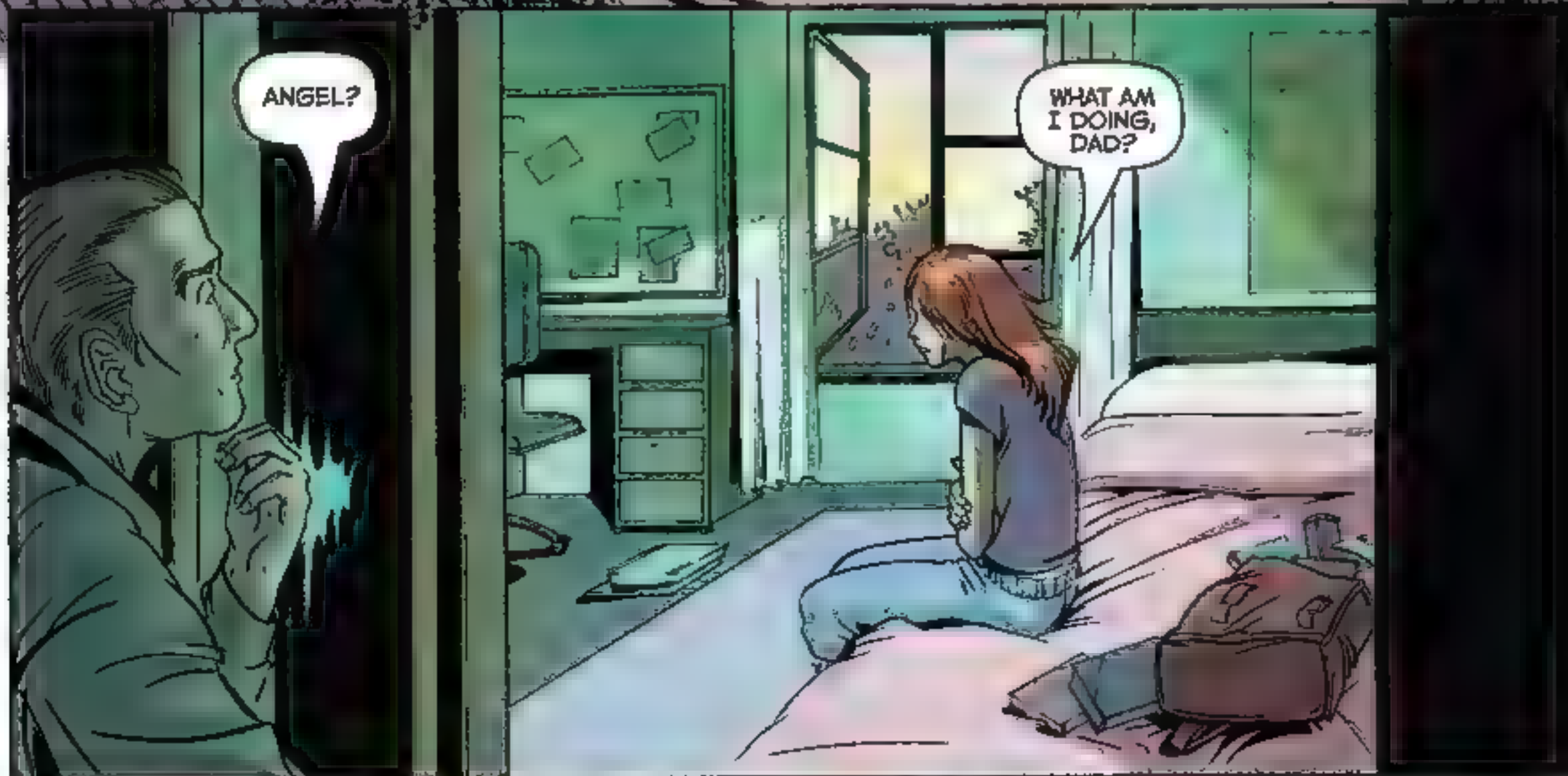


I DON'T
KNOW WHAT I'M
DOING EITHER,
CASSIE.

I REALLY
DON'T.



ANGEL/
GOT YER
BREAKFAST
READY!



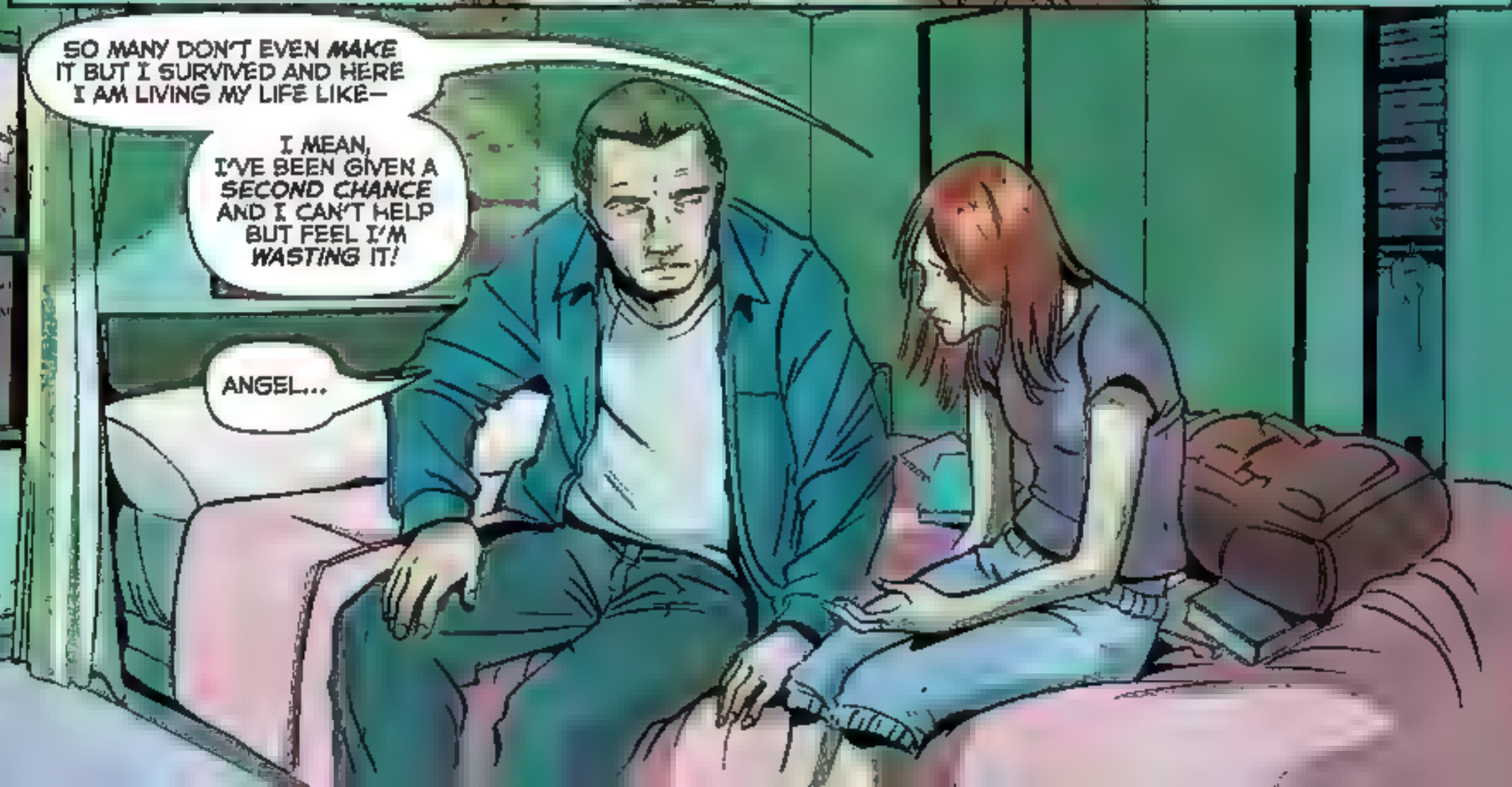
ANGEL?

WHAT AM
I DOING,
DAD?



SHOULDN'T
I BE--

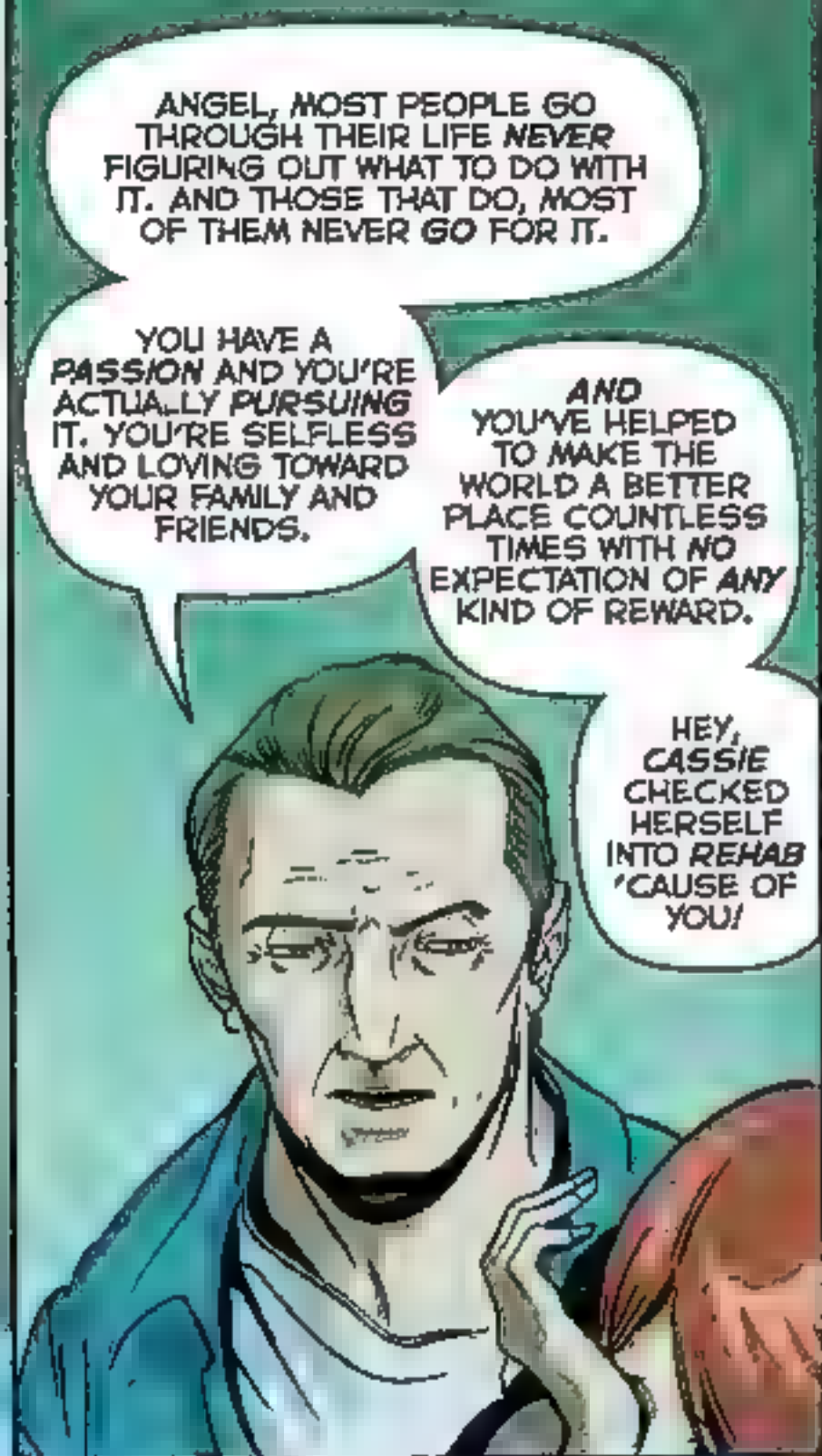
I MEAN, AN ART
MASTERS, DAD.
SPENDING MY DAYS
AND YOUR MONEY AND
ALL THIS FUTURE DEBT
STUDYING FOR A CAREER
THAT, YOU KNOW, ISN'T
IMPORTANT.



SO MANY DON'T EVEN MAKE
IT BUT I SURVIVED AND HERE
I AM LIVING MY LIFE LIKE--

I MEAN,
I'VE BEEN GIVEN A
SECOND CHANCE
AND I CAN'T HELP
BUT FEEL I'M
WASTING IT!

ANGEL...

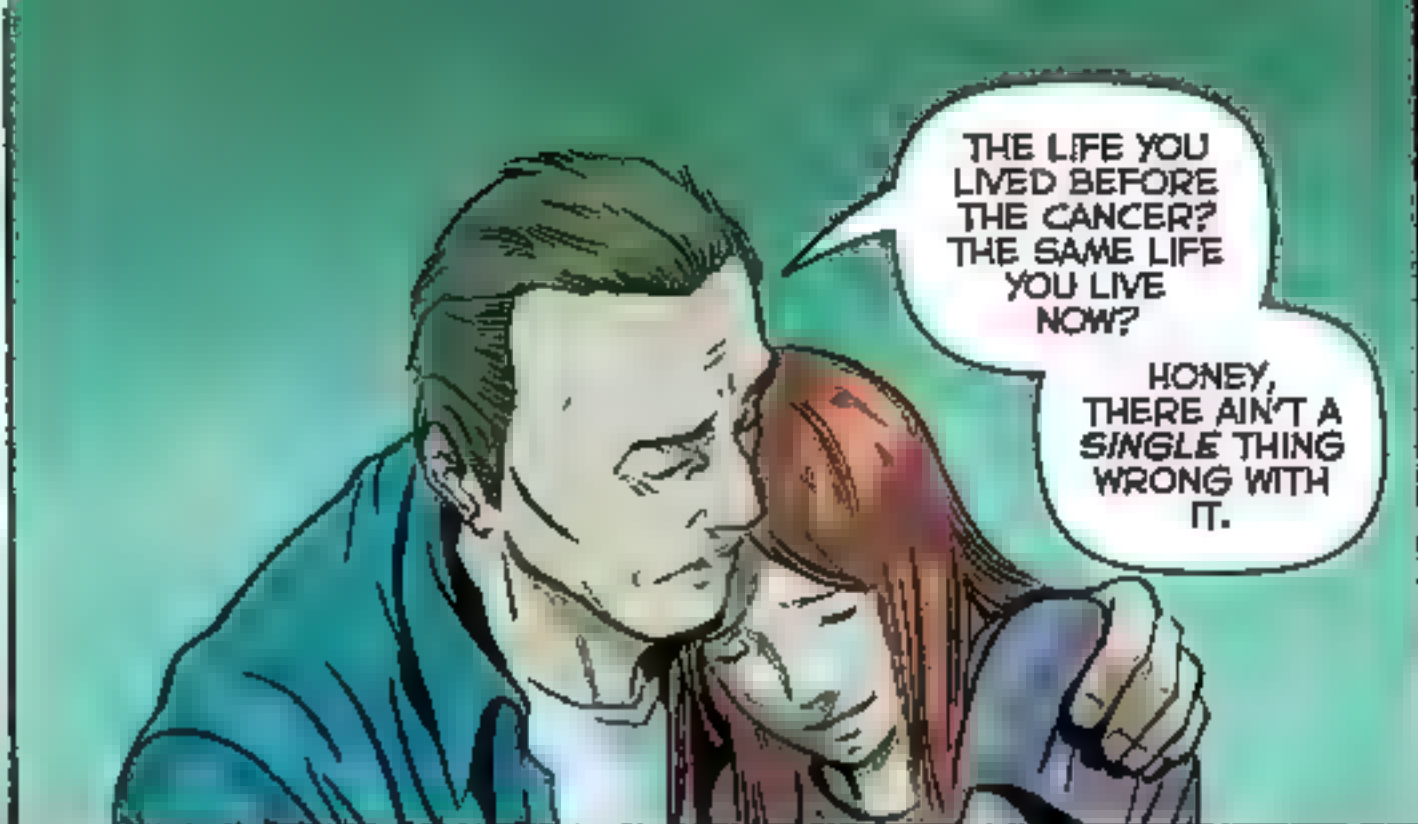


ANGEL, MOST PEOPLE GO THROUGH THEIR LIFE NEVER FIGURING OUT WHAT TO DO WITH IT. AND THOSE THAT DO, MOST OF THEM NEVER GO FOR IT.

YOU HAVE A PASSION AND YOU'RE ACTUALLY PURSUING IT. YOU'RE SELFLESS AND LOVING TOWARD YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

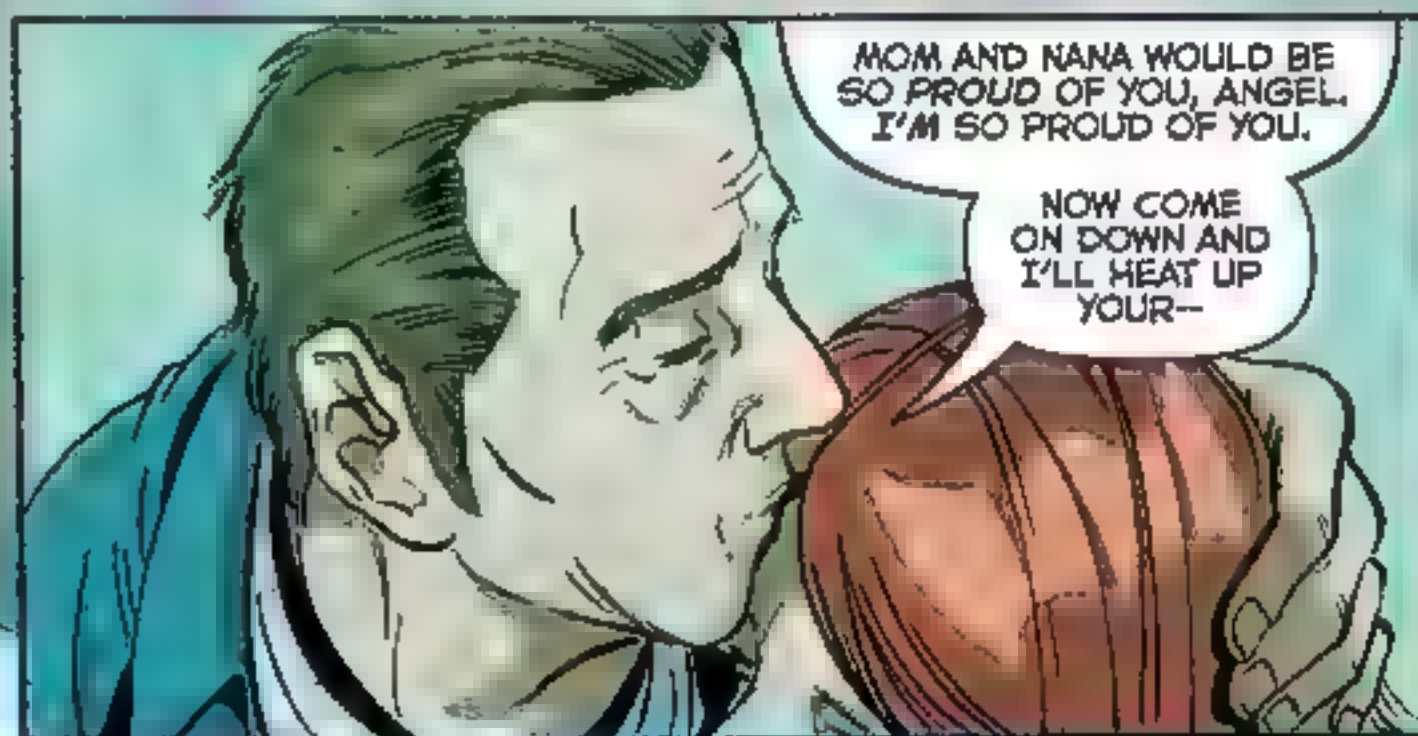
AND YOU'VE HELPED TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE COUNTLESS TIMES WITH NO EXPECTATION OF ANY KIND OF REWARD.

HEY, CASSIE CHECKED HERSELF INTO REHAB 'CAUSE OF YOU!



THE LIFE YOU LIVED BEFORE THE CANCER? THE SAME LIFE YOU LIVE NOW?

HONEY, THERE AIN'T A SINGLE THING WRONG WITH IT.



MOM AND NANA WOULD BE SO PROUD OF YOU, ANGEL. I'M SO PROUD OF YOU.

NOW COME ON DOWN AND I'LL HEAT UP YOUR—

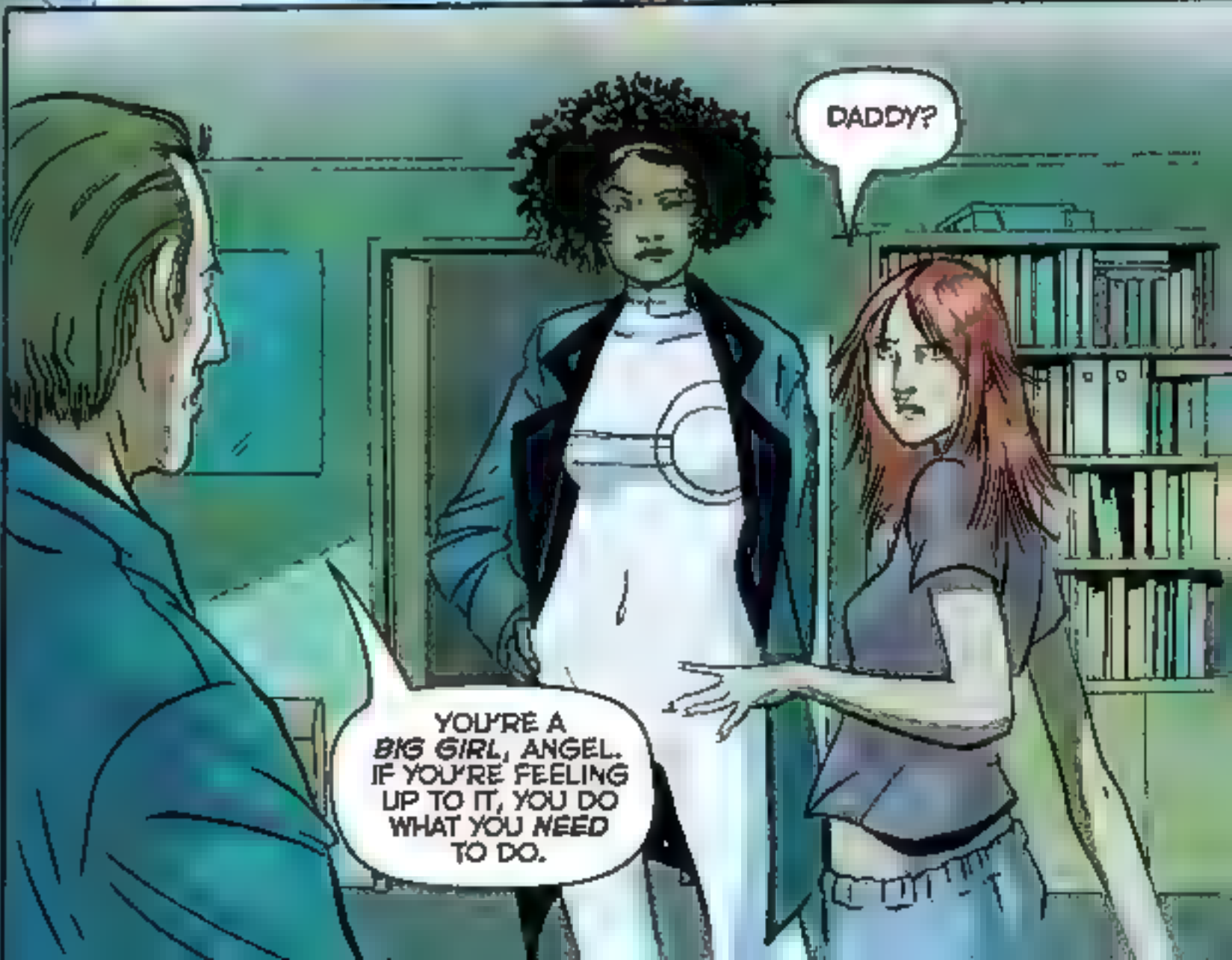


ANGIE!



HI. SORRY.

LOOK, WE GOT A BIT OF A THING GOING ON UP NEAR THE CITY. KINDA BIG. WE COULD DEFINITELY USE YOU.



DADDY?

YOU'RE A BIG GIRL, ANGEL. IF YOU'RE FEELING UP TO IT, YOU DO WHAT YOU NEED TO DO.



THAT'S A GREAT KID YOU GOT THERE, SIR.

DON'T I KNOW IT.

IF YOUR CHARACTER DIES IN A VIDEO GAME, YOU GET A NEW LIFE.

THIS IS MY NEW LIFE. IT'S VERY MUCH LIKE THE LAST ONE. NEARLY EXACT.

THE DIFFERENCE IS, THIS TIME I'M GOING TO TAKE MY OWN ADVICE.

GO WITH YOUR GUT. GO WITH YOUR HEART. DO YOUR BEST TO MAKE IT WORK, AND IF IT DOESN'T...

YOU'D THINK I'D BE DIMINISHED.

YOU'D THINK WRONG.

follow-FIRESTAR
into the pages of **YOUNG ALLIES #1**
on sale in JUNE!

MARVEL

ONE-SHOT

1

DECONNICK
MUTTI
VILLARRUBIA

RESCUE

Pepper Potts was critically injured in a terror attack targeting her boss, Tony Stark. To save her life, Tony implanted a repulsor device in her chest, like his own. And when he presented her with her own suit of Starktech armor, Pepper became the hero called...

RESCUE



Tony Stark is presently the world's most wanted fugitive, on the run from the power-mad Norman Osborn and the forces of his corrupt law enforcement agency, H.A.M.M.E.R.

Charged with a mission critical to saving Tony's life, and the fate of the free world, the intelligence agents Black Widow and Maria Hill were arrested and imprisoned in H.A.M.M.E.R. headquarters. All hope seemed lost.

Until Pepper Potts came to the rescue. Single-handedly infiltrating Osborn's stronghold, she carried out Tony's mission, recovered her confiscated armor, freed Hill and the Widow, and took flight across the country to meet Tony and their allies at the rendezvous point.

RESCUE ME

John Deane Scriptwriter Writer	Harvey White Artist	Tom Villanueva Colorist	Joe O'Connell Letterer	John Farnham Cover Artist
Christopher Bishop Assistant Editor	Barry Campbell Editor	Joe Cavanagh Editor in Chief	Tom Breese Publisher	John Farnham Exec. Producer

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SO,
PEPPER
POTTS...

...YOU'VE JUST
ESCAPED ONE OF THE
FINEST CRIMINAL MINDS
IN AMERICAN HISTORY YOU'RE
ON THE LAM IN A SCHOOL
BASEMENT IN THE MIDDLE
OF ABSOLUTELY
NOWHERE, OKLAHOMA!
NOW WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO?

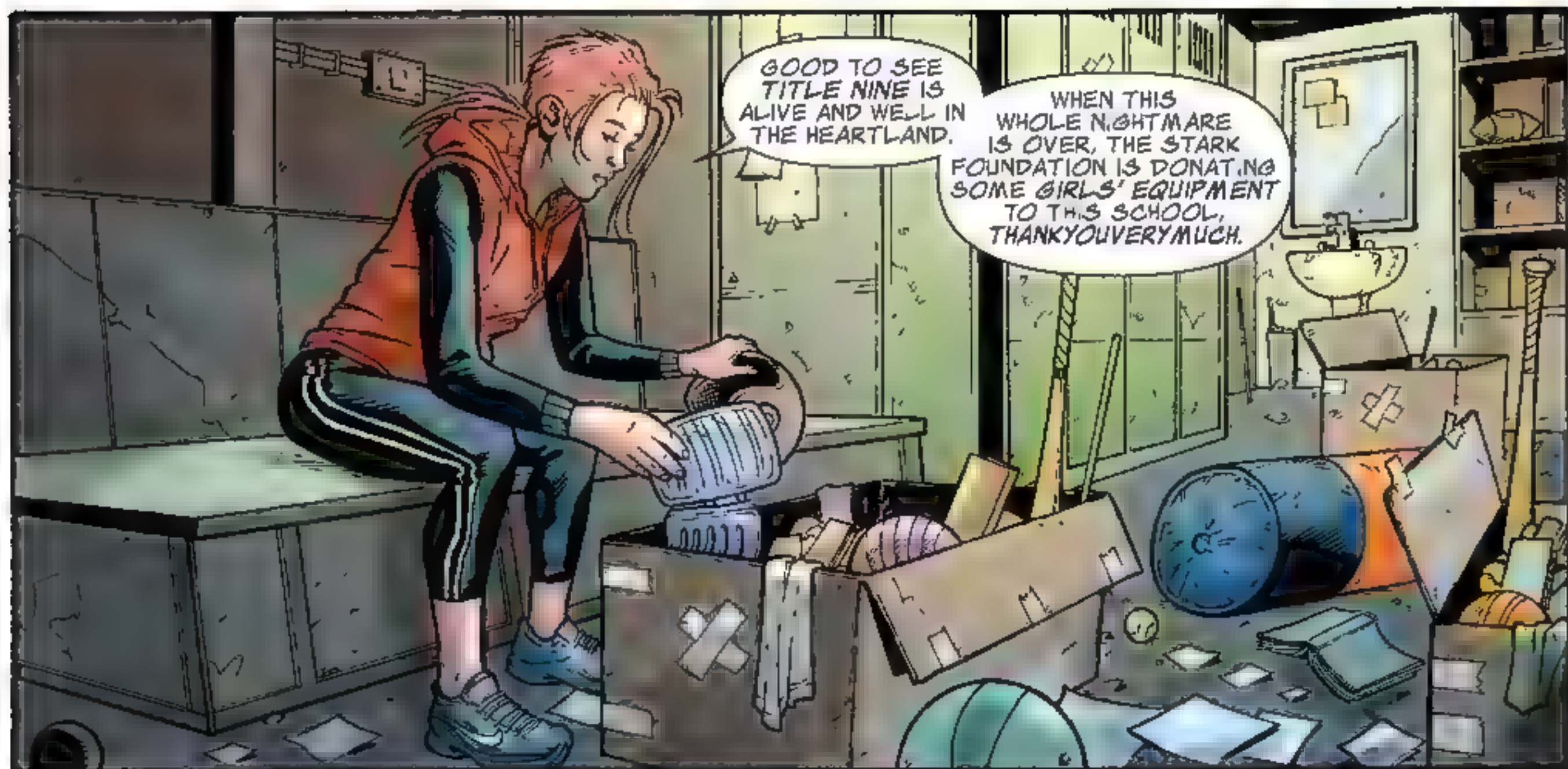


CLICK

WELL,
I'M GOING
TO--

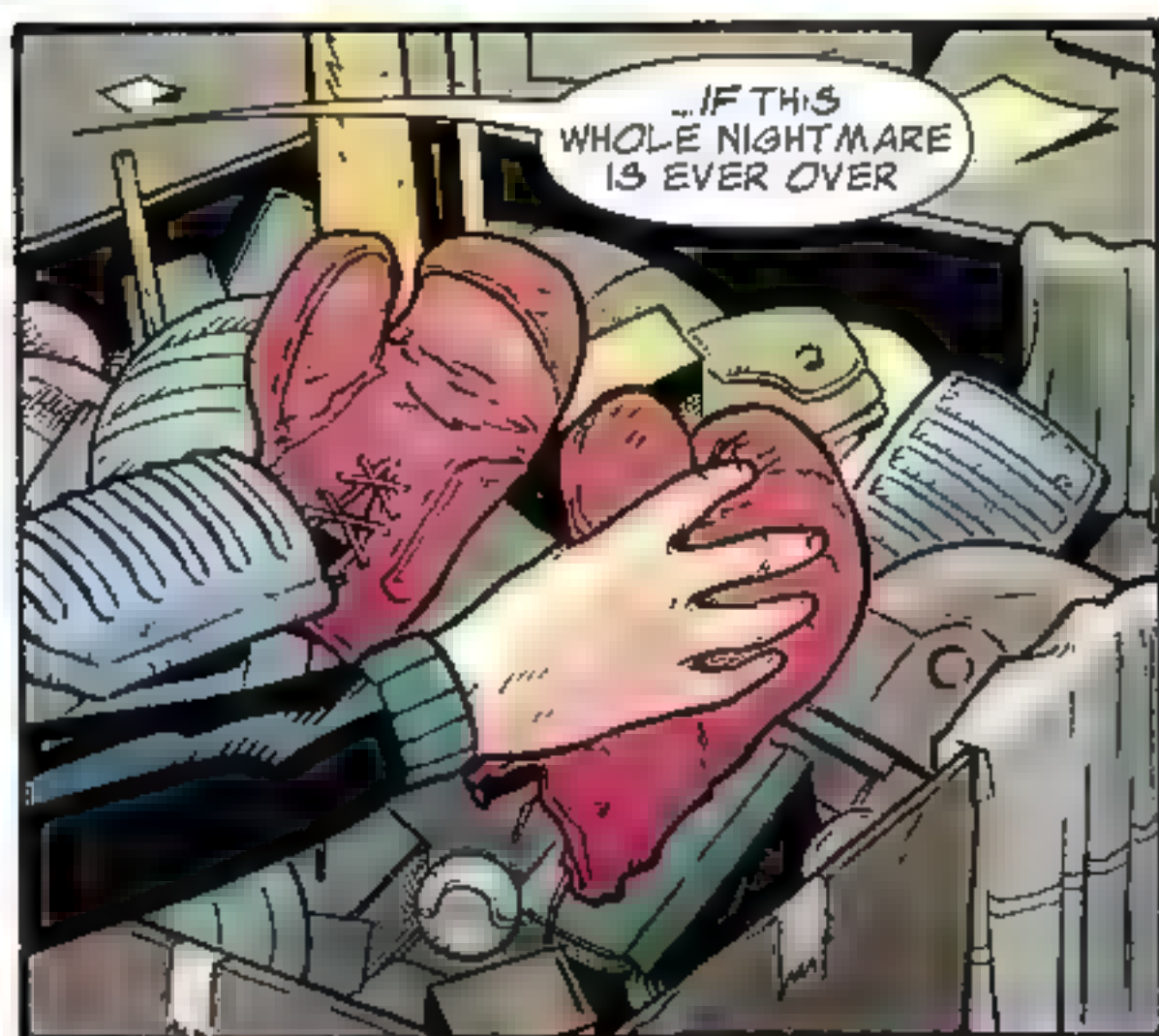
I'M GOING
TO DO WHAT I
DO BEST...

I'M GOING
TO CLEAN UP
SOMEONE ELSE'S
MESS.



GOOD TO SEE
TITLE NINE IS
ALIVE AND WELL IN
THE HEARTLAND.

WHEN THIS
WHOLE NIGHTMARE
IS OVER, THE STARK
FOUNDATION IS DONATING
SOME GIRLS' EQUIPMENT
TO THIS SCHOOL.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

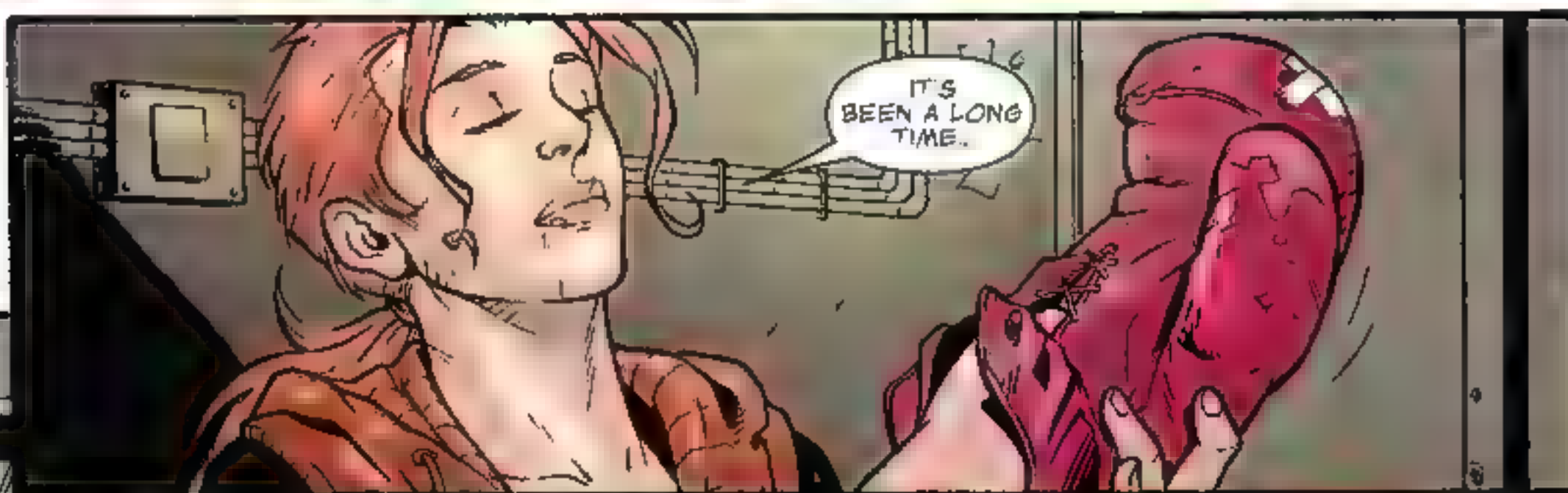


...IF THIS
WHOLE NIGHTMARE
IS EVER OVER



OH MY...

HELLO,
YOU.



IT'S
BEEN A LONG
TIME.



HEYA,
PEP

HAPPY?!



...?! YOU'RE NOT-- --NO YOU CAN'T BE-- --NO, 'FRAID NOT



I'M EXHAUSTED I HAVEN'T SLEPT, NOW MY HEAD IS PLAYING TRICKS ON ME.

...PRETTY MUCH, YEAH.

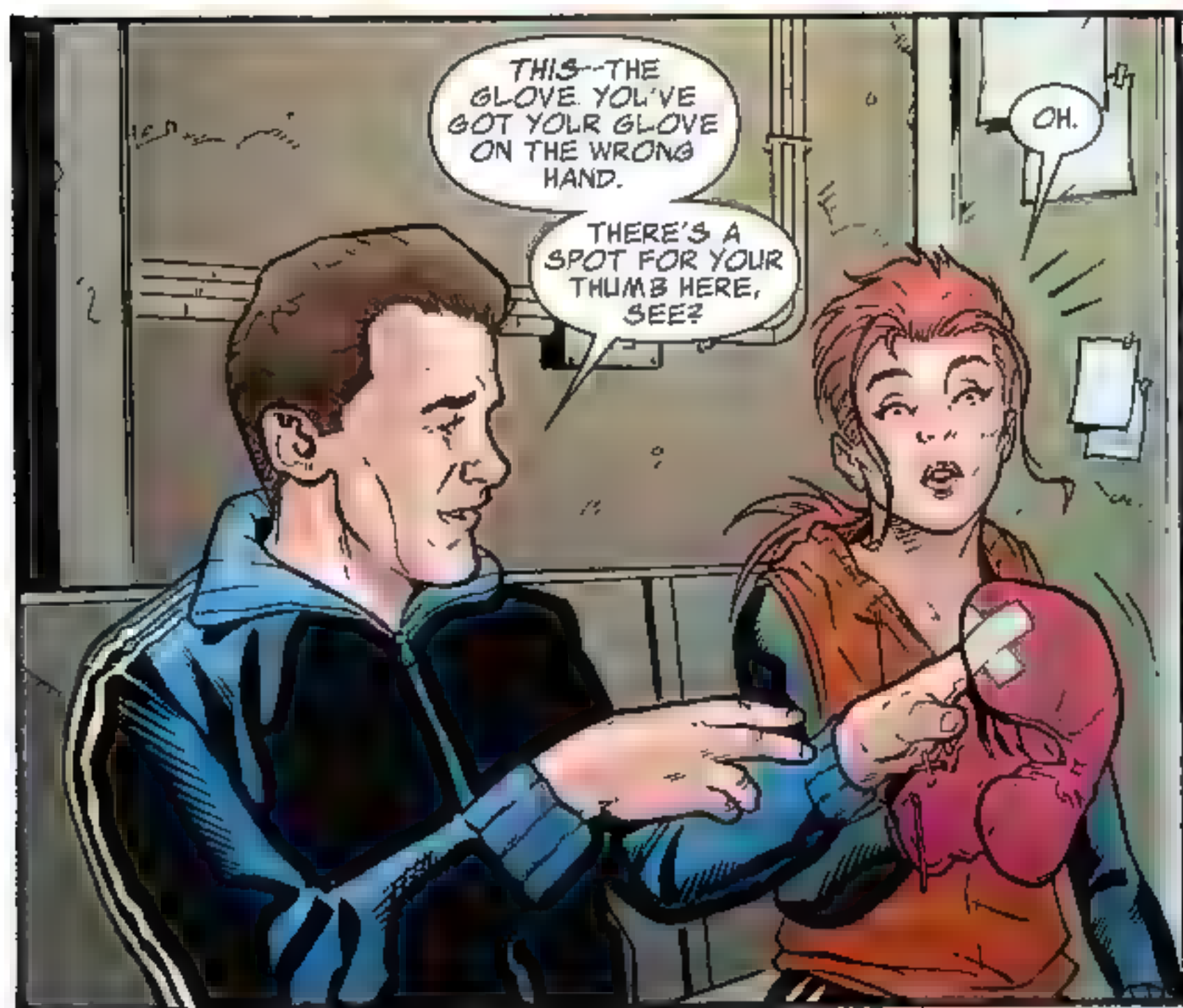
YOU WANT ME TO GO?



NO!

THIS IS WRONG

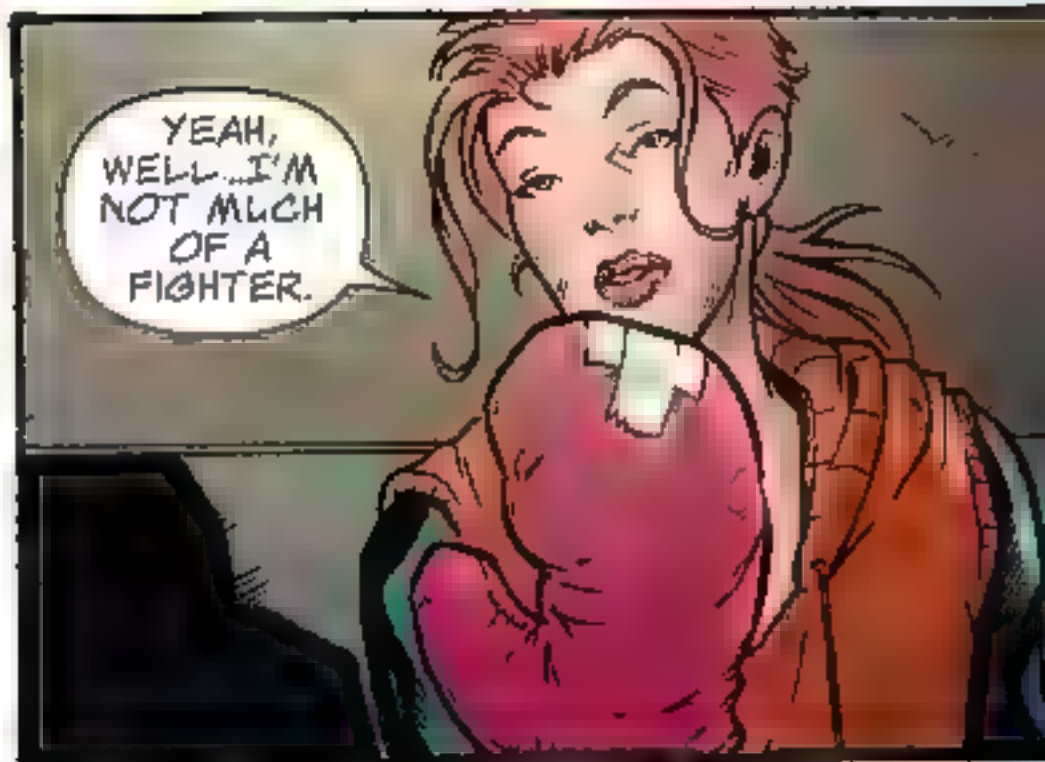
THAT I'M TALKING TO MY DEAD HUSBAND?



THIS--THE GLOVE YOU'VE GOT YOUR GLOVE ON THE WRONG HAND.

OH.

THERE'S A SPOT FOR YOUR THUMB HERE, SEE?



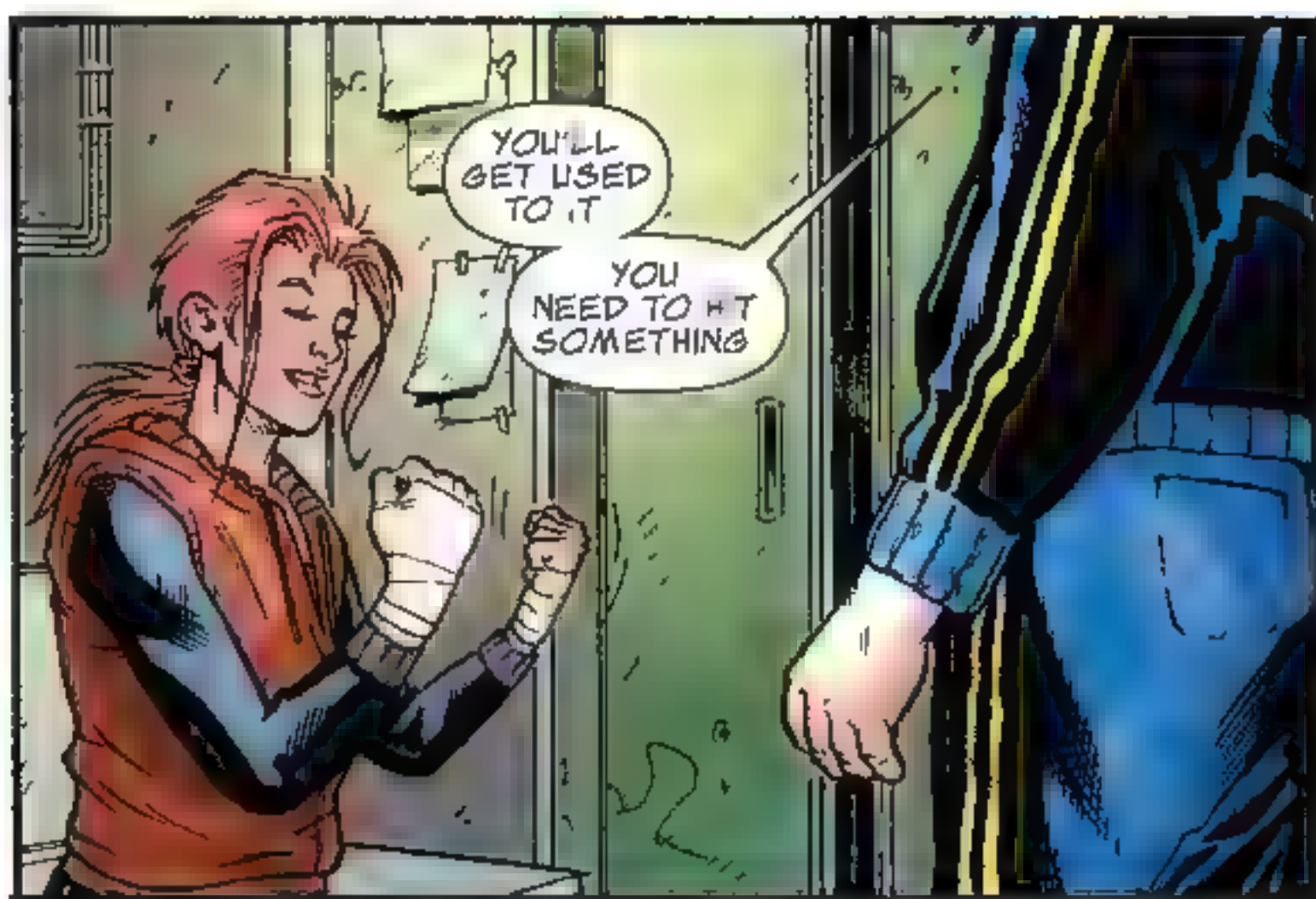
YEAH, WELL...I'M NOT MUCH OF A FIGHTER.

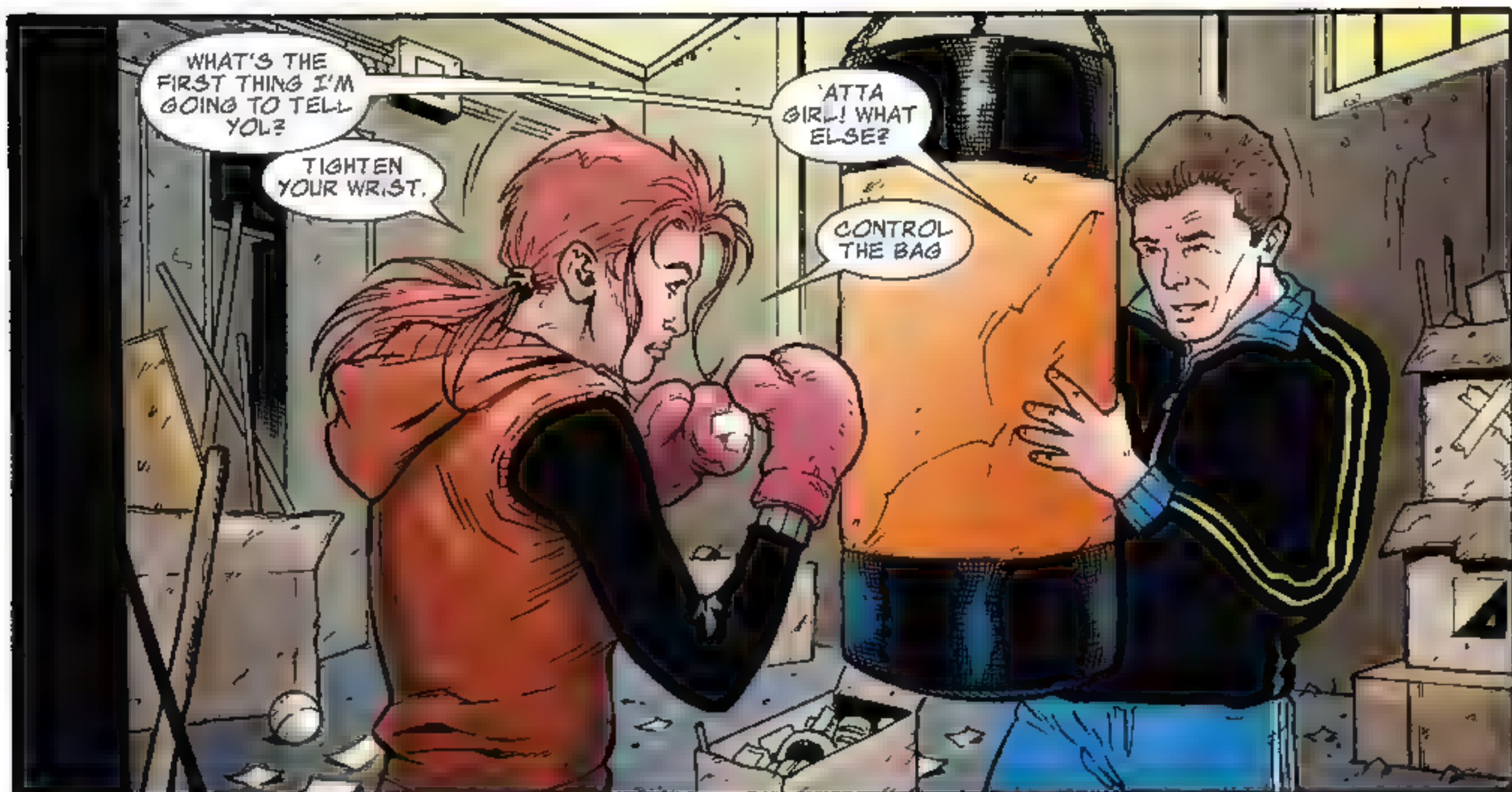


PFFT!

GLOVES ARE DETAILS.

HAND ME THAT TAPE...





WHAT'S THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO TELL YOL?

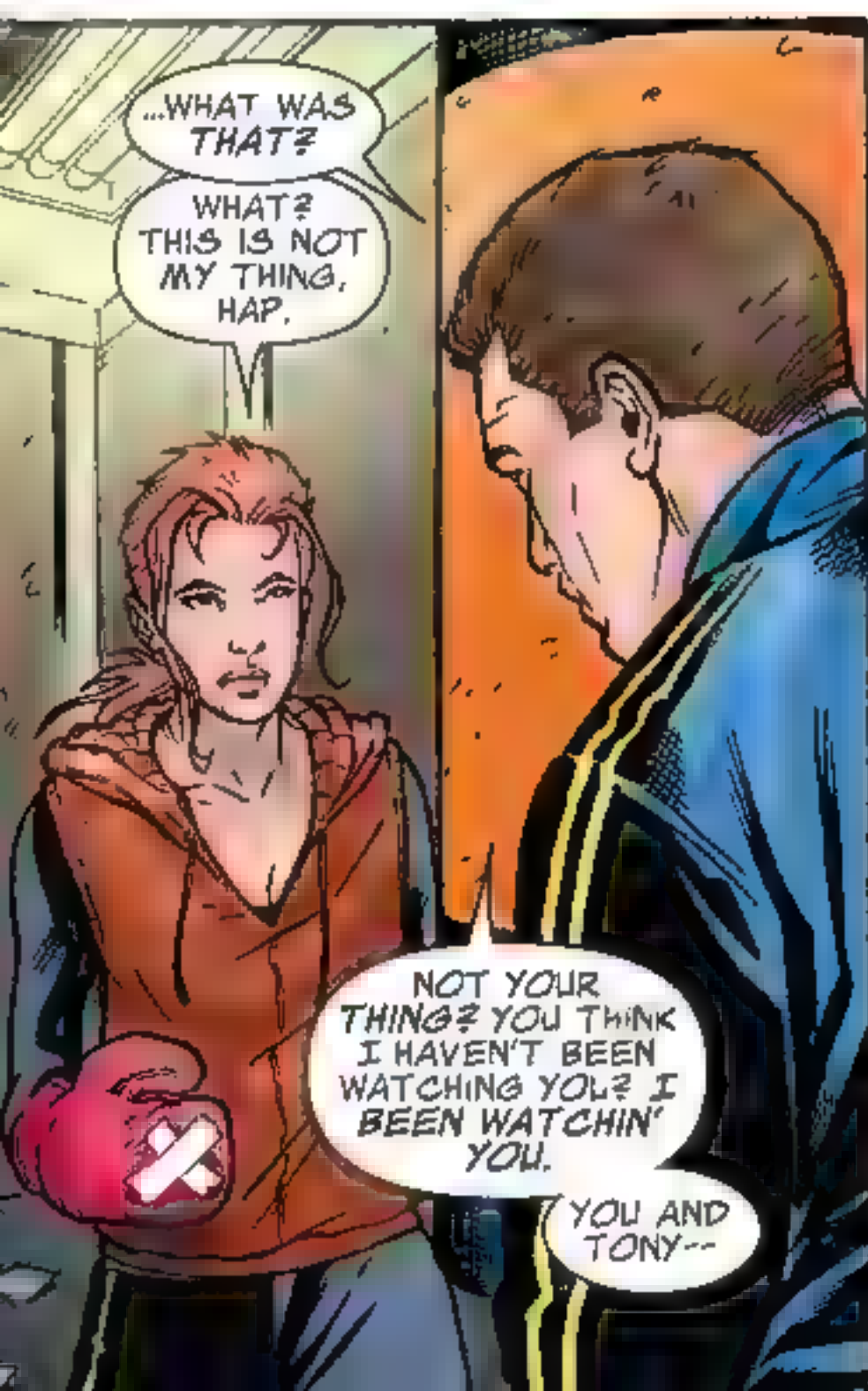
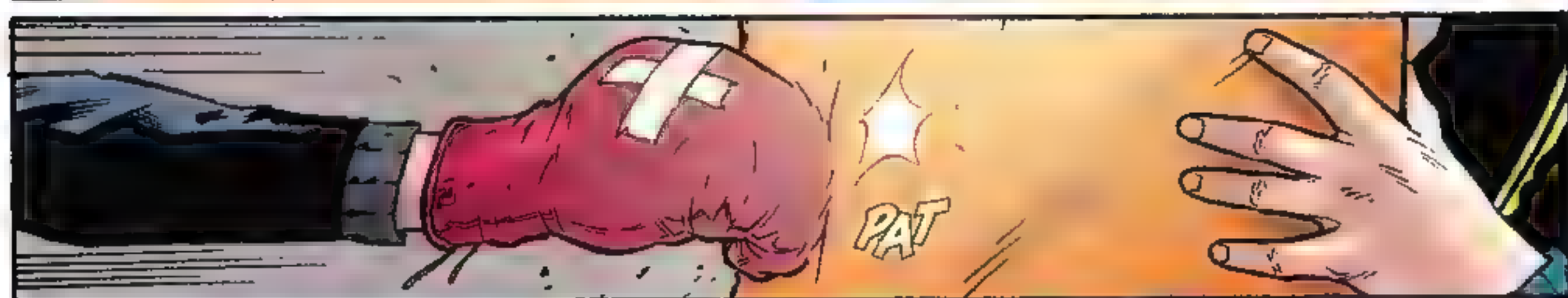
TIGHTEN YOUR WRIST.

'ATTA GIRL! WHAT ELSE?

CONTROL THE BAG

JAB. CENTER YOUR PUNCH ON THE KNUCKLES OF YOUR INDEX AND MIDDLE FINGERS

GO.



...WHAT WAS THAT?

WHAT? THIS IS NOT MY THING, HAP.

NOT YOUR THING? YOU THINK I HAVEN'T BEEN WATCHING YOL? I BEEN WATCHIN' YOU.

YOU AND TONY--

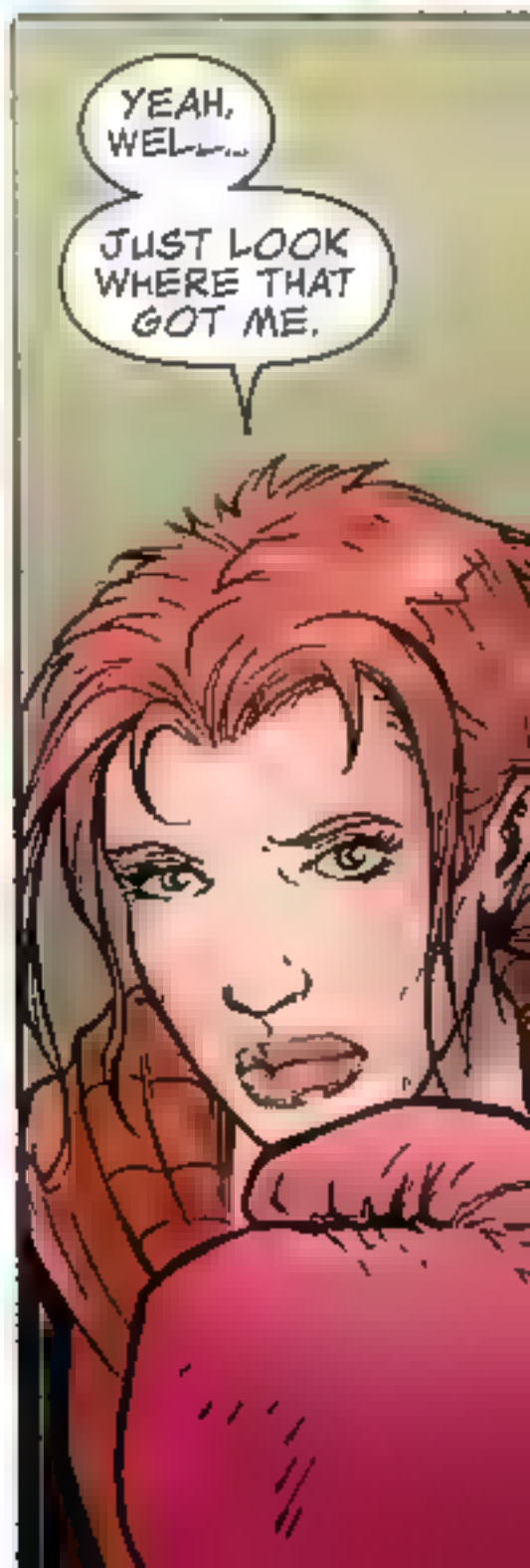


HAPPY, I CAN EXPLAIN--

NOT THAT. I'M NOT TALKIN' ABOUT THAT.

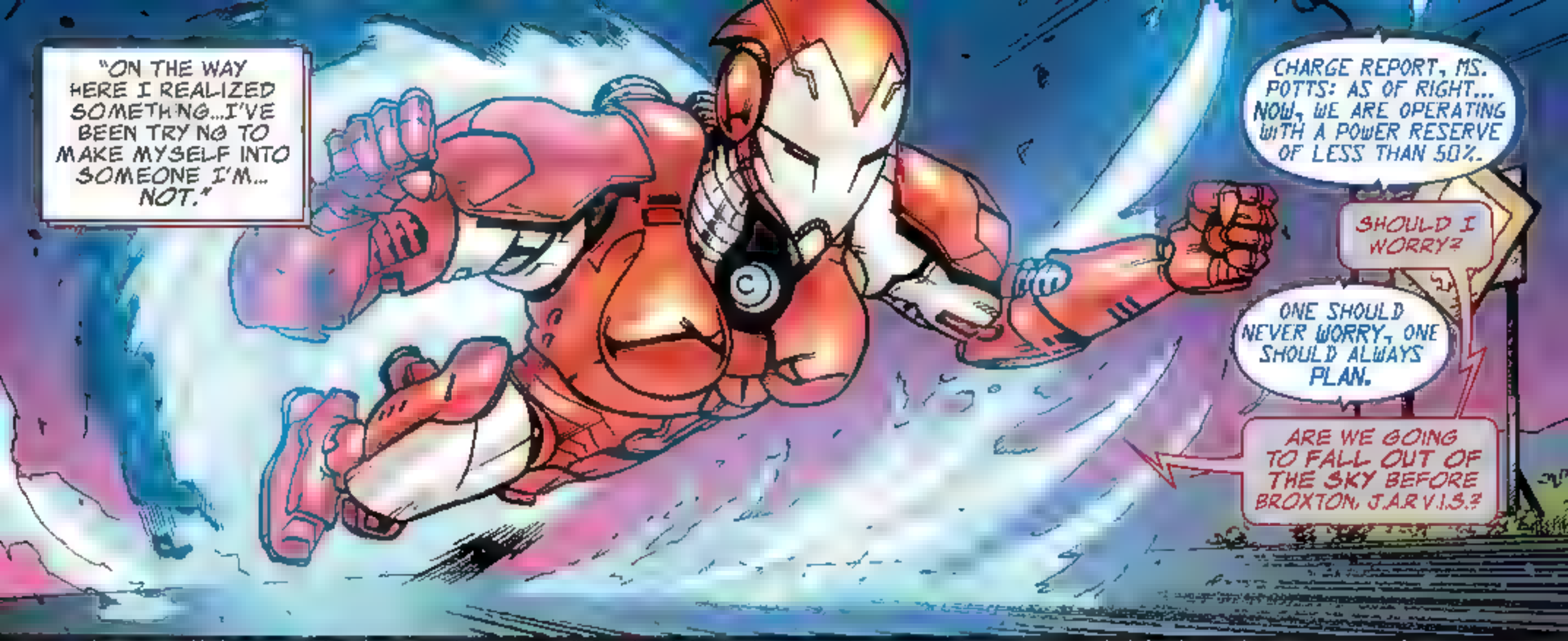


YOU SAVED TONY'S BUTT, PEP. YOU DID THAT, NOT THOR, NOT CAP, NOT SOME MAGIC FARY--YOL, VIRGIN A. RESCUE. THAT WAS YOU.



YEAH, WEL--

JUST LOOK WHERE THAT GOT ME.



"ON THE WAY
HERE I REALIZED
SOMETHING...I'VE
BEEN TRYING TO
MAKE MYSELF INTO
SOMEONE I'M...
NOT."

CHARGE REPORT, MS.
POTTS: AS OF RIGHT...
NOW, WE ARE OPERATING
WITH A POWER RESERVE
OF LESS THAN 50%.

SHOULD I
WORRY?

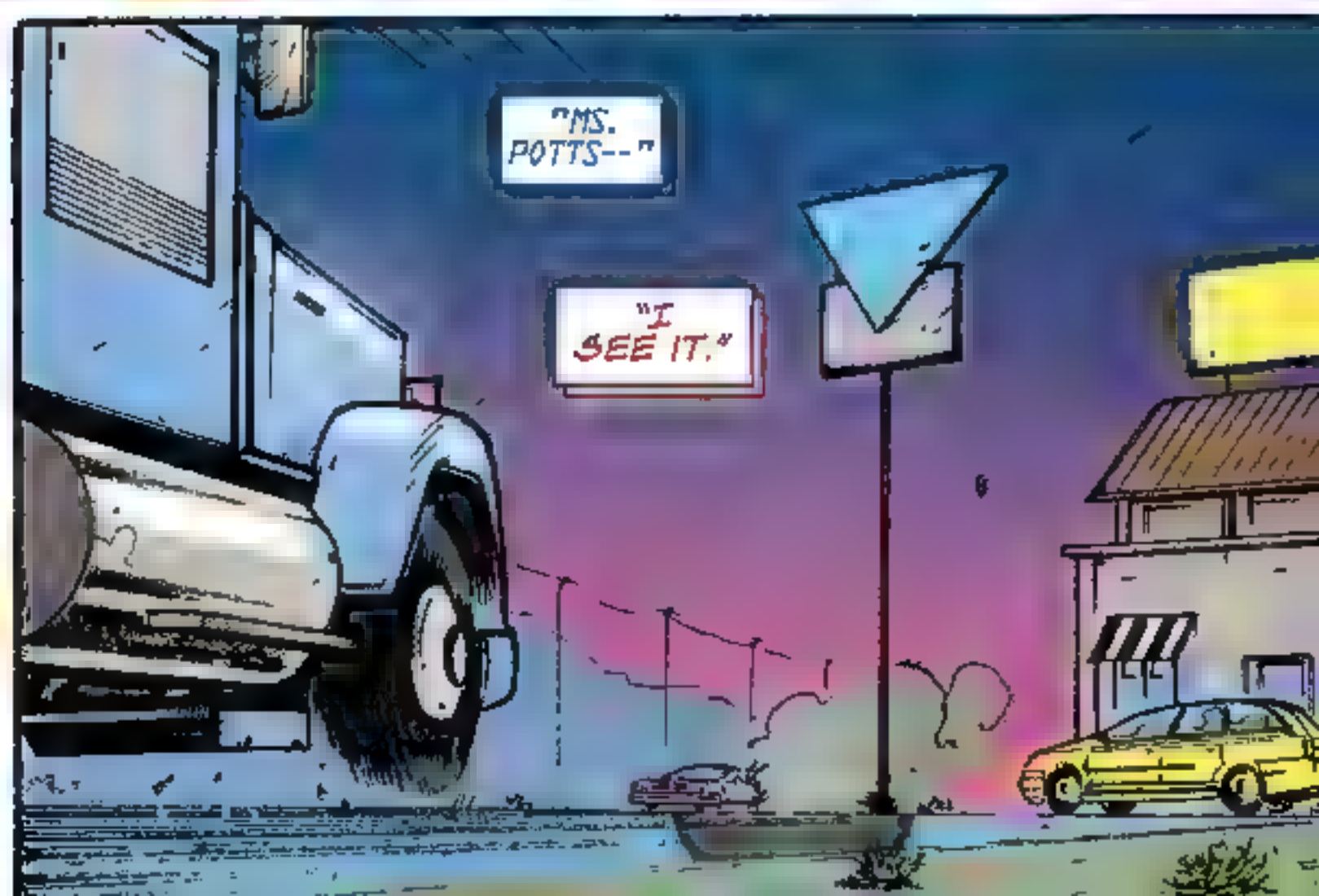
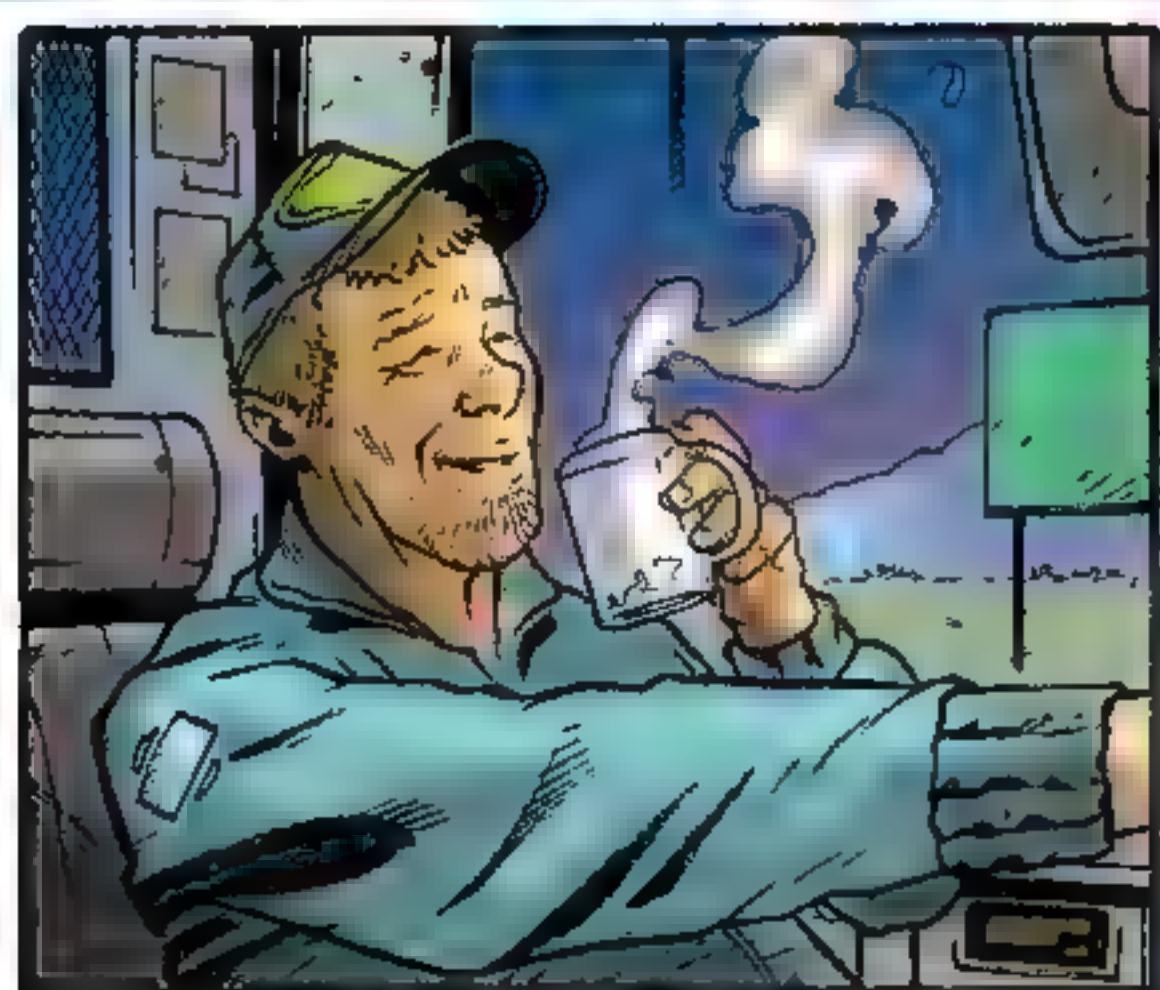
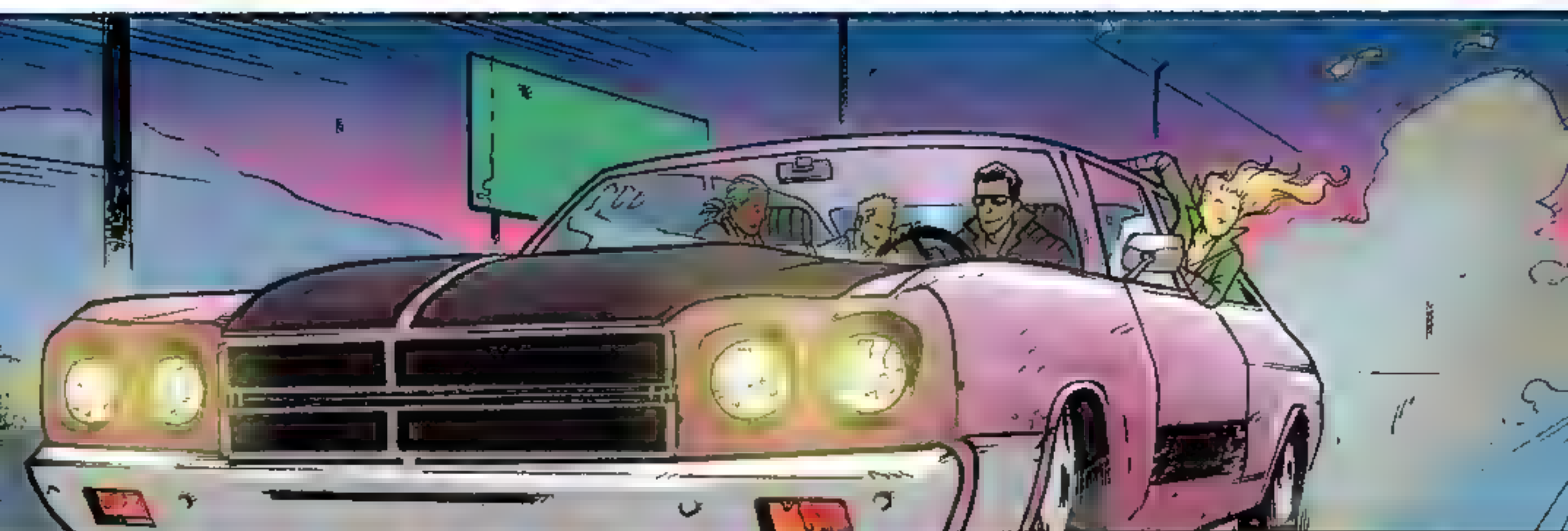
ONE SHOULD
NEVER WORRY, ONE
SHOULD ALWAYS
PLAN.

ARE WE GOING
TO FALL OUT OF
THE SKY BEFORE
BROXTON, J.A.R.V.I.S.?



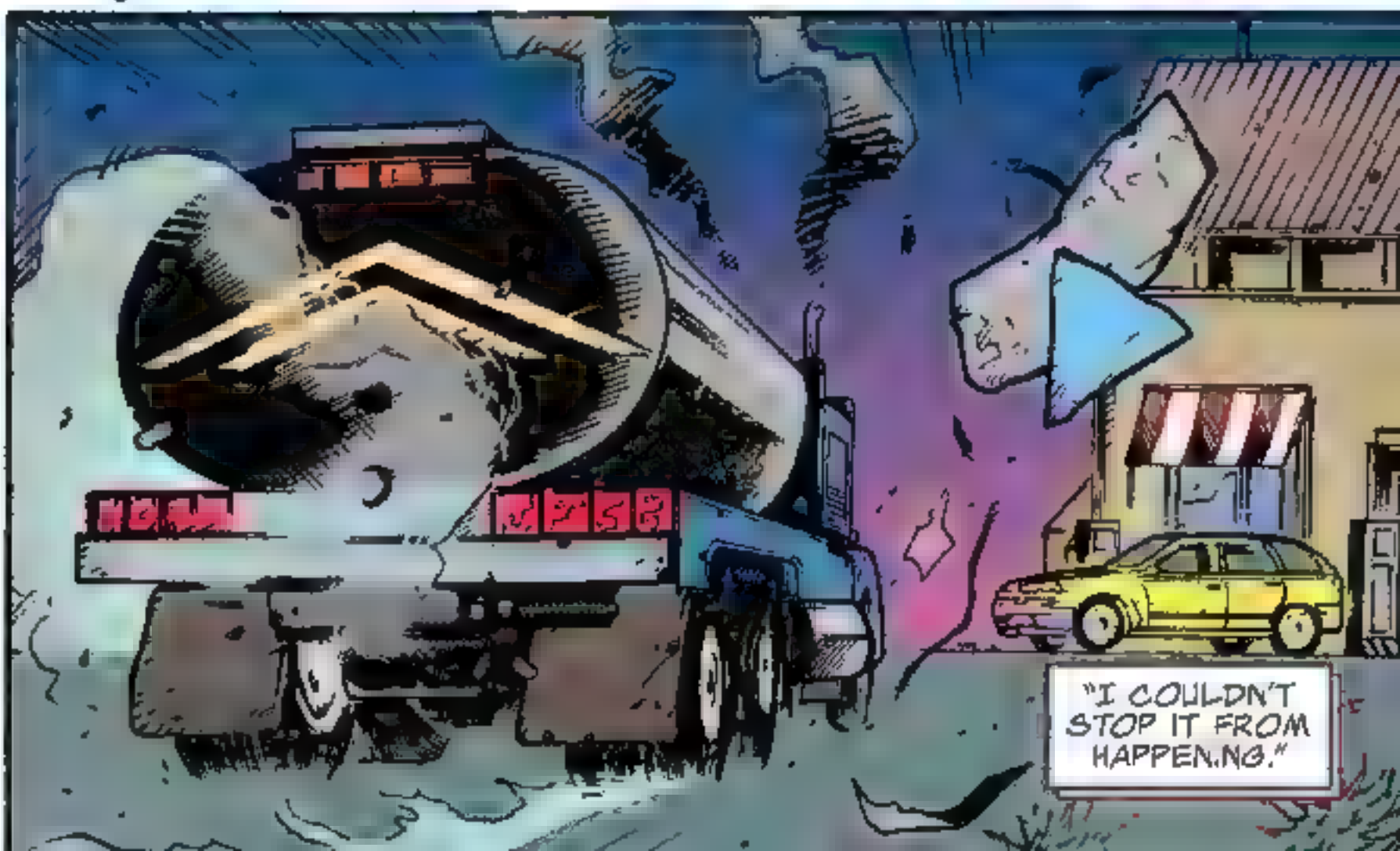
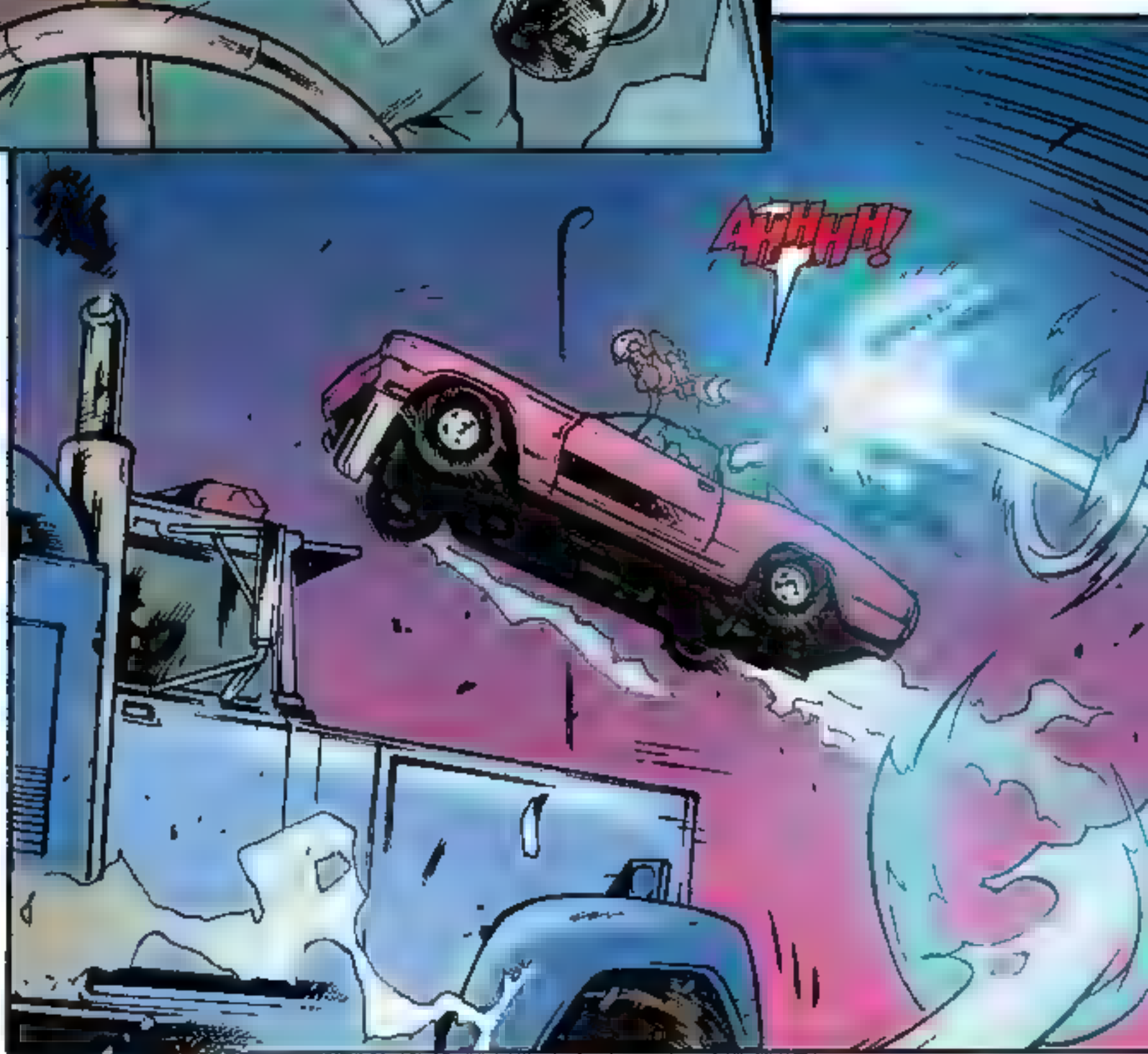
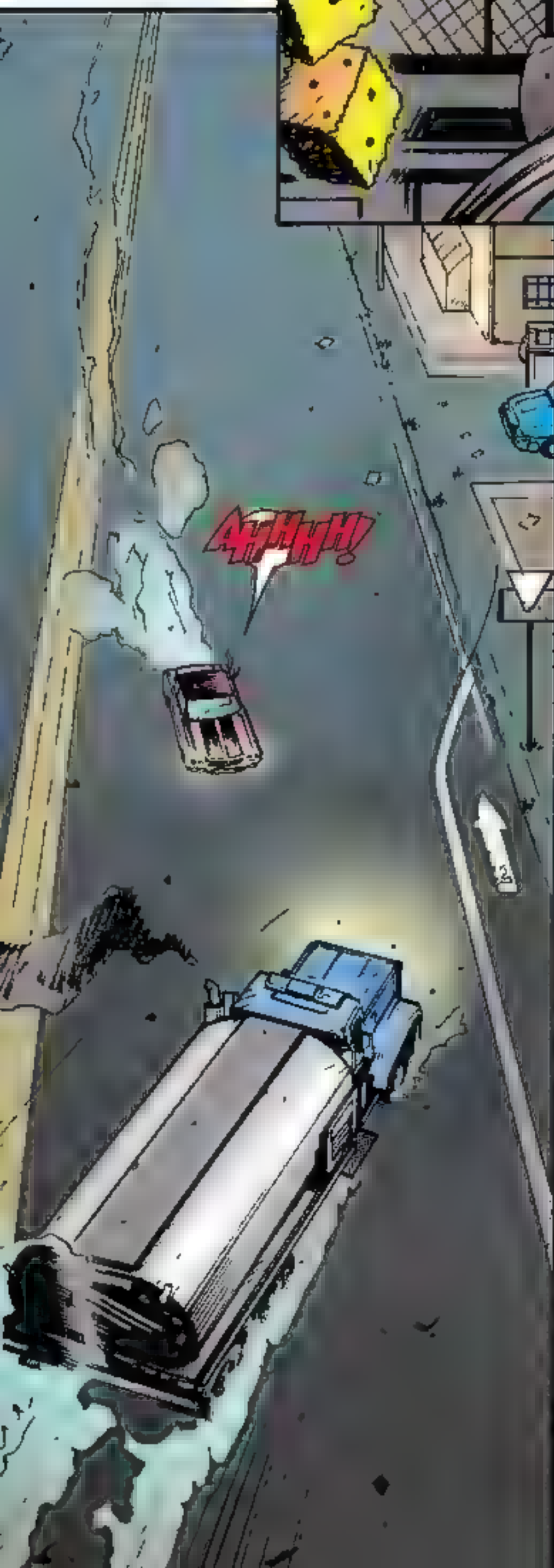
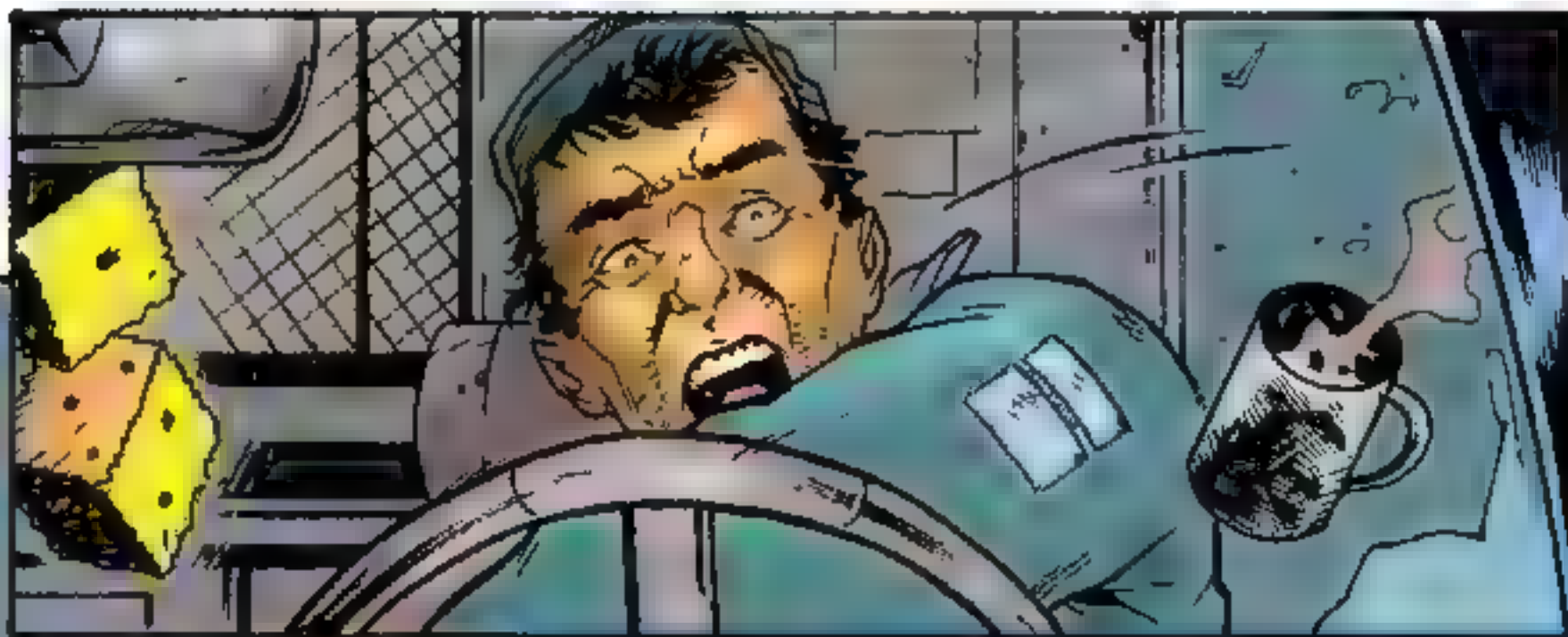
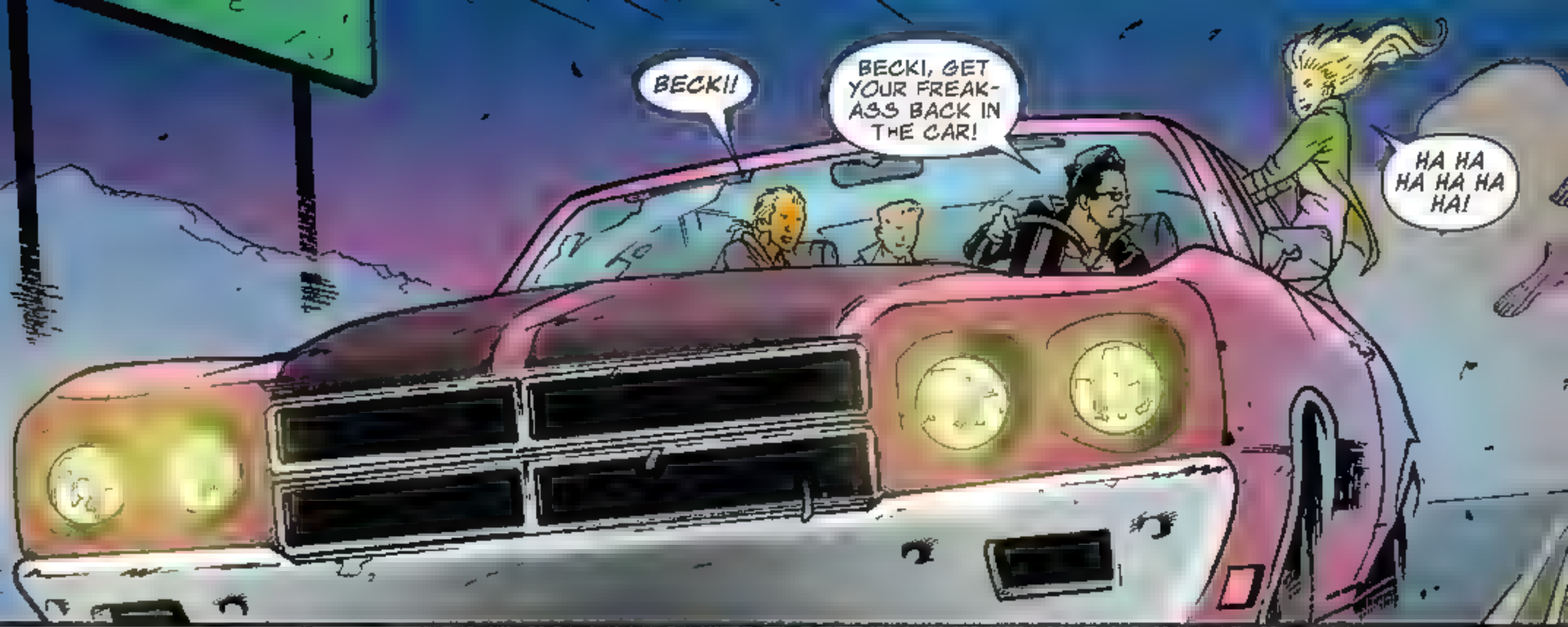
IT'S NOT
LIKELY, MS.
POTTS. NO.

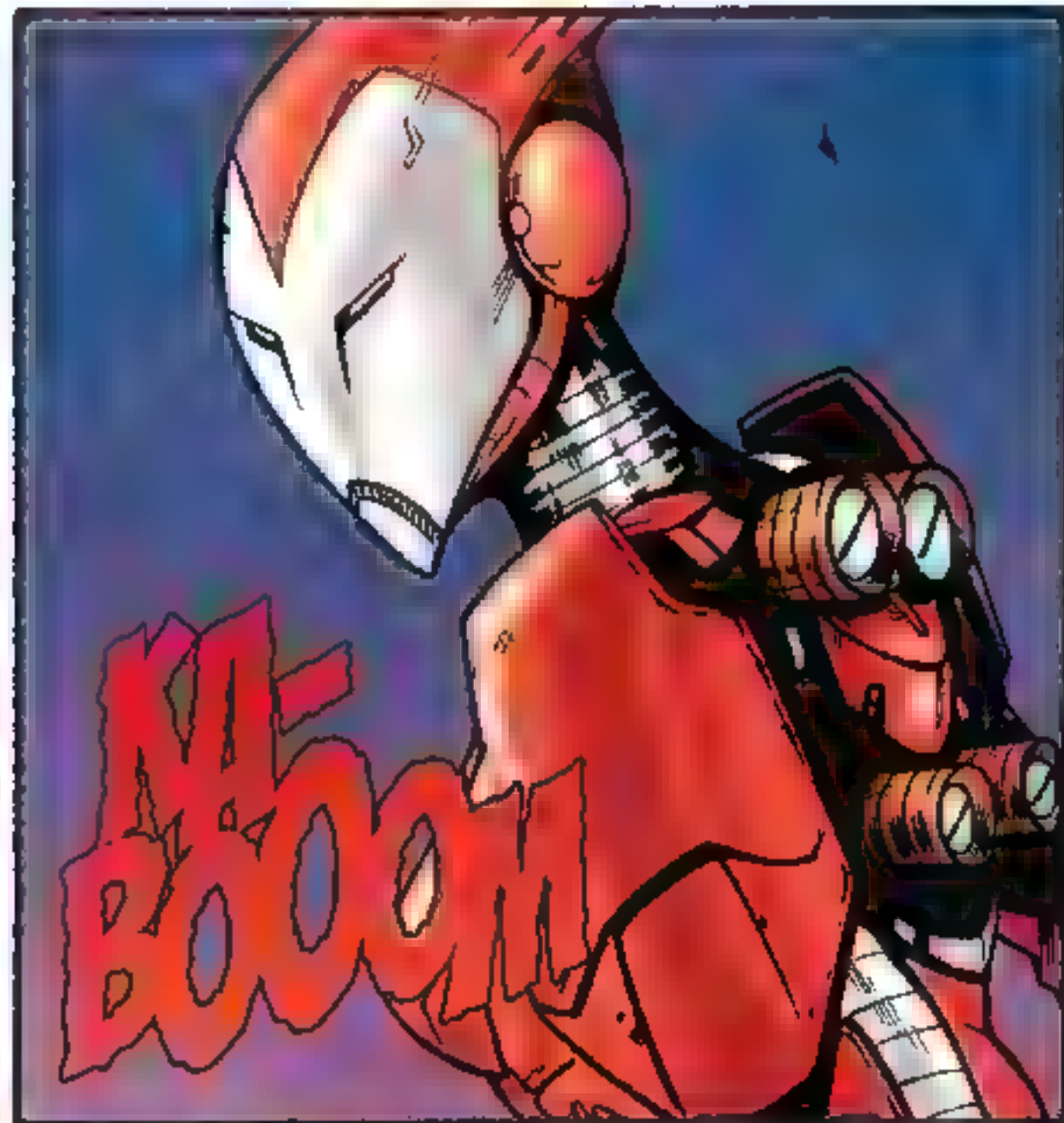
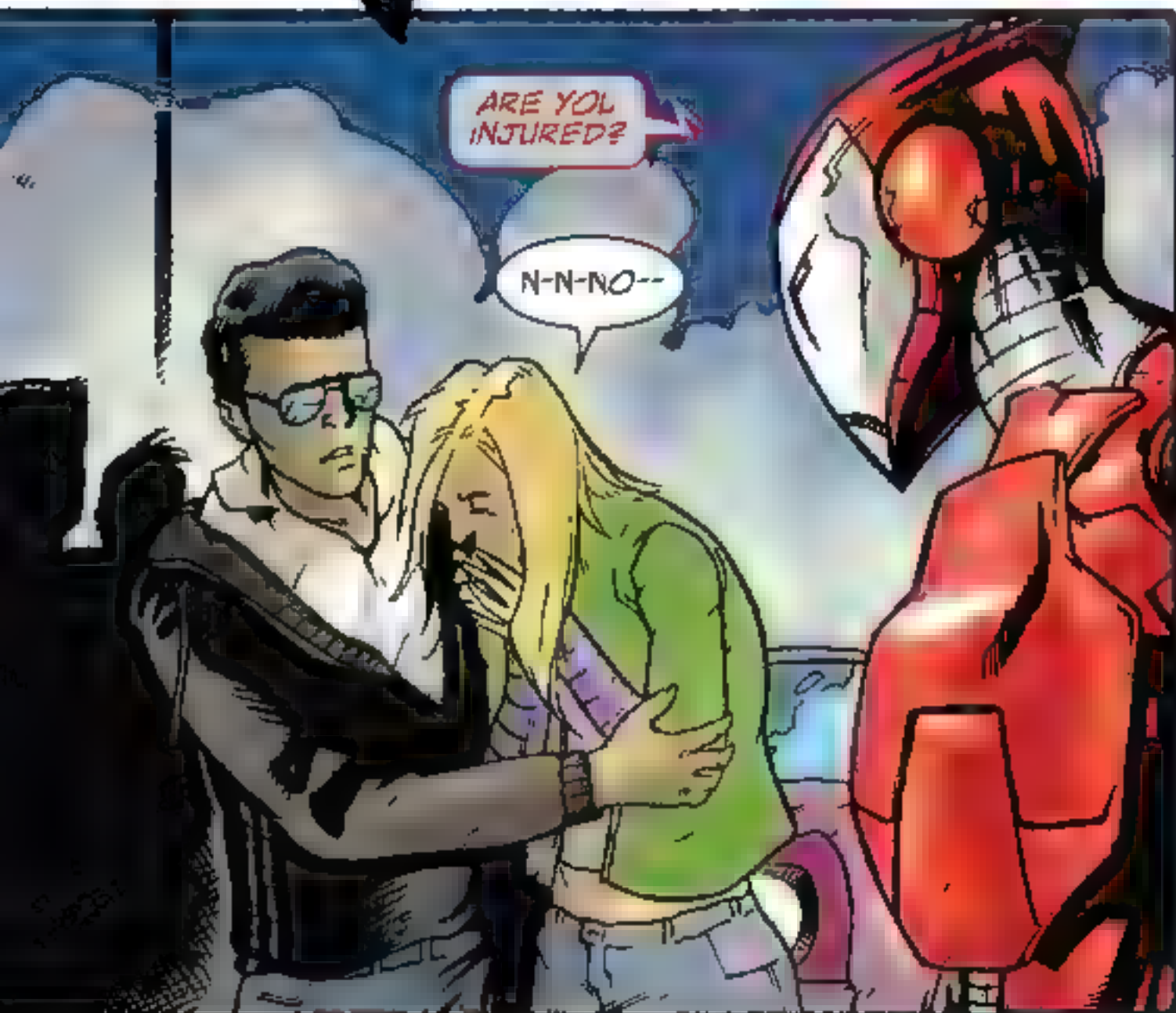
THANK YOU,
J.A.R.V.I.S.



"MS.
POTTS--"

"I
SEE IT."





SCANNERS DETECT
NO LIFE SIGNS FROM
THE DRIVER OF
THE TRUCK...

THERE ARE,
HOWEVER, FOUR
DETECTABLE HEART
RATES INSIDE THE
CONVENIENCE
MART.

JARVIS, HOW MUCH
TIME HAVE I GOT
UNTIL HAMMER GETS
WORD AND SENDS
INTERCEPTS?

APPROXIMATELY
21 MINUTES.

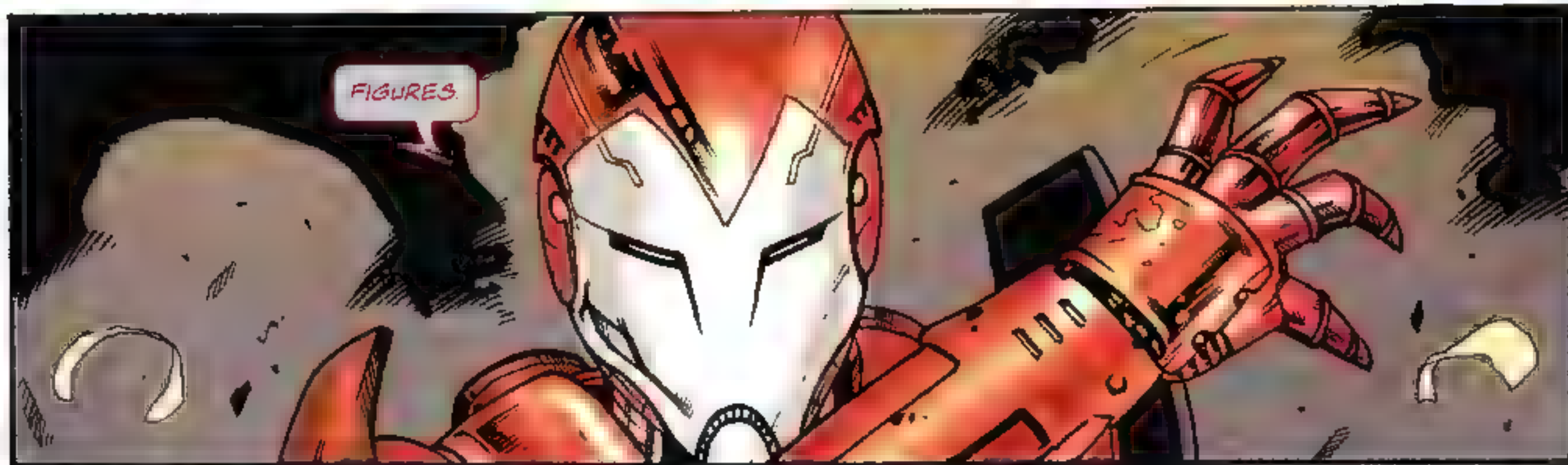
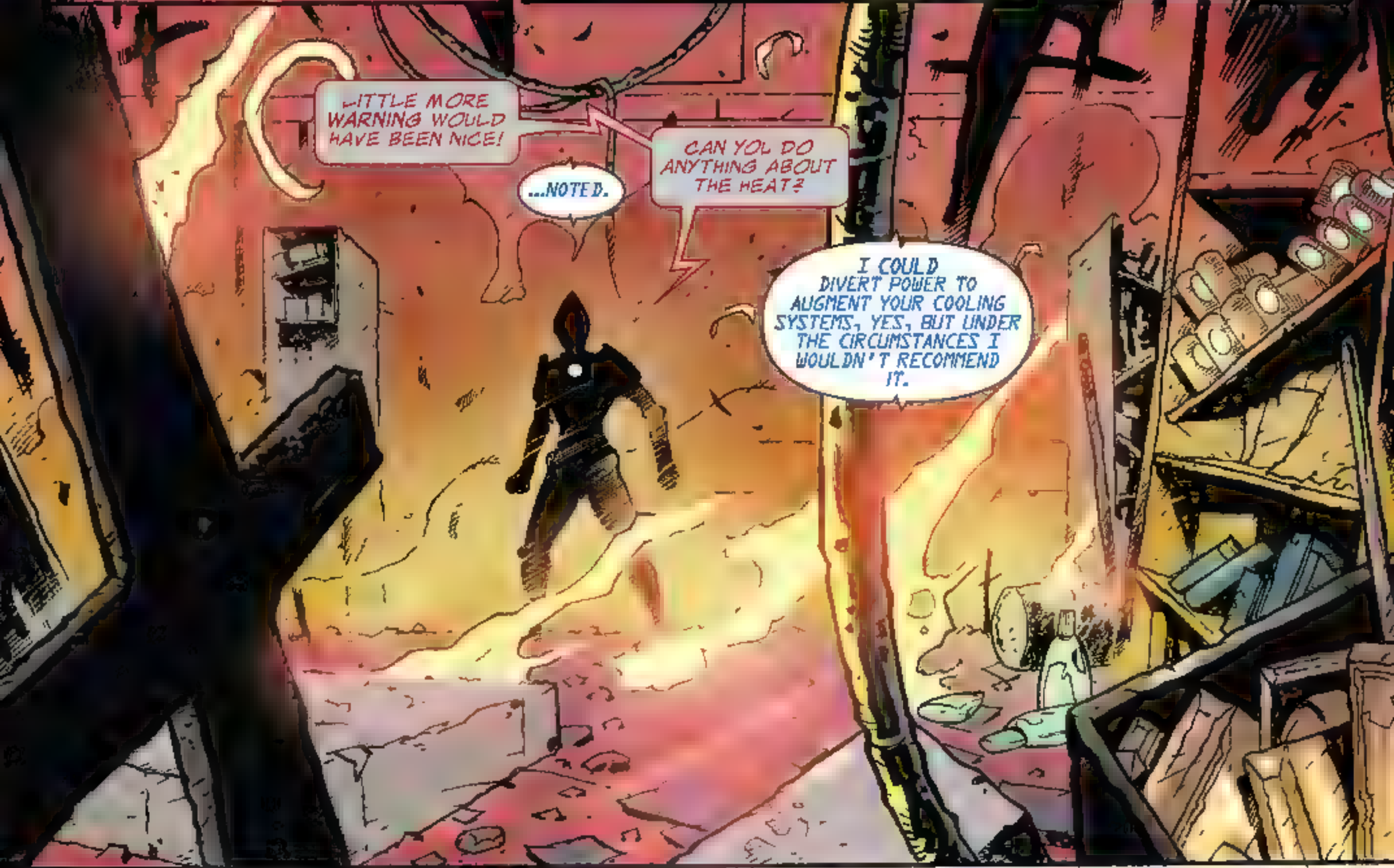
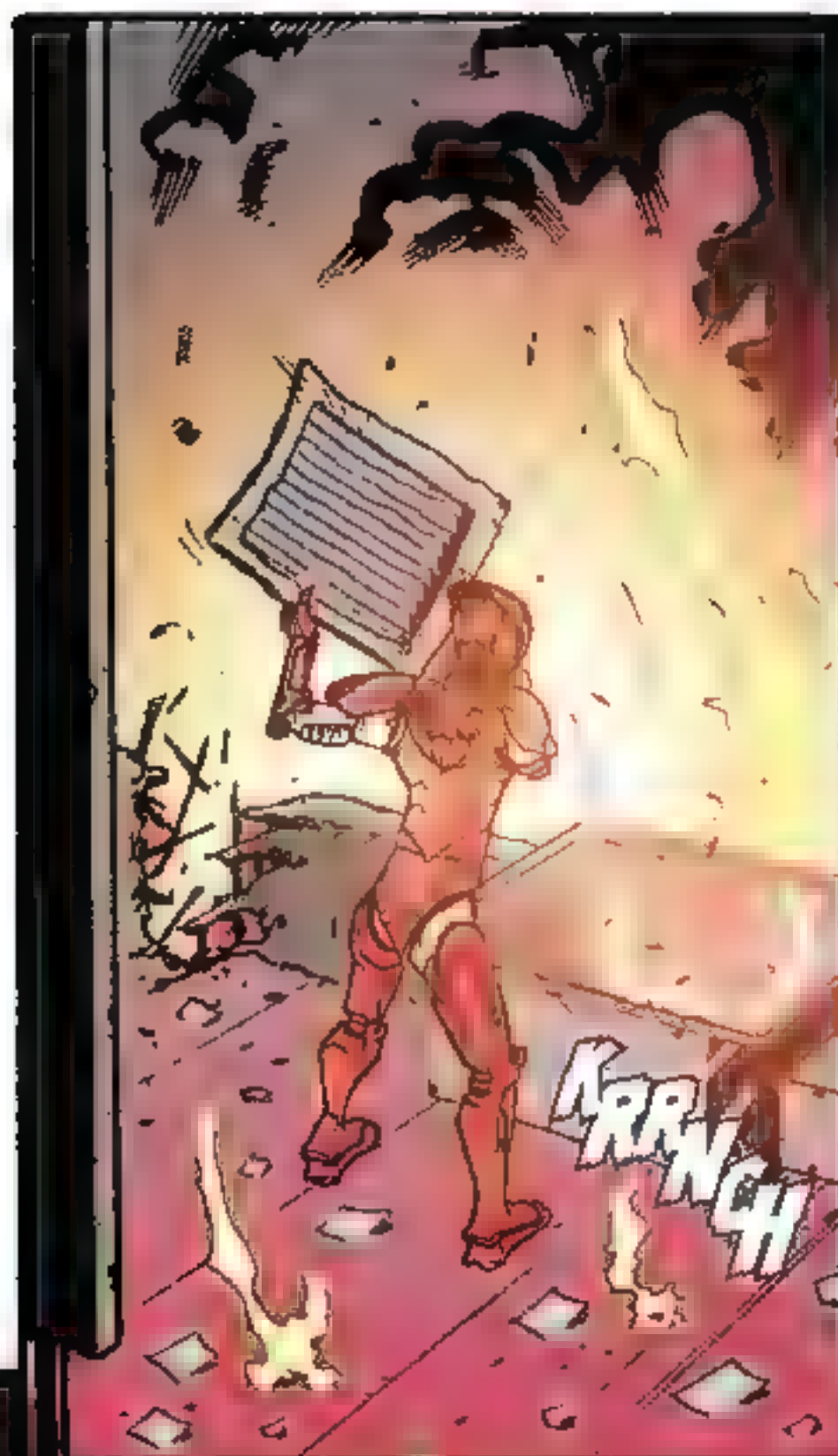
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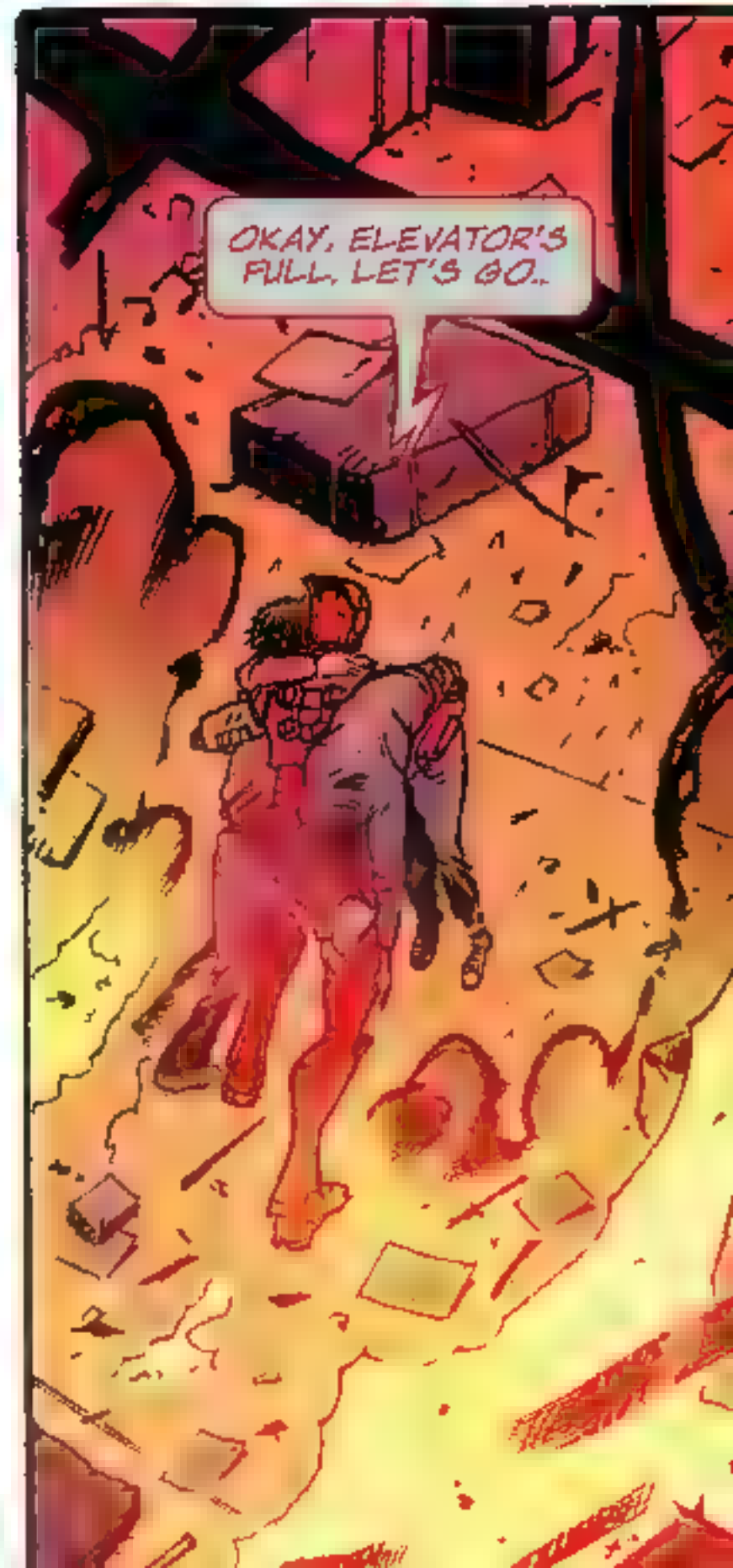
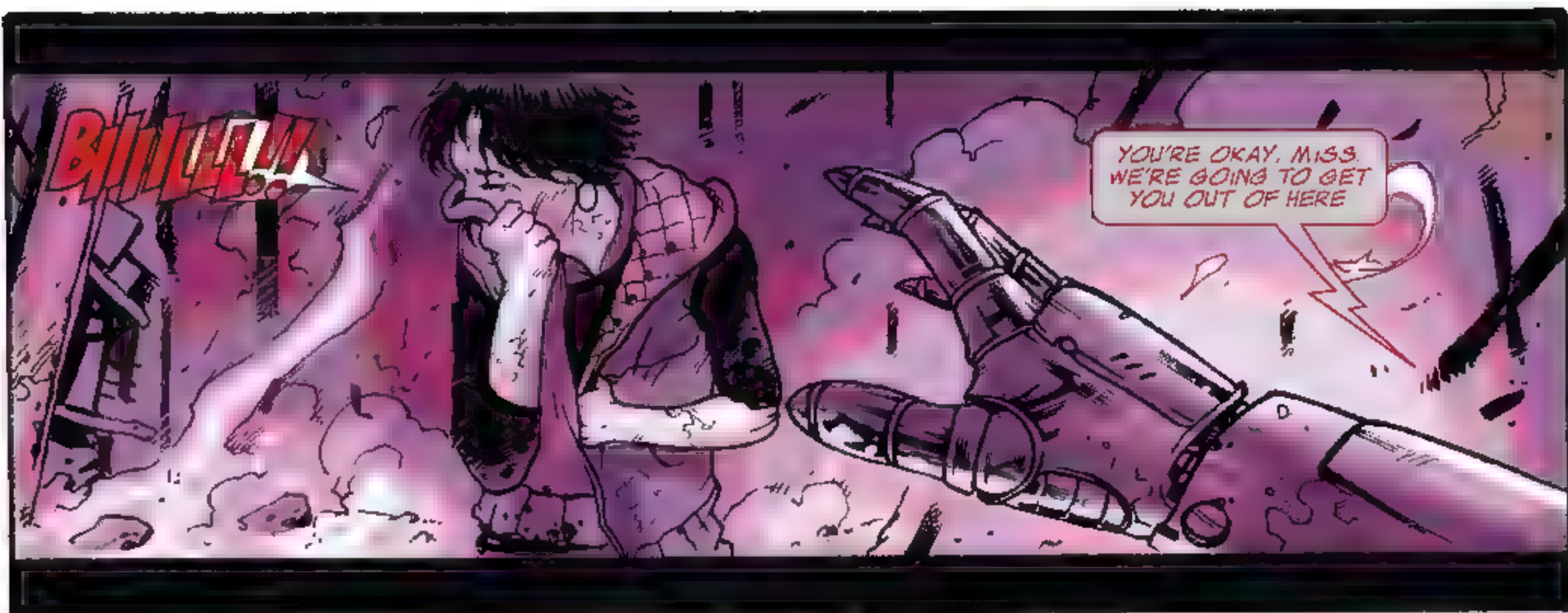
BEST
WAY IN?

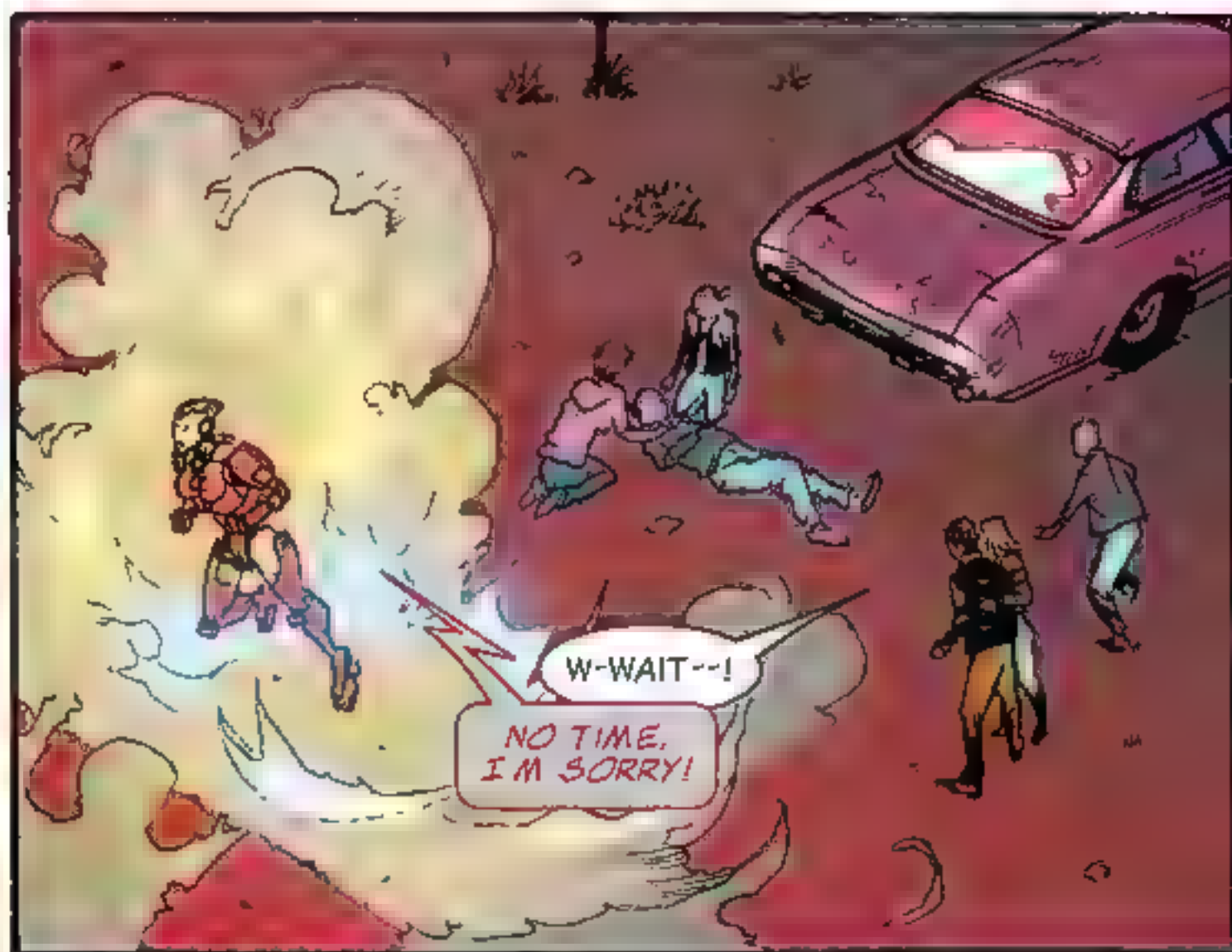
TO AVOID FURTHER
COMPROMISE OF STRUCTURAL
INTEGRITY, YOU'LL HAVE
TO MAKE YOUR WAY
THROUGH THE ROOF.

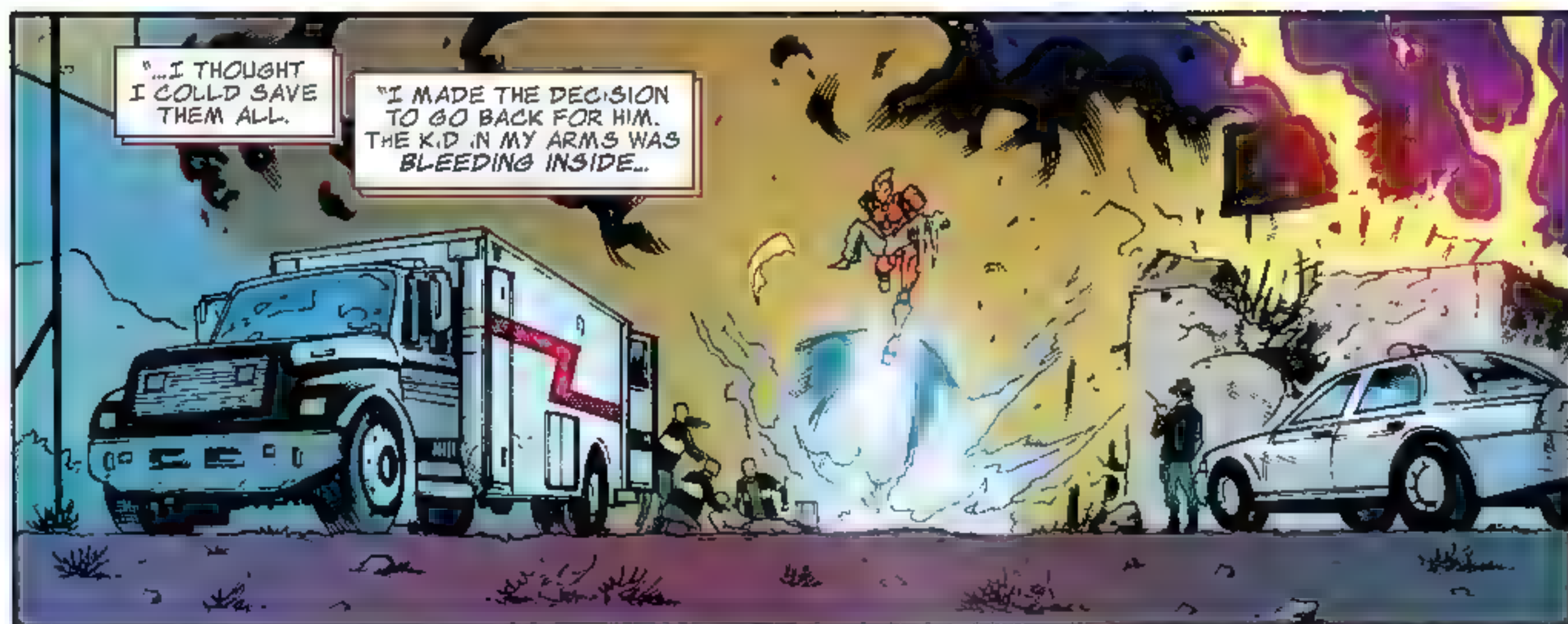
SCANNING
FOR SAFEST
POINT OF
ENTRY...

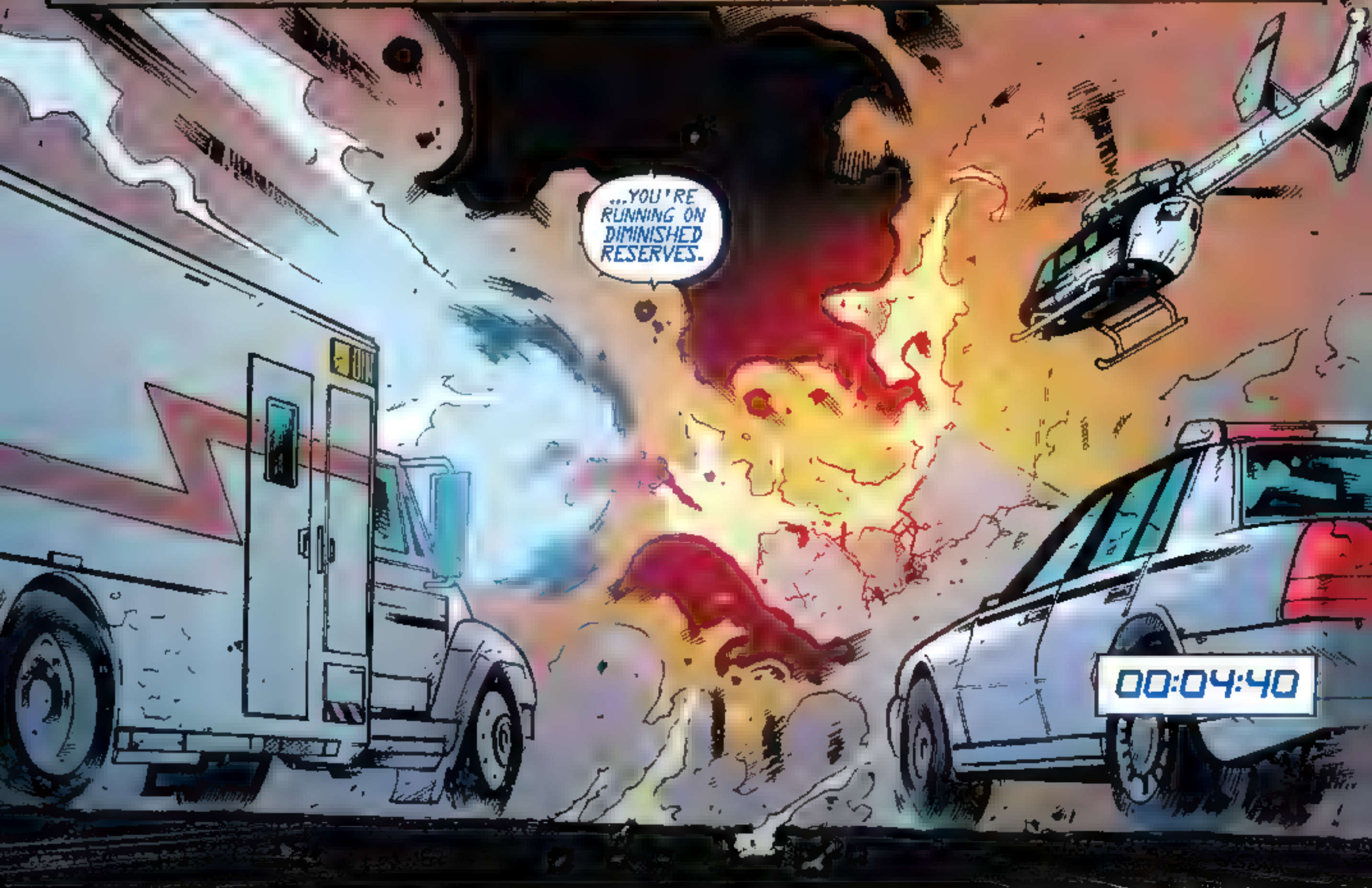
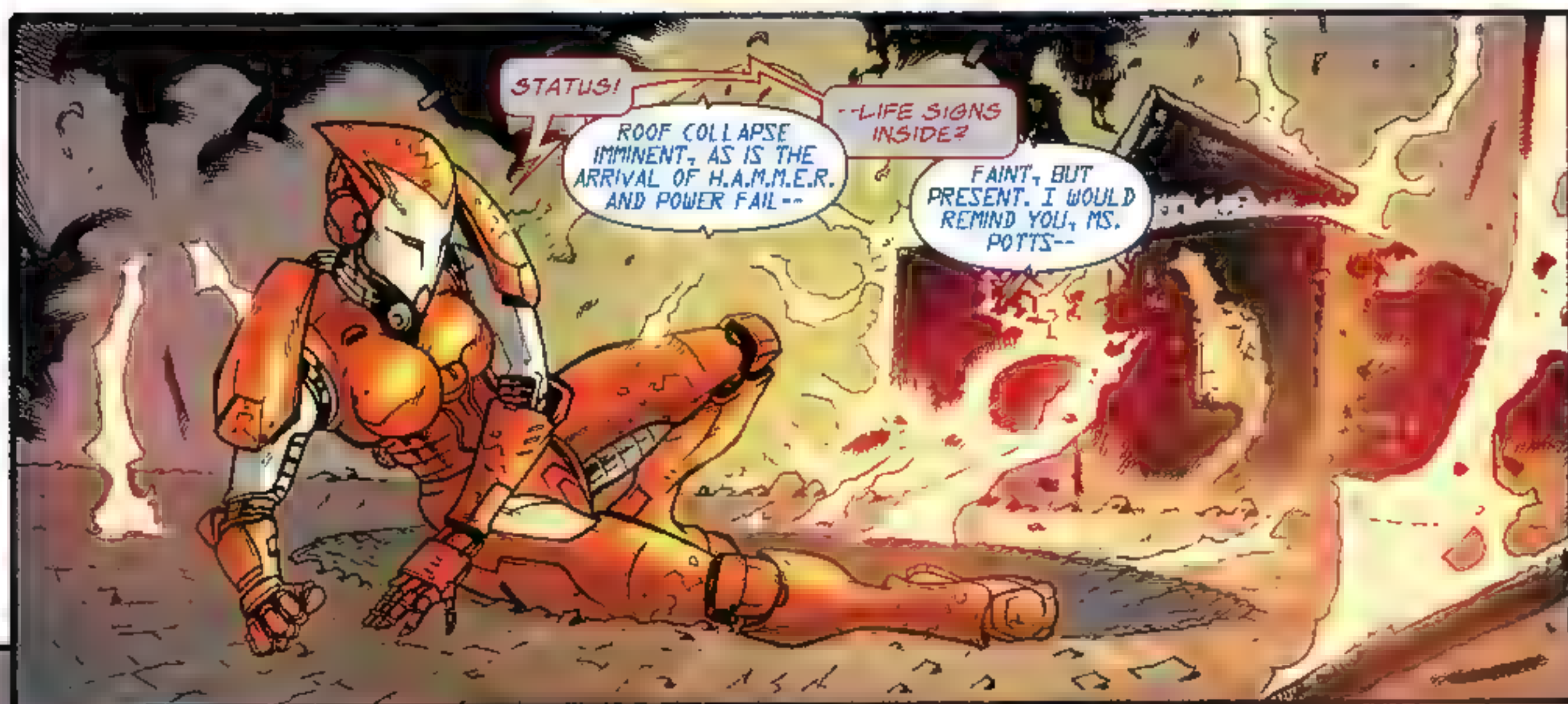
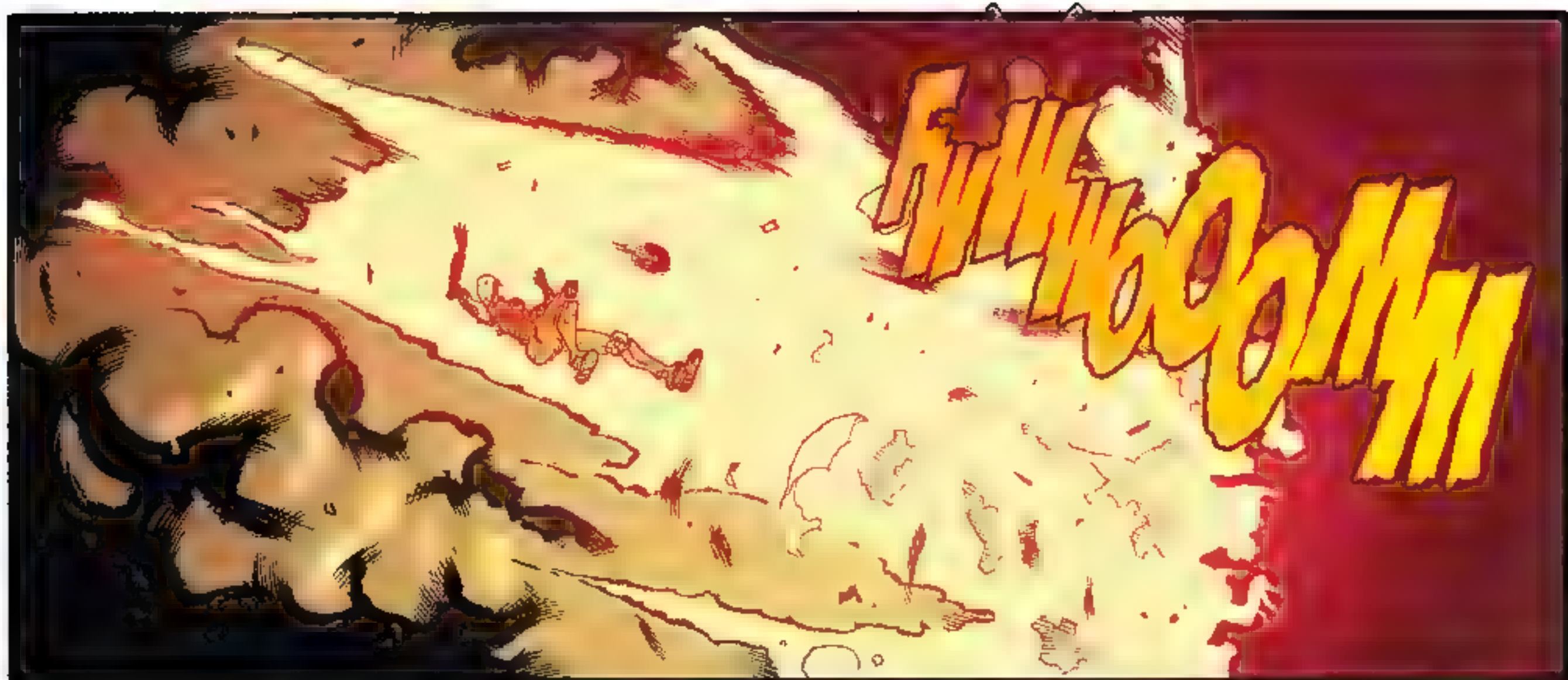
QUICKLY,
PLEASE

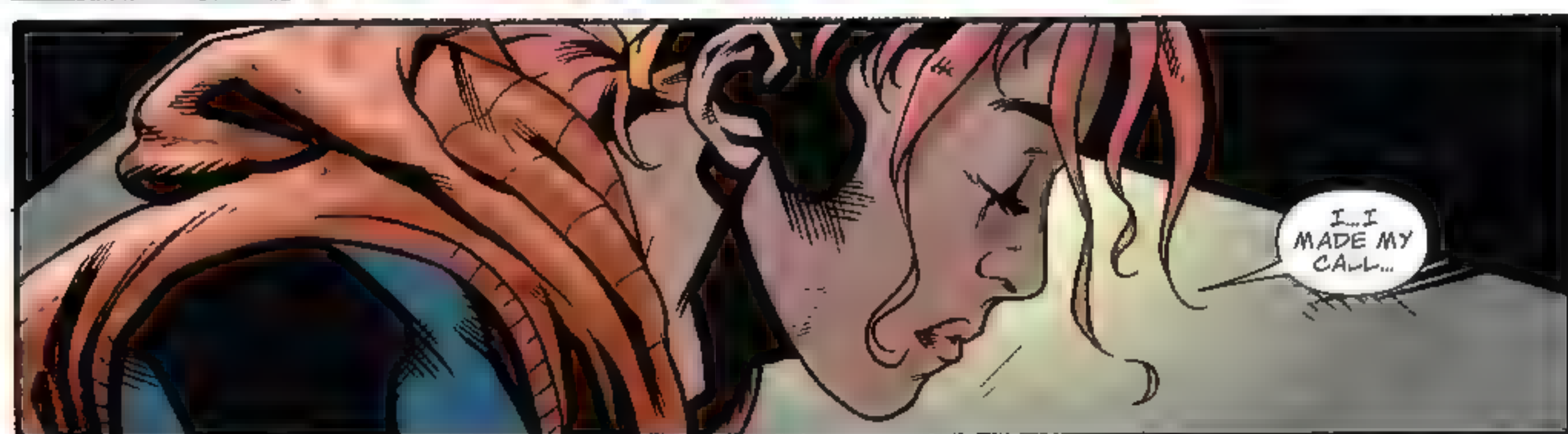
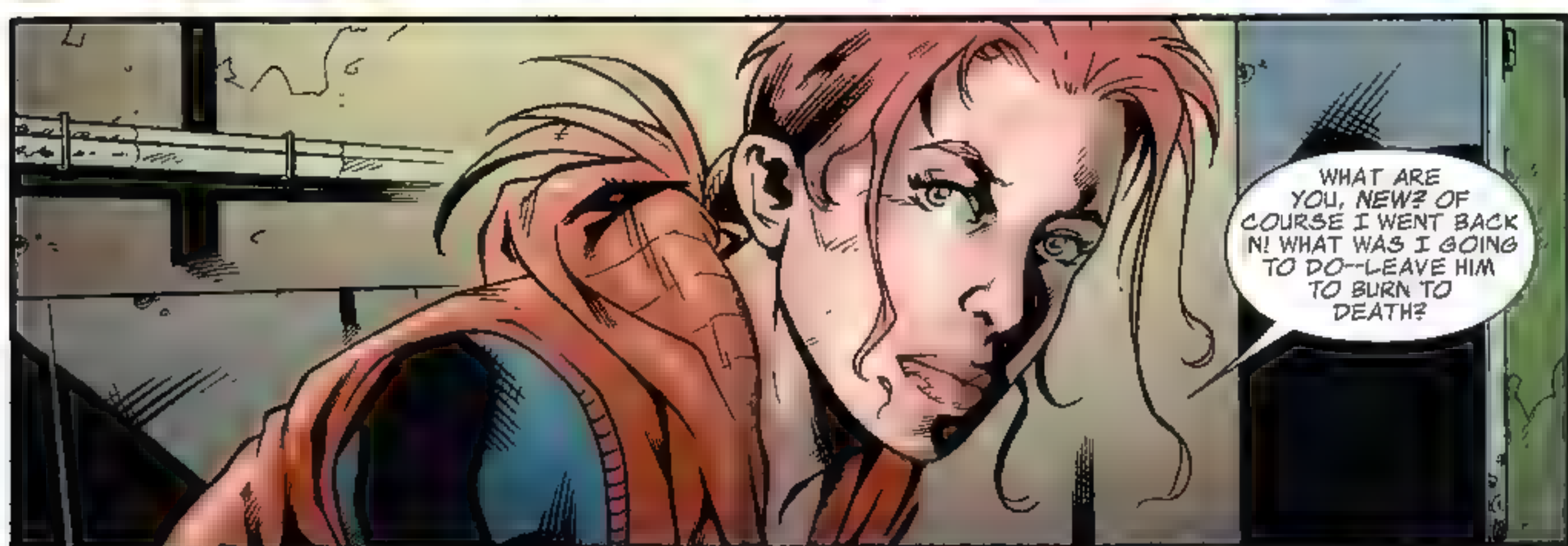


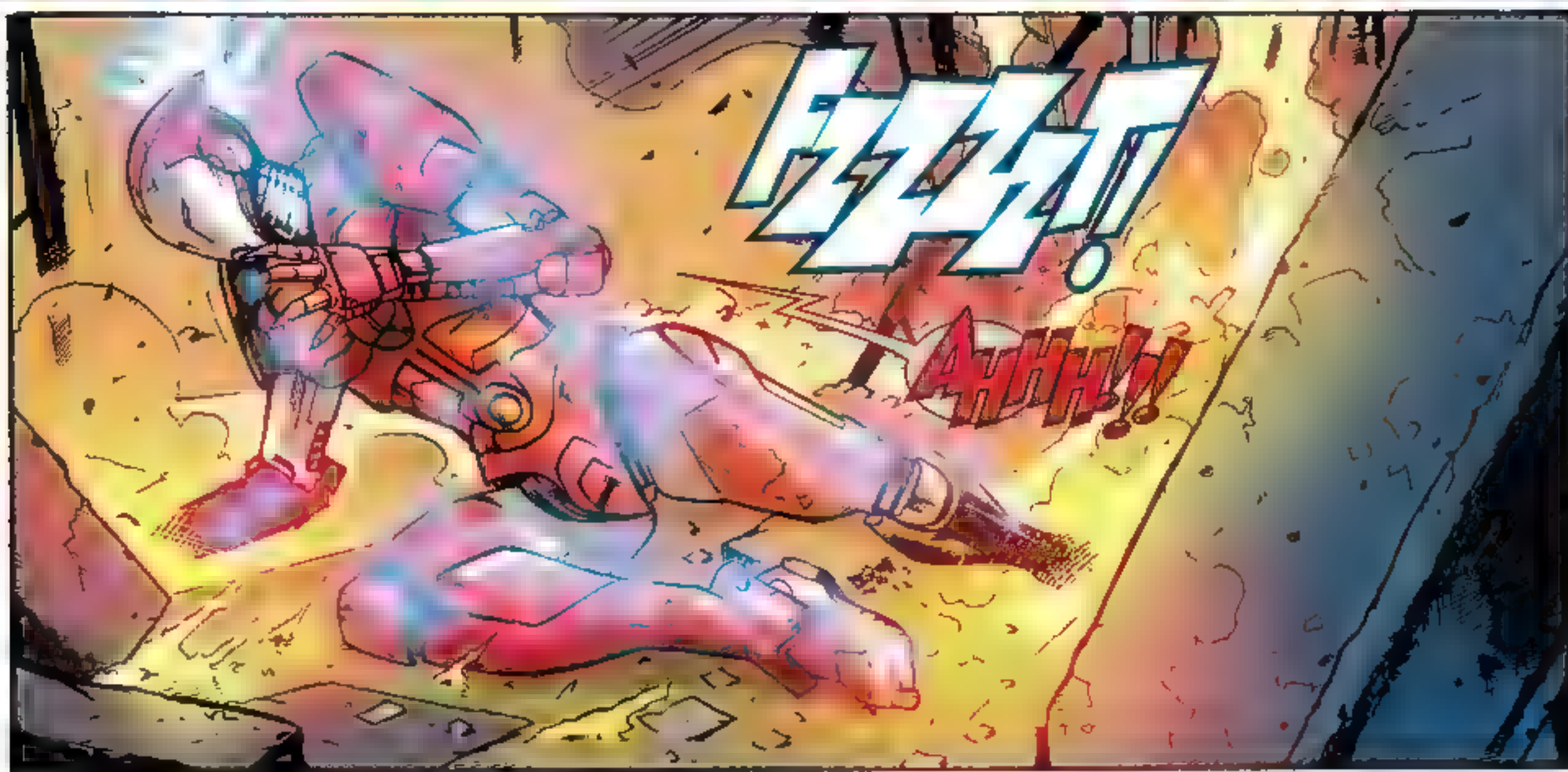
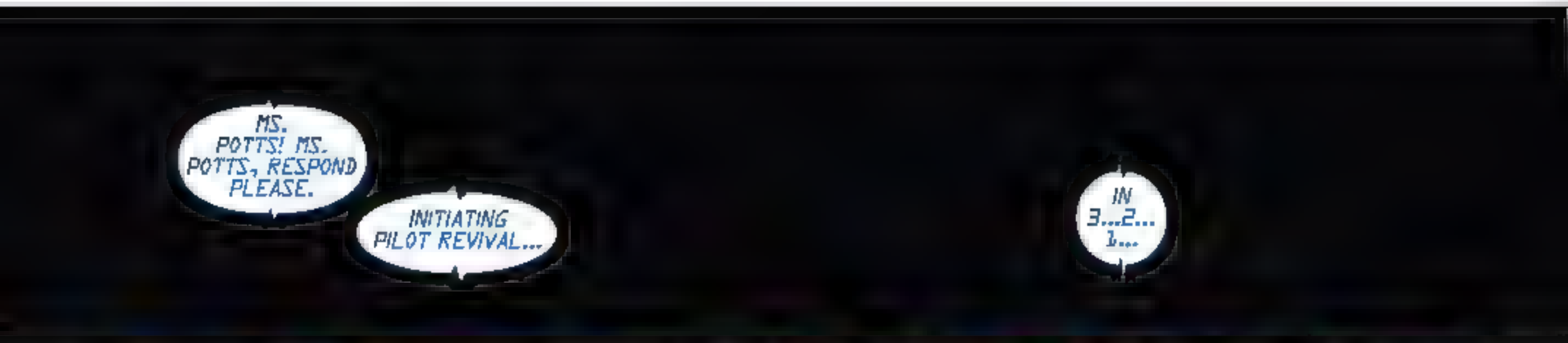
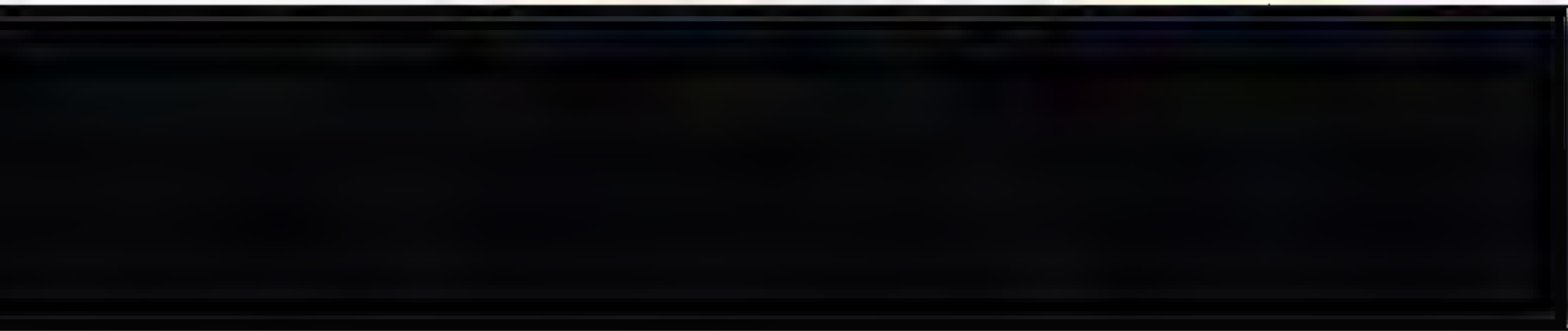
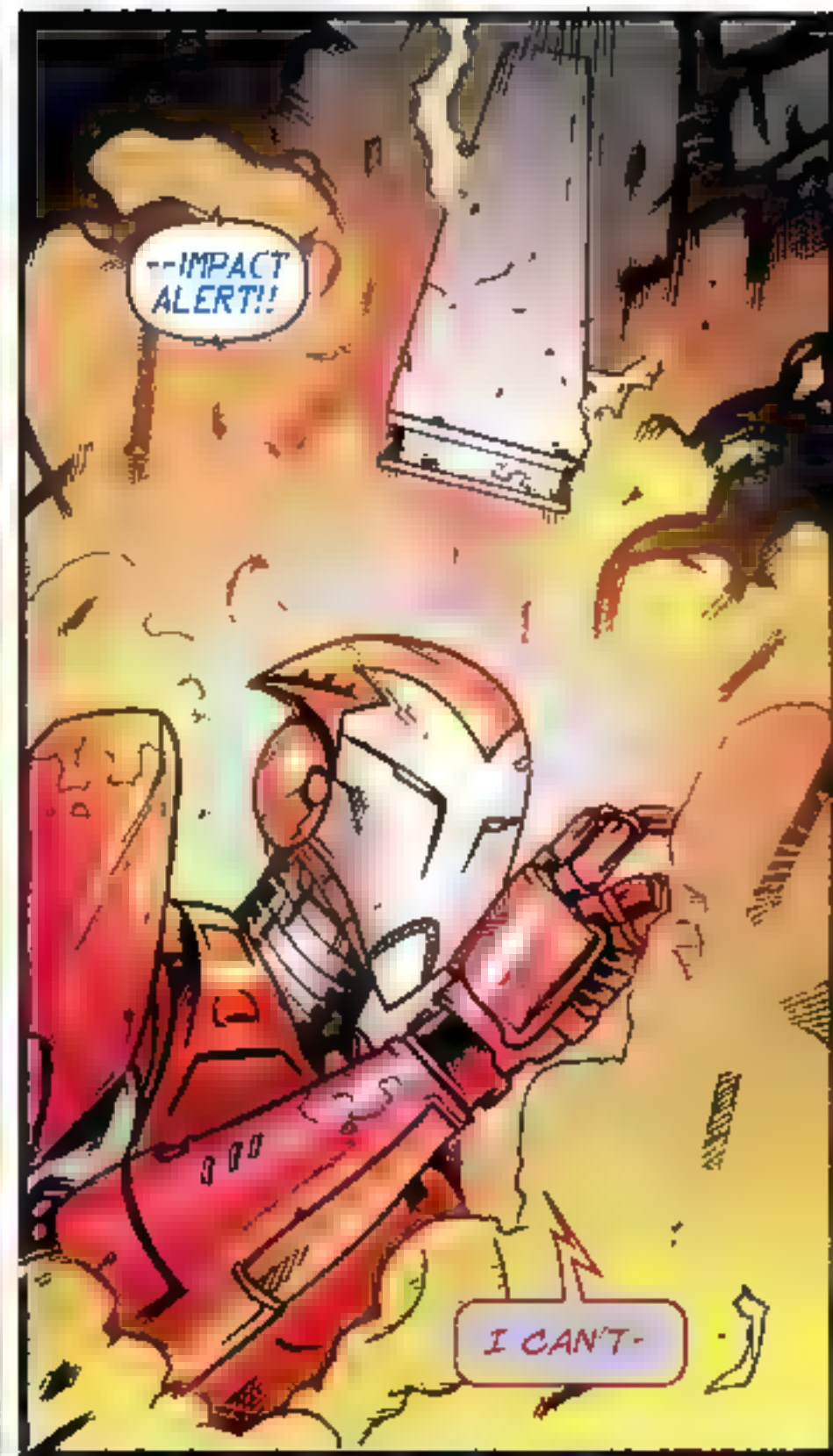


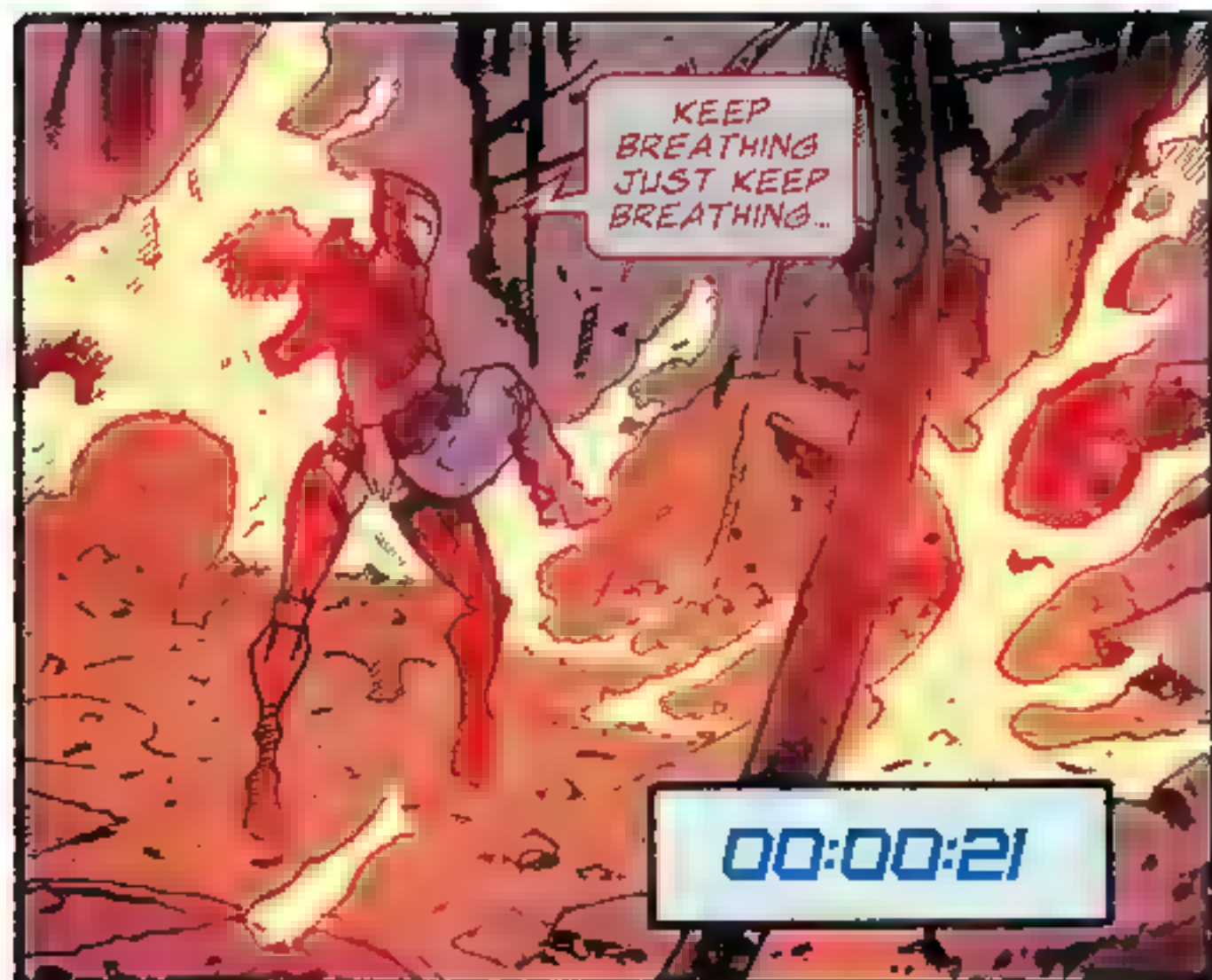
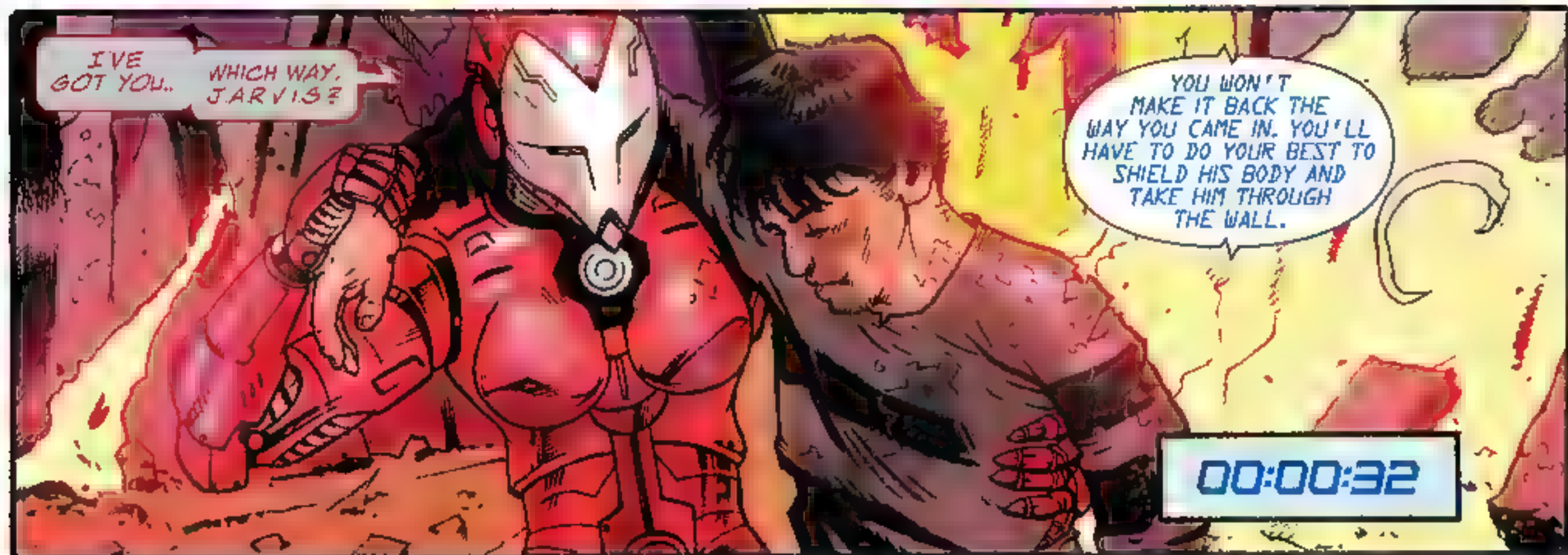
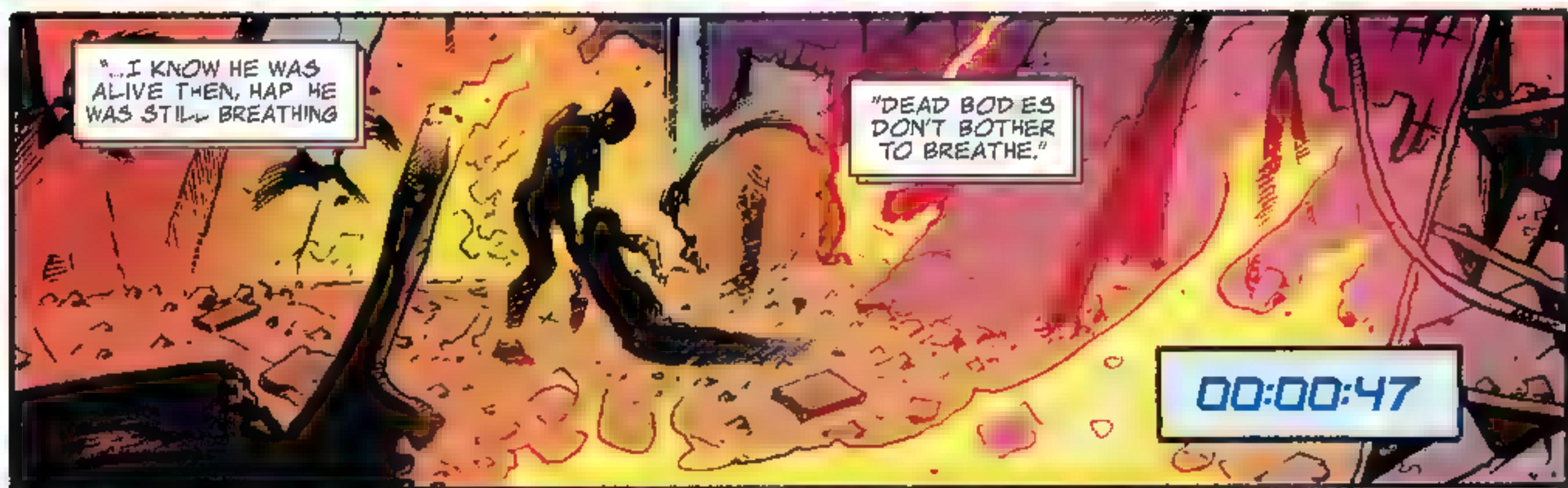
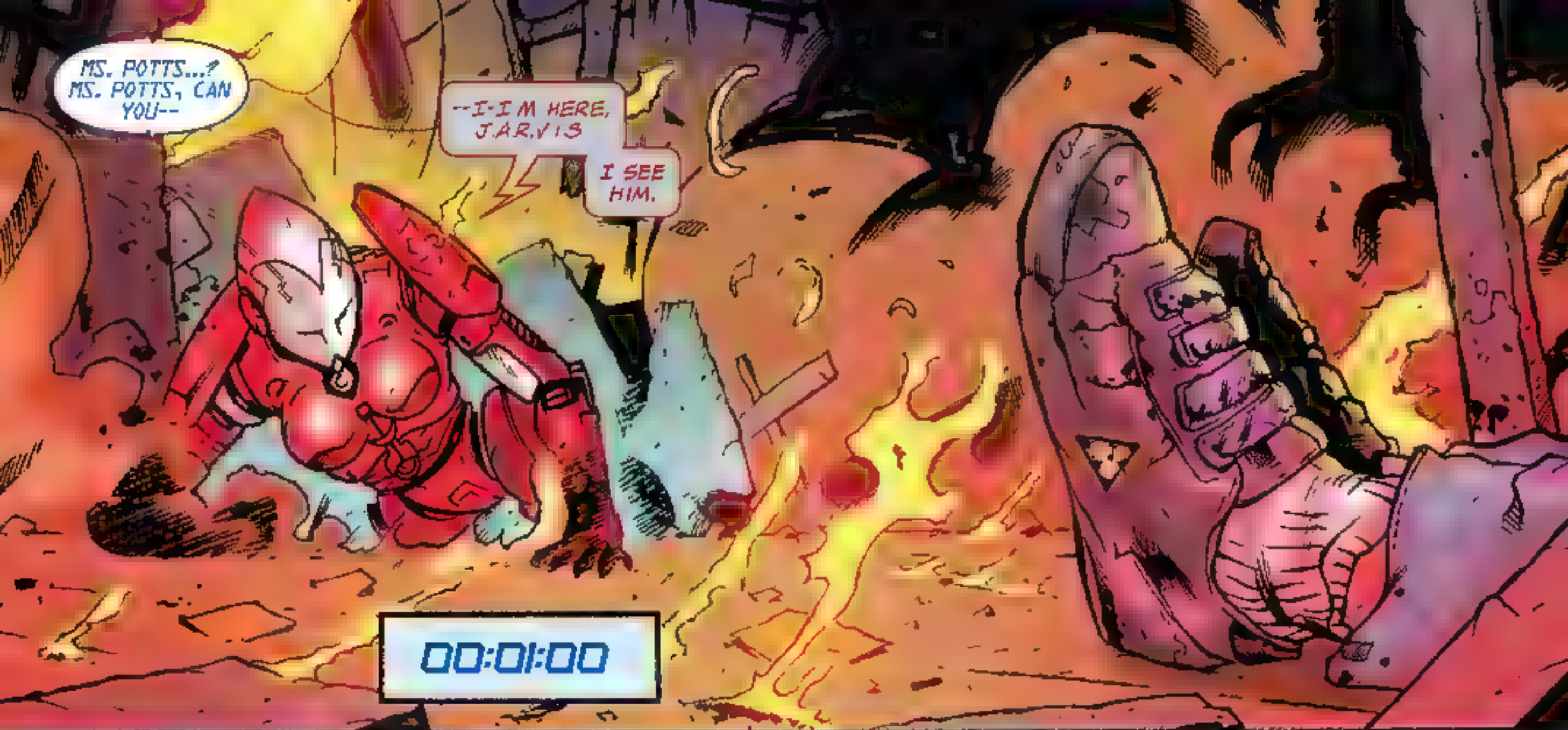


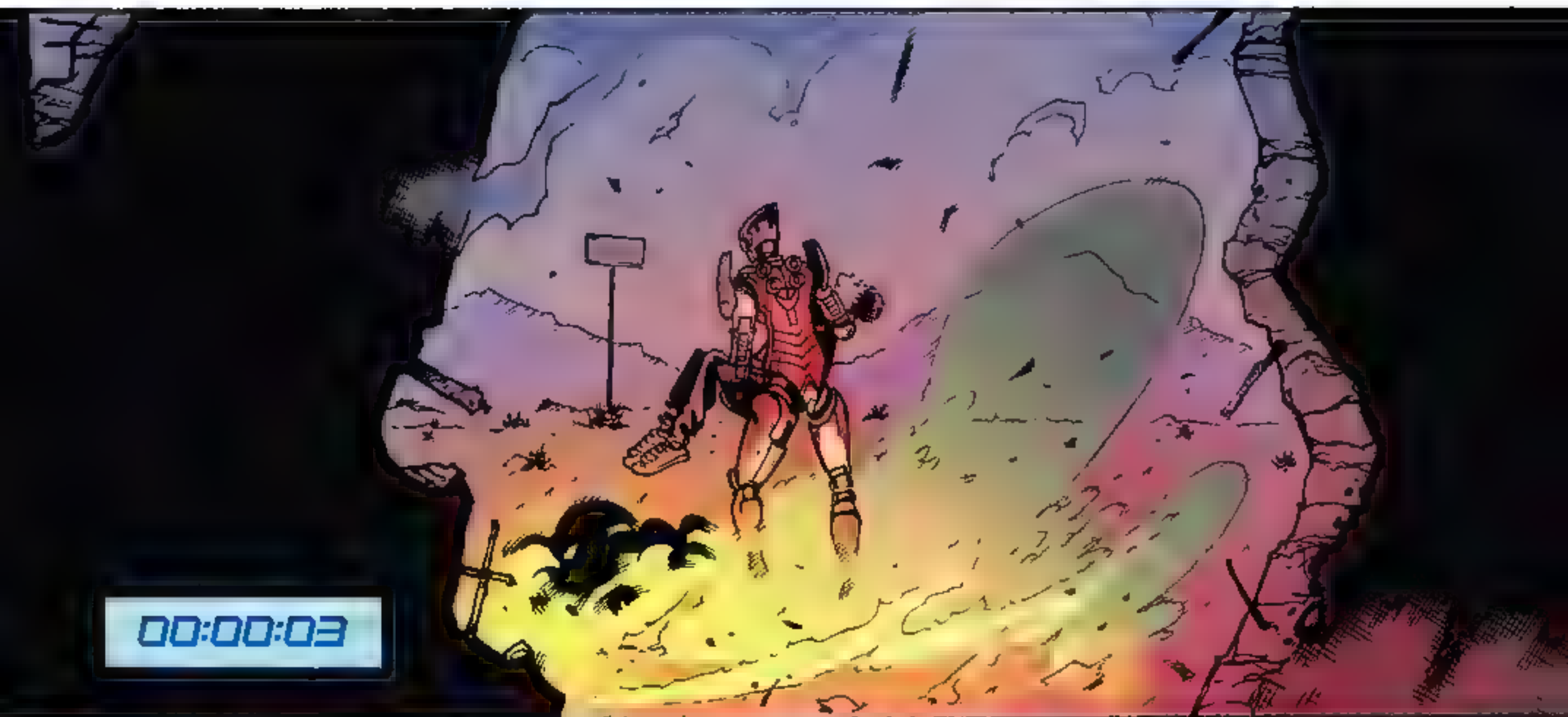




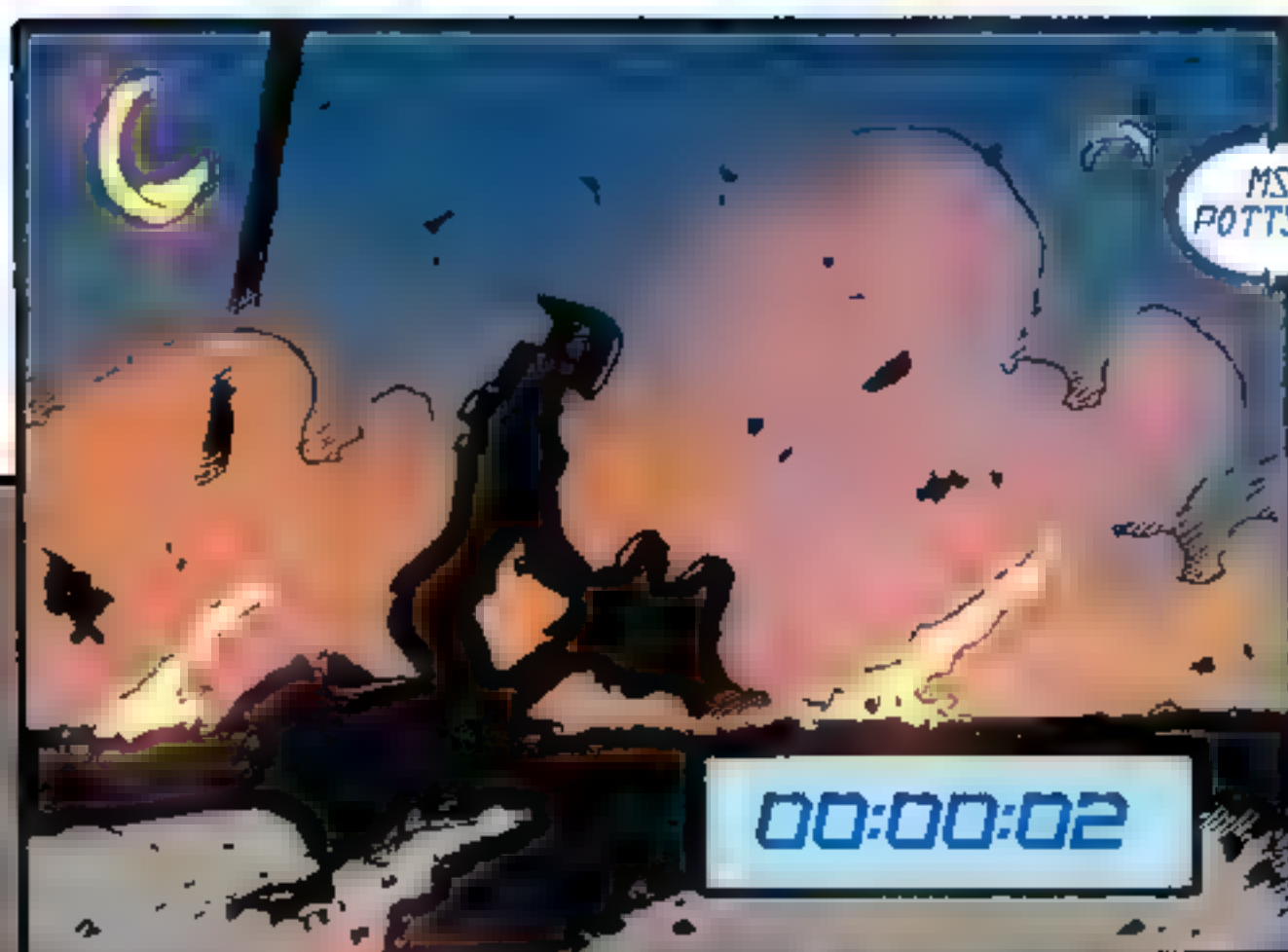






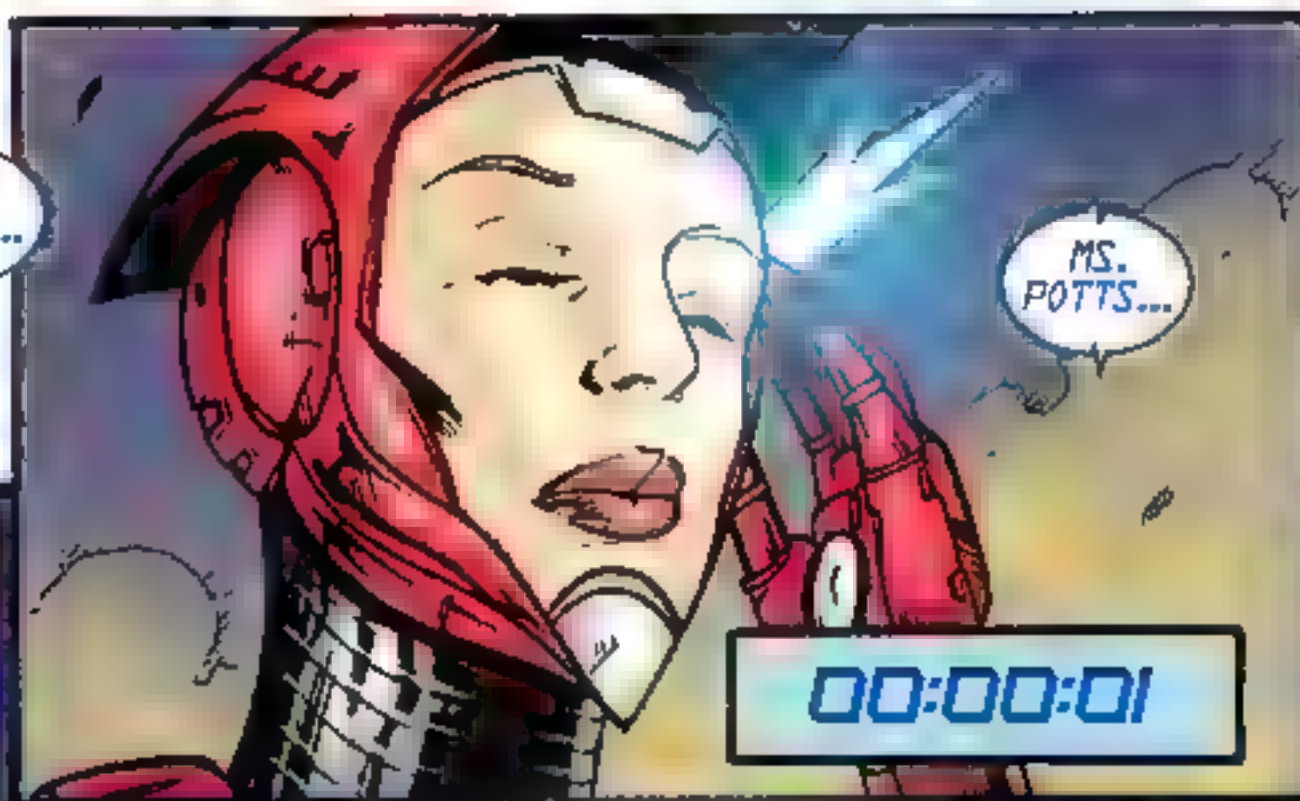


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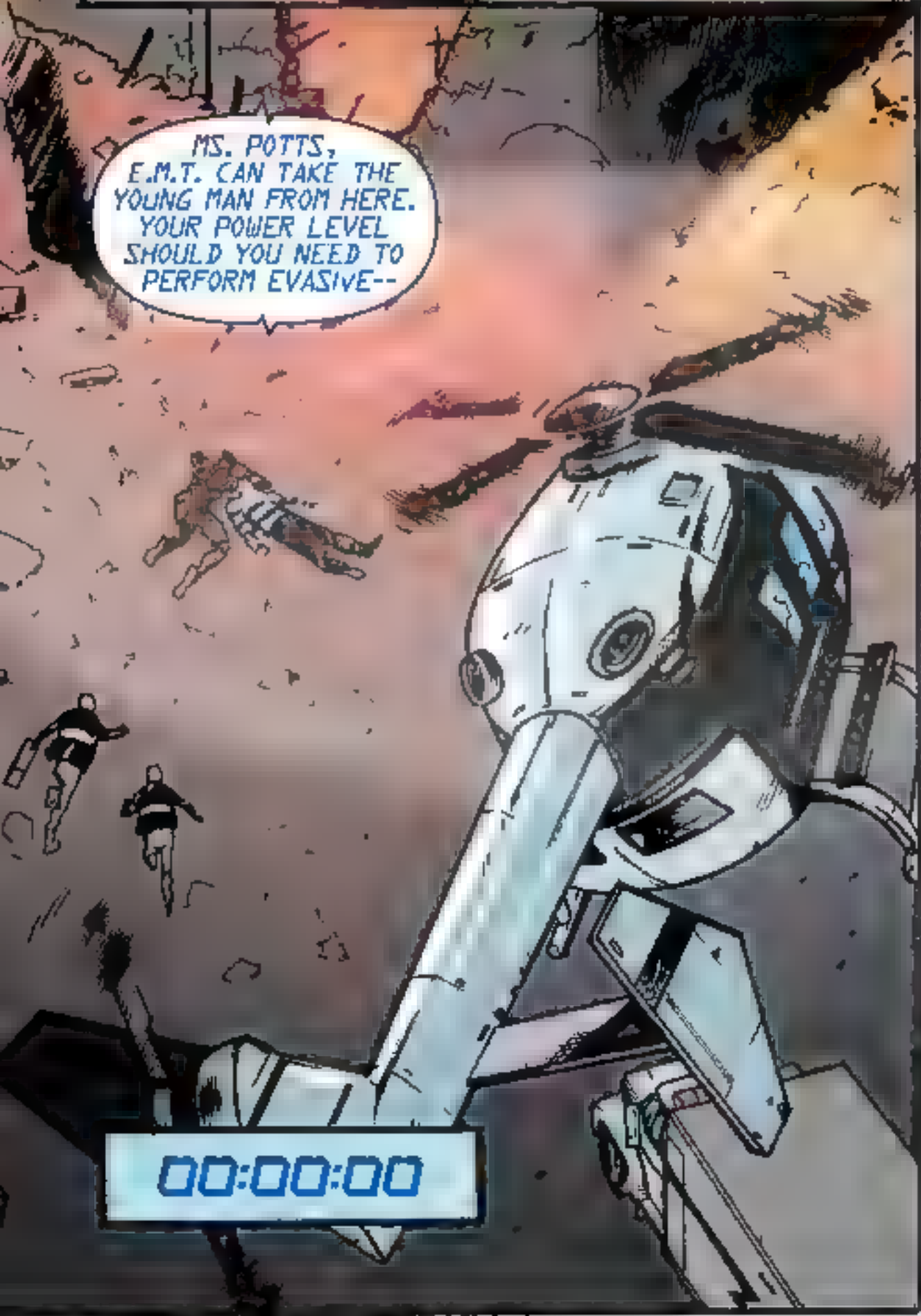
MS. POTTS...

00:00:02



MS. POTTS...

00:00:01



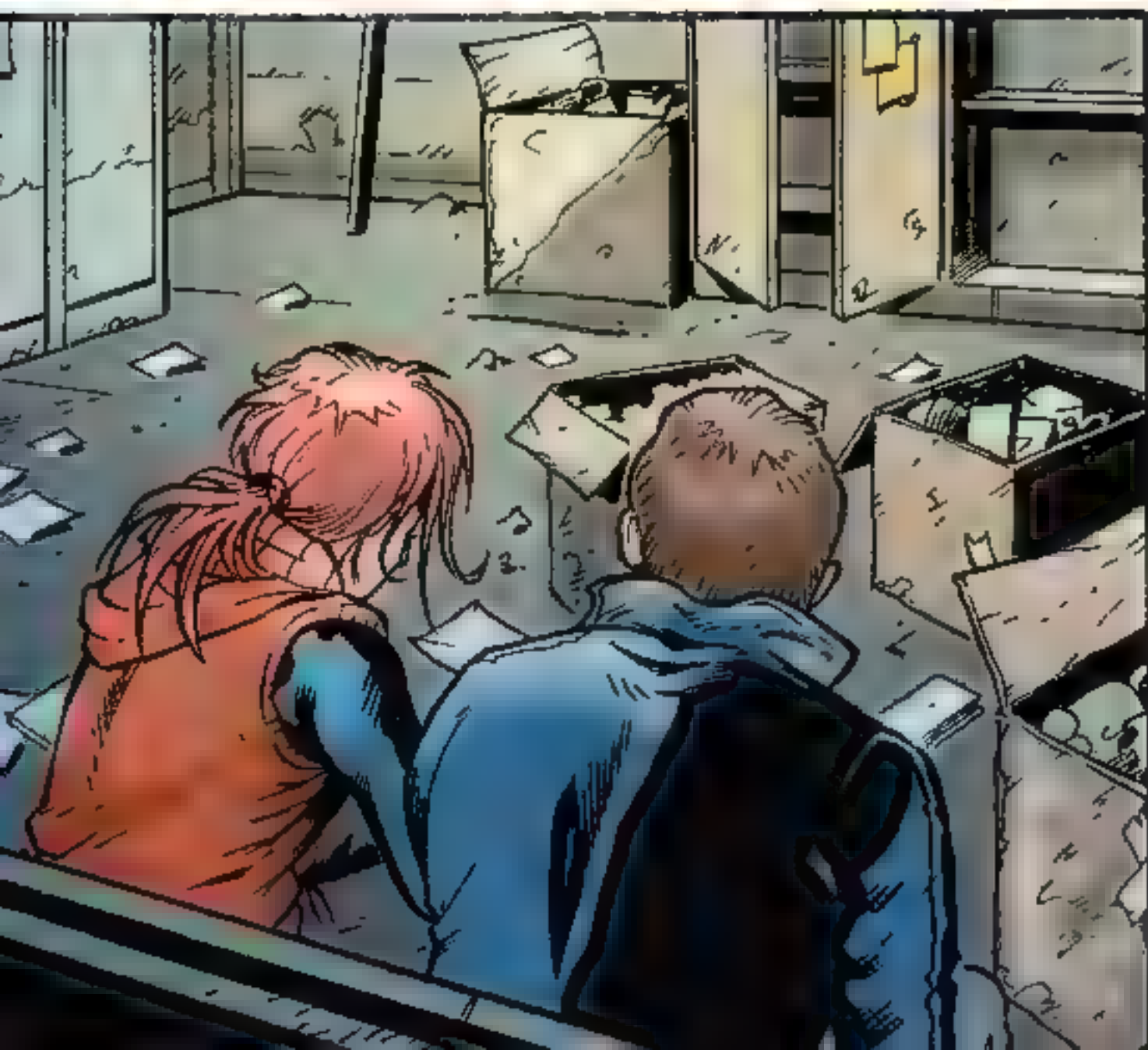
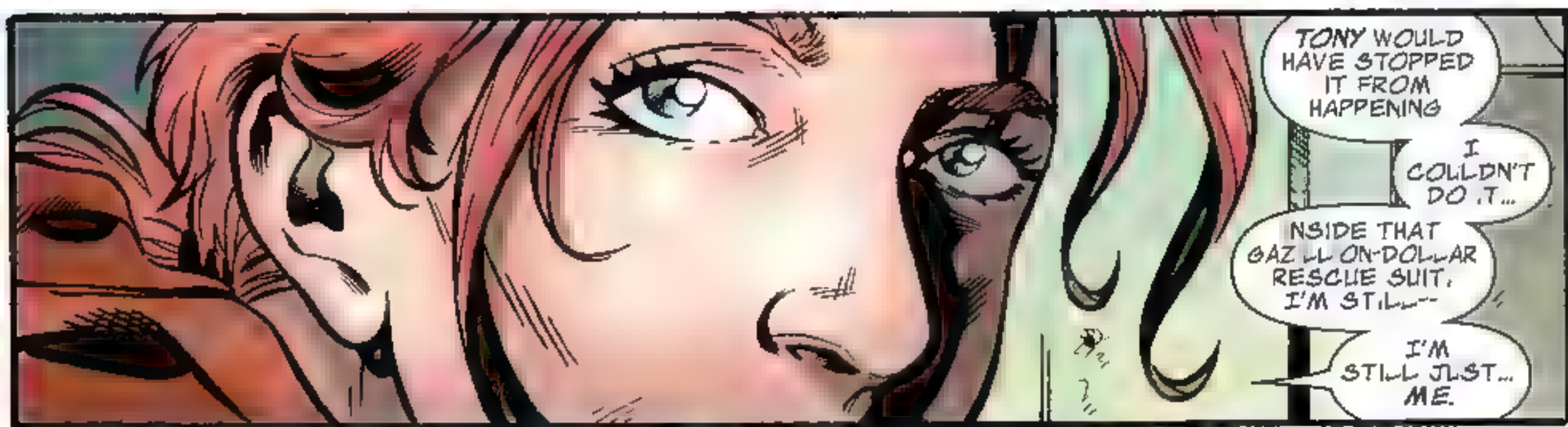
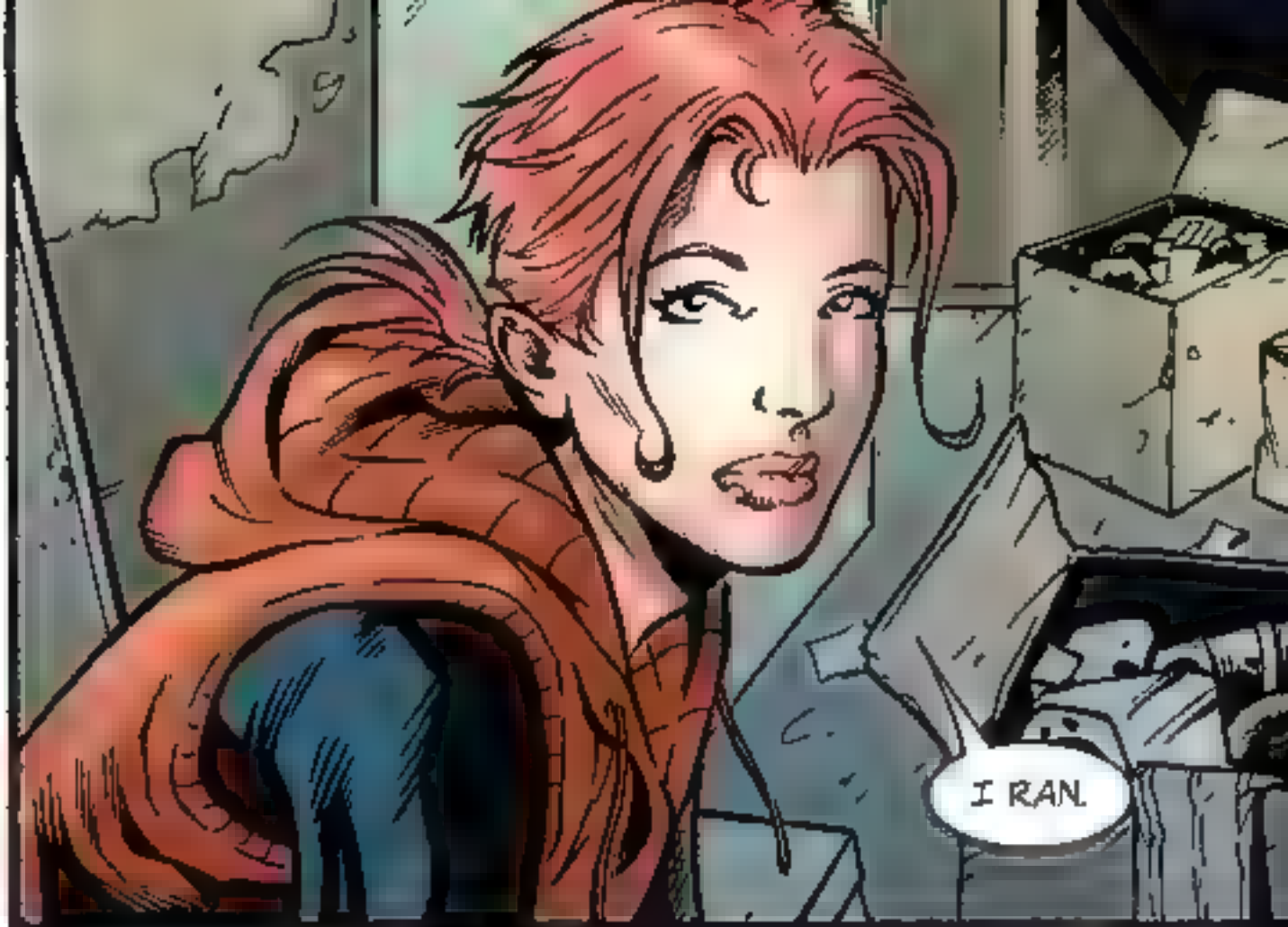
MS. POTTS,
E.M.T. CAN TAKE THE
YOUNG MAN FROM HERE.
YOUR POWER LEVEL
SHOULD YOU NEED TO
PERFORM EVASIVE--

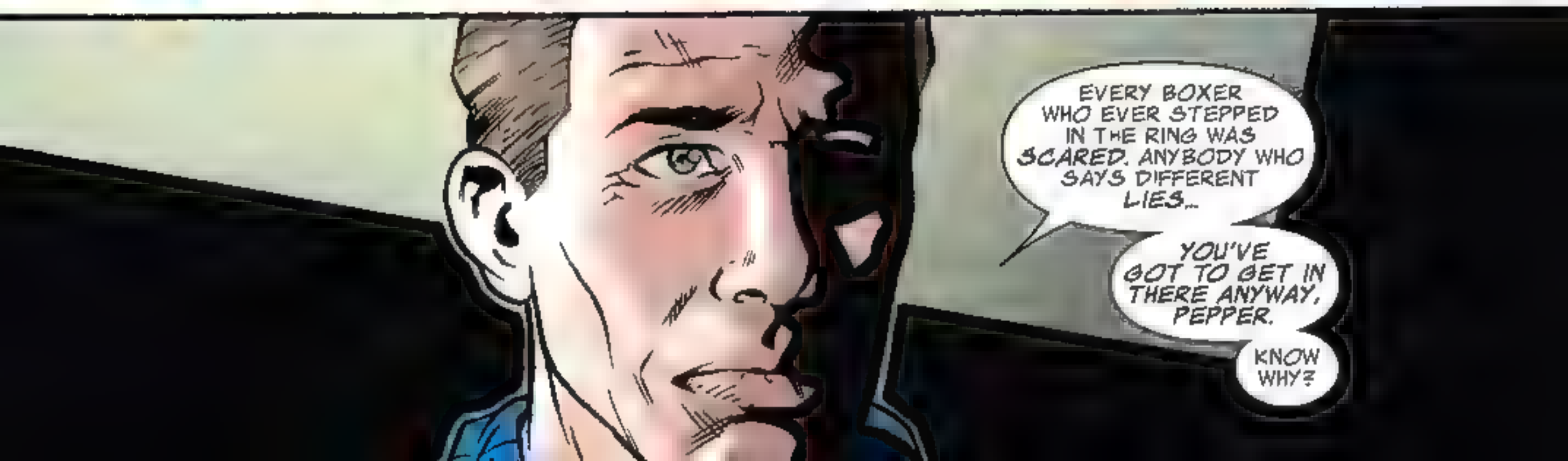
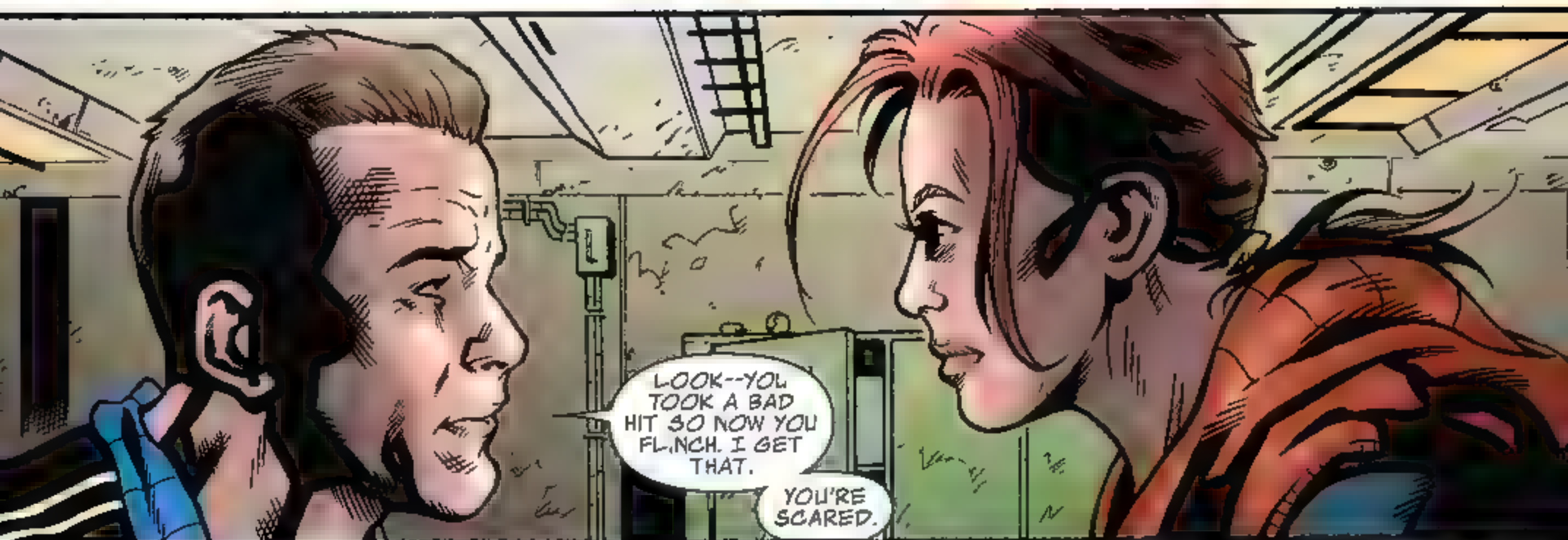
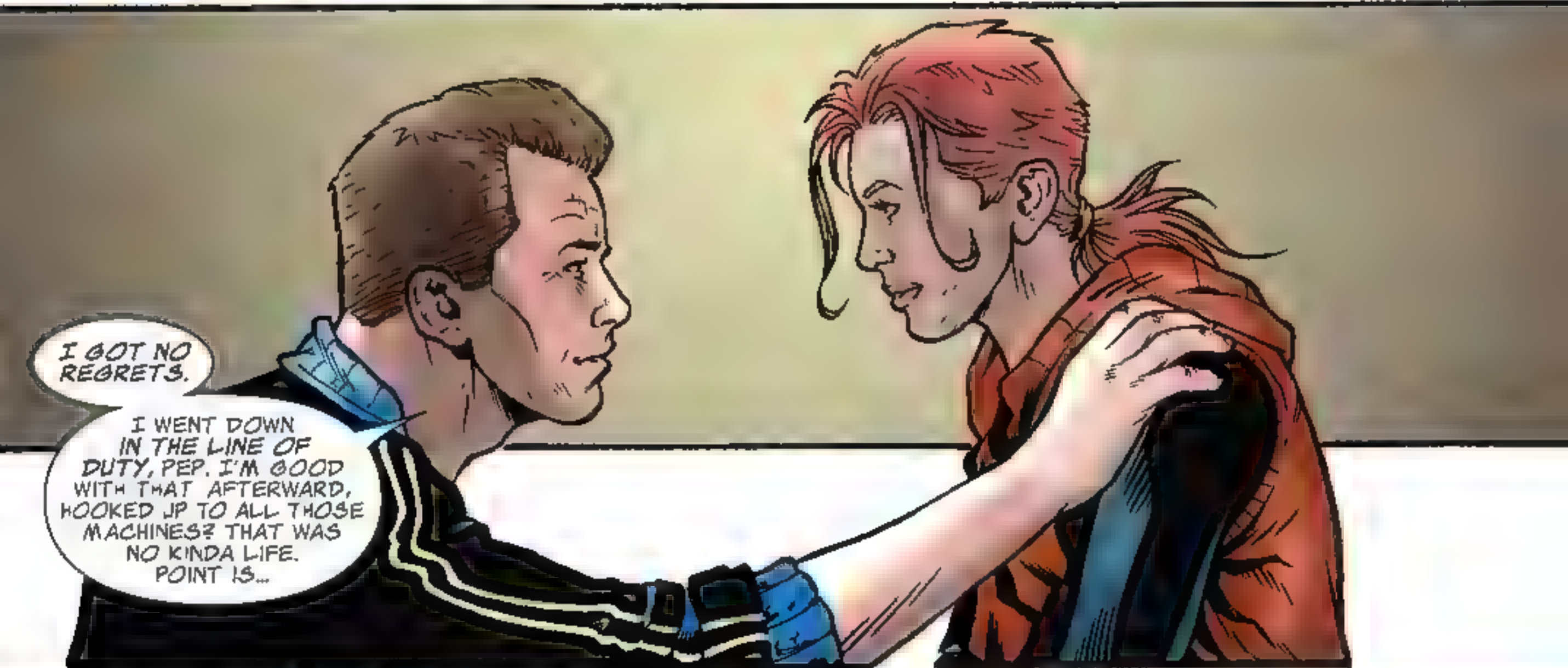
00:00:00



ATTENTION! THIS
IS H.A.M.M.E.R --
YOU ARE ENGAGING
IN ILLEGAL
ACTIVITY!

...OH
DEAR.



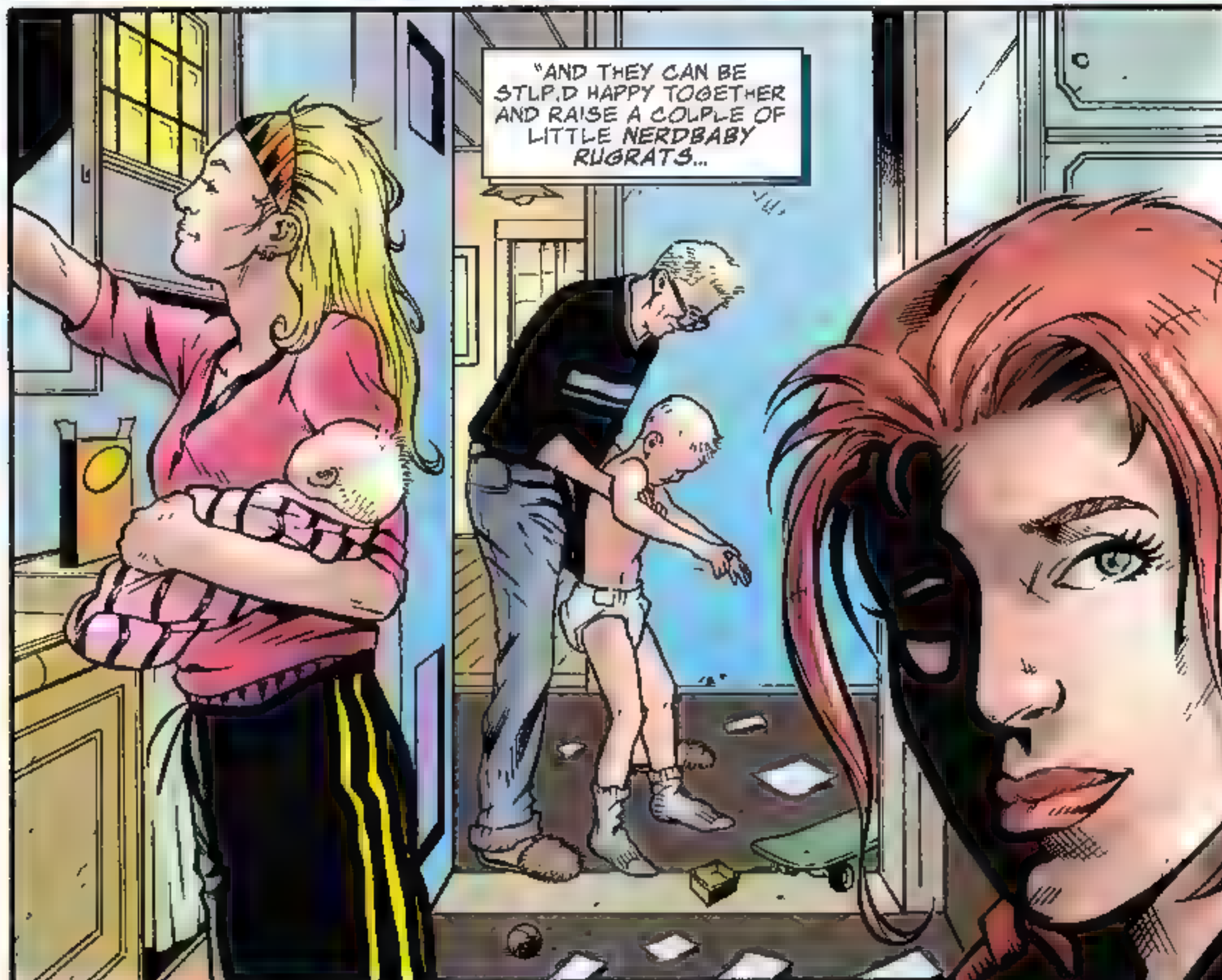




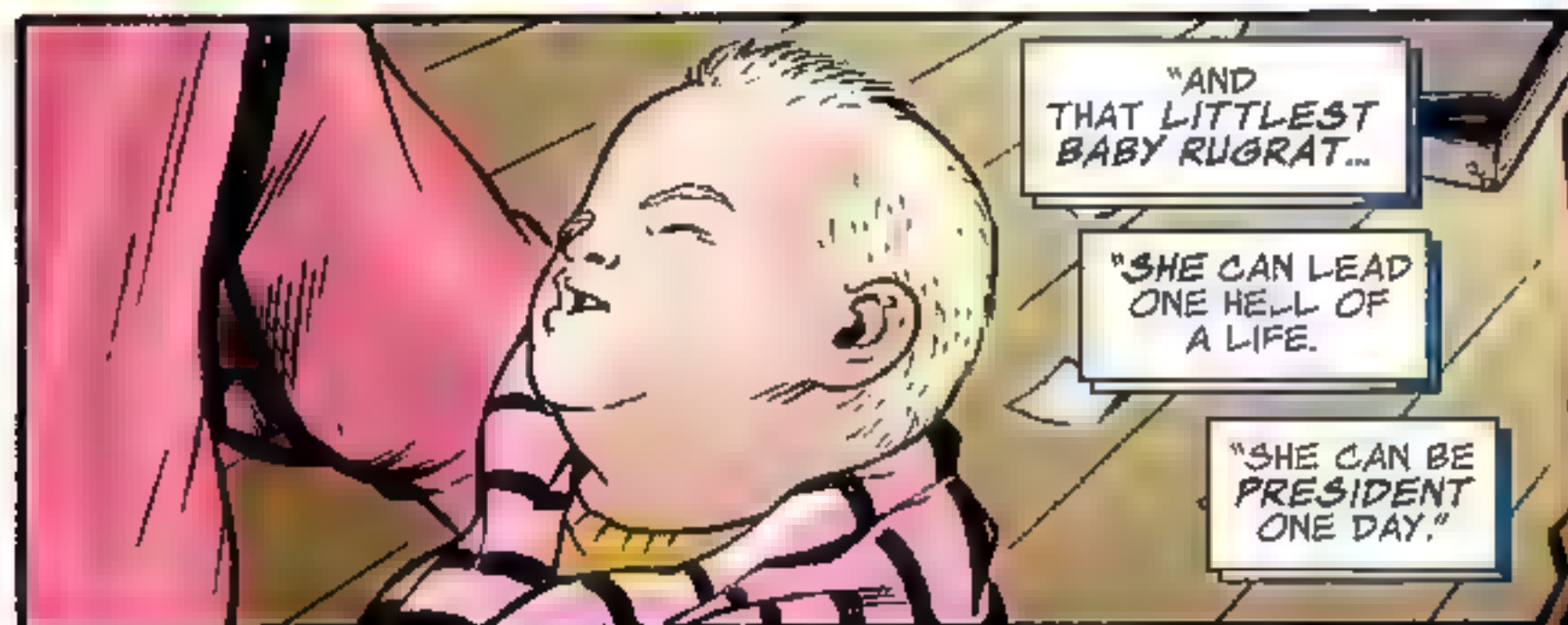
"'CAUSE YOU CAN'T SAVE THE WHOLE WORLD, BUT YOU CAN SAVE ONE IDIOT GIRL WHO'S ONLY GUILTY OF BEIN' A TEENAGER."



"AND THAT GIRL CAN GROW UP TO MARRY THE BIGGEST NERD IN HER CLASS"



"AND THEY CAN BE STUPID HAPPY TOGETHER AND RAISE A COUPLE OF LITTLE NERDBABY RUGRATS..."



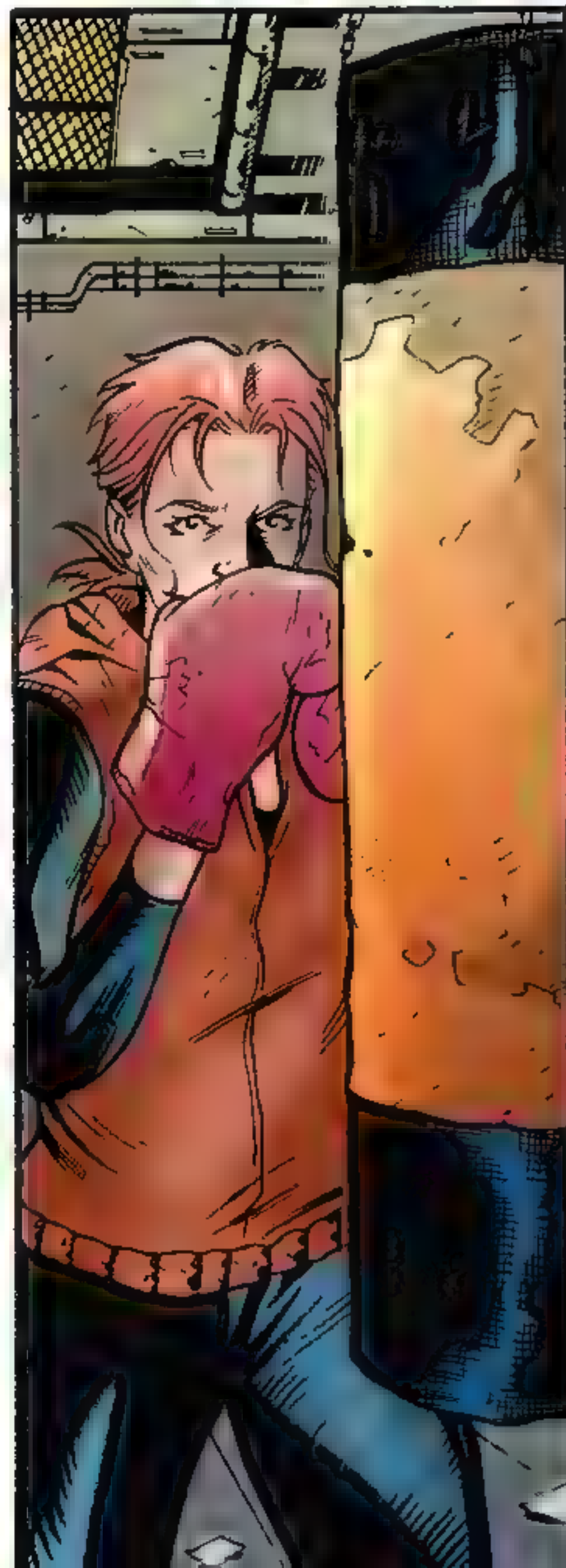
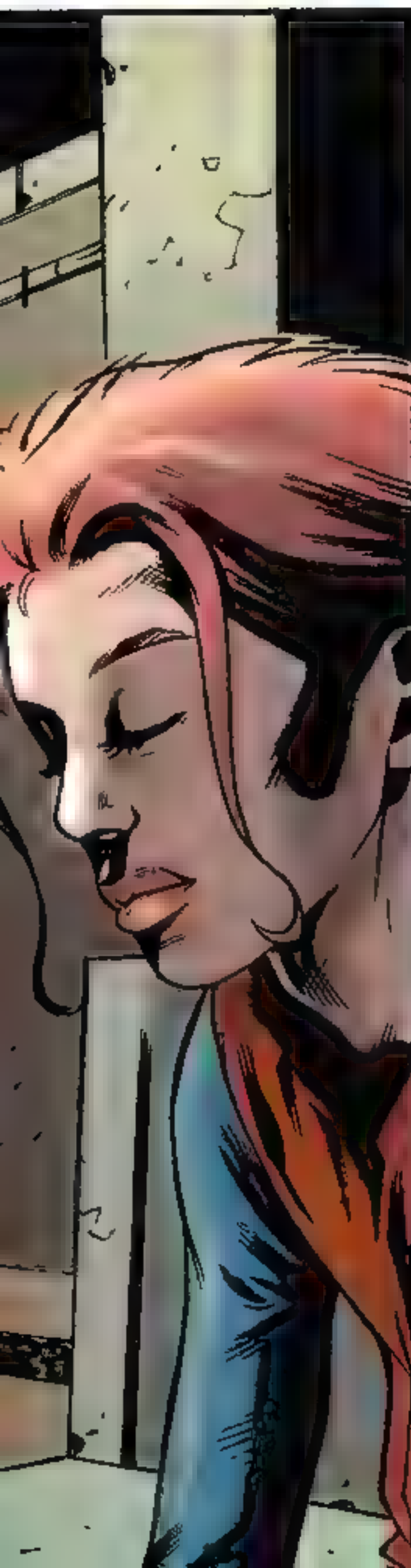
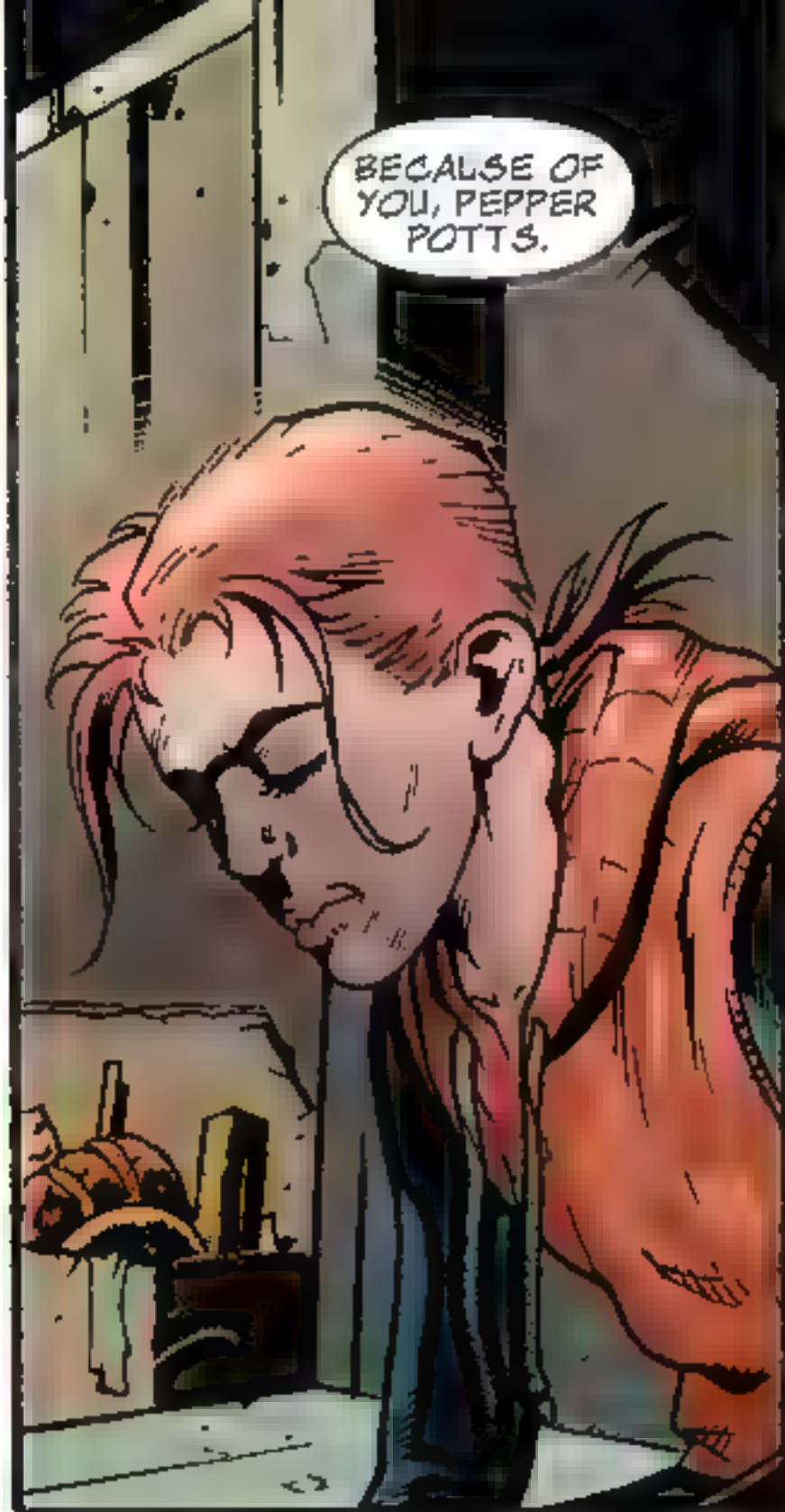
"AND THAT LITTLEST BABY RUGRAT..."

"SHE CAN LEAD ONE HELL OF A LIFE."

"SHE CAN BE PRESIDENT ONE DAY."



REALLY...?



PEPPER POTTS RETURNS IN
THE INVINCIBLE
IRON MAN



ISSUE 26 ON SALE NOW!

WOMEN
of
MARVEL
ONE-SHOT
1

DEGRADASHA **X** **AFTERMATH**

DAZZLER TM.

MCCANN
ANDRASOFSZKY
PEREZ
CIREGIA

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DAZZLER™

read on **DAZZLER**

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Ralph Macchio, C.B. Cebulski,

Editor: **DAZZLER**





TRENDY L.A. HOT SPOT
TODAY.

WHAT
A JOKE

WASTE OF MY
TIME. AGAIN.

COME TO L.A. FOR
TWO REASONS. AND
STRIKE OUT ON BOTH.

FIRST A LABEL REP
OFFERING TO TAKE A
MEETING, JUST TO TELL
ME PAZZLER'S "TOXIC."

HOW CAN
YOU BE "TOO
MUTANT-Y"?

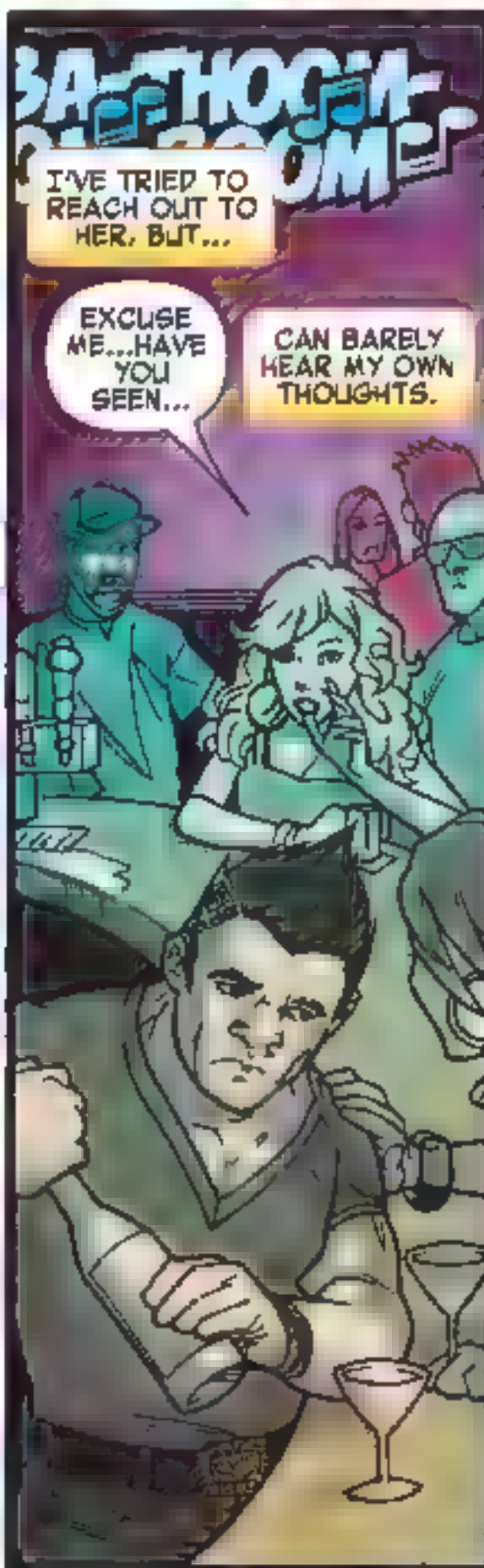
THUM-BOOM-BOOM THUM-BOOM-BOOM THUM-BOOM-BOOM



WHATEVER. I HAVE
OTHER THINGS TO
WORRY ABOUT.

SOMETHING
MORE...
PERSONAL.

LOIS.



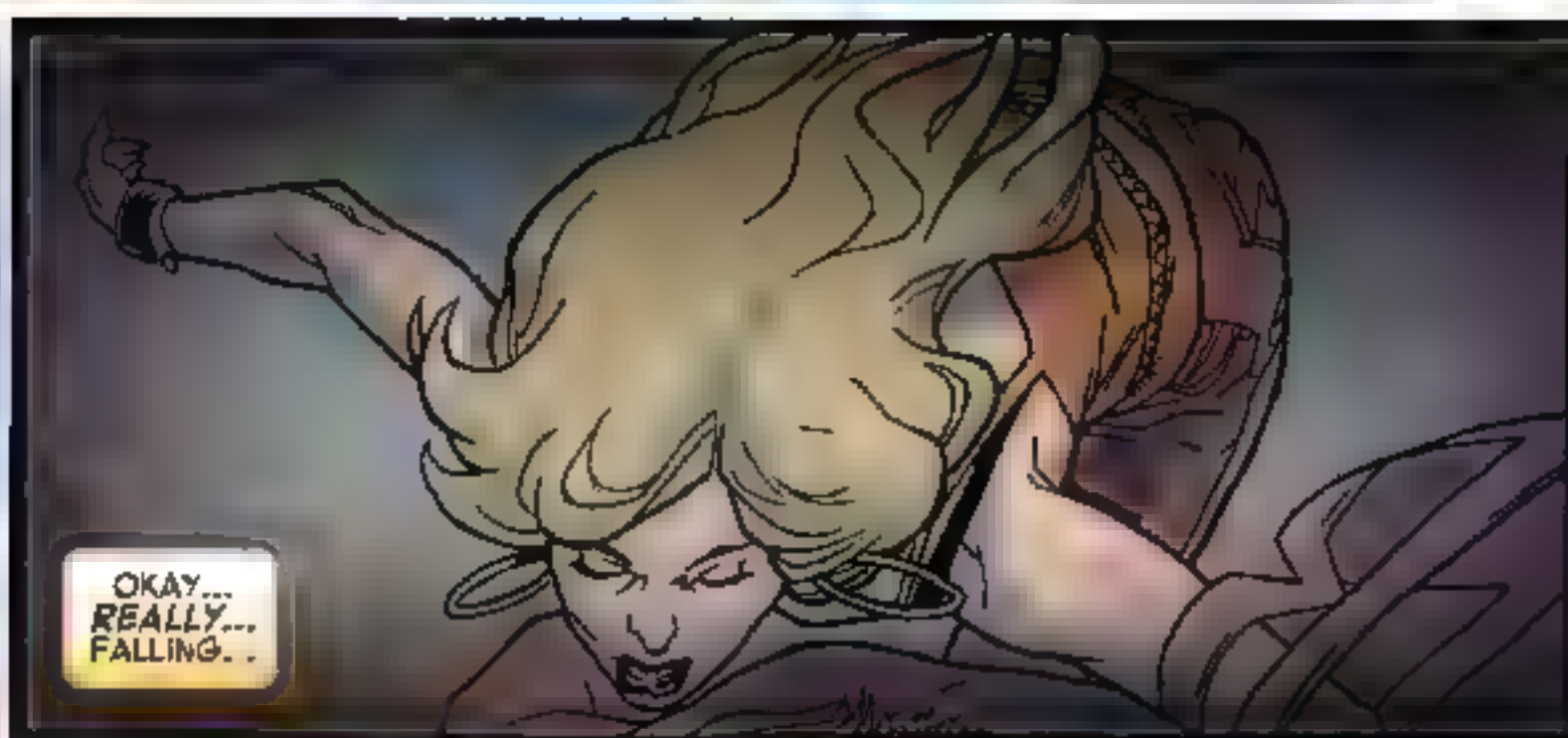
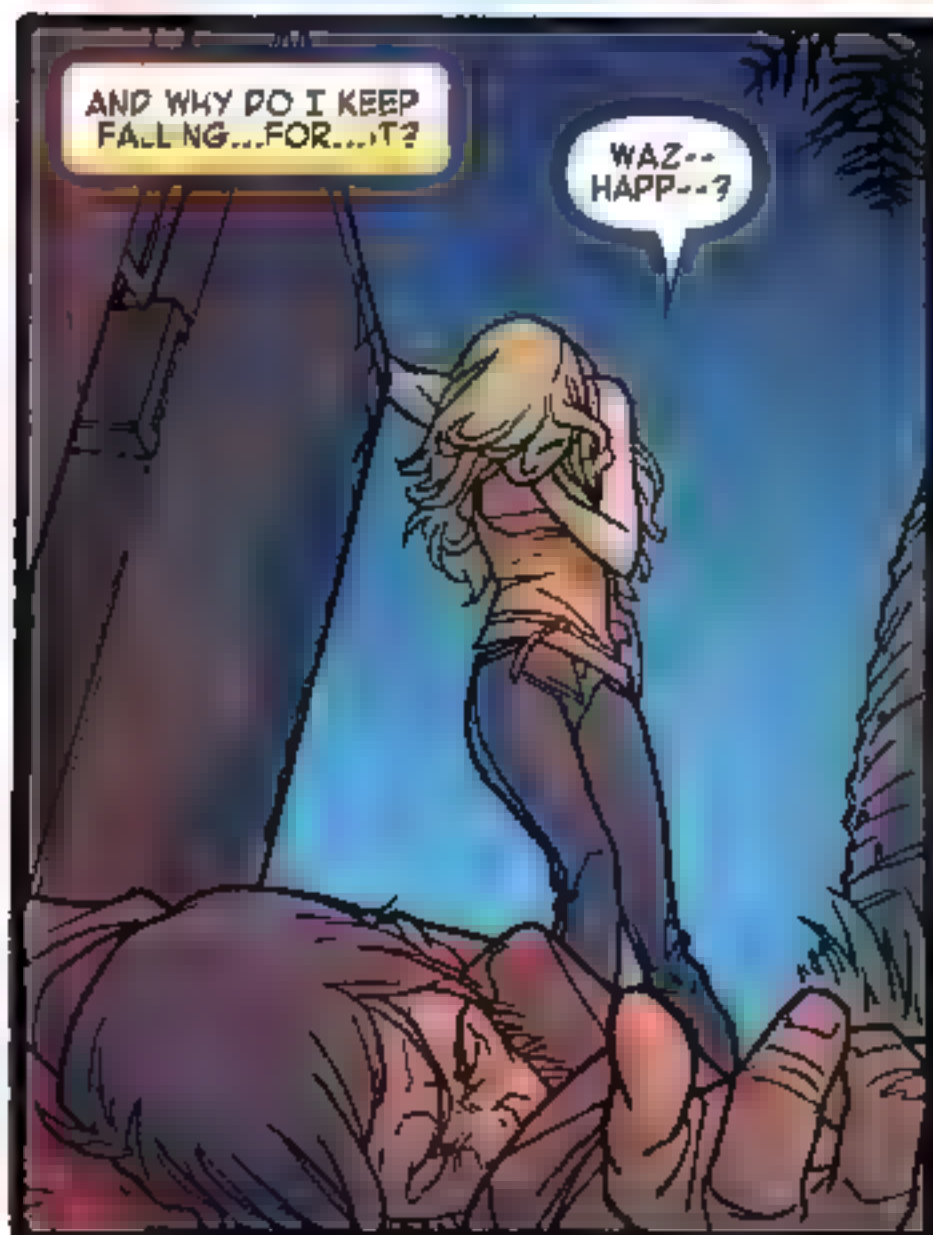
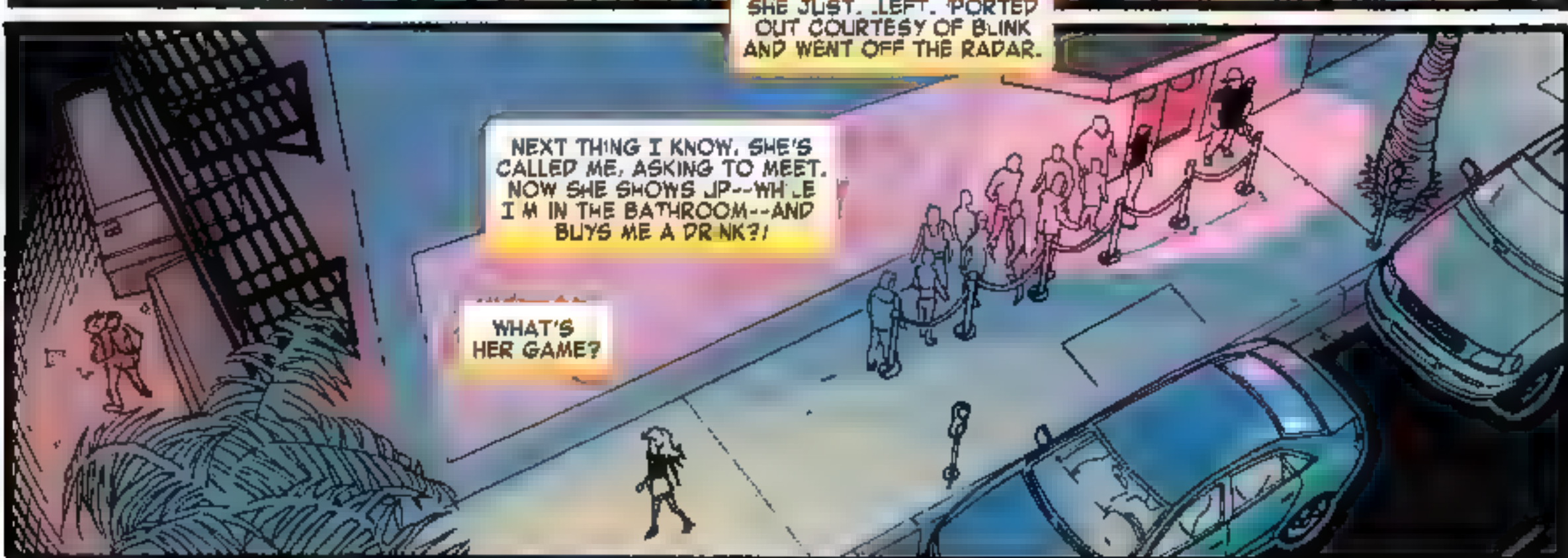
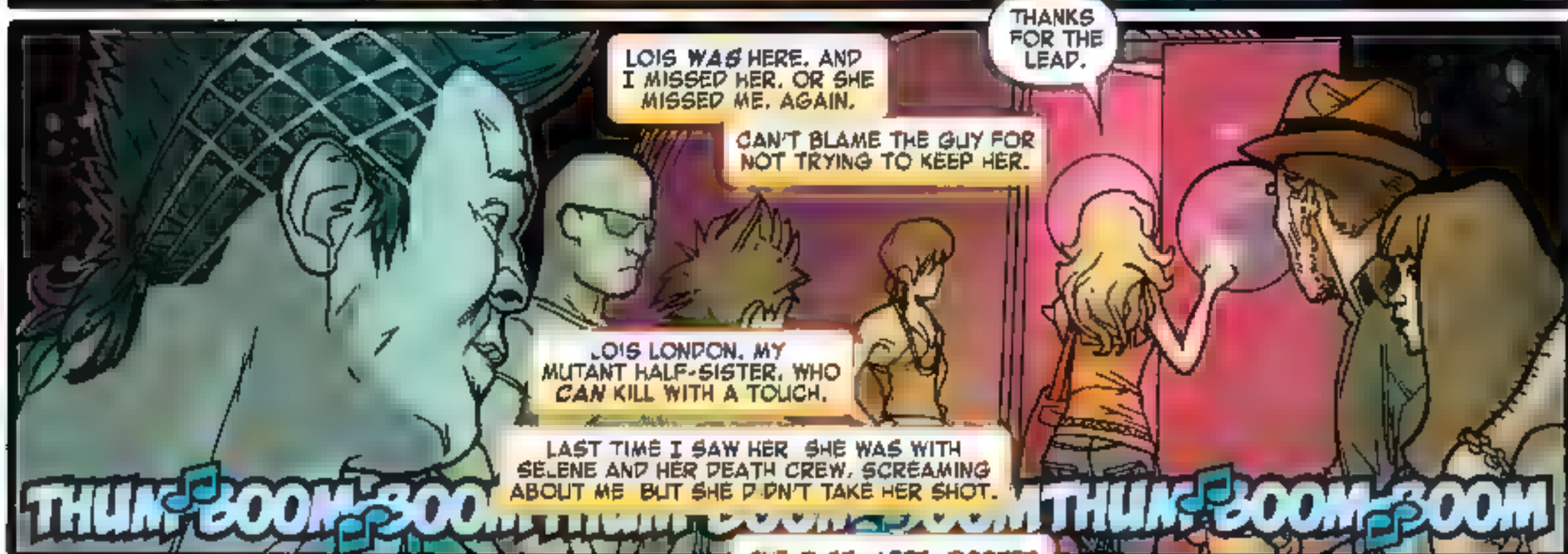
I'VE TRIED TO
REACH OUT TO
HER, BUT...

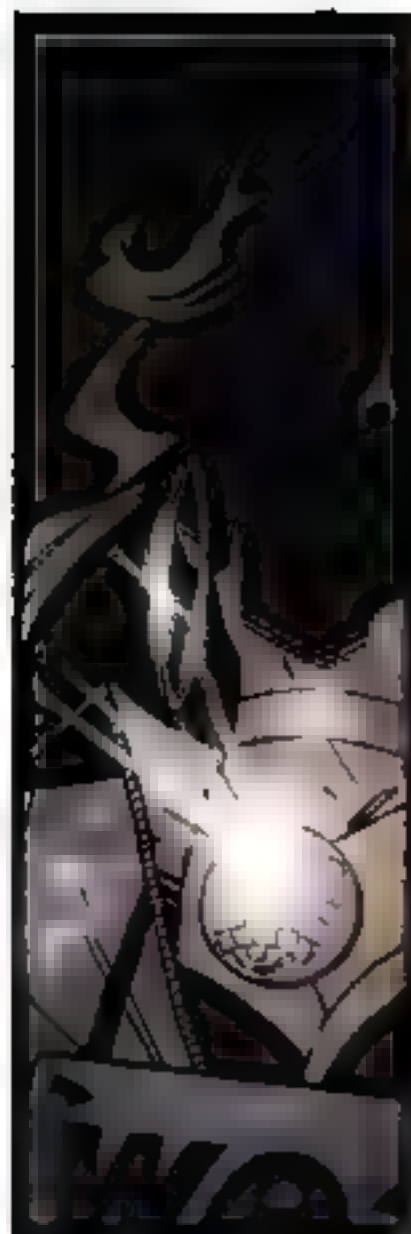
EXCUSE
ME...HAVE
YOU
SEEN...

CAN BARELY
HEAR MY OWN
THOUGHTS.



HEY!





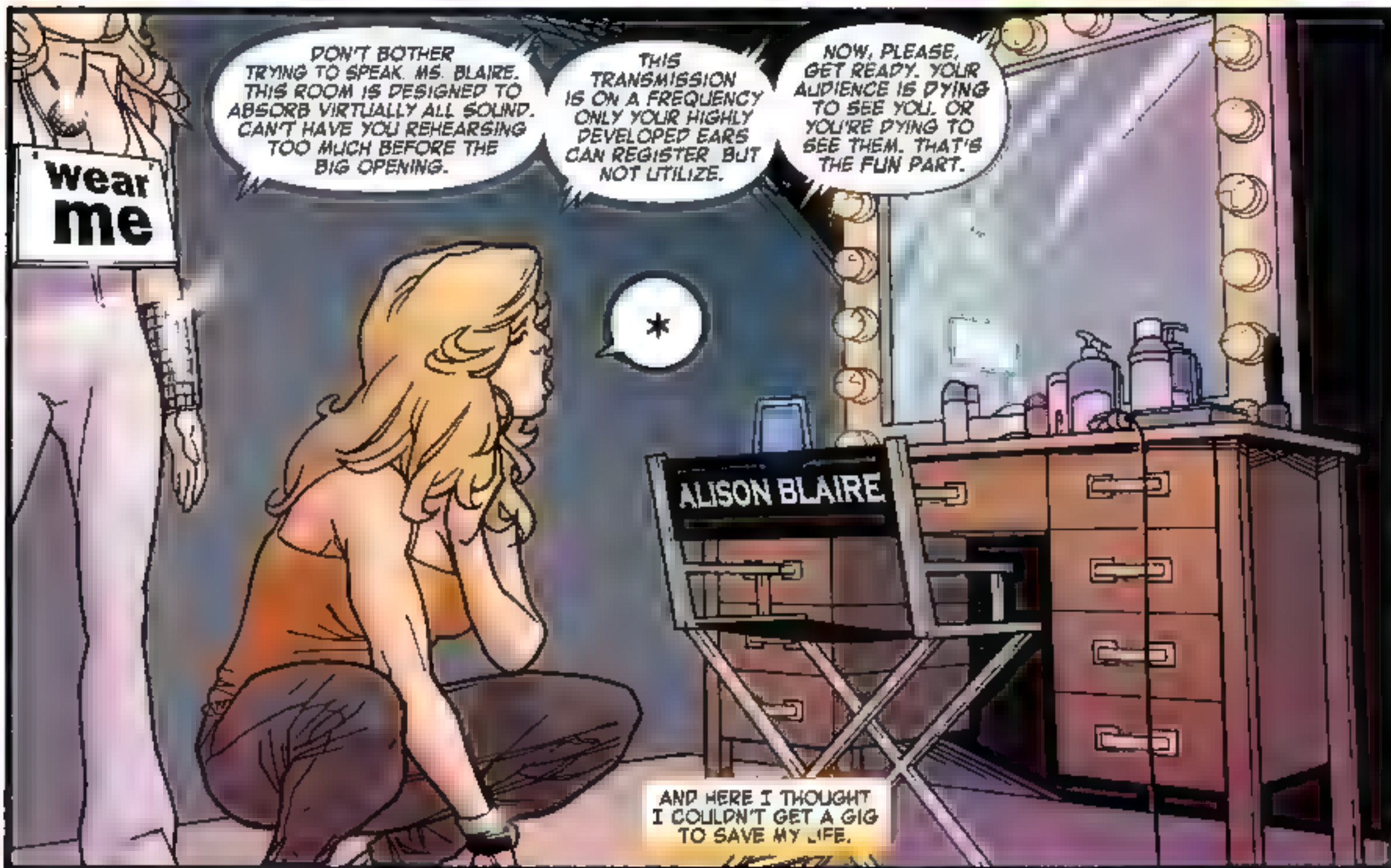
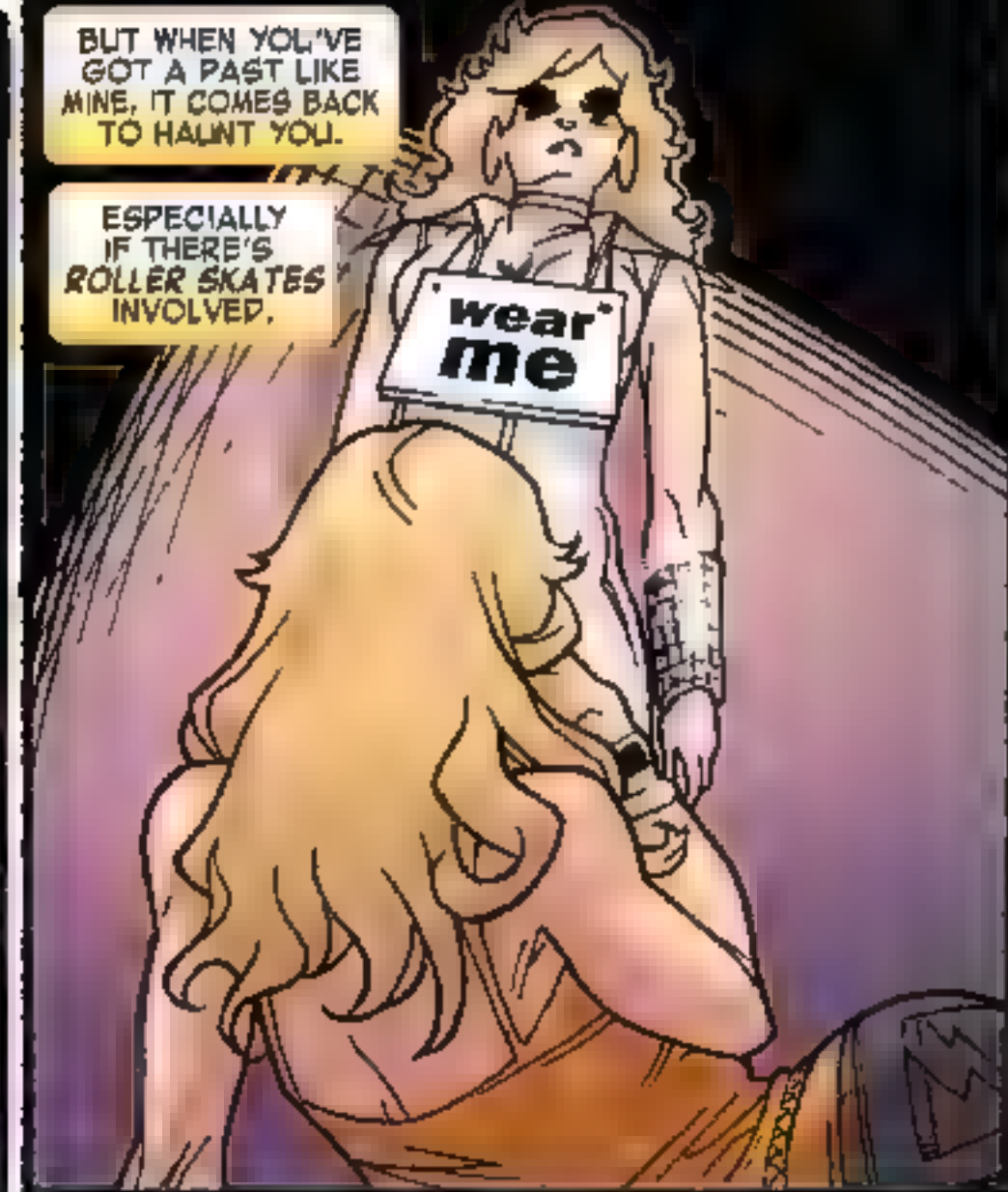
I WISH I COULD SAY THIS IS THE FIRST TIME SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAS HAPPENED TO ME BEFORE...



NNNNNG...

BUT WHEN YOU'VE GOT A PAST LIKE MINE, IT COMES BACK TO HAUNT YOU.

ESPECIALLY IF THERE'S ROLLER SKATES INVOLVED.

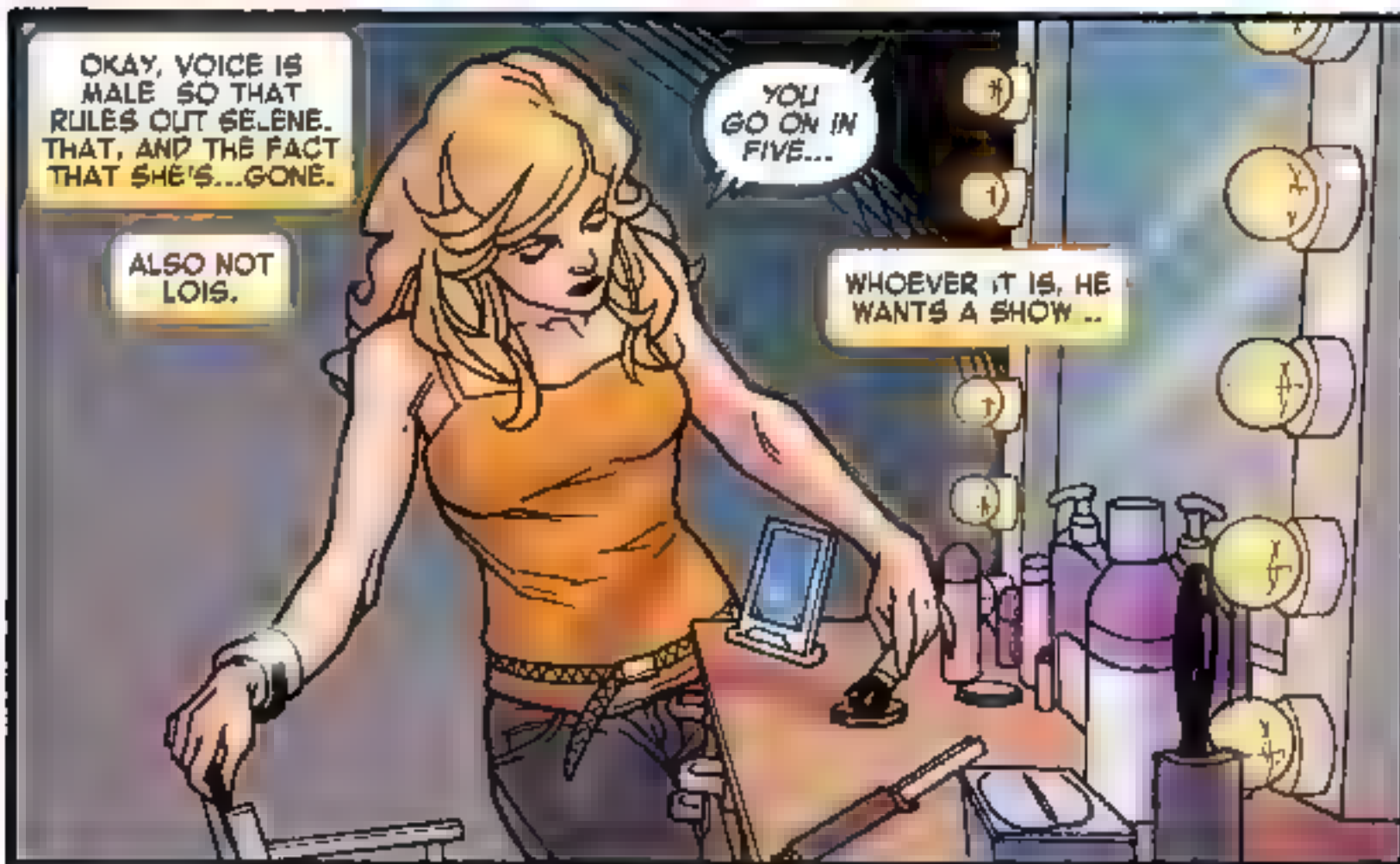


DON'T BOTHER TRYING TO SPEAK, MS. BLAIRE. THIS ROOM IS DESIGNED TO ABSORB VIRTUALLY ALL SOUND. CAN'T HAVE YOU REHEARSING TOO MUCH BEFORE THE BIG OPENING.

THIS TRANSMISSION IS ON A FREQUENCY ONLY YOUR HIGHLY DEVELOPED EARS CAN REGISTER BUT NOT UTILIZE.

NOW, PLEASE, GET READY. YOUR AUDIENCE IS DYING TO SEE YOU. OR YOU'RE DYING TO SEE THEM. THAT'S THE FUN PART.

AND HERE I THOUGHT I COULDN'T GET A GIG TO SAVE MY LIFE.

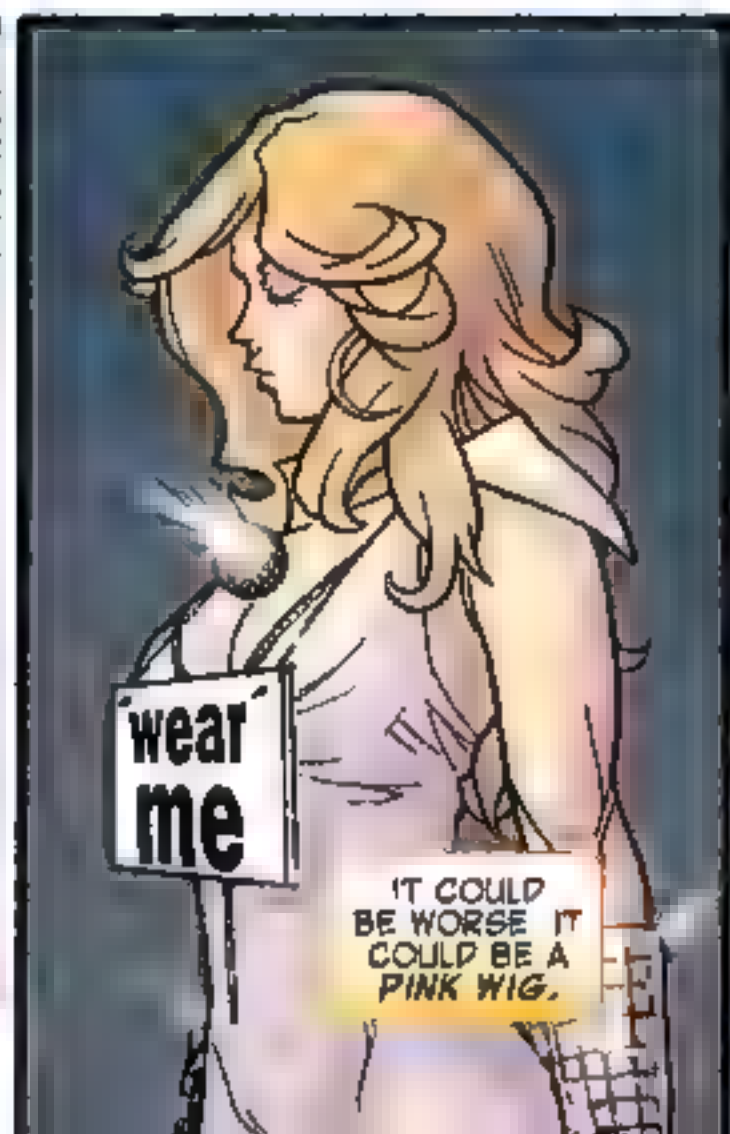


OKAY, VOICE IS MALE SO THAT RULES OUT SELENE. THAT, AND THE FACT THAT SHE'S...GONE.

ALSO NOT LOIS.

YOU GO ON IN FIVE...

WHOEVER IT IS, HE WANTS A SHOW...

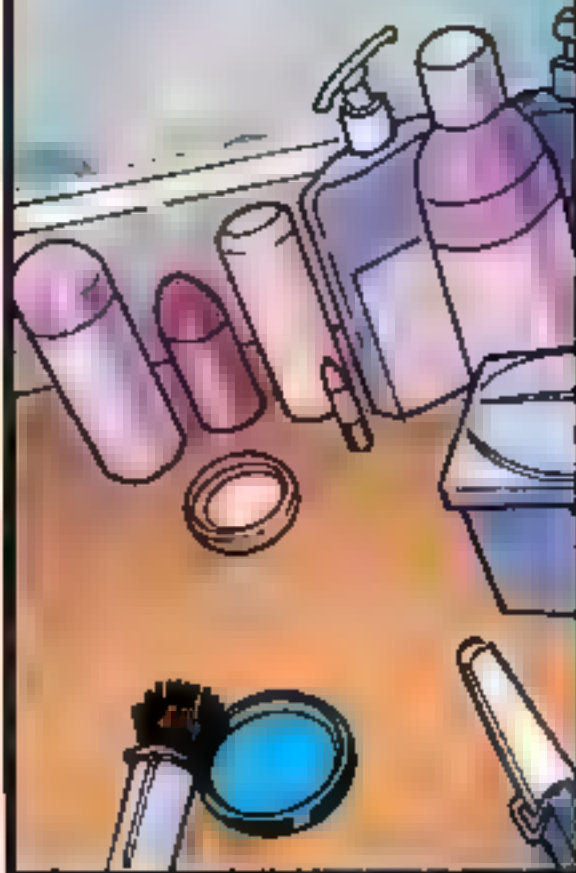


IT COULD BE WORSE IT COULD BE A PINK WIG.

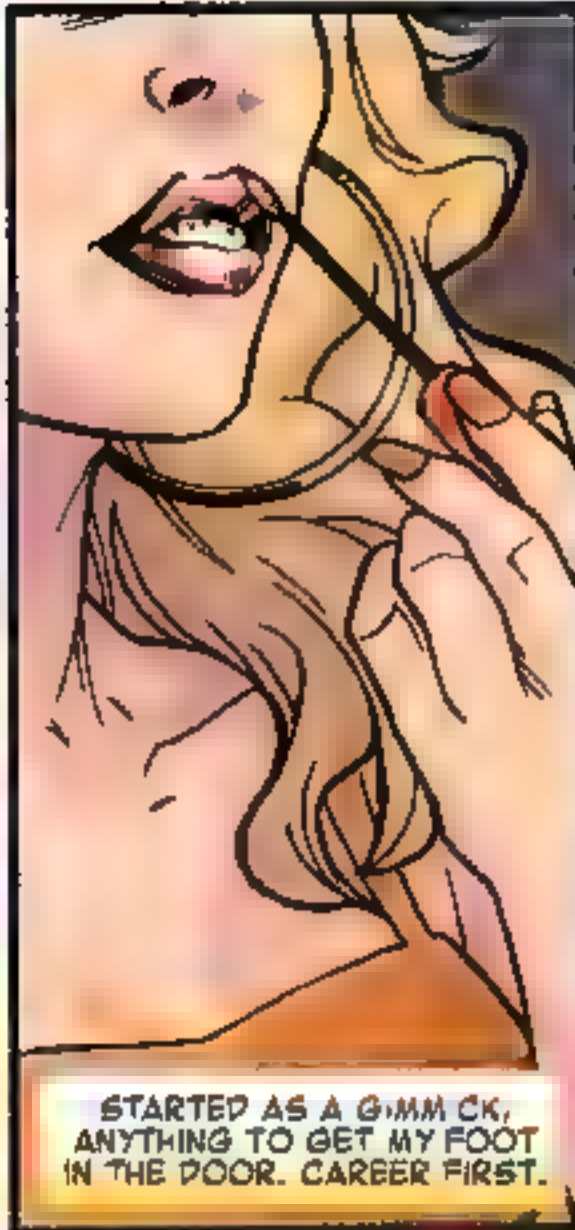
I SHOULD BE
USED TO TH'S.



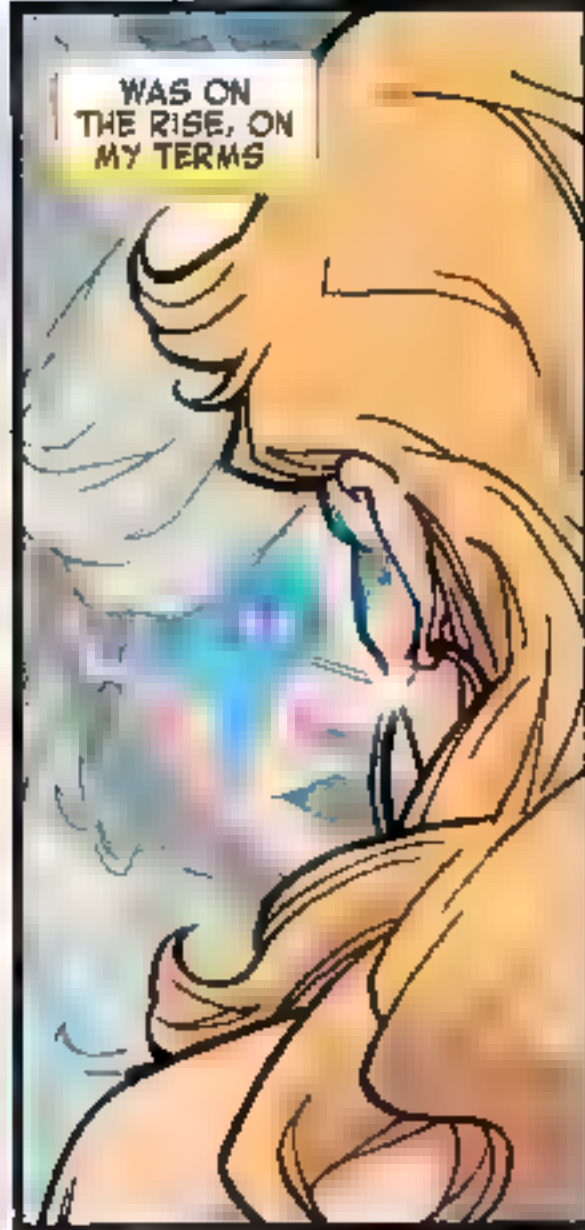
I'M A PRODUCT,
PACKAGED AND SOLD.



STARTED AS A GIMMICK,
ANYTHING TO GET MY FOOT
IN THE DOOR. CAREER FIRST.



WAS ON
THE RISE, ON
MY TERMS



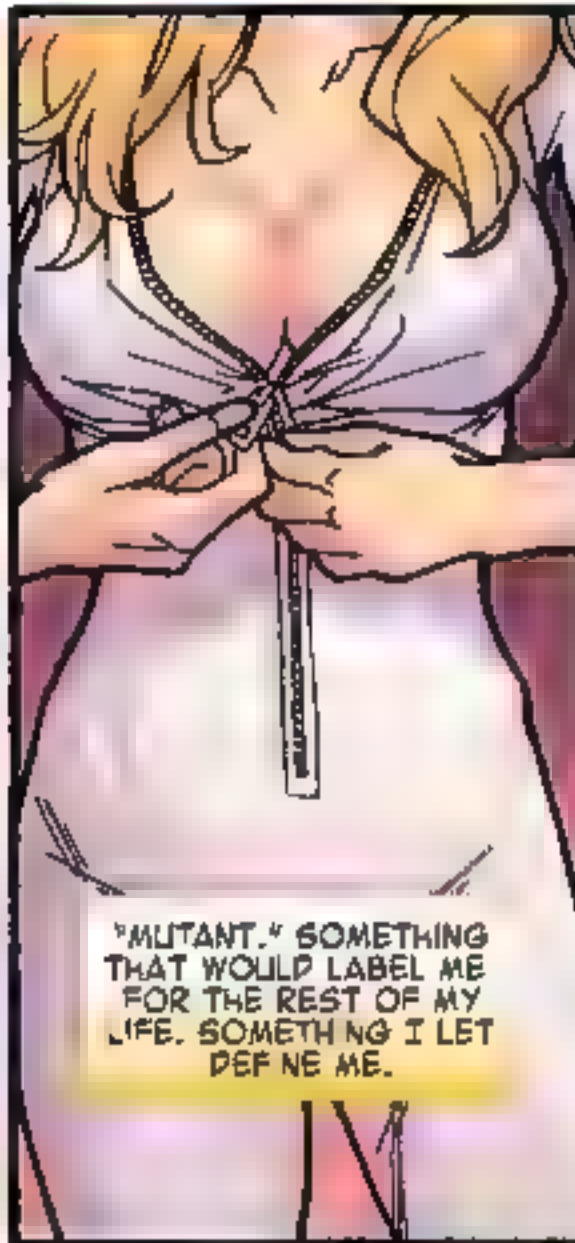
THEN THE SINGER WAS
SHOVED INTO THE WORLD
OF SUPER HEROES AND
VILLAINS. A WORLD I WANTED
NO PART OF, HONESTLY.



AND THEN...
OUTED.



"MUTANT." SOMETHING
THAT WOULD LABEL ME
FOR THE REST OF MY
LIFE. SOMETHING I LET
DEFINE ME.

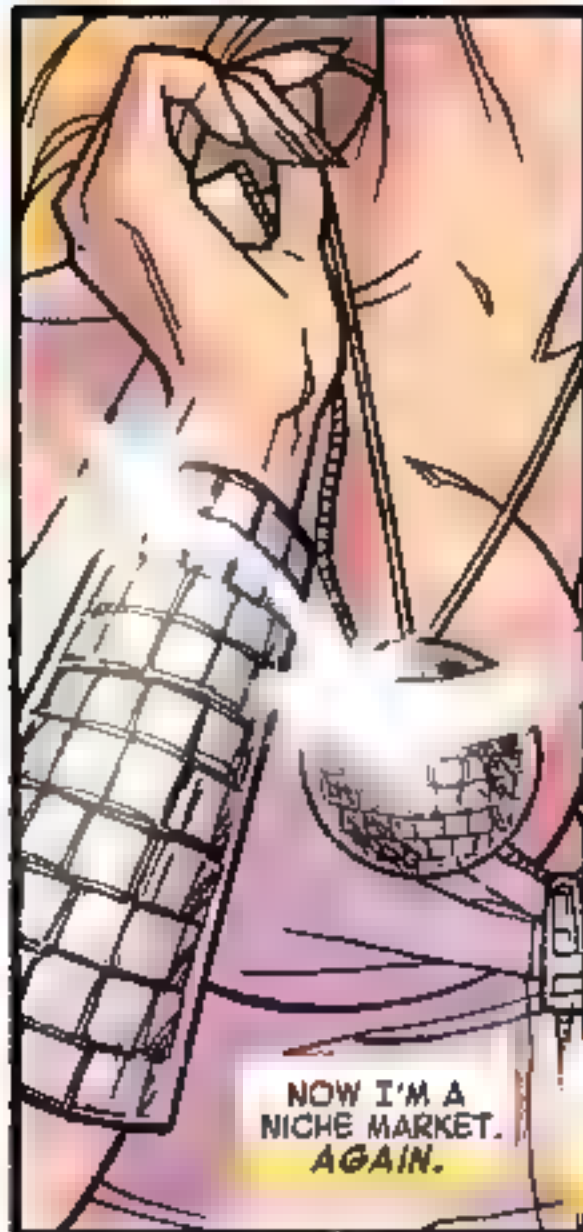


I KEPT BECOMING
WHAT THE WORLD
EXPECTED ME TO BE.

GUESS I
STILL DO.



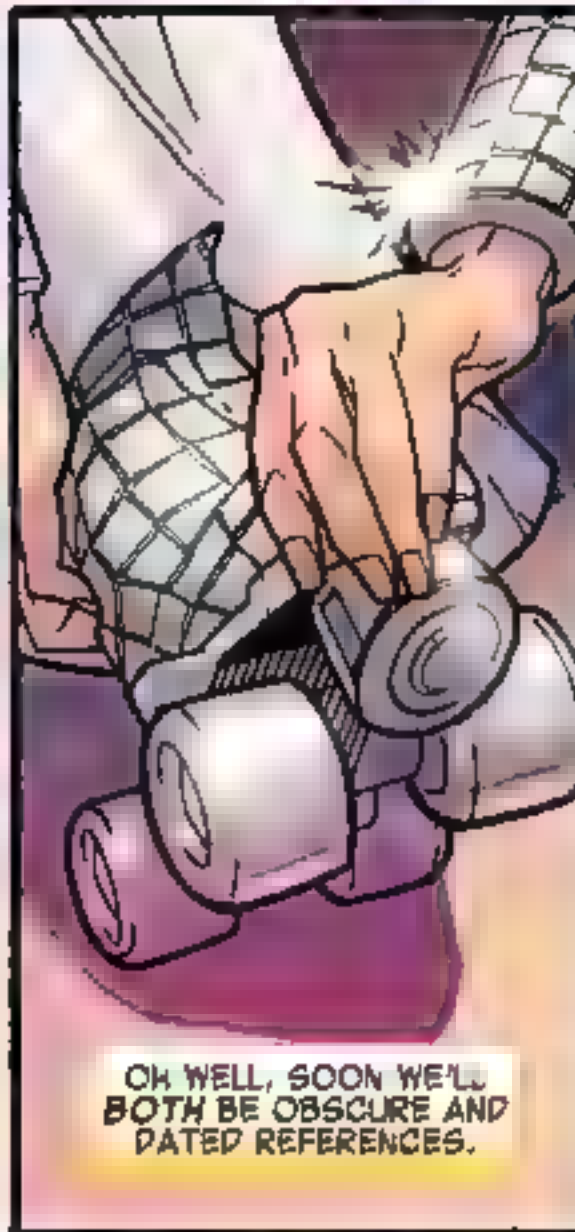
NOW I'M A
NICHE MARKET.
AGAIN.



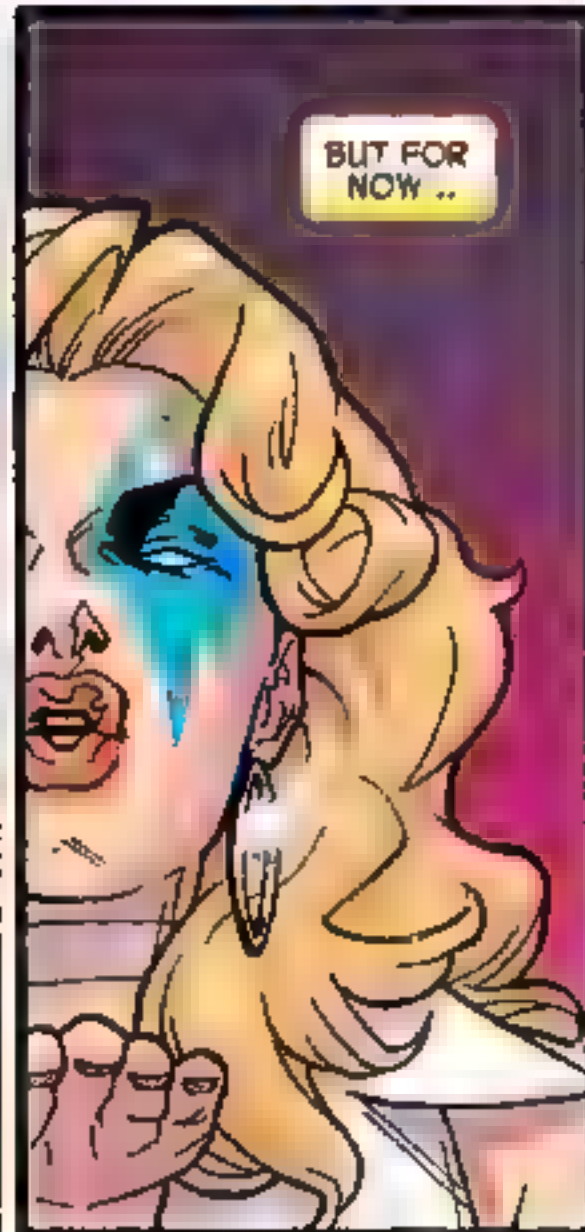
PEREZ HILTON EVEN
STOPPED DOODLING
EYE MAKEUP ON
MY FACE.



OK WELL, SOON WE'LL
BOTH BE OBSCURE AND
DATED REFERENCES.



BUT FOR
NOW ..



HE WANTS
A SHOW?

GO
FOR
IT!



CLICK



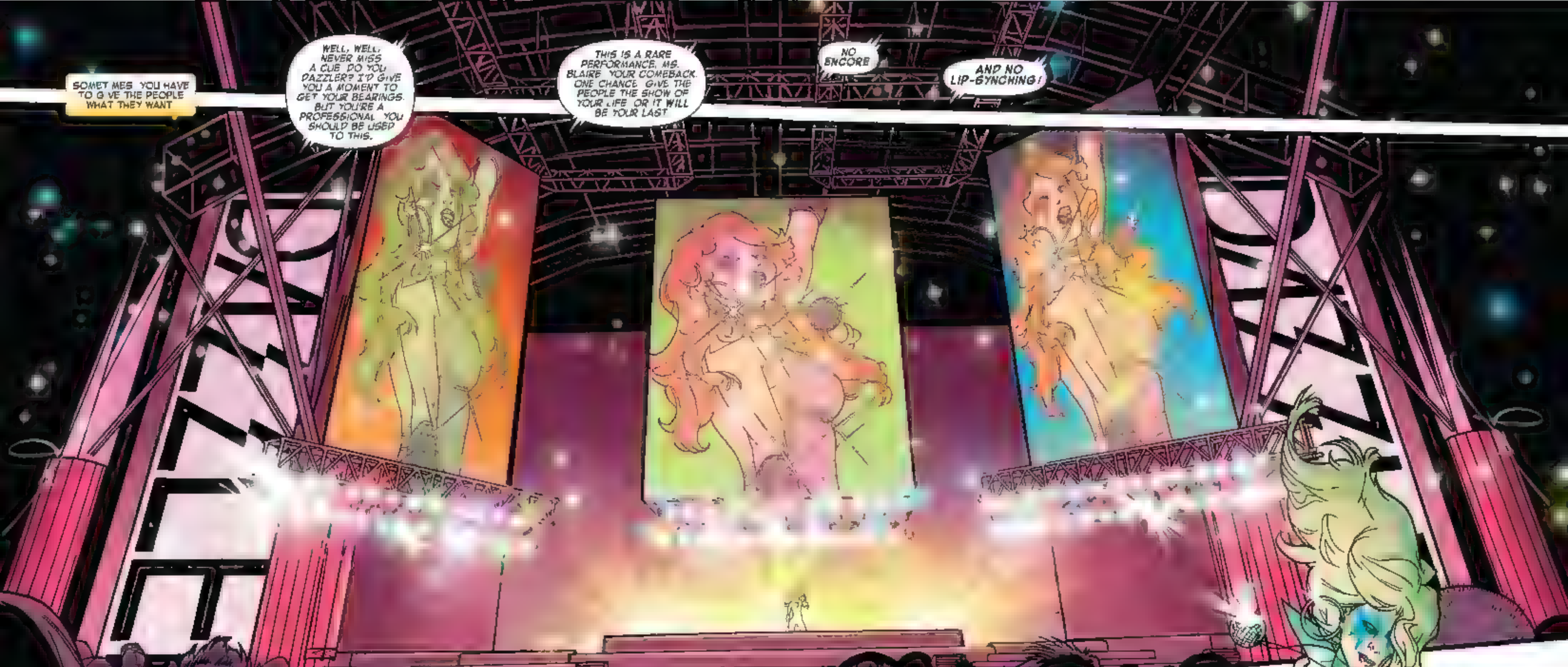
SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO GIVE THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT

WELL, WELL, NEVER MISS A CUE DO YOU PAZZLER? I'D GIVE YOU A MOMENT TO GET YOUR BEARINGS. BUT YOU'RE A PROFESSIONAL YOU SHOULD BE USED TO THIS.

THIS IS A RARE PERFORMANCE, MS. BLAIRE YOUR COMEBACK. ONE CHANCE GIVE THE PEOPLE THE SHOW OF YOUR LIFE OR IT WILL BE YOUR LAST

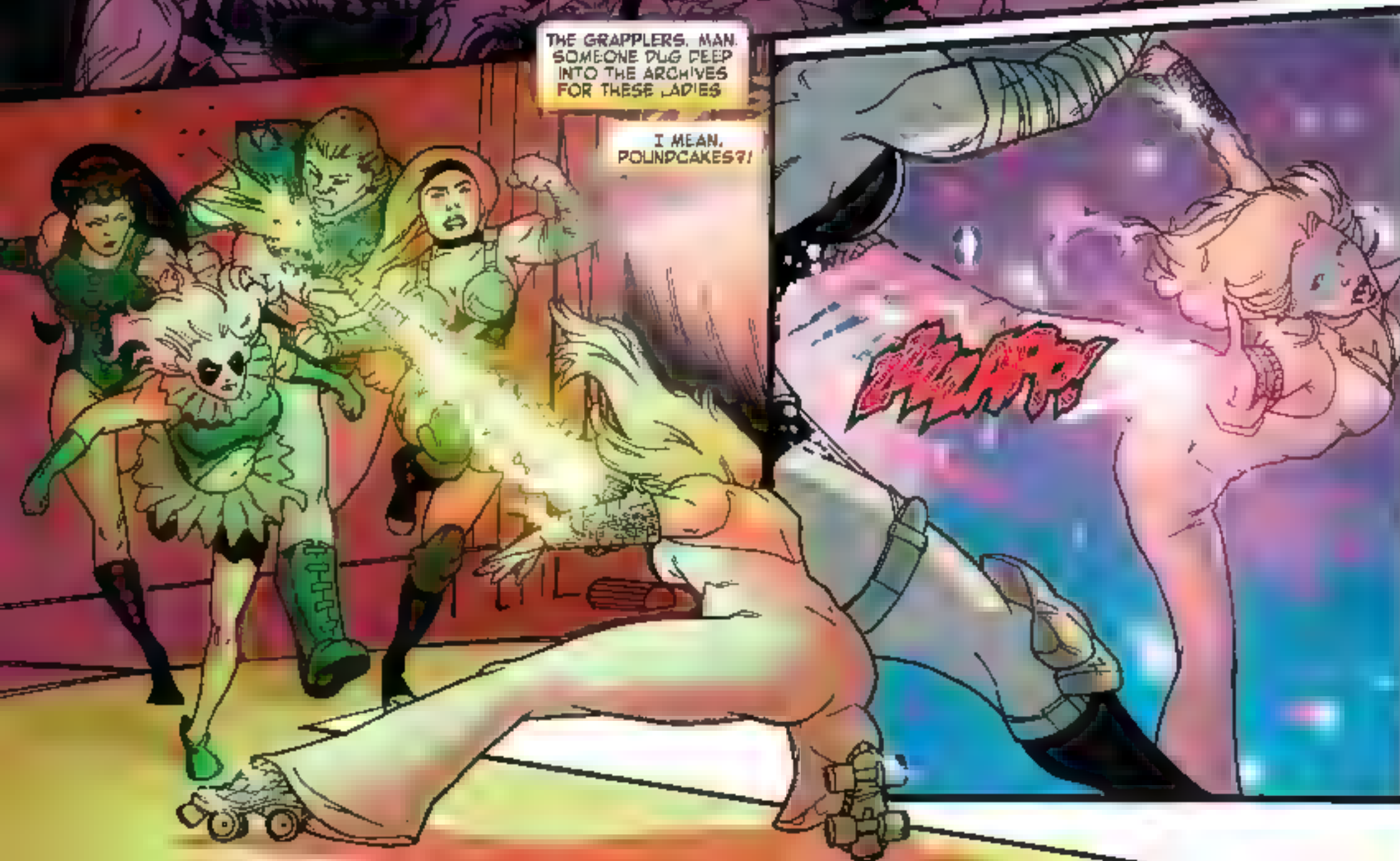
NO ENCORE

AND NO LIP-SYNCHING!



THE GRAPPLERS. MAN SOMEONE DUG DEEP INTO THE ARCHIVES FOR THESE LADIES

I MEAN, POUNDCAKES?



MIMI, DIDN'T YOU REFORM? BY THE WAY I LIKED THE SONGBIRD LOOK WAY BETTER. MORE UPDATED

SAYS THE WOMAN IN ROLLER SKATES..

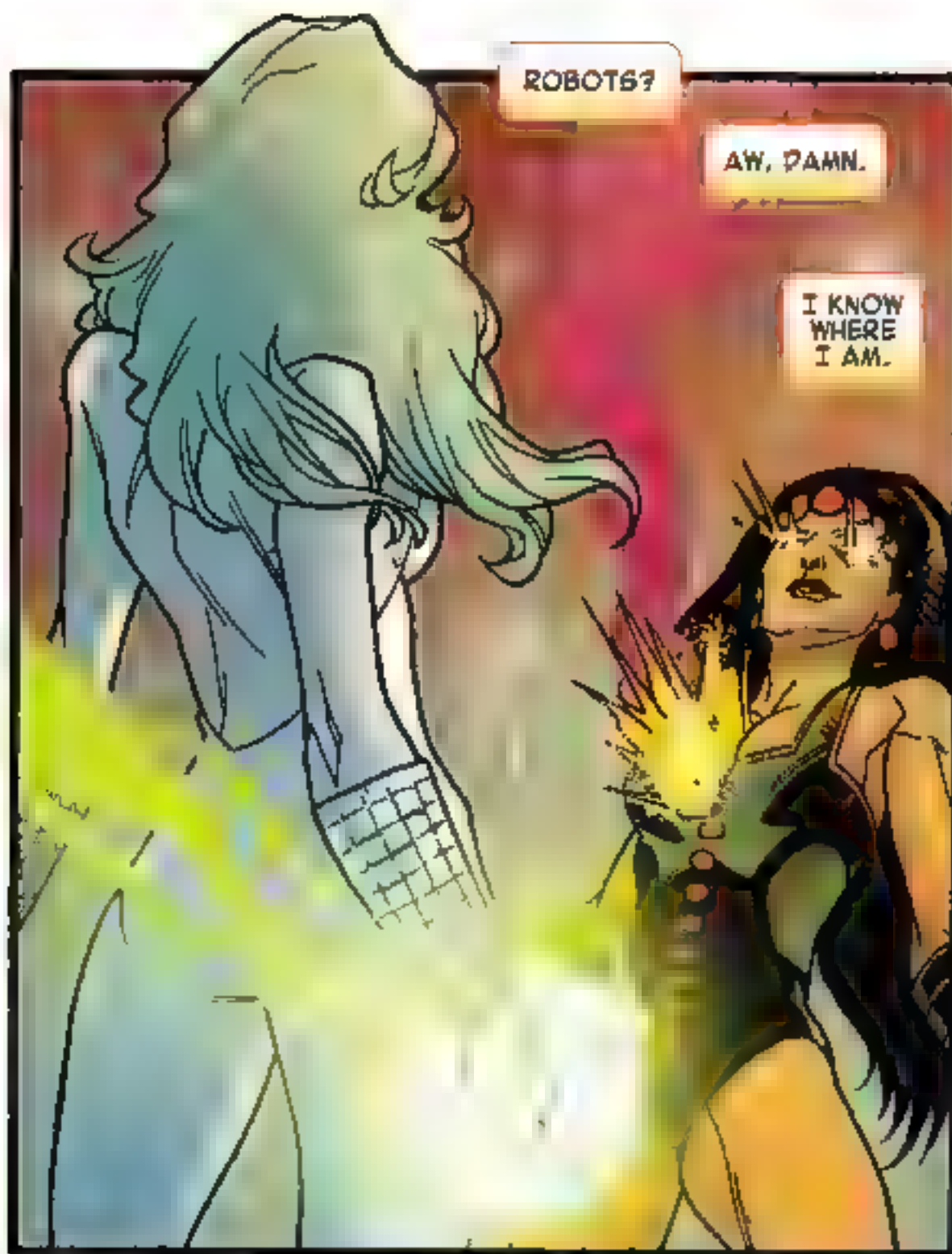
EEEEEEEEEE-- LURK!



THIS IS EASY ALMOST TOO EASY

WAIT WHAT?

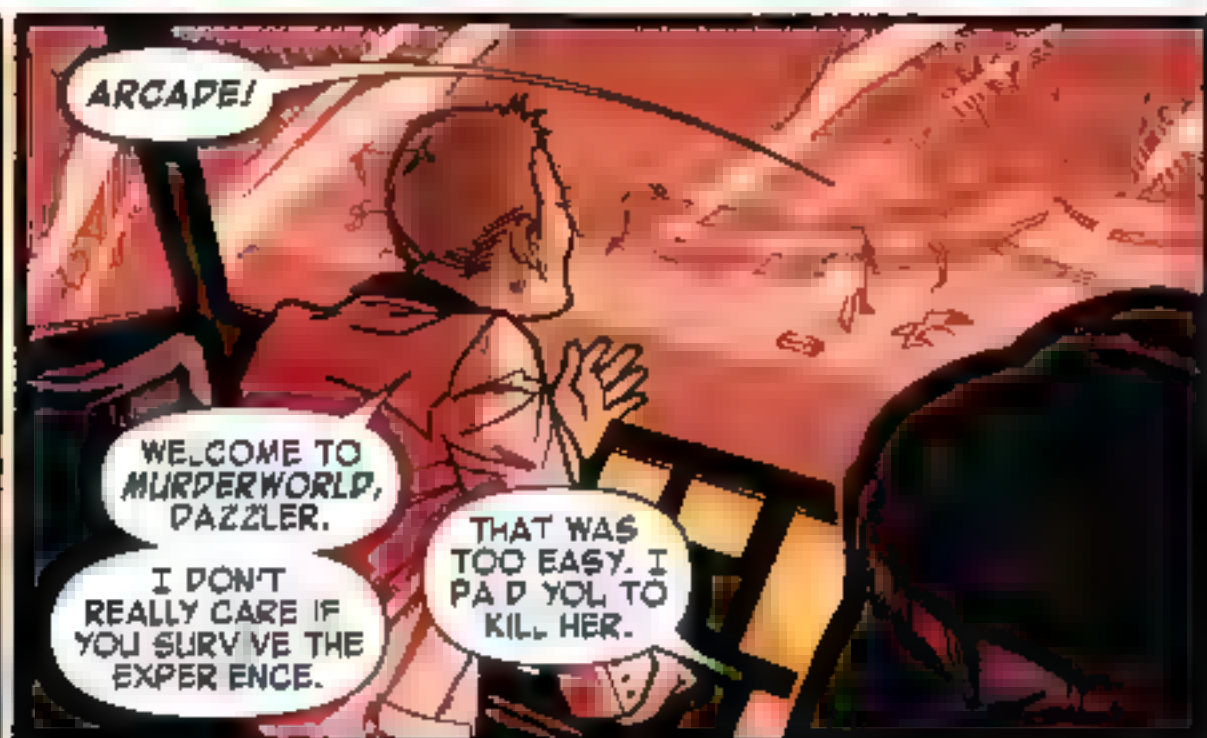




ROBOT67

AW, DAMN.

I KNOW
WHERE
I AM.



ARCADE!

WELCOME TO
MURDERWORLD,
PAZZLER.

I DON'T
REALLY CARE IF
YOU SURVIVE THE
EXPERIENCE.

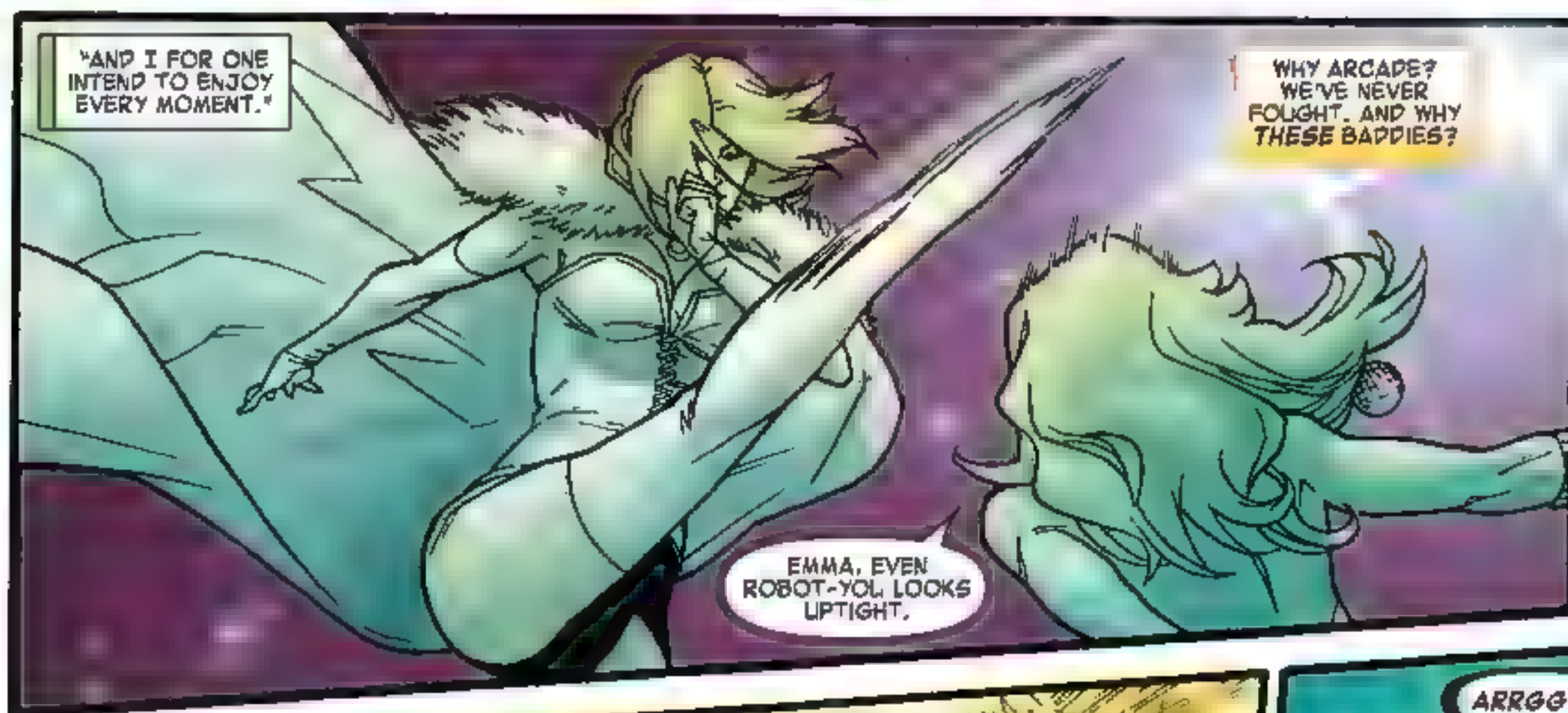
THAT WAS
TOO EASY. I
PAID YOU TO
KILL HER.



AH, AH, AH MY
DEAR. YOU PAID
ME FOR ALL
OF THIS.

OF COURSE SHE
WILL MOST LIKELY
DIE, BUT THAT'S A
FORTUNATE
BYPRODUCT.

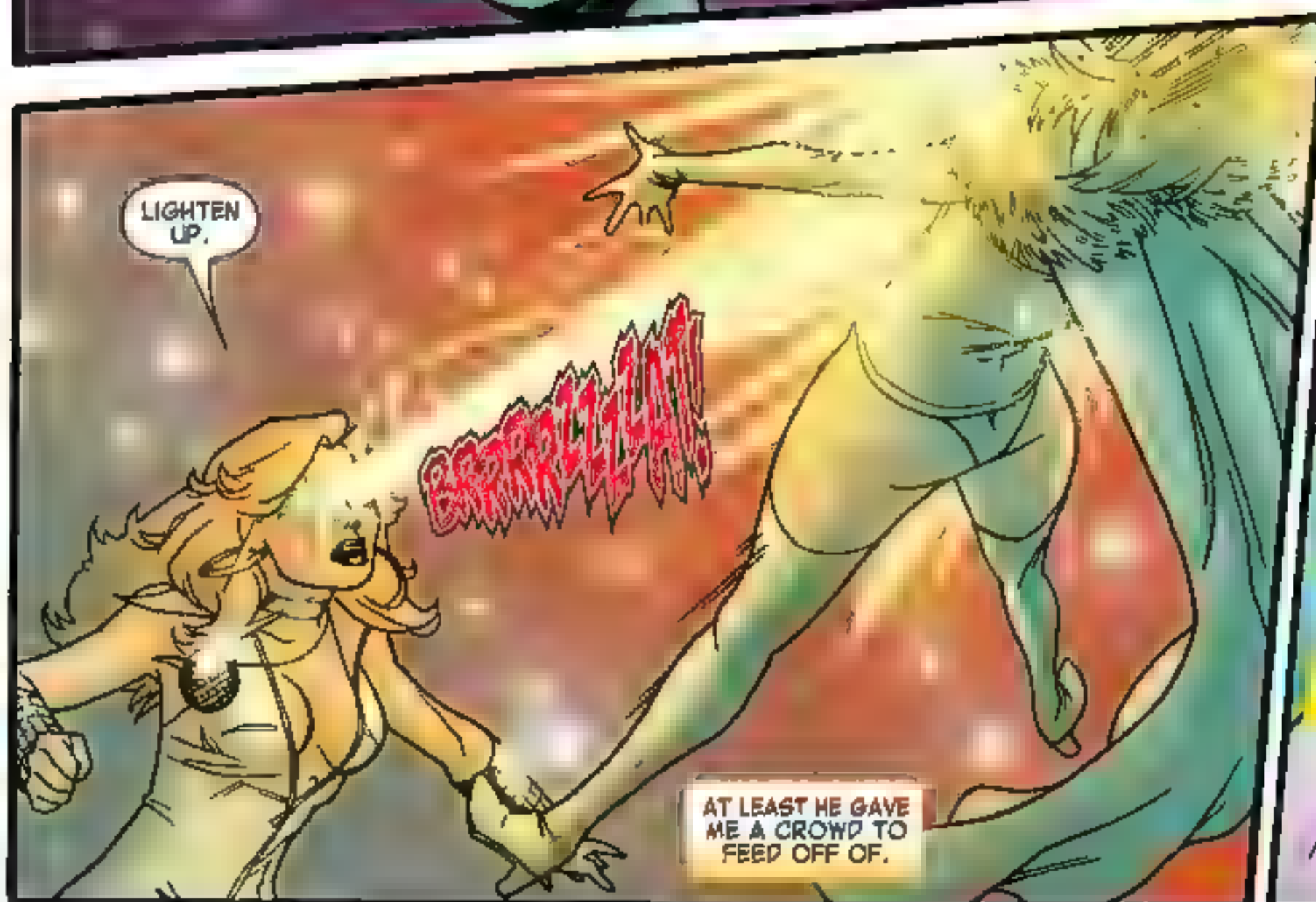
IN THE MEANTIME,
WE HAVE BOX SEATS TO THE GREATEST
SHOW THE PAZZLER HAS EVER PERFORMED...



"AND I FOR ONE
INTEND TO ENJOY
EVERY MOMENT."

WHY ARCADE?
WE'VE NEVER
FOUGHT. AND WHY
THESE BADDIES?

EMMA, EVEN
ROBOT-YOU LOOKS
UPTIGHT.



LIGHTEN
UP.

BOOM!

AT LEAST HE GAVE
ME A CROWD TO
FEED OFF OF.



ARRGG--!



ARE YOU
KIDDING
ME?

IT IS TIME
TO DIE, YOU
INCONSEQUENTIAL
WOMAN.

VERILY.

DOOM. ENCHANTRESS. THE HELFIRE CLUB.
ALL OF IT WAS SURREAL BACK WHEN I FIRST
STARTED OUT. NOW IT'S JUST...INSANE!

HEY DOOMY,
MISPLACE THE
FAMILY JEWELS
AGAIN?



ENCHANTRESS
YOU REALLY HAVE
TO STOP CRASHING
MY GIGS.



WENCH!
YOU DARE MOCK
ONE GODDESS-
BORN?

AT ONE TIME, I GUESS
IGNORANCE WAS BLISS.

HURN!



PRETTY
MUCH, YEAH,
I DARE.

I GOT LUCKY. I SURVIVED THINGS I SHOULDN'T HAVE BY ANY MEANS.

I LEARNED, EVOLVED, AND HALF THE TIME NEVER KNEW THE MEANING OF THE WORD "CAN'T."



WHAT WAS I THINKING?



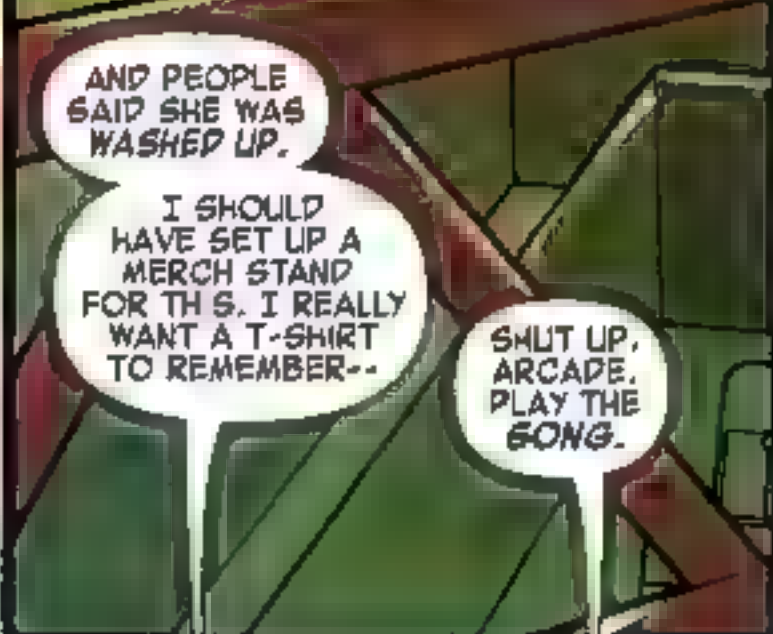
THAT I CAN DO WHATEVER THE HELL I HAVE TO IN ORDER TO SURVIVE.



AND PEOPLE SAID SHE WAS WASHED UP.

I SHOULD HAVE SET UP A MERCH STAND FOR TH S. I REALLY WANT A T-SHIRT TO REMEMBER--

SHUT UP, ARCADE. PLAY THE SONG.



YOU'RE REALLY RATHER RUDE. YOU REMIND ME OF MY DEAR MISS LOCKE.

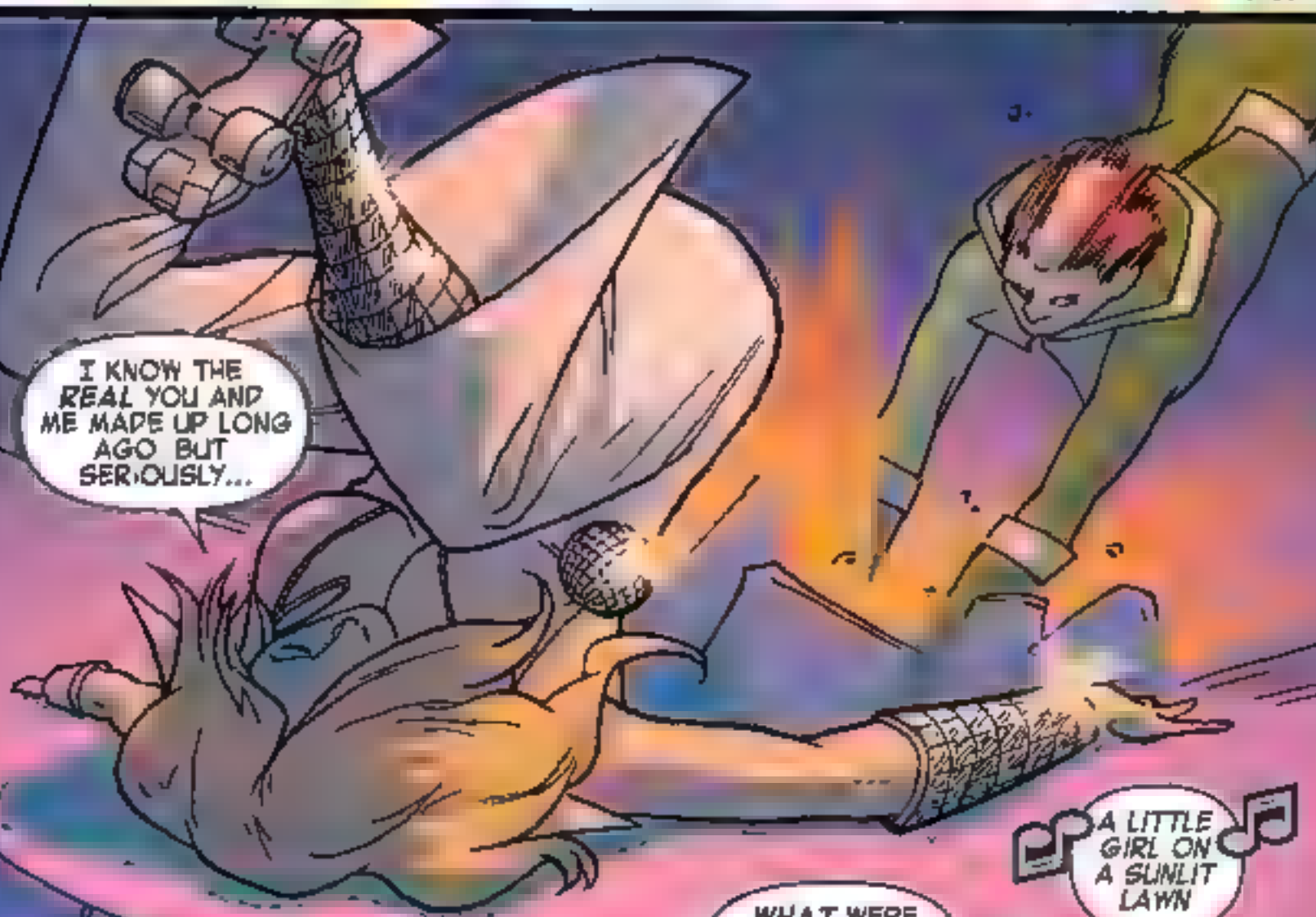
AHHHH, YOU WOULD HATE HER. IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL.



BUT FINE. TIME FOR THE BLUE GUNS...



I KNOW THE REAL YOU AND ME MADE UP LONG AGO BUT SERIOUSLY...



A LITTLE GIRL ON A SUNLIT LAWN

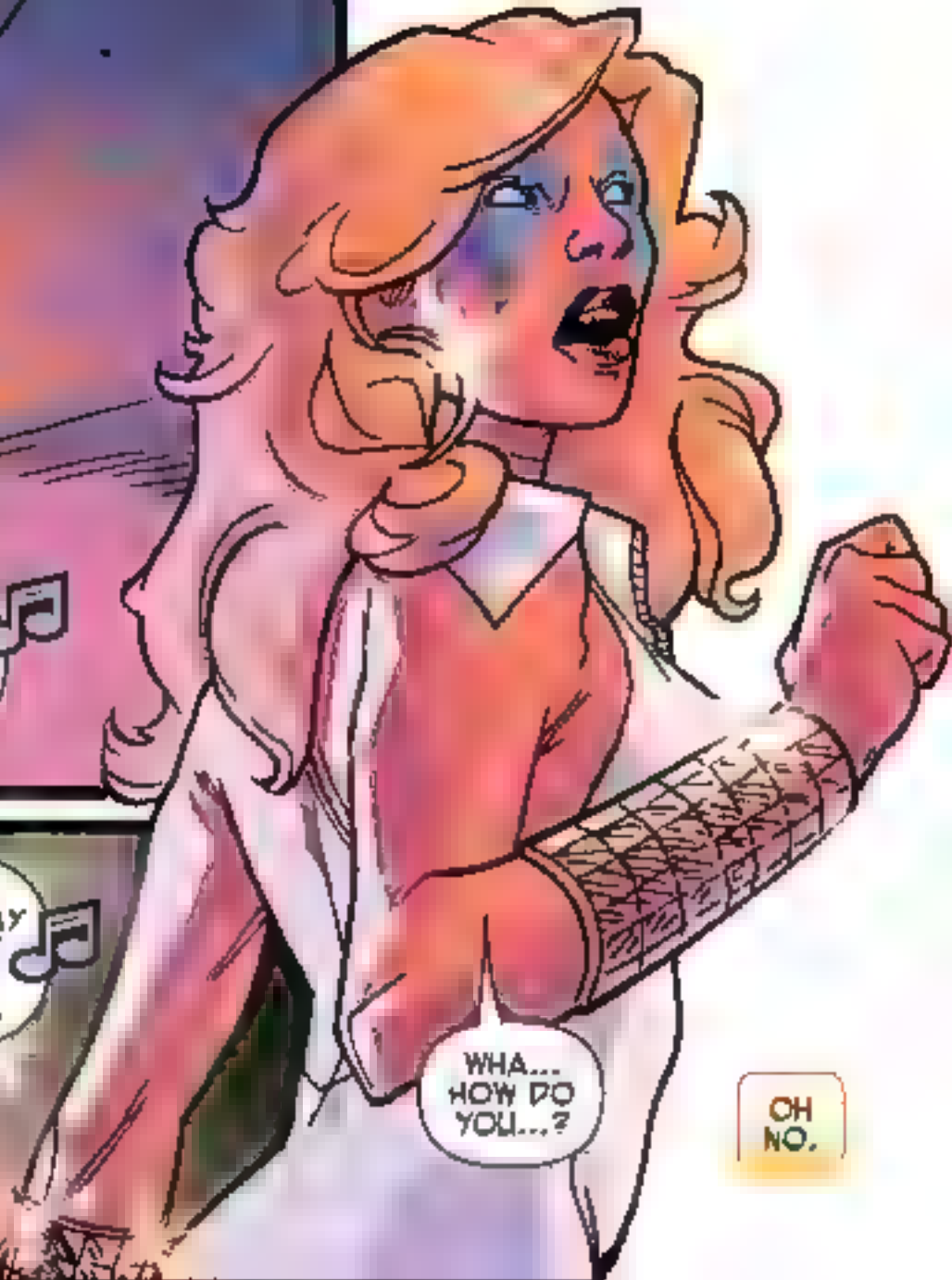
WHAT WERE YOU THINKING WITH THAT HAIR, ROGUE?

DREAMS OF THE DAY WHEN SHE WILL BE GROWN...



WHA... HOW DO YOU...?

OH NO.



ARCADE DOESN'T DO THIS
JUST FOR FUN, IT'S FOR A
PROFIT. WHOEVER Hired
HIM DID THEIR HOMEWORK.

THEY KNOW MY ENEMIES, AND
THEY KNOW...THIS SONG. I
WROTE THIS FOR MY MOTHER.
ONLY PERFORMED IT ONCE.

OOOOOOOH!

...BUT THEN
SHE GROWS
UP--ALL TOO
SOON...

WHICH
MEANS ..

THIS
IS JUST
GETTING
ABSURD.

YOU,
EARTH-
WOMAN. YOU
ARE BARELY
OF NOTICE
TO ME--

GREAT,
WHAT NOW?

OH, C'MON!
I NEVER FOUGHT
GALACTUS, I WAS
HIS HERALD!

YEAH THAT SOUNDED
AS RIDICULOUS OUT LOUD
AS IT DID IN MY HEAD.

SHE'D LOVE
TO GO BACK FOR
A DAY, AN HOUR,
EVEN FOR A
MINUTE...

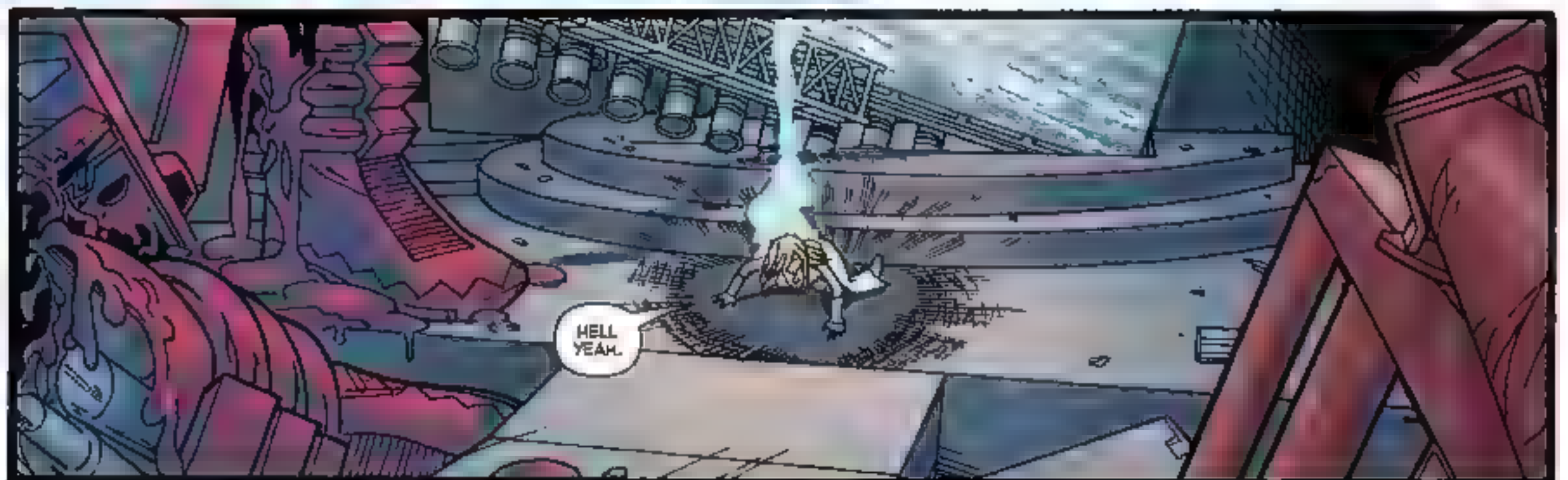
BUT LIFE'S
TOO FAST, AND
LOVE'S TOO
HARD / AND ALL
SHE'S LEFT
WITH...

OKAY
THAT'S IT,
FOLKS.
THANKS FOR
COMING...

NEVER TRIED THIS MUCH UV
LIGHT AT ONCE, BUT SINCE
THERE'S NOTHING HUMAN ON
THIS STAGE OR IN THE CROWD
BUT ME...TAKE IN THE
CHEERS, THE MUSIC, THE
SOUND OF AIR RUSHING
THROUGH THE VENTS...

AND BRING DOWN
THE HOUSE.

SHOW'S
OVER!



HELL
YEAH.

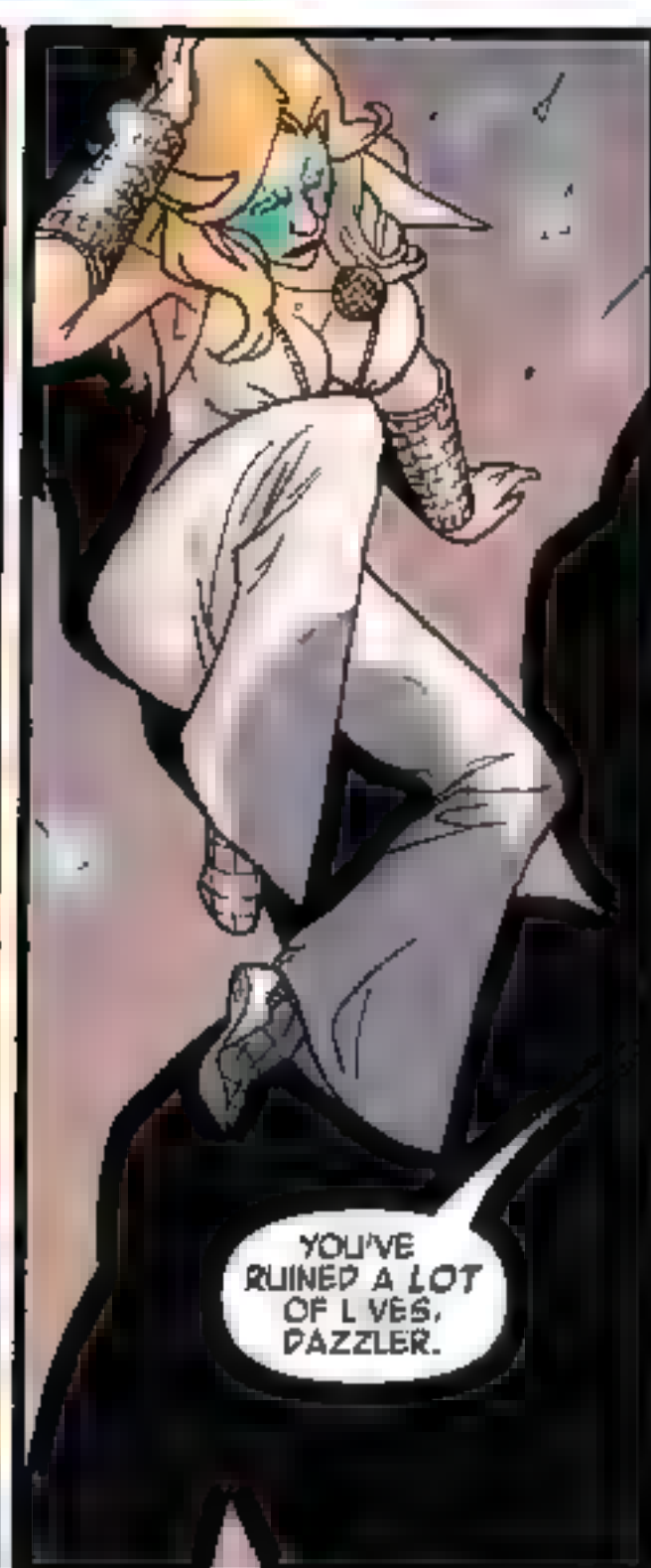
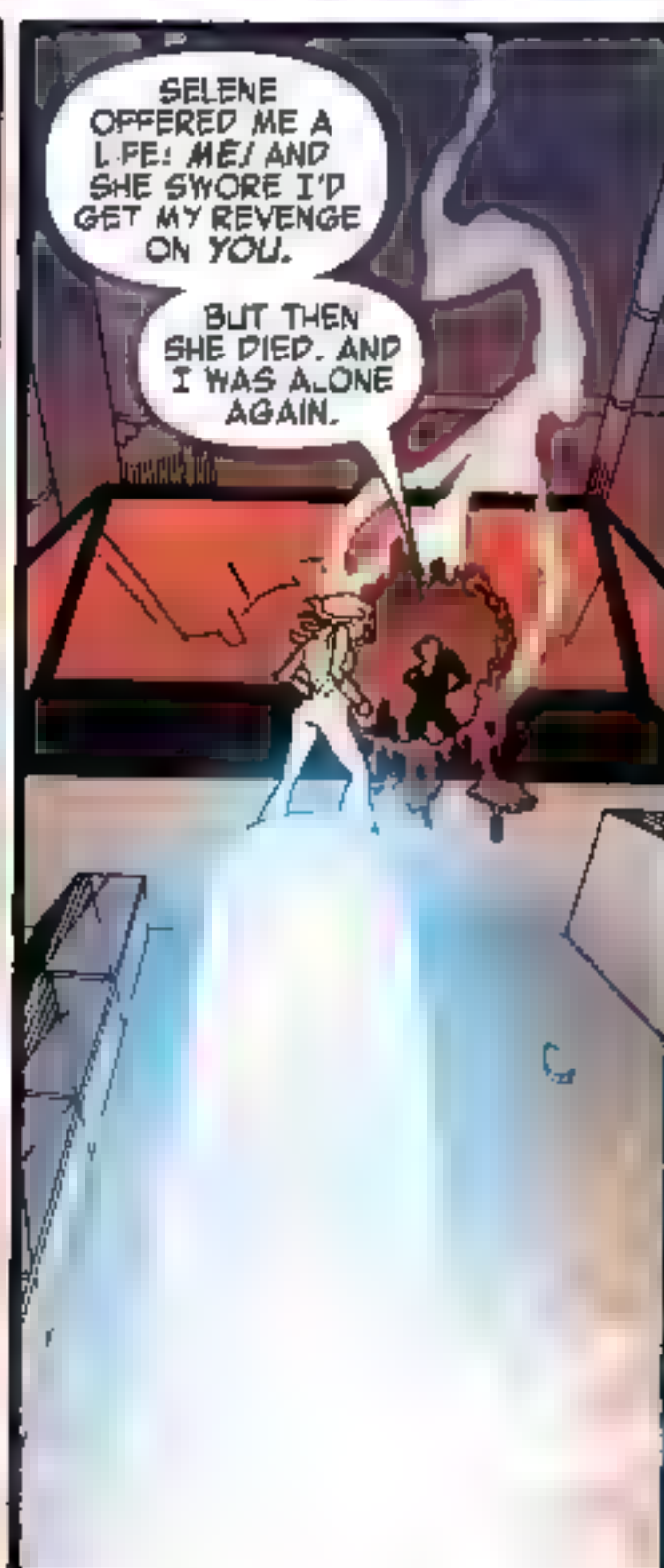
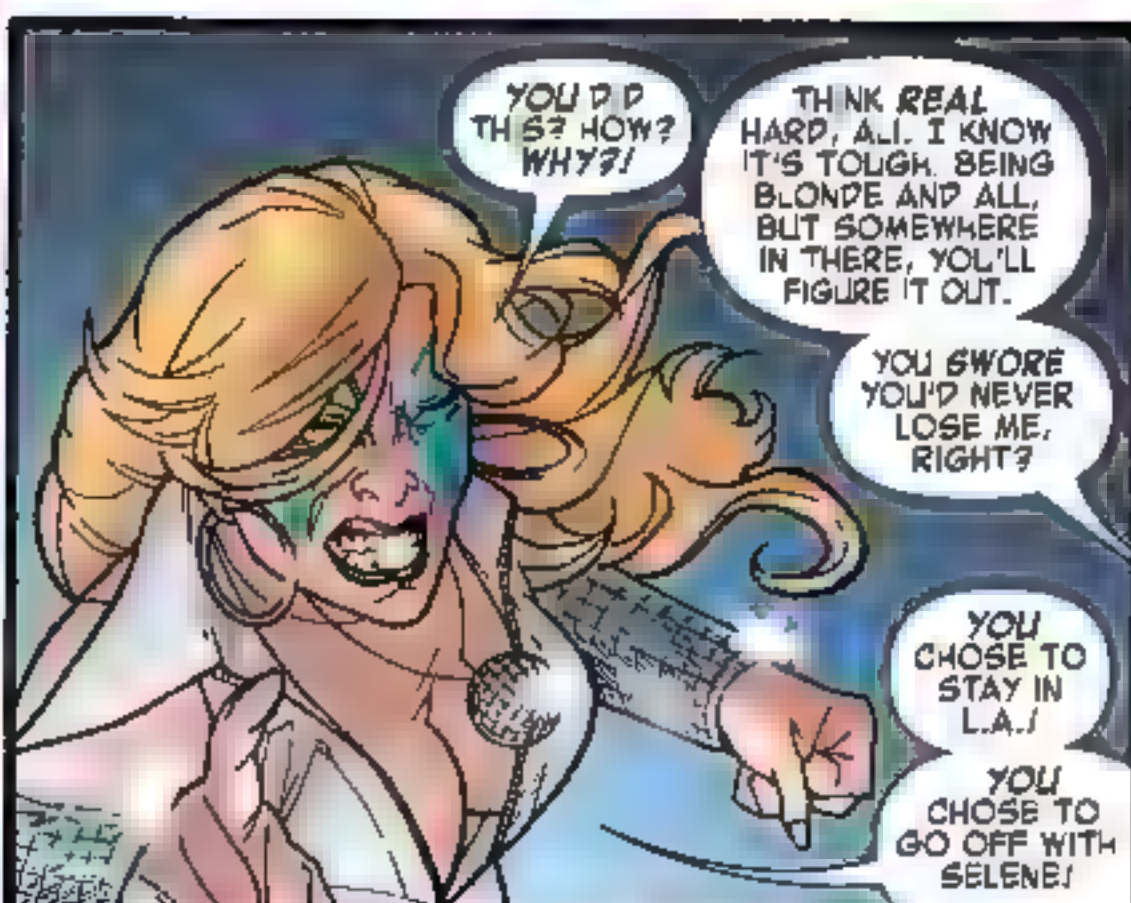
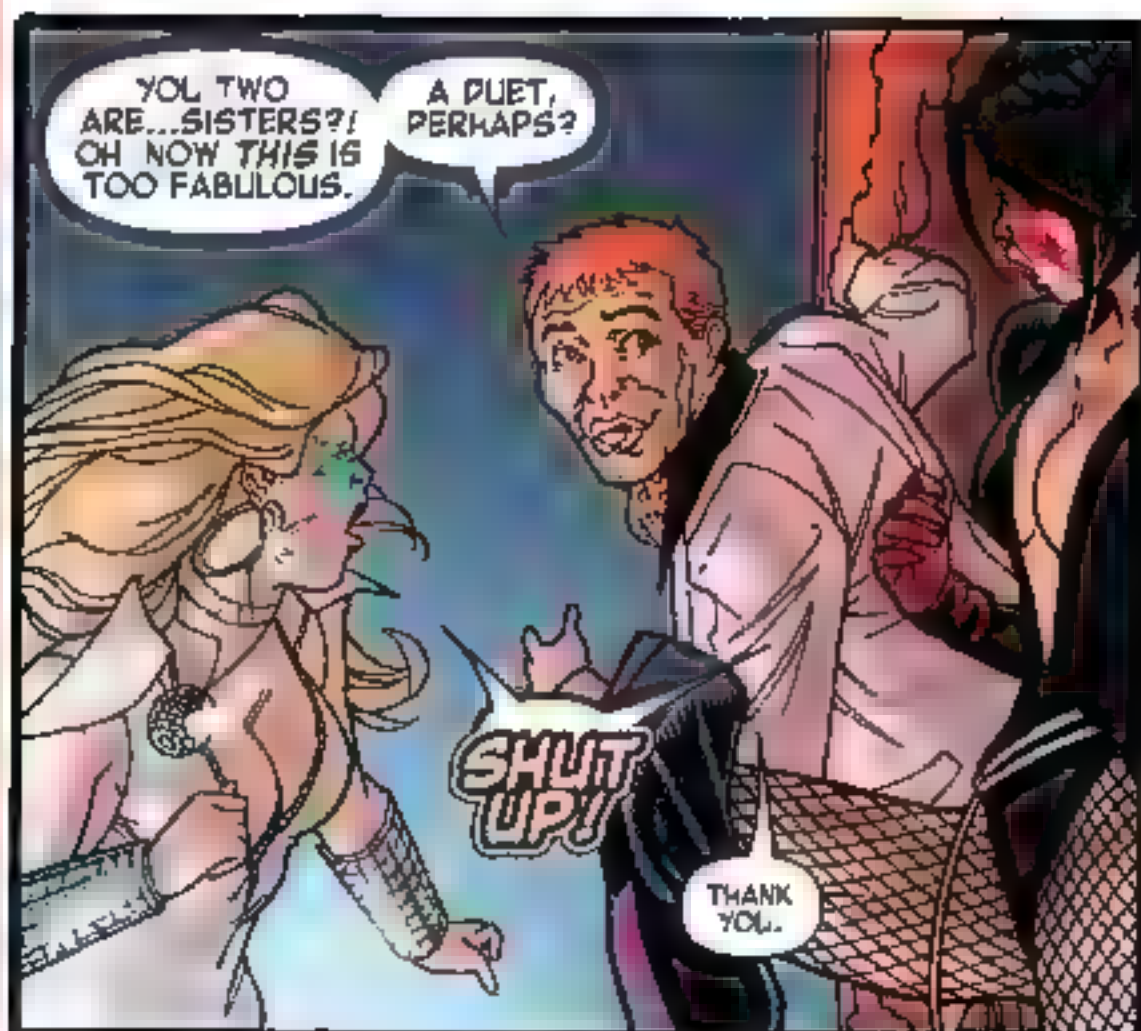
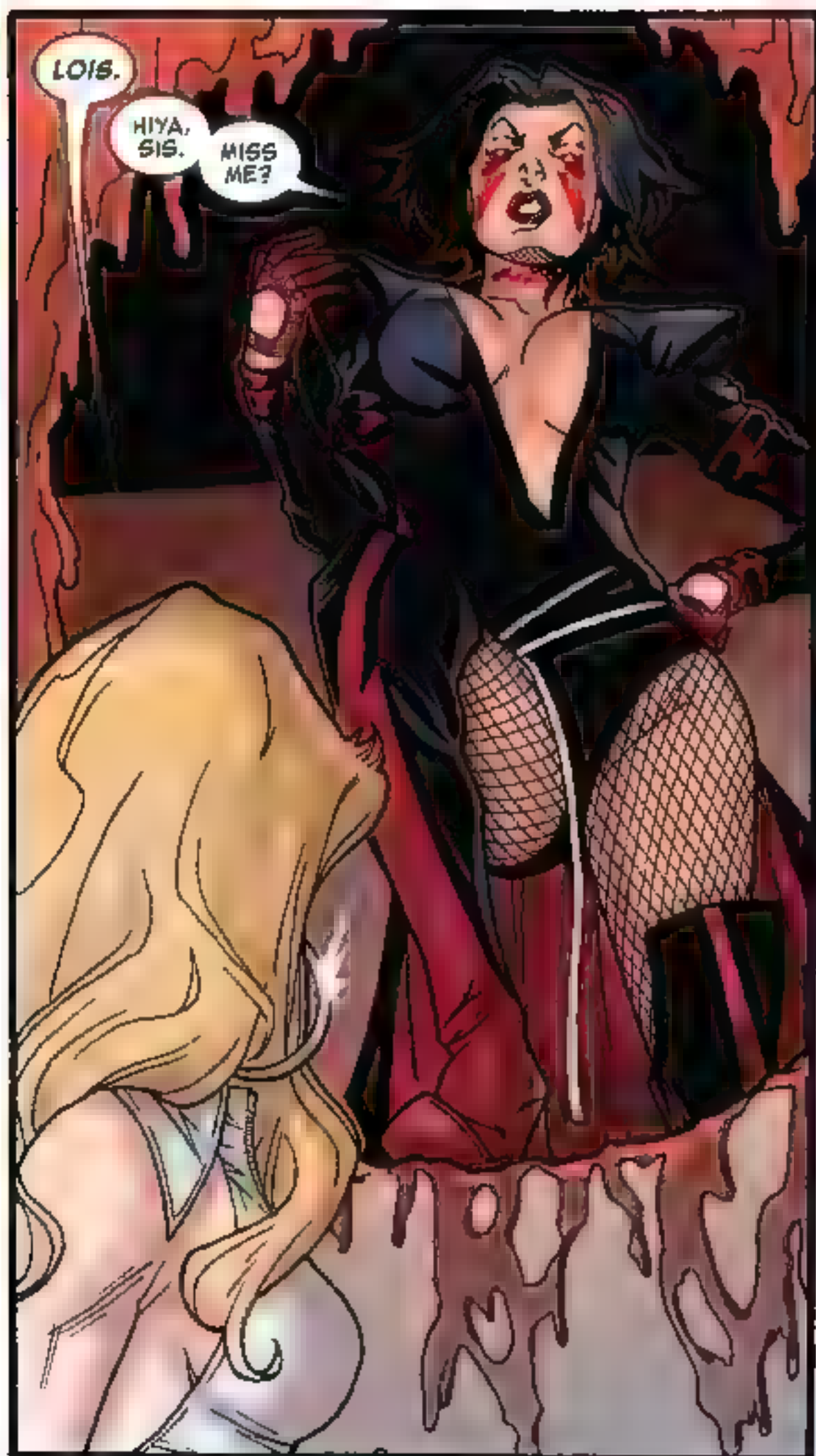
YOU CERTAINLY
DIDN'T TELL ME SHE
COULD DO THAT! I
BELIEVE THAT IS THE
CURTAIN CALL.

NO! YOU
PROMISED
ME SHE'D
DIE!

I PROMISED
SHE WOULD
PROBABLY DIE.
TIME TO TAKE OUR
BOWS. SHE FACED
ALL OF HER
OPPONENTS--

NOT
YET, SHE
HASN'T.

WE HAVE
SOME CATCHING
UP TO DO...





K--KLAW?!

IT'S BEEN FAR TOO LONG. WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME? OH YEAH... WHEN YOU KILLED ME

THIS CAN'T BE A ROBOT

HOW THE HELL DID LOIS AND KLAU HOOK UP?

MY TURN

THAT GIRL NEVER MADE A GOOD CHOICE IN HER LIFE

WHERE DID HE COME FROM? I DON'T RECALL THIS BEING ON THE SET LIST

DON'T MAKE ME MELT YOUR FACE. MY FIGHT MY RULES.

KLAU'S THINKING AT THE SPEED OF SOUND

NEED TO REACT AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT

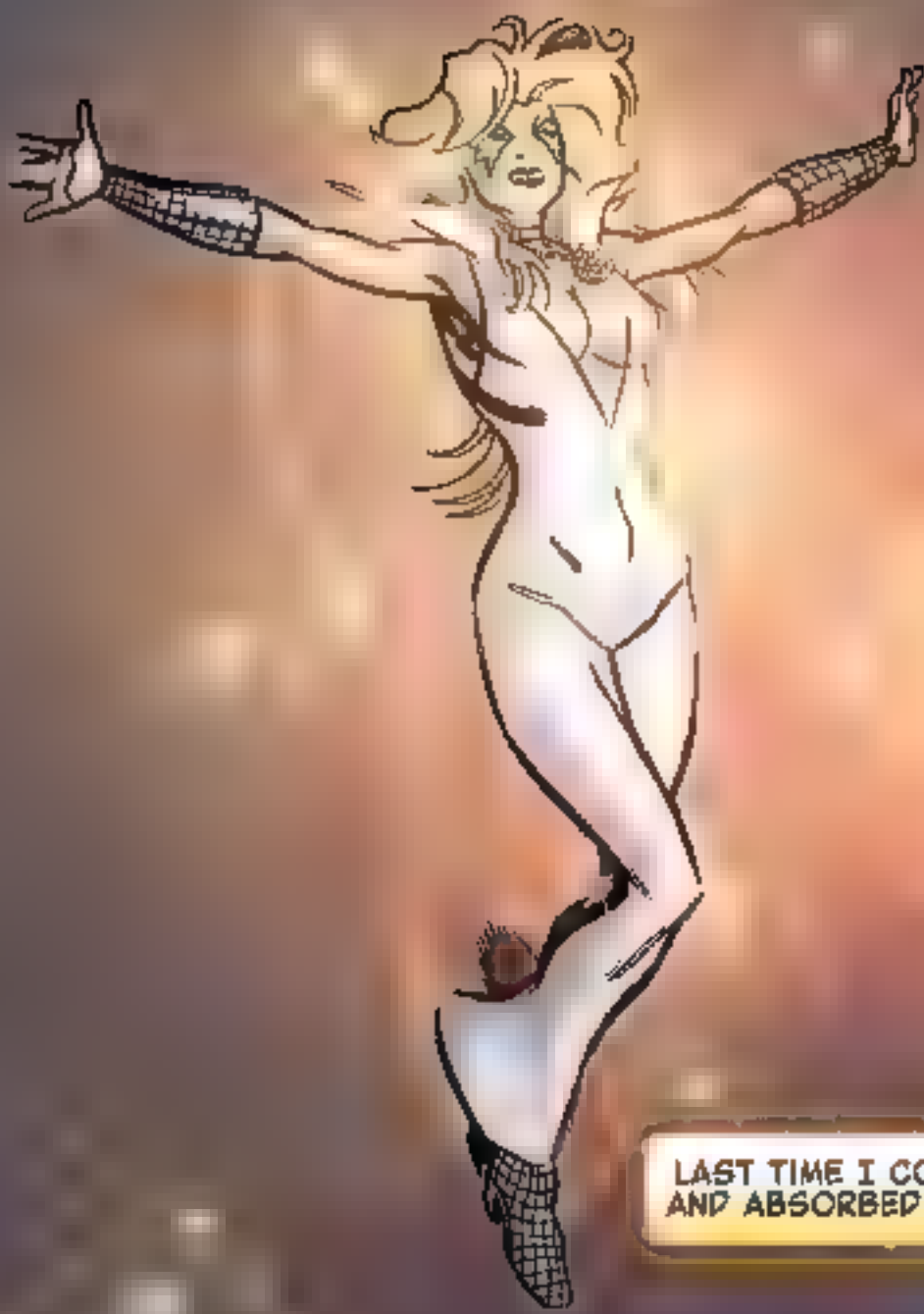
NOPE THAT'S NO ROBOT. WHICH MAKES THIS THE REAL KLAU

THE KLAU I STOOD TRIAL FOR MURDERING.

THE MAN I KILLED IN SELF-DEFENSE BEFORE HE COULD KILL ME

A MAN MADE OF LIVING SOUND

AND THAT'S SOMETHING I CAN USE.



LAST TIME I COULDN'T CONTROL IT
AND ABSORBED HIM ALL, BUT NOW...

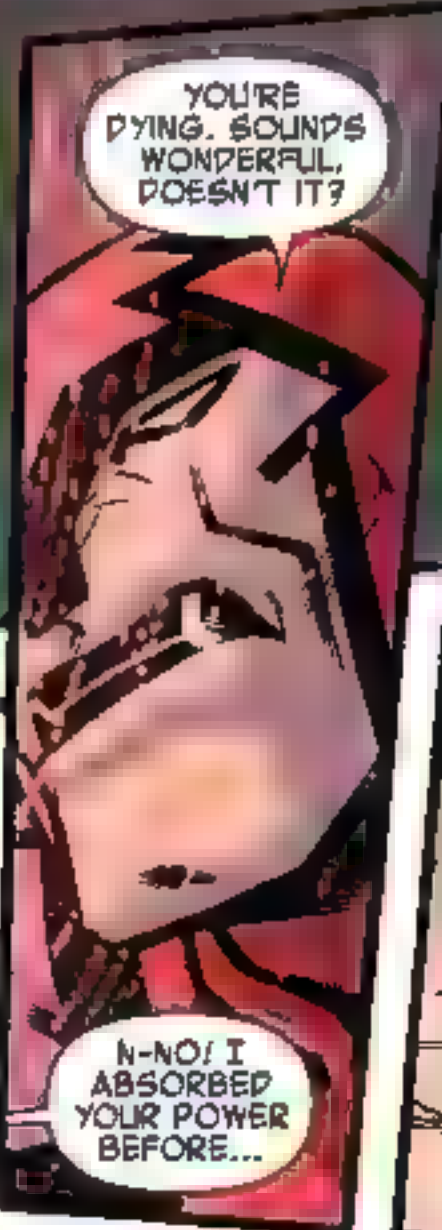
OOOO,
TICKLES.



THERE'S THAT NO SE
LIKE OUTSIDE THE CLUB ..
BEFORE I COLLAPSED.

I THOUGHT
MY DRINK WAS
SPKED BUT...

WHAT--WHAT'S
HAPPENING?!

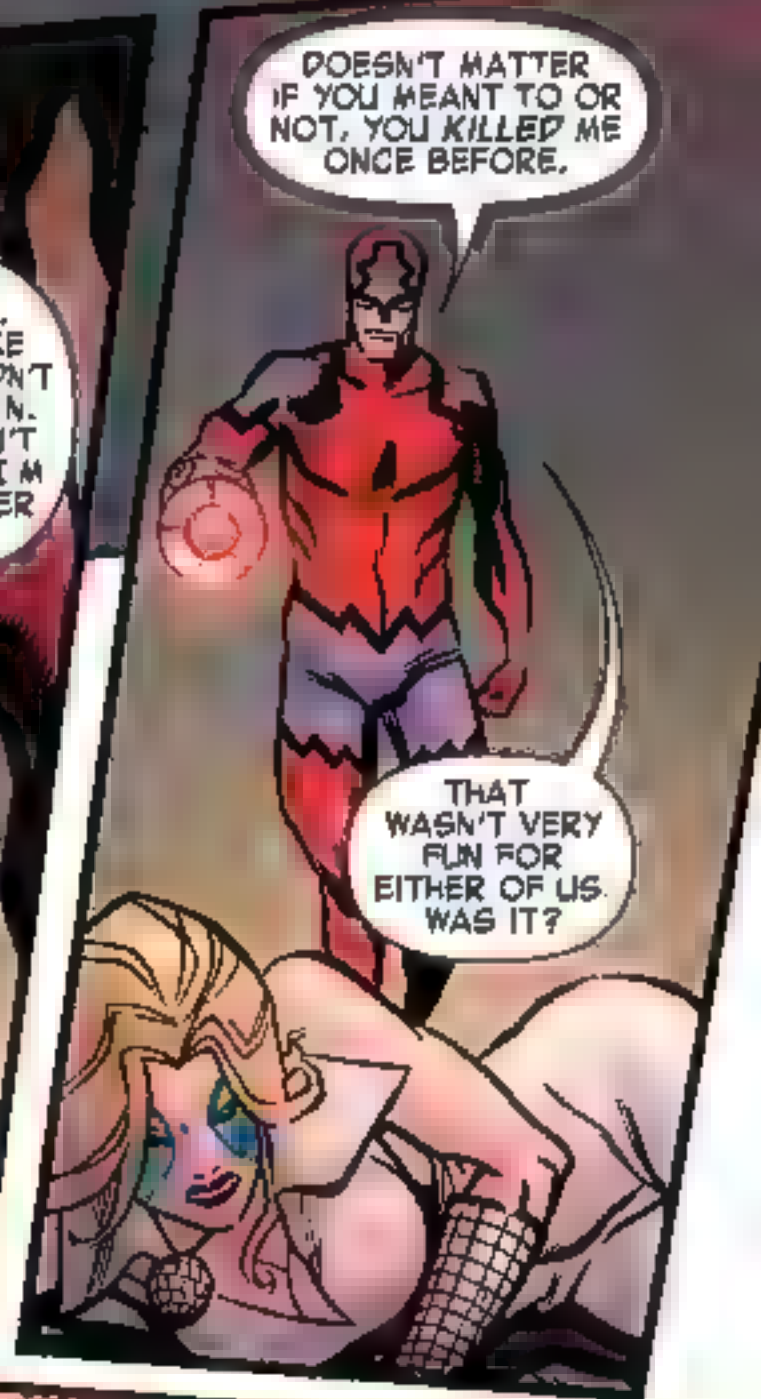


YOU'RE
DYING. SOUNDS
WONDERFUL,
DOESN'T IT?

N-NO! I
ABSORBED
YOUR POWER
BEFORE...

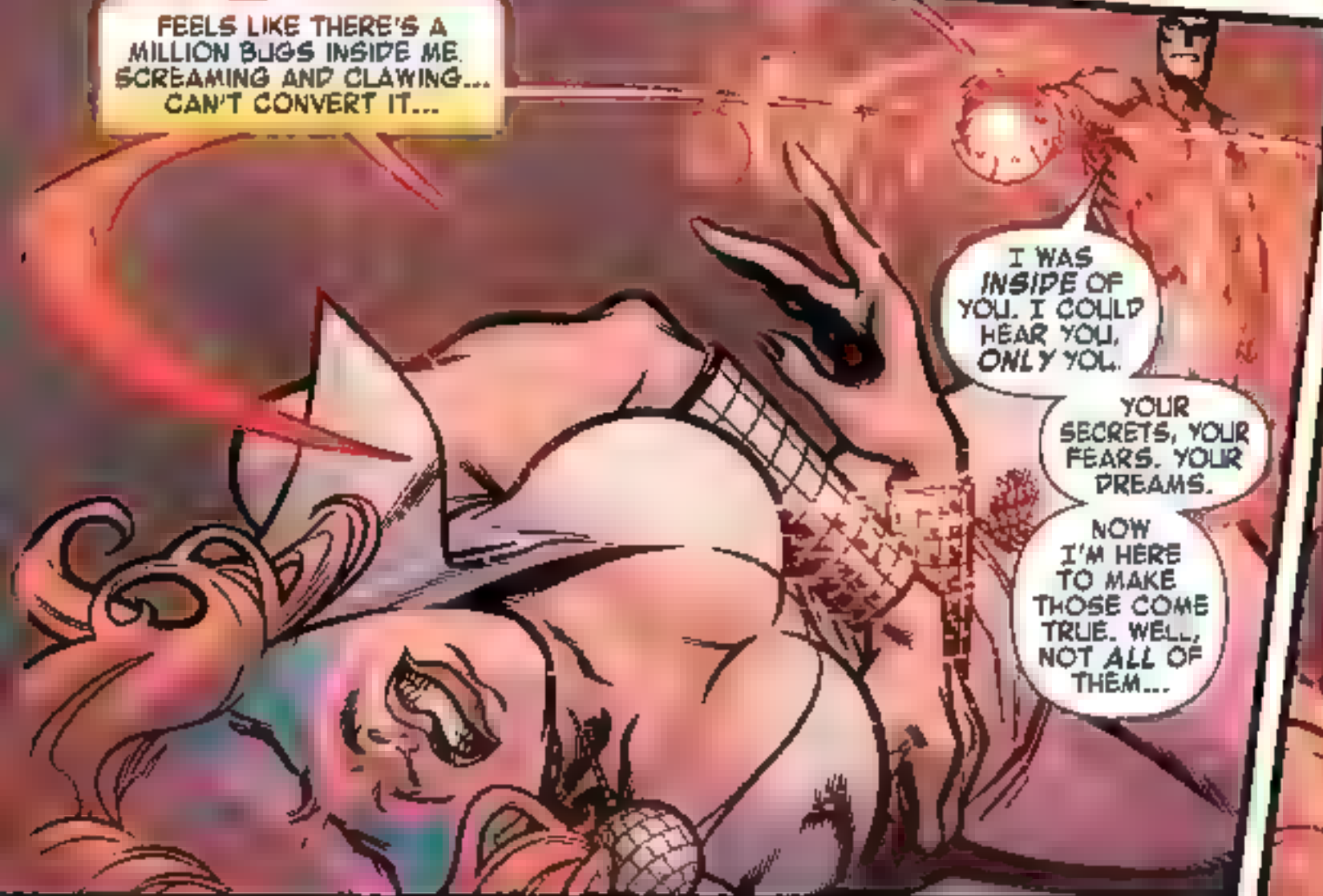


AND
I ADAPTED.
HAD TO MAKE
SURE THAT DIDN'T
HAPPEN AGA N.
NOW YOL CAN'T
ABSORB ME I M
LIKE A CANCER
TO YOL.



DOESN'T MATTER
IF YOU MEANT TO OR
NOT, YOU KILLED ME
ONCE BEFORE.

THAT
WASN'T VERY
FUN FOR
EITHER OF US
WAS IT?

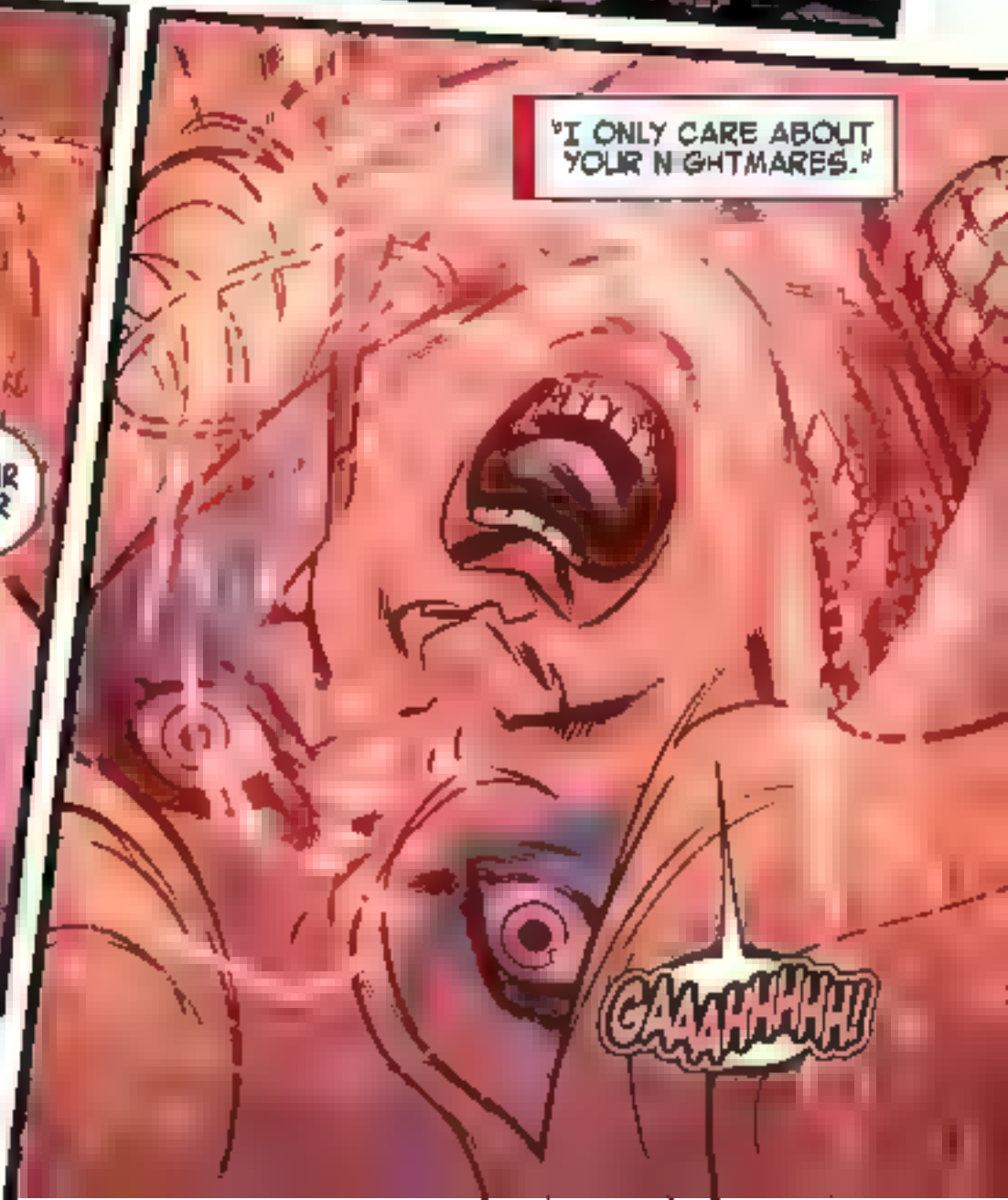


FEELS LIKE THERE'S A
MILLION BUGS INSIDE ME.
SCREAMING AND CLAWING...
CAN'T CONVERT IT...

I WAS
INSIDE OF
YOU. I COULD
HEAR YOU,
ONLY YOU.

YOUR
SECRETS, YOUR
FEARS, YOUR
DREAMS.

NOW
I'M HERE
TO MAKE
THOSE COME
TRUE. WELL,
NOT ALL OF
THEM...



"I ONLY CARE ABOUT
YOUR NIGHTMARES."

GAAHHHHH!!

PLEASE, DON'T STOP SCREAMING. NOT THAT IT MATTERS FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME.

SOUND WAVES TRAVEL FOREVER BECOMING TOO FAINT TO BE HEARD BUT STILL TRAVELING. OUT THERE TO SIFT THROUGH.

IF YOU LISTEN CLOSE ENOUGH YOU CAN HEAR THE LAST BREATH OF THE D'NOZAJRS.

THE SCREAMS OF TORTURED PRISONERS AND THE SECRETS THEY ARE FORCED TO REVEAL.

OR THE CRIES OF A LOST LITTLE GIRL, A KINDRED SPIRIT, CURSING ONE NAME: "DAZZLER."

A SOFT PRAYER THAT SOMEONE COULD HELP MAKE HER DREAM OF KILLING YOU COME TRUE.

SO PLEASE, BEG. SCREAM. CRY. WHATEVER YOU NEED TO DO.

THIS SWAN SONG WILL LIVE FOREVER EVEN IF YOU DON'T.

SOUND NEVER DIES.

YOU... WANT... FINAL WORDS?

%^&# YOU.

KLAW? THE ACTUAL VILLAIN, AND NOT ONE OF MY CREATIONS? THIS WAS NOT PART OF OUR ARRANGEMENT

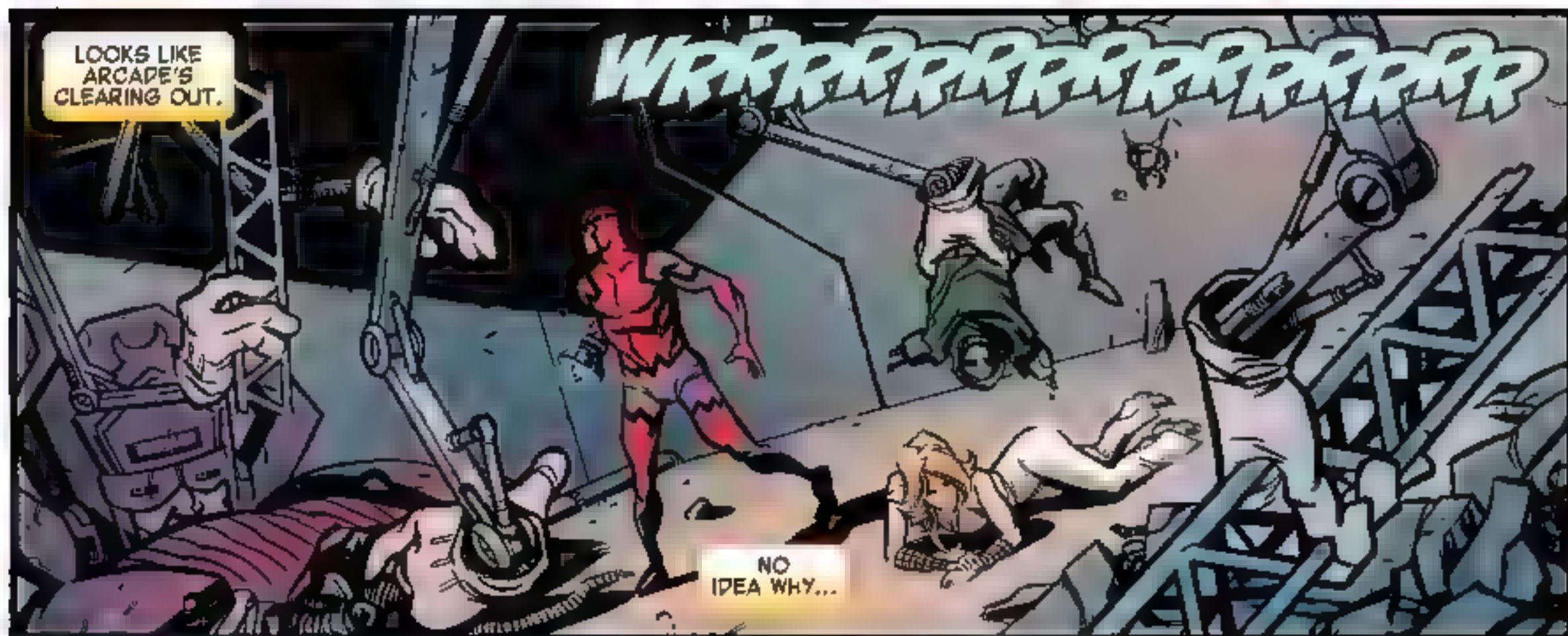
WHAT DOES IT MATTER? I BROUGHT IN MY OWN HELP IN CASE YOU FAILED. NOW SHE'S DYING AND MURDERWORLD'S LIVING UP TO ITS NAME, FOR ONCE.

YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY.

MY DEAR, IF YOU'RE GOING TO KILL SOMEONE, HAVE THE DECENCY TO DO IT HONESTLY.

CHEATERS NEVER WIN.

click

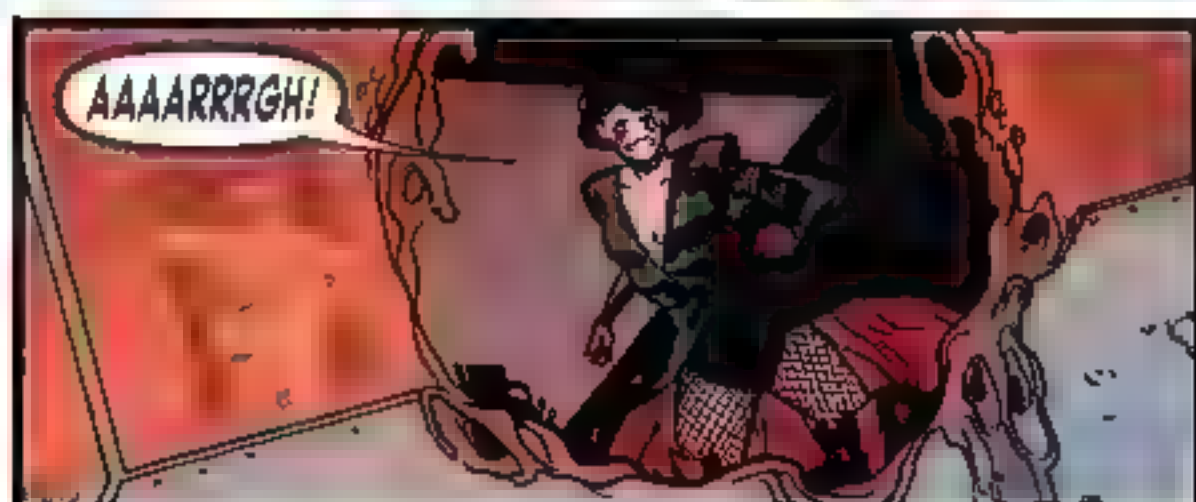


BUT GOT ONE
SHOT HERE.
GO TIME.

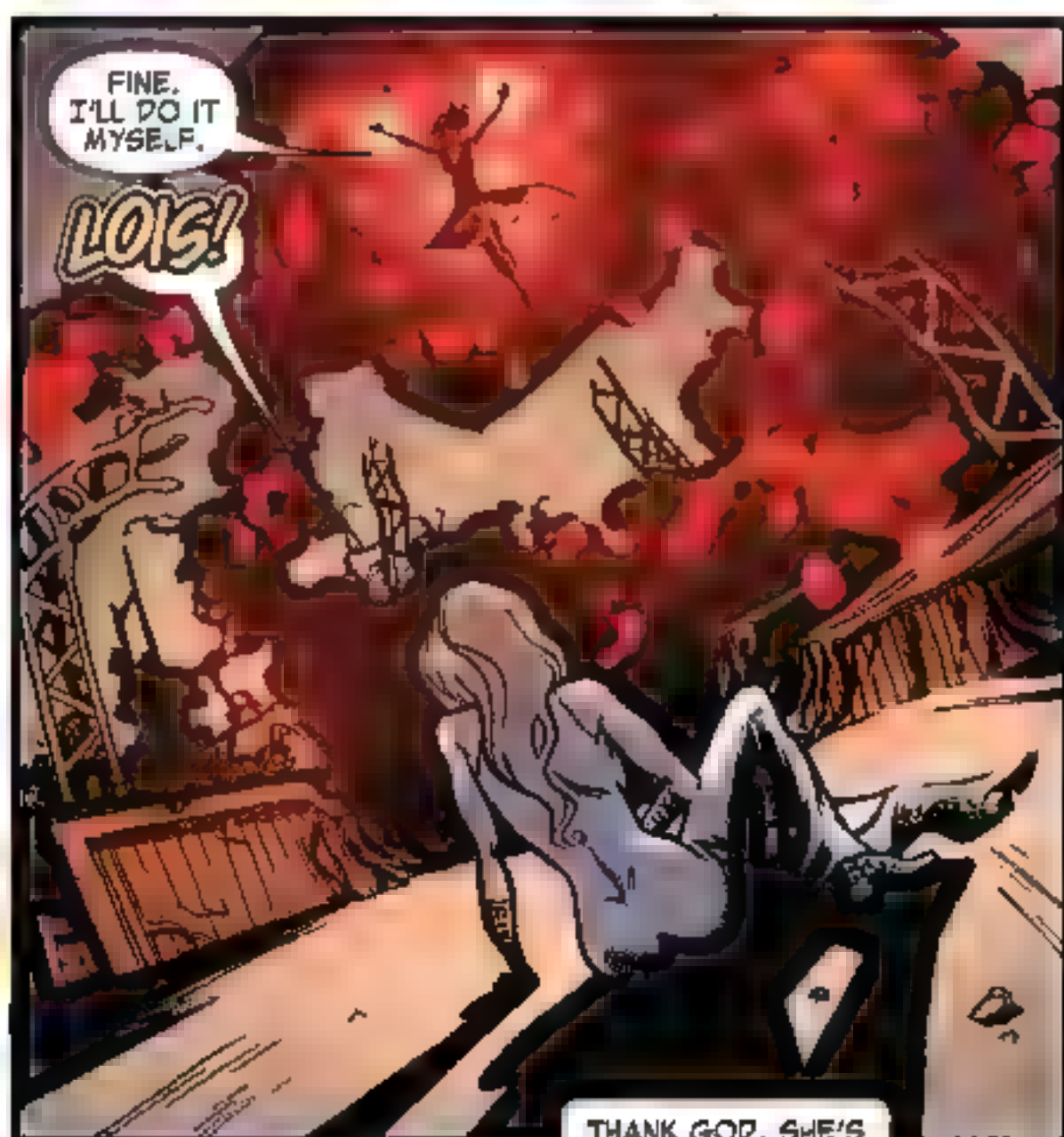


CHAOS...MAKING
SOUNDS I CAN USE...
POWER ME UP.

KLAW'S MADE OF SOUND--
FIND THE RIGHT LIGHT SPECTRUM
FREQUENCY TO SURROUND H.M. AND
HE'LL SKIP, LIKE A RECORD.



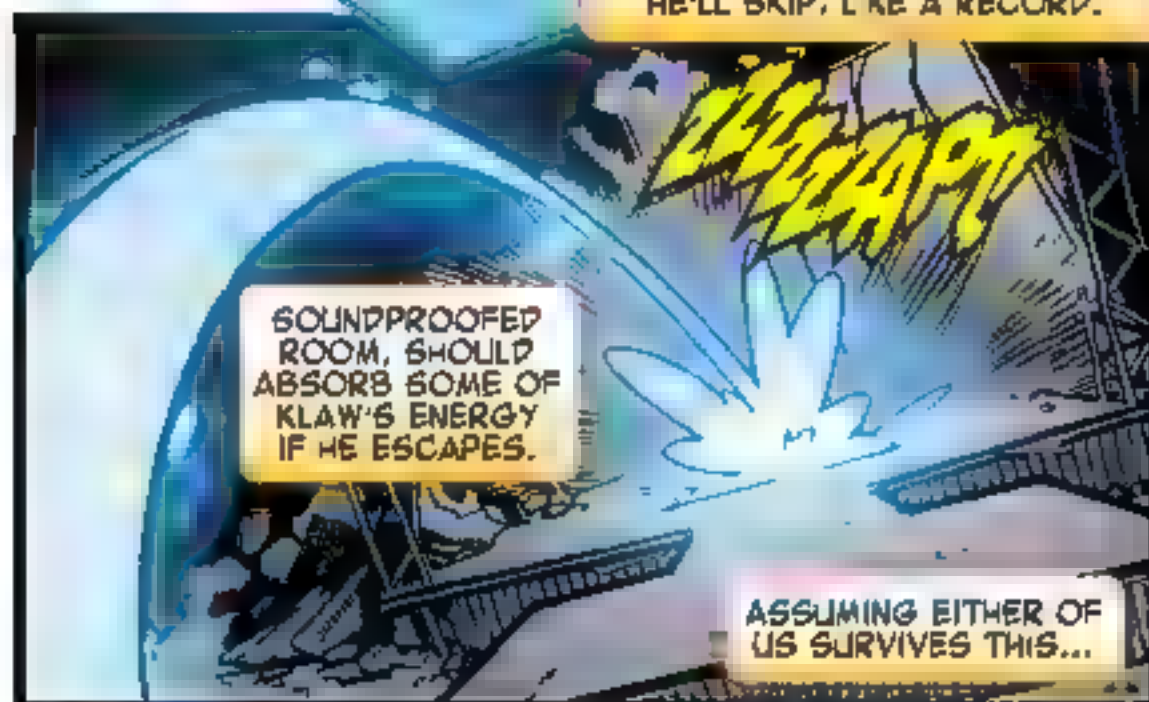
AAAARRRGH!



FINE.
I'LL DO IT
MYSELF.

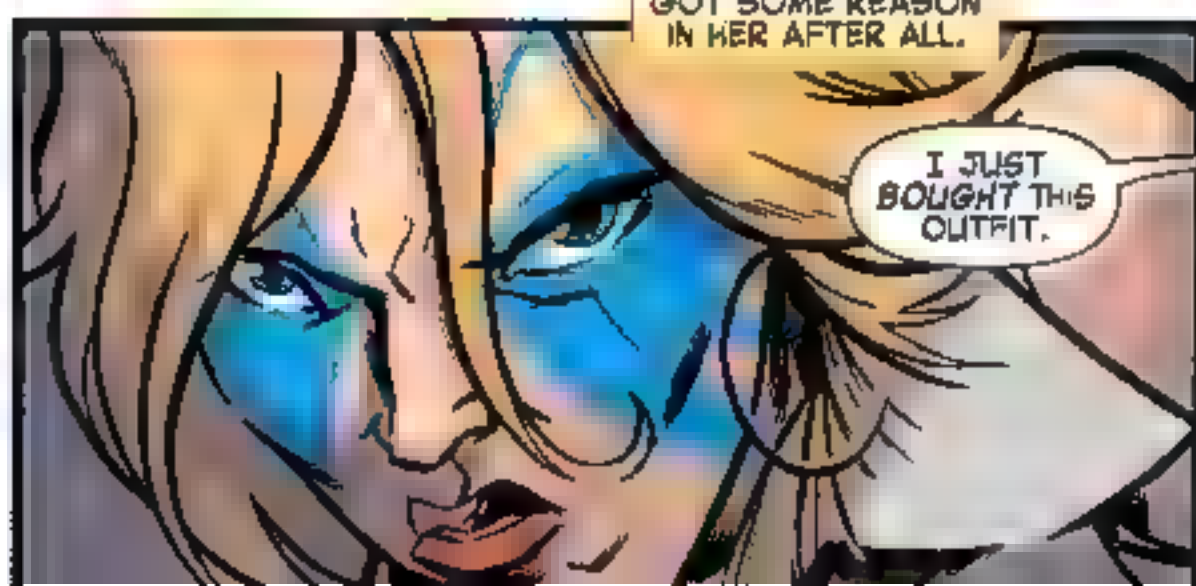
LOIS!

THANK GOD. SHE'S
GOT SOME REASON
IN HER AFTER ALL.

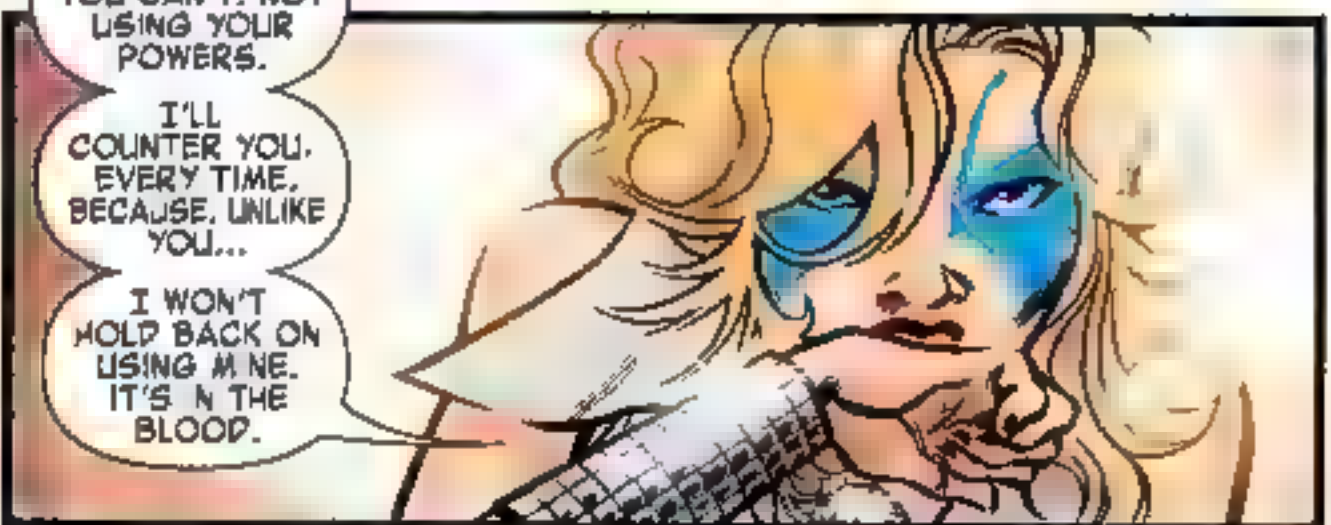
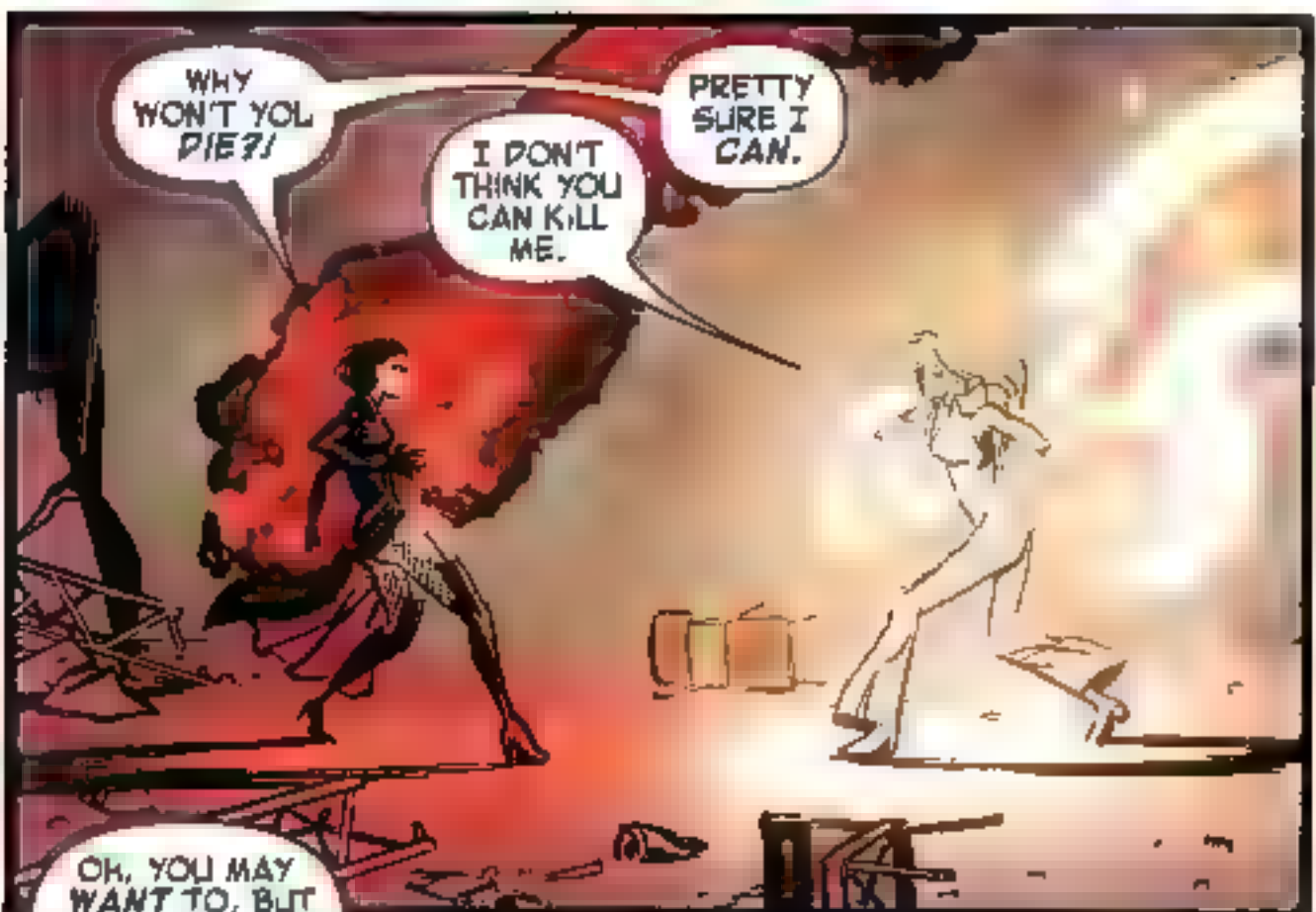
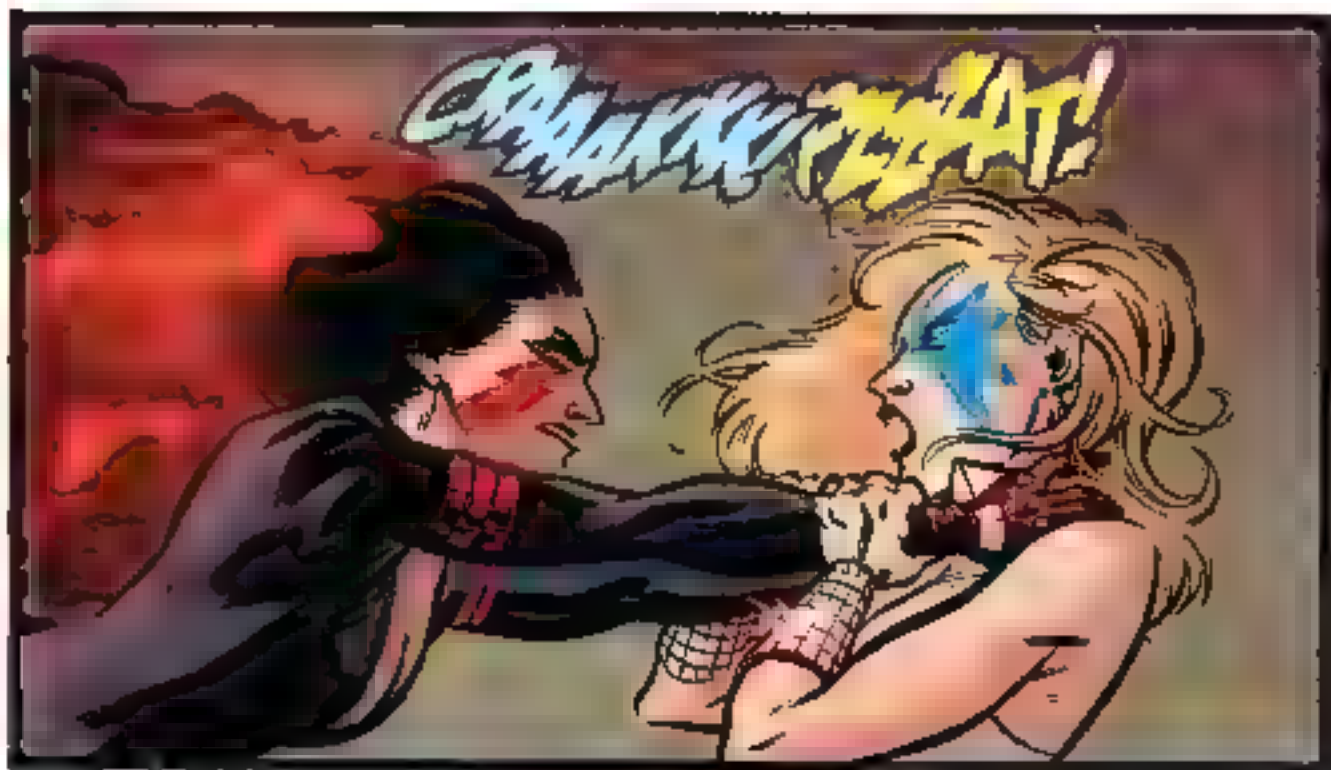
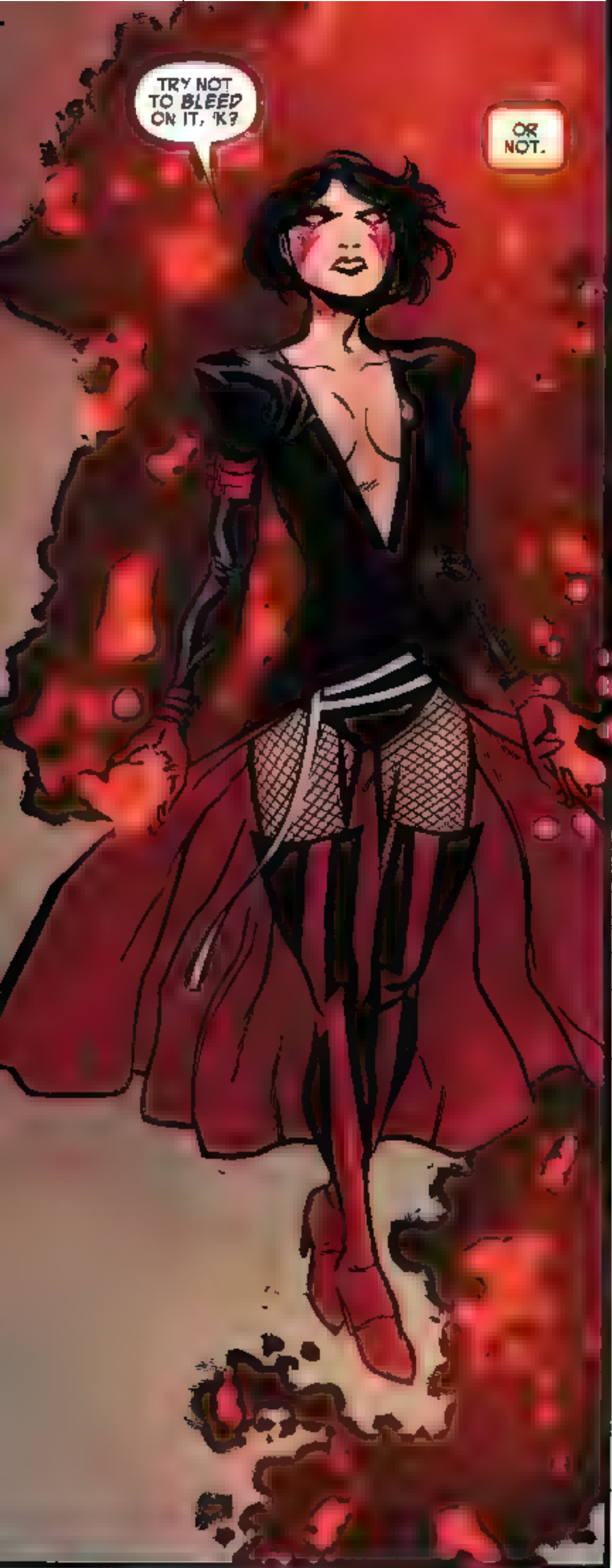


SOUNDPROOFED
ROOM, SHOULD
ABSORB SOME OF
KLAW'S ENERGY
IF HE ESCAPES.

ASSUMING EITHER OF
US SURVIVES THIS...



I JUST
BOUGHT THIS
OUTFIT.





"NONE OF
JS ASKED FOR
TH S, LOIS."

"I COULD
HAVE BEEN
A LAWYER."

"BUT I WANTED
SOMETHING MORE.
I WANTED TO
ENTERTA N."

"I GOT WAY
MORE THAN I
BARGAINED FOR
THOUGH."

"I THOUGHT
I HAD TO BE ONE
OR THE OTHER."

"I SAVED IT
THAT
POWER."

"I MADE SOME
BAD DECISIONS.
I LOST MYSELF.
I LET MYSELF BE
THE LABEL."

"THE MUTANT. THE
HAS-BEEN. THE JOKE."

"BUT THE GREATEST
REALIZAT ON I MADE IN
ALL OF TH S IS THAT IT
DOESN'T MATTER HOW
EVERYONE SEES ME."

"I'M NOT
JUST A MUTANT
OR A SINGER. OR
ANY ONE THING..."



ALL OF
THIS IS
ME.

LOOK AT YOU, ALL WELL ADJUSTED SUPPENLY.

OF COURSE, **EVERYTHING** HAS BEEN HANDED TO YOU. YOU'VE BEEN THE ONE SCREWING UP YOUR OWN LIFE.

ME? TRY WALKING IN THESE HEELS FOR A WHILE ALI.

I TRUSTED OUR MOTHER TO RAISE ME, AND SHE TURNED OUT TO BE A DRUG-ADDICTED WEAKLING.

I TRUSTED YOU TO GLIDE ME, AND YOU WALKED OUT ON ME!

AND WHEN I FINALLY THOUGHT I FOUND SOMEONE WHO COULD LOVE ME FOR WHO I AM, HE REJECTED ME!

MY OWN FATHER!

EVERYTHING I AM TODAY IS BECAUSE I'M A MUTANT! A FREAK! WE BOTH ARE AND IT'S ALL WE EVER WILL BE!

THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO KILL EVERY ONE OF US! WE'RE ABOMINATIONS!

OKAY, POINT MISSED COMPLETELY.

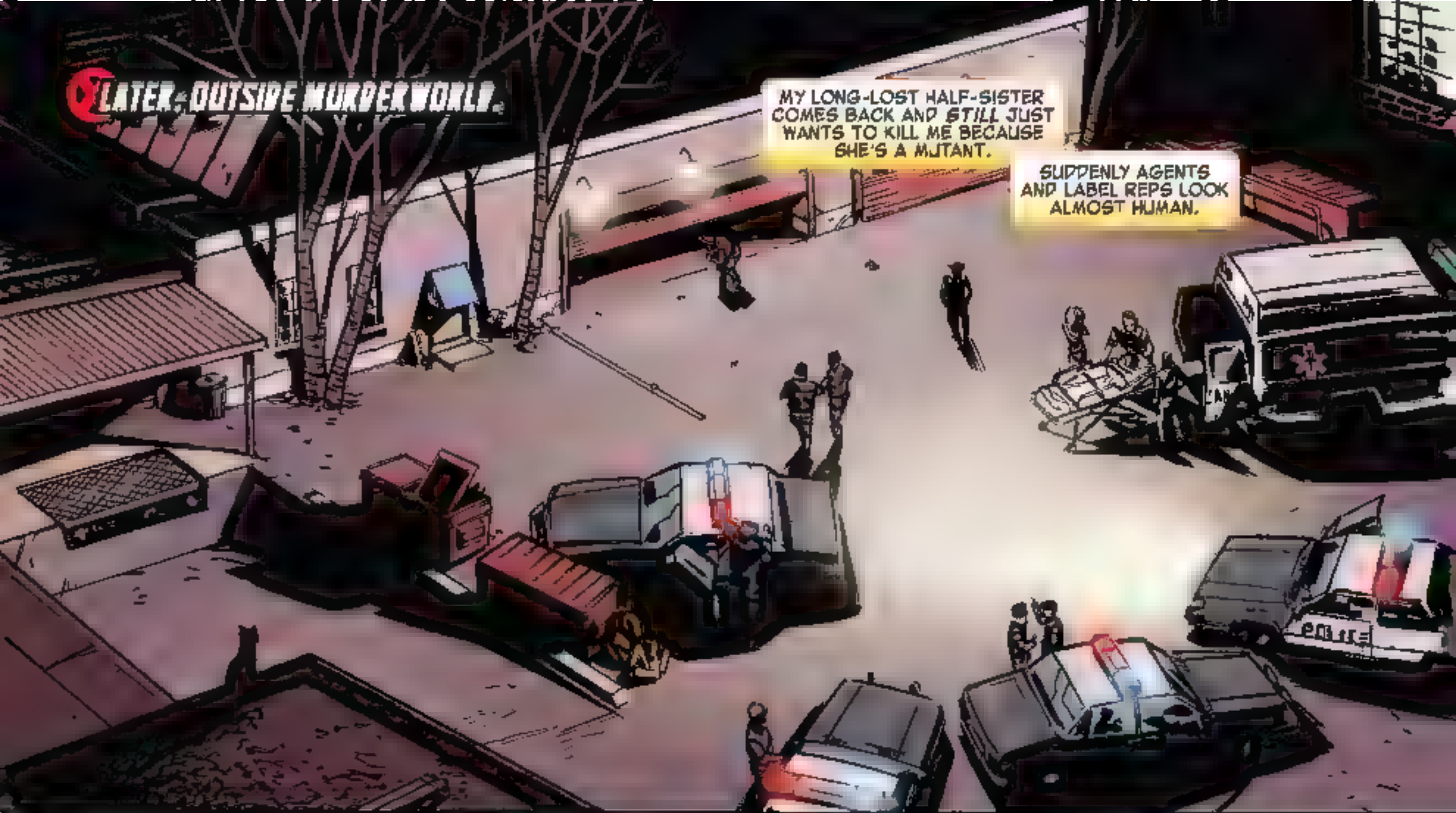
LOIS, THE ONLY THING WE HAVE IN COMMON...

...IS A BLOODY NOSE.

LATER, OUTSIDE MURDER WORLD.

MY LONG-LOST HALF-SISTER COMES BACK AND STILL JUST WANTS TO KILL ME BECAUSE SHE'S A MUTANT.

SUPPENLY AGENTS AND LABEL REPS LOOK ALMOST HUMAN.



BE CAREFUL. KEEP HER SEDATED, PLEASE.

THE WORLD IS SO INSANE RIGHT NOW. THANK GOD THE X-MEN HAVE A PLACE OF OUR OWN. MAYBE THERE LOIS CAN GET THE HELP SHE NEEDS.

AND I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON HER.

AS FAR AS THE AUTHORITIES KNOW, WE WERE BOTH VICTIMS OF ARCADE'S INSANO FUNHOUSE.



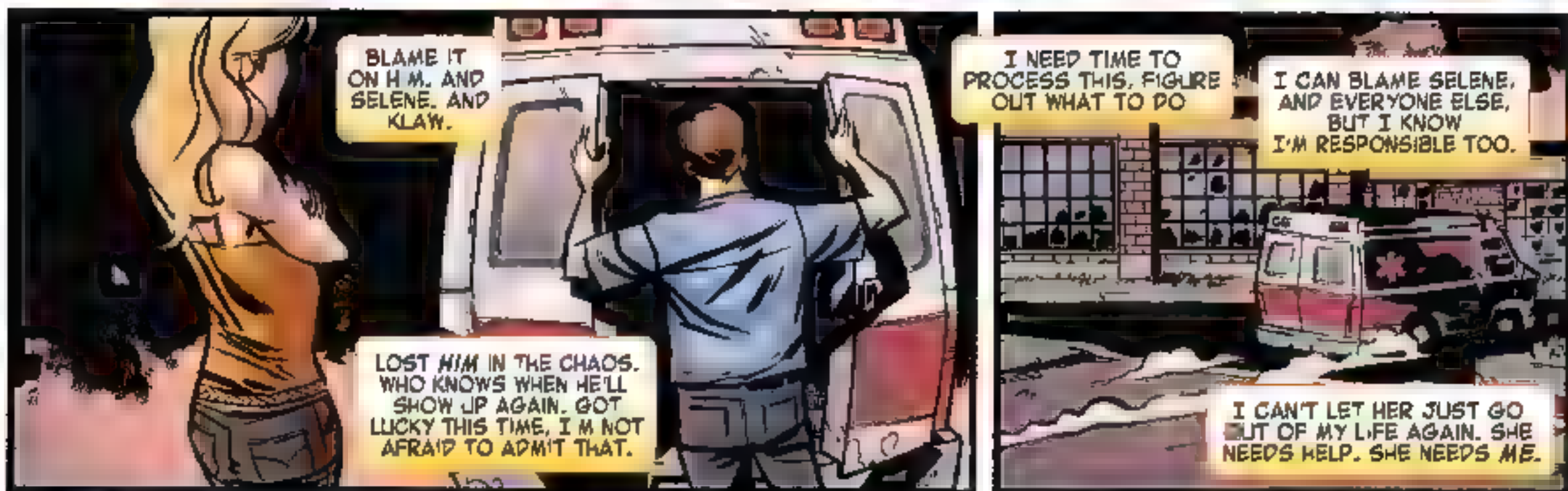
BLAME IT ON H.M. AND SELENE, AND KLAY.

LOST HIM IN THE CHAOS. WHO KNOWS WHEN HE'LL SHOW UP AGAIN. GOT LUCKY THIS TIME, I'M NOT AFRAID TO ADMIT THAT.

I NEED TIME TO PROCESS THIS, FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO

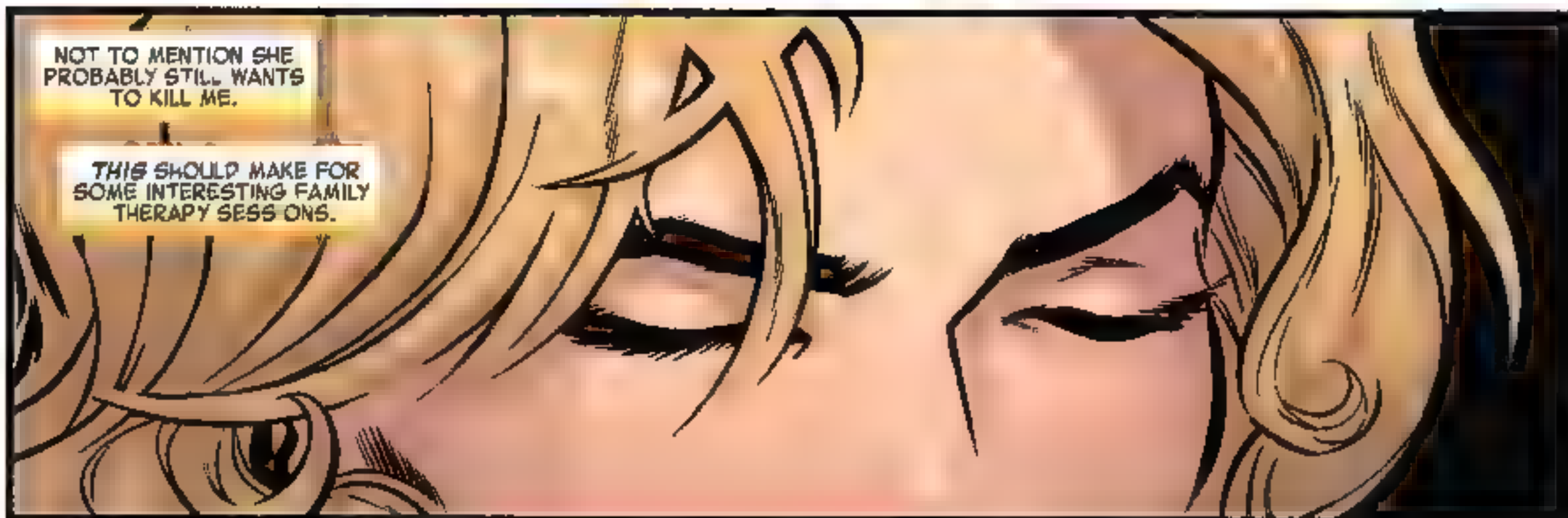
I CAN BLAME SELENE, AND EVERYONE ELSE, BUT I KNOW I'M RESPONSIBLE TOO.

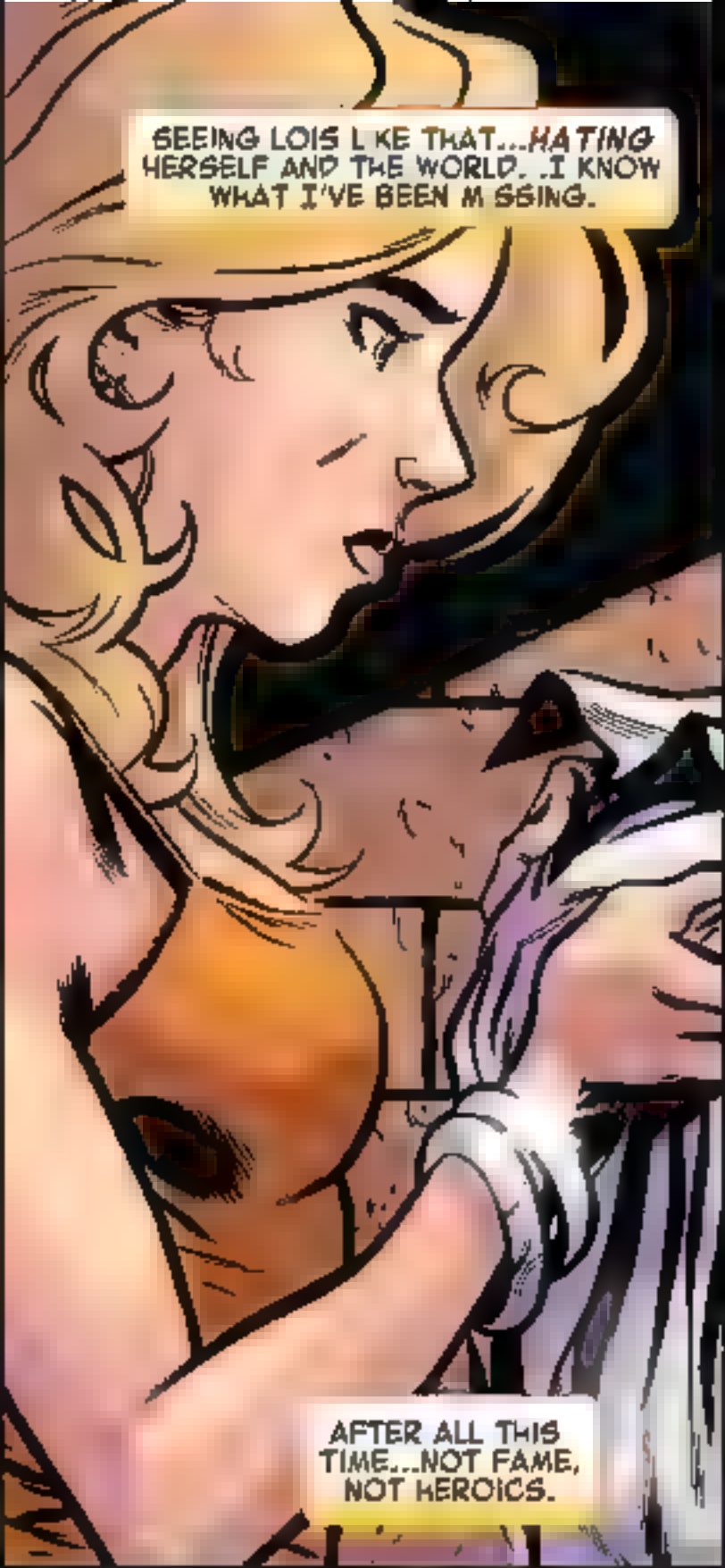
I CAN'T LET HER JUST GO OUT OF MY LIFE AGAIN. SHE NEEDS HELP. SHE NEEDS ME.



NOT TO MENTION SHE PROBABLY STILL WANTS TO KILL ME.

THIS SHOULD MAKE FOR SOME INTERESTING FAMILY THERAPY SESS ONS.





SEEING LOIS LIKE THAT...HATING
HERSELF AND THE WORLD. I KNOW
WHAT I'VE BEEN MISSING.

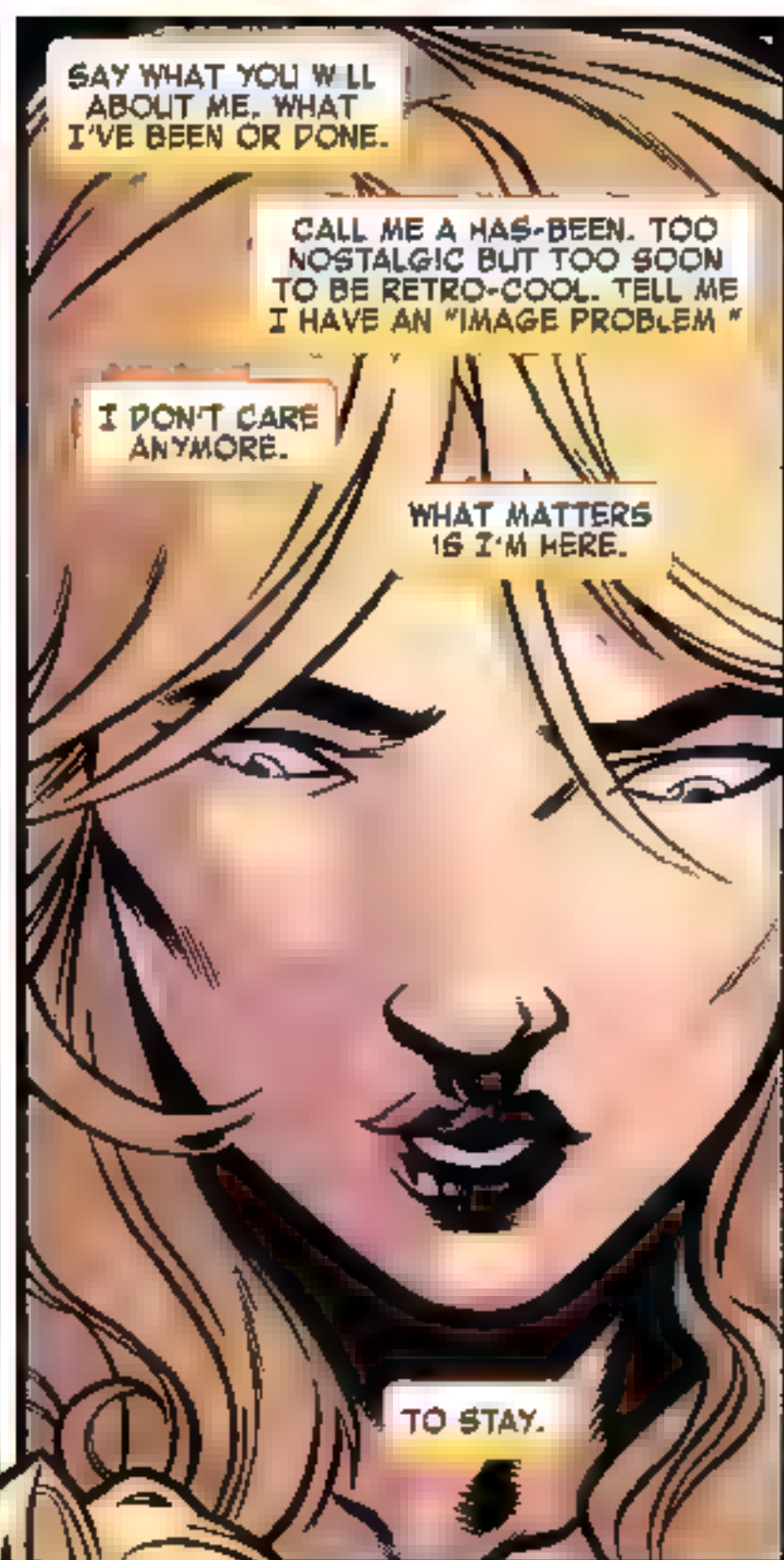
AFTER ALL THIS
TIME...NOT FAME,
NOT HEROICS.



RESPECT.

THANKS, UNIVERSE. NEXT
TIME, CAN YOU TRY SOME-
THING A LITTLE LESS LETHAL
WHEN SENDING ME A CLUE?

SURE, IT TOOK NEARLY
BEING KILLED BY A MAN
I THOUGHT I MURDERED
AND MY NOW-INSANE
SISTER, BUT I GET IT.



SAY WHAT YOU WILL
ABOUT ME, WHAT
I'VE BEEN OR DONE.

CALL ME A HAS-BEEN. TOO
NOSTALGIC BUT TOO SOON
TO BE RETRO-COOL. TELL ME
I HAVE AN "IMAGE PROBLEM"

I DON'T CARE
ANYMORE.

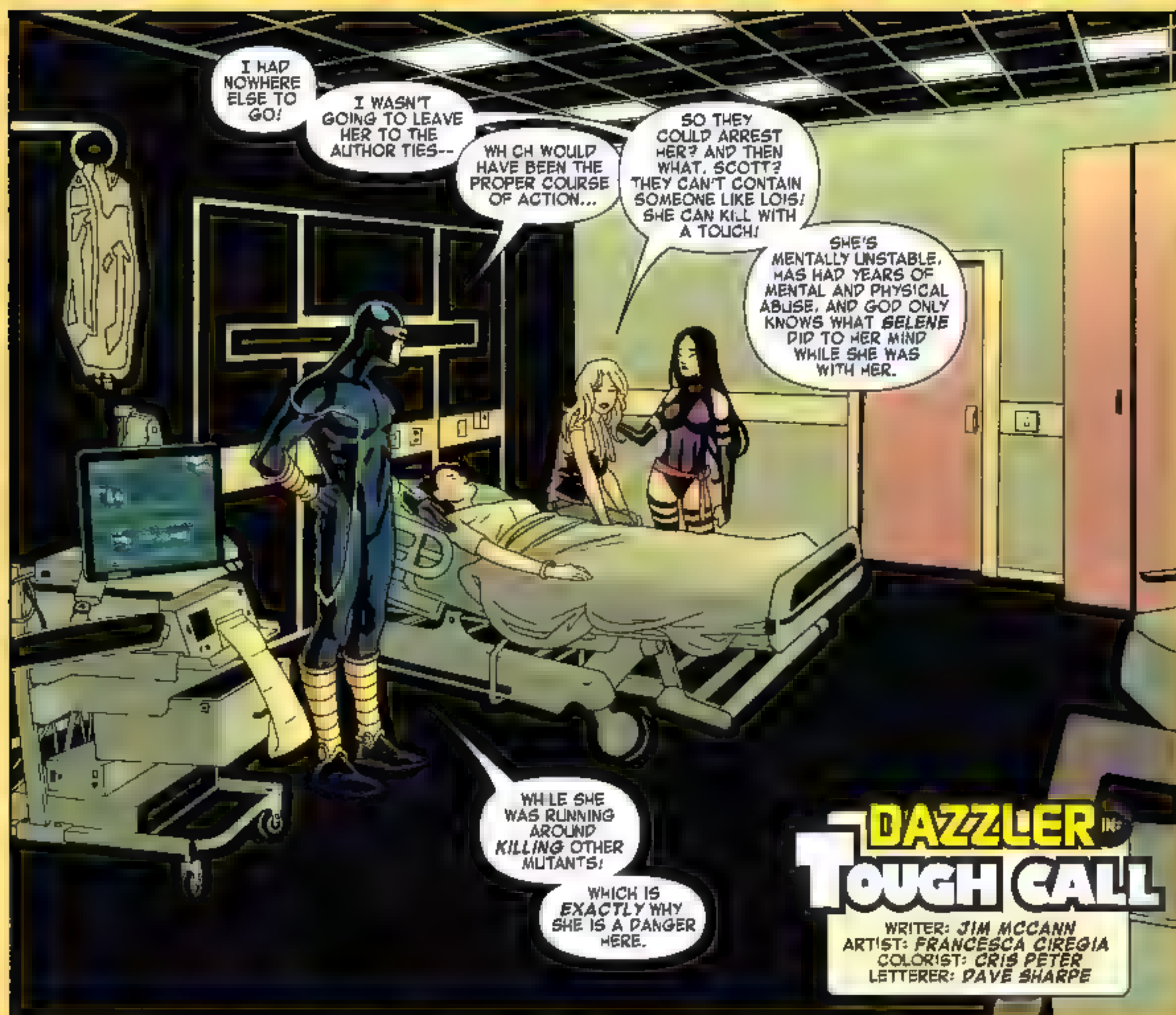
WHAT MATTERS
IS I'M HERE.

TO STAY.



GET USED
TO IT.

DEDICATED TO
FRANK SPRINGER.





PEOPLE WANT
RETRIBUTION
ALISON.

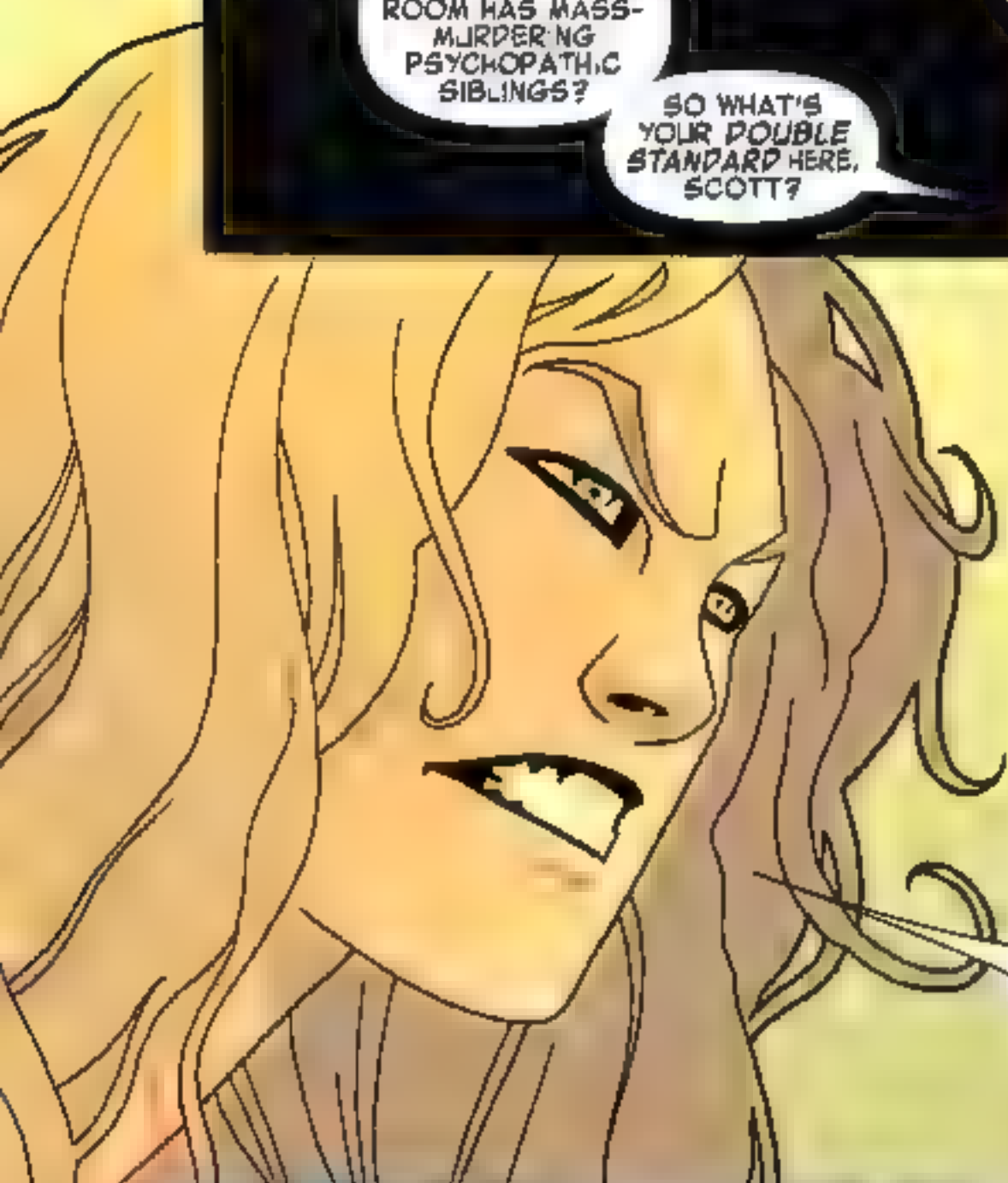
YOUR SISTER
KILLED THEIR
FRIENDS.



YEAH, AND
SHE TRIED TO KILL
ME! SO HAS MAGNETO.
AND SO HAS YOUR
GIRLFRIEND!

AND, OH YEAH,
WHO ELSE IN THIS
ROOM HAS MASS-
MURDERING
PSYCHOPATHIC
SIBLINGS?

SO WHAT'S
YOUR DOUBLE
STANDARD HERE,
SCOTT?



EMMA NEVER
KILLED AN X-MAN.
FIRST OF ALL. AND,
YES, WHILE MOST
DESERVE A SECOND
CHANCE, SOME
PEOPLE ARE
BEYOND HELP!

SHE'S MY
SISTER!

WHO WANTS
TO KILL YOU,
TOO! FIRST
CHANCE SHE
GETS!

SHE DIDN'T
WHEN SHE HAD
THE CHANCE.
TWICE.

SHE
NEEDS
US!

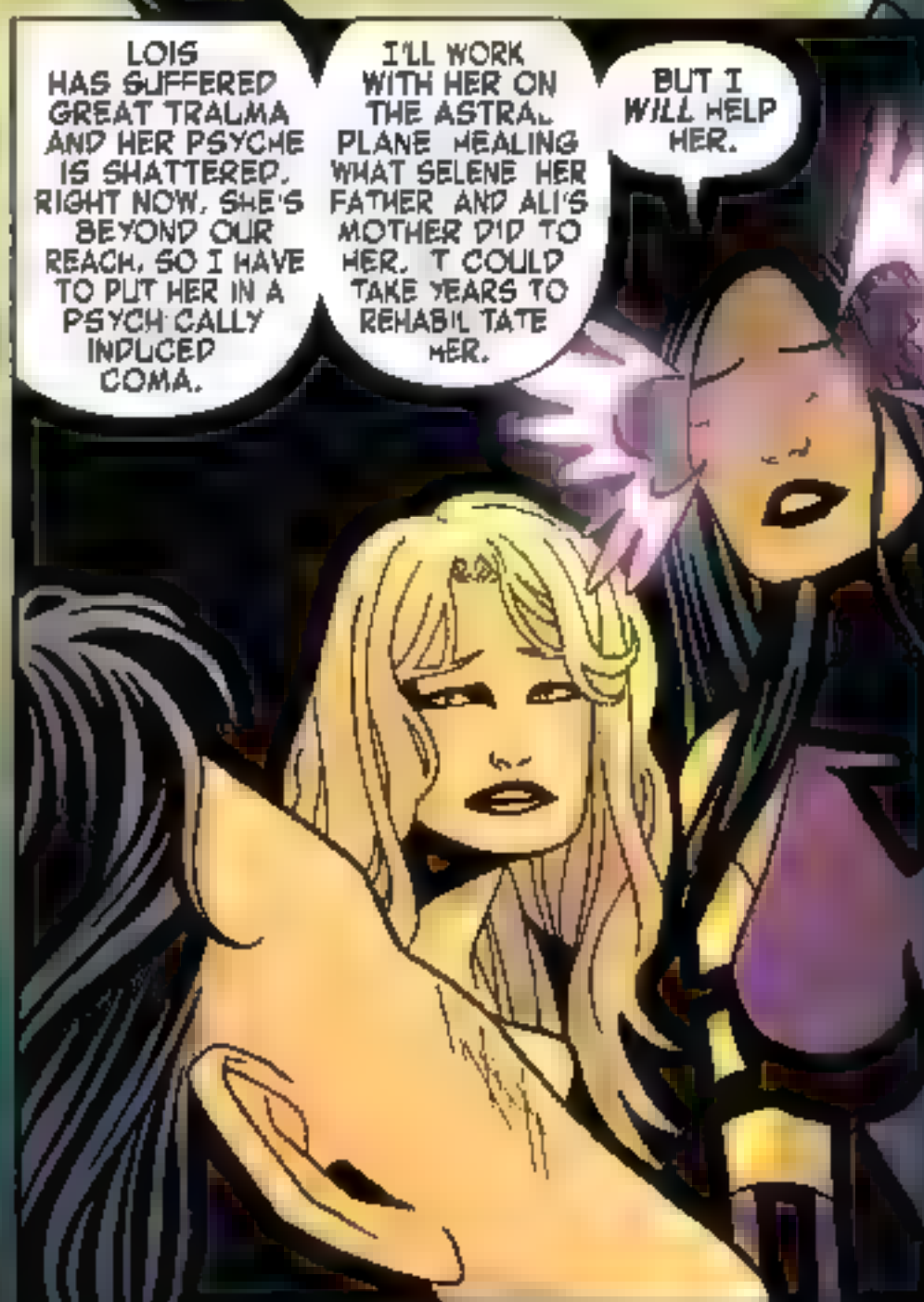


SELENE
RAISED THE DEAD
AND USED THEM AGAINST US--
USED EVERYONE, INCLUDING
THE HELLIONS. EMMA'S STUDENTS.
HER CHILDREN SHE HAD TO
WATCH DIE AGAIN. AND YOUR
SISTER WENT ALONG
WITH IT.

DON'T
EXPECT ANY
HELP FROM
EMMA.

WE
DON'T
NEED
HER.

I'LL
DO IT.



LOIS
HAS SUFFERED
GREAT TRAUMA
AND HER PSYCHE
IS SHATTERED.
RIGHT NOW, SHE'S
BEYOND OUR
REACH, SO I HAVE
TO PUT HER IN A
PSYCHICALLY
INDUCED
COMA.

I'LL WORK
WITH HER ON
THE ASTRAL
PLANE, HEALING
WHAT SELENE HER
FATHER AND ALI'S
MOTHER DID TO
HER. IT COULD
TAKE YEARS TO
REHABILITATE
HER.

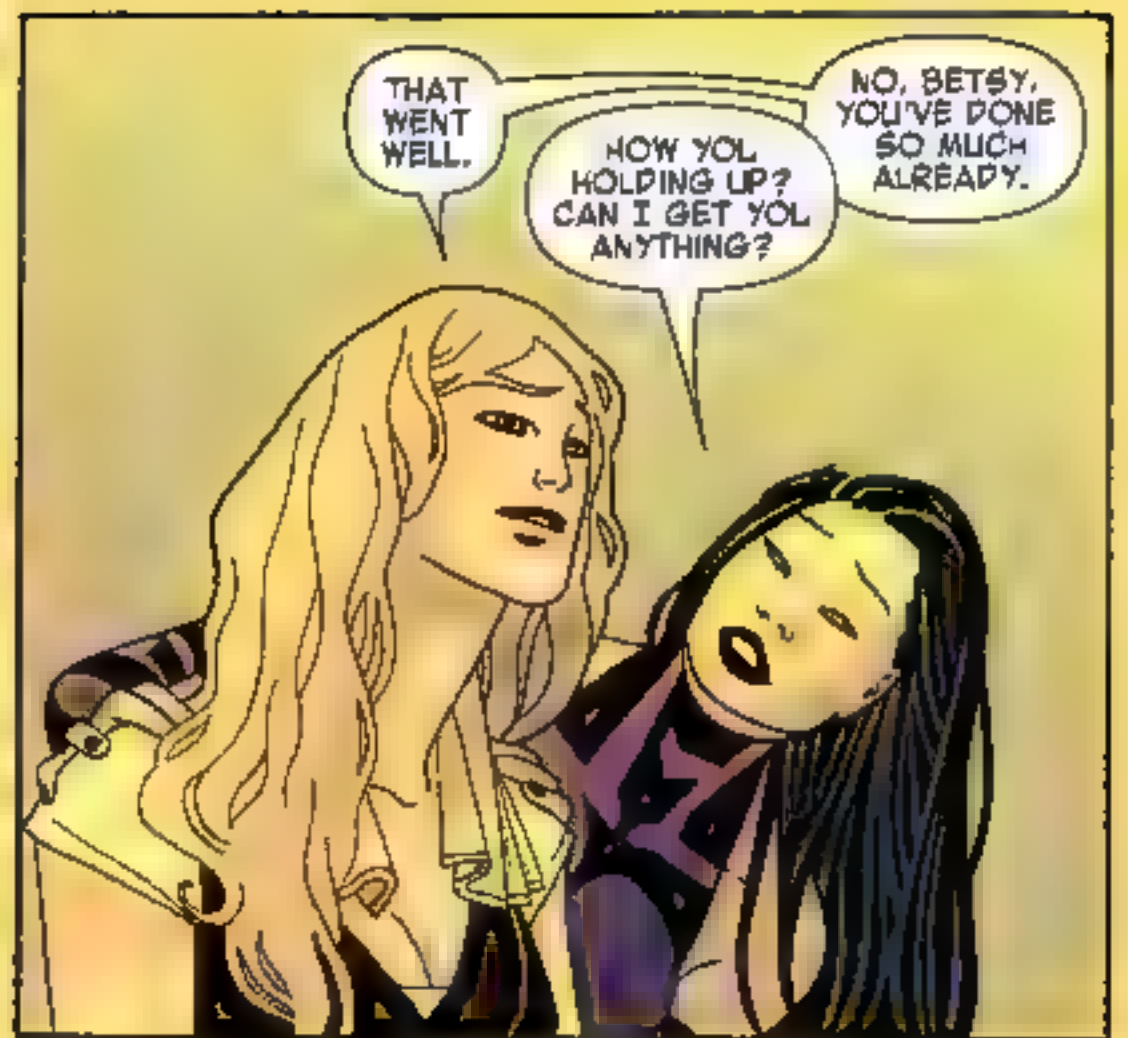
BUT I
WILL HELP
HER.



FINE. AS
NEXT OF KIN.
ALISON THIS
IS YOUR
CALL.

AND YOUR
RESPONSIBILITY.

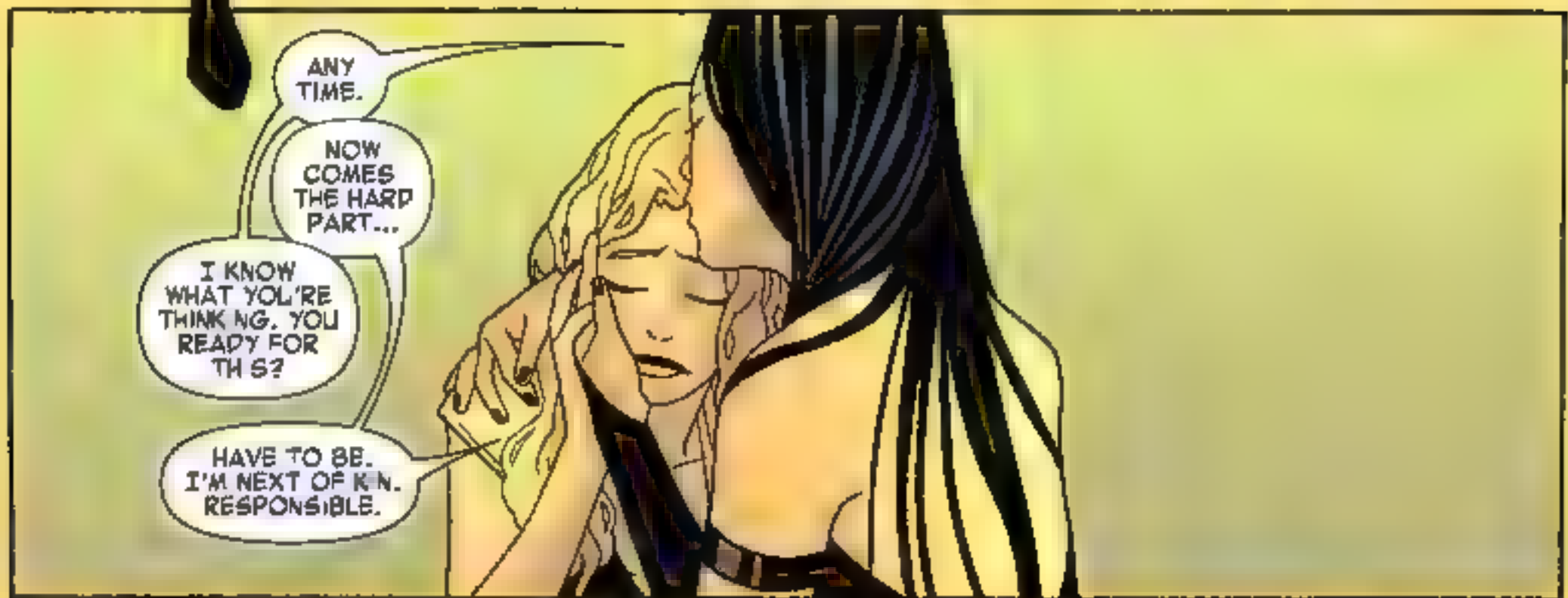
IT'S THE
BEST CHANCE
SHE HAS.



THAT
WENT
WELL.

HOW YOL
HOLDING UP?
CAN I GET YOL
ANYTHING?

NO, BETSY,
YOU'VE DONE
SO MUCH
ALREADY.

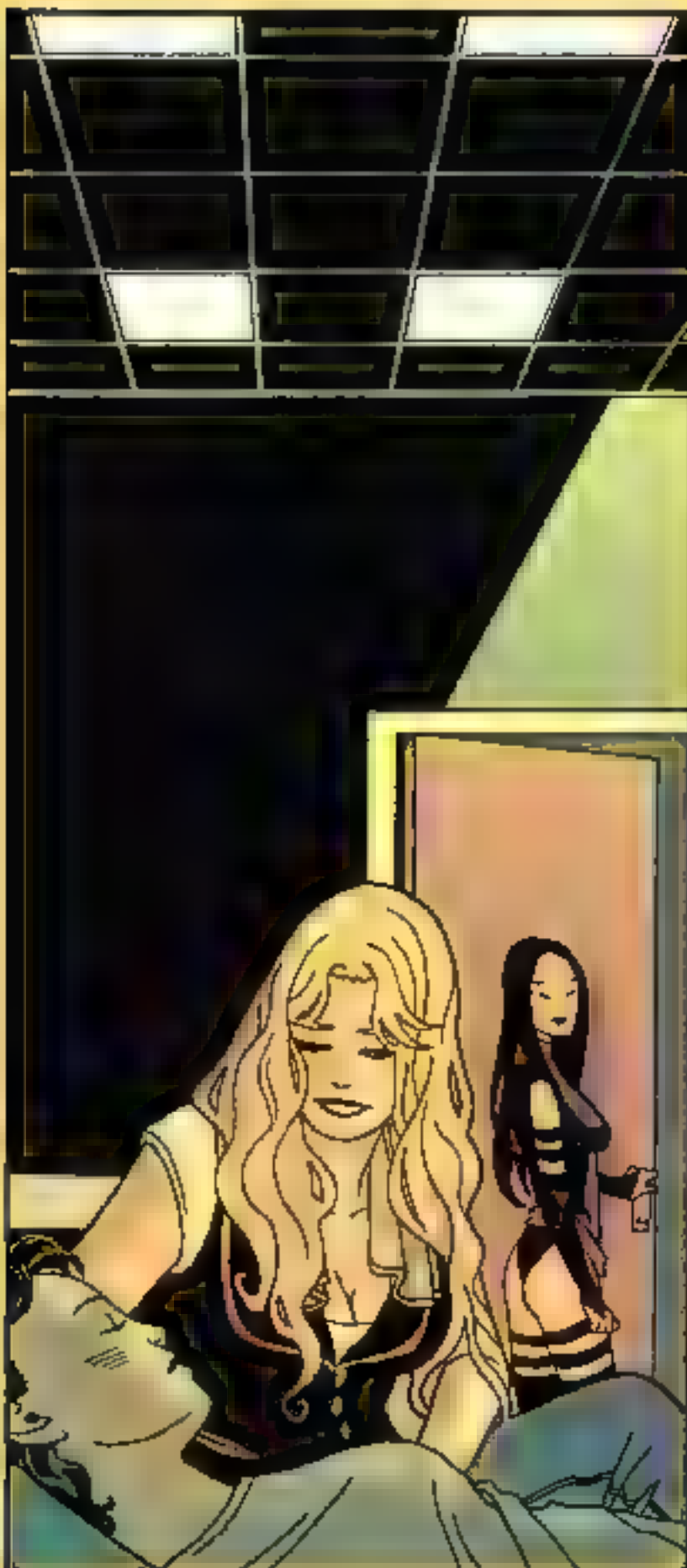


ANY
TIME.

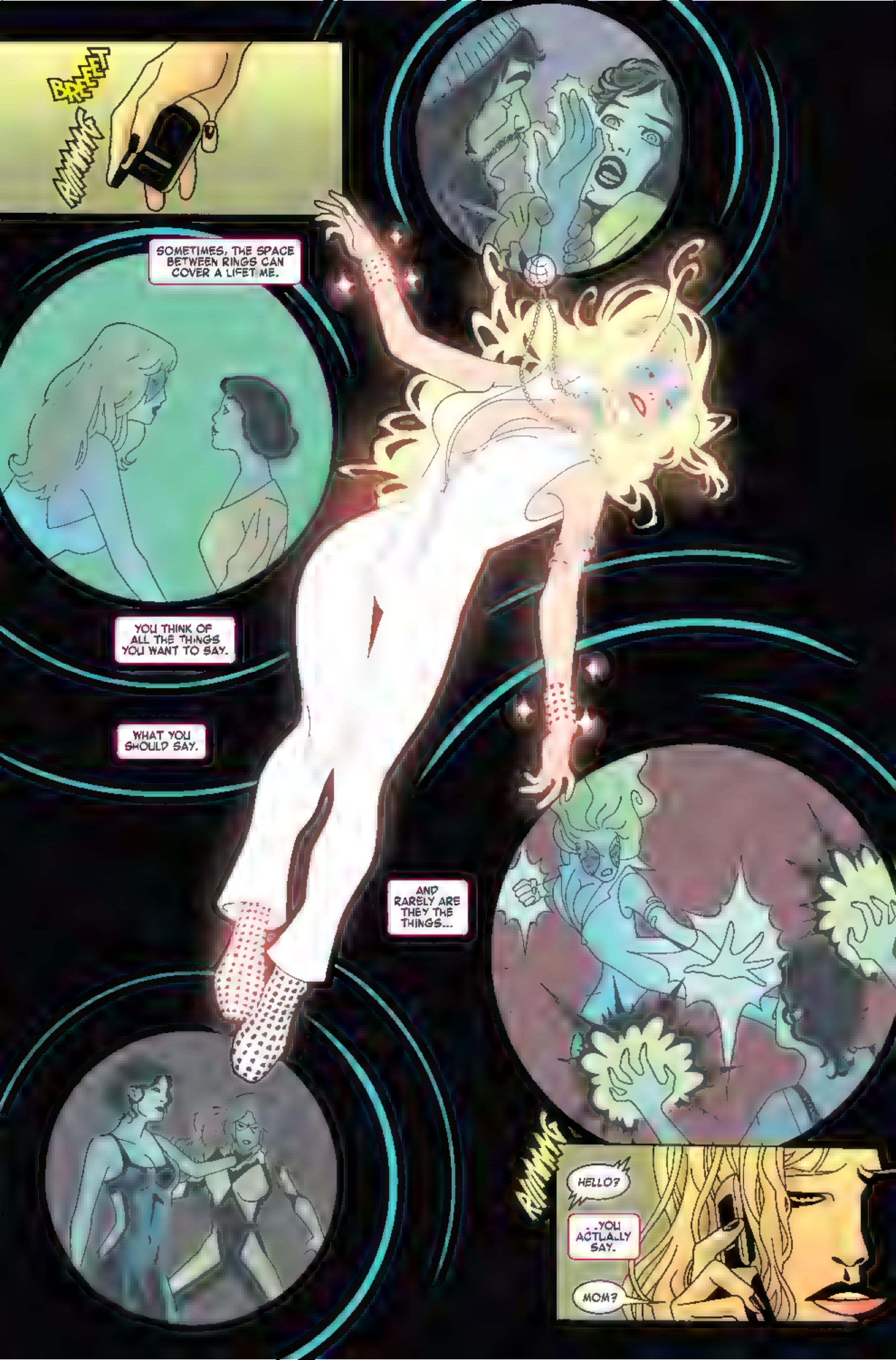
NOW
COMES
THE HARD
PART...

I KNOW
WHAT YOL'RE
THINK NG. YOU
READY FOR
THIS?

HAVE TO BE.
I'M NEXT OF KIN.
RESPONSIBLE.



LEAVE THIS
ONE TO THE
DAZZLER...



BEEP
BEEP

SOMETIMES, THE SPACE
BETWEEN RINGS CAN
COVER A LIFETIME.

YOU THINK OF
ALL THE THINGS
YOU WANT TO SAY.

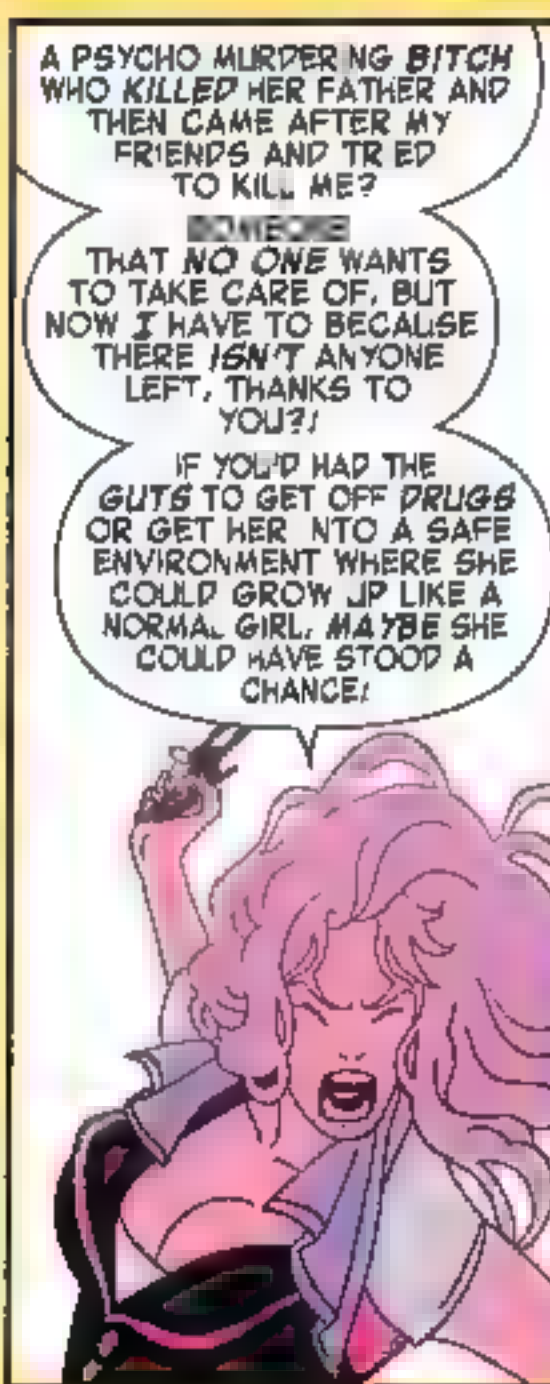
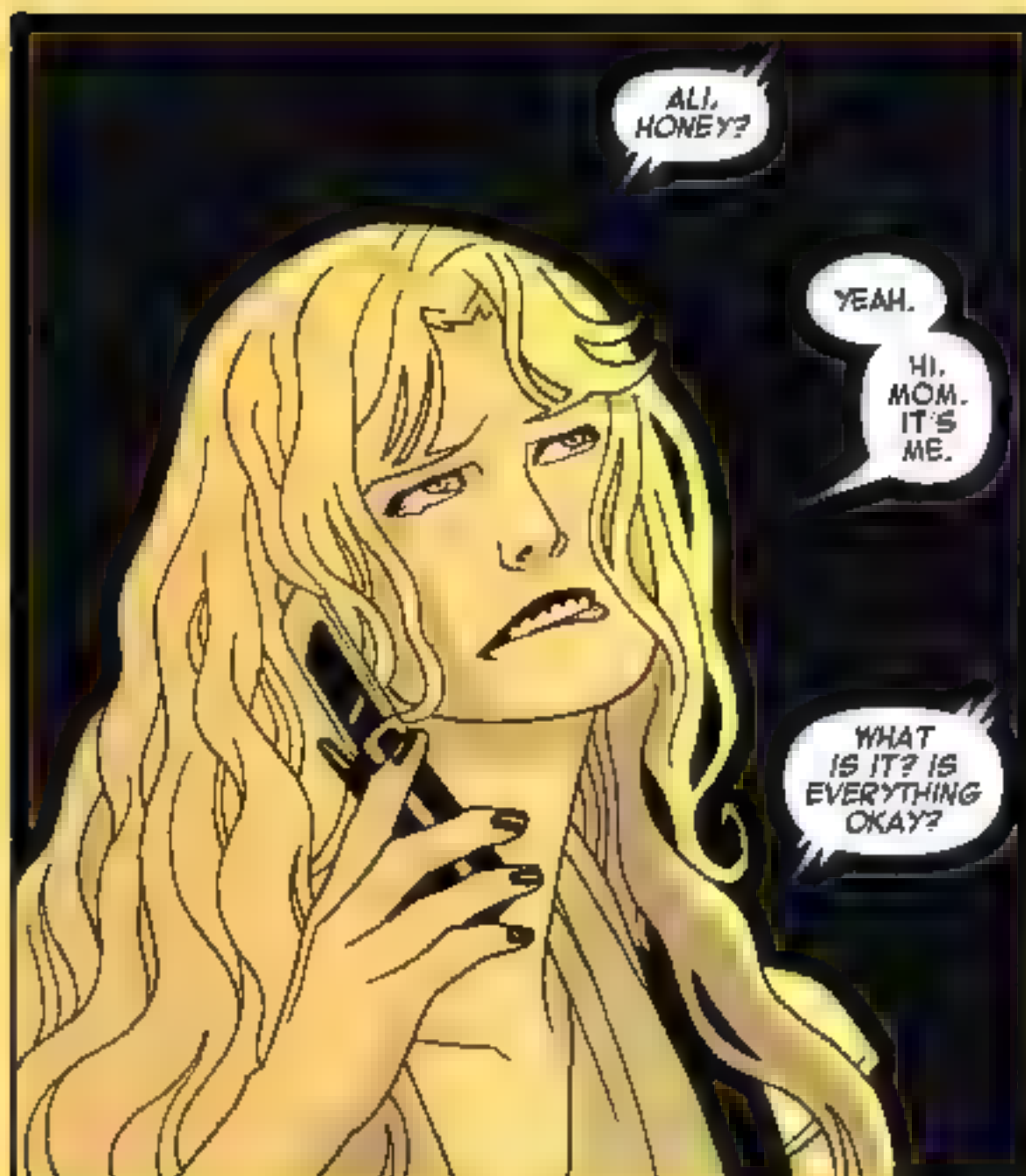
WHAT YOU
SHOULD SAY.

AND
RARELY ARE
THEY THE
THINGS...

HELLO?

...YOU
ACTUALLY
SAY.

MOM?





SHE'S NOT WELL. STABLE, BUT NOT WELL.

WHAT'S SHE DONE, ALI? TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT YOUR SISTER HAS DONE.

SHE'S SICK. NOT...NOT PHYSICALLY. BUT EMOTIONALLY... MENTALLY...

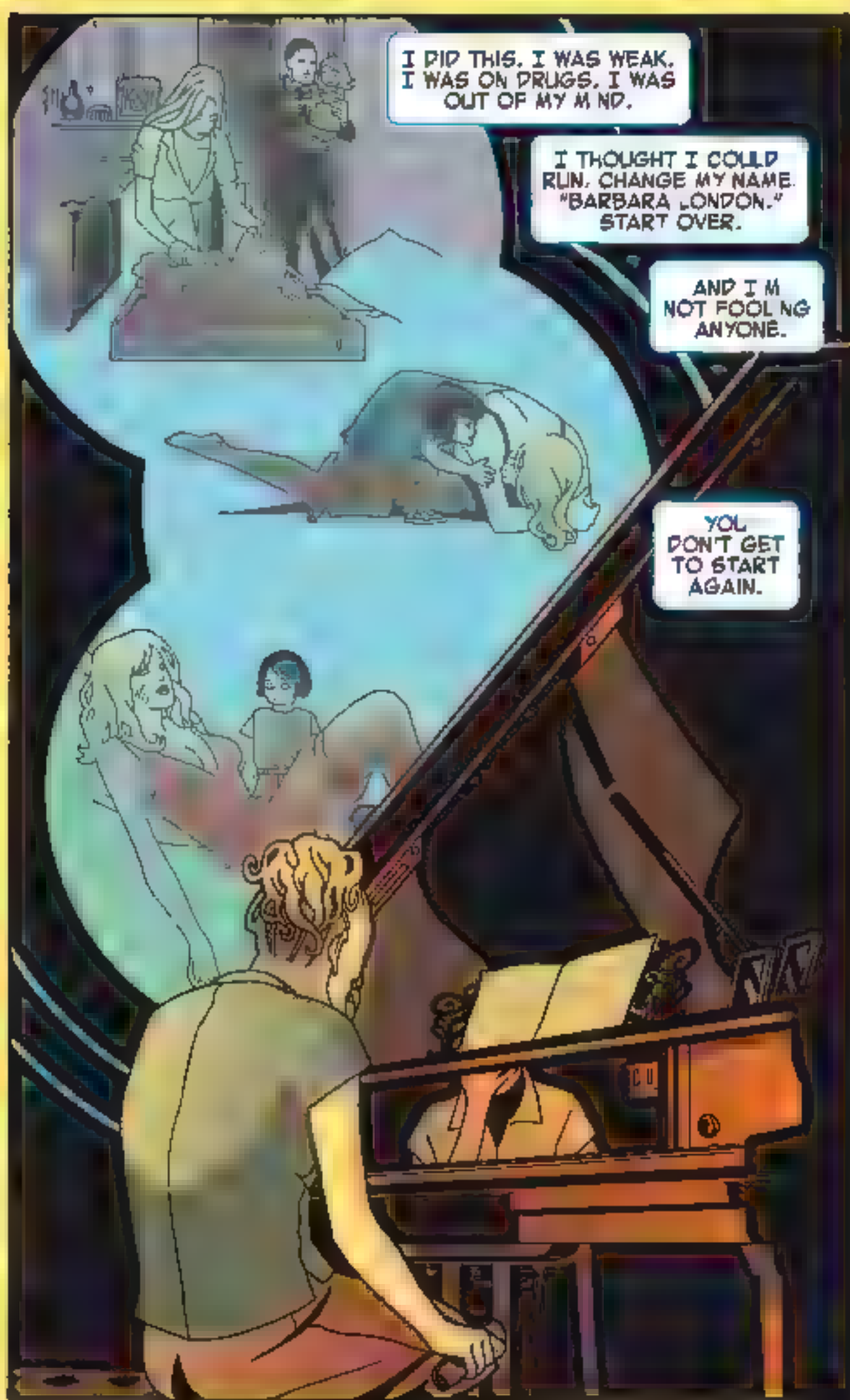


NICK'S DEAD, MOM.

SHE KILLED HER FATHER.

SHE KILLED A LOT OF PEOPLE.

AND SHE TRIED TO KILL ME. SHE'S IN A COMA NOW BUT IT'S SAFE. JUST UNTIL SHE CAN GET BETTER...

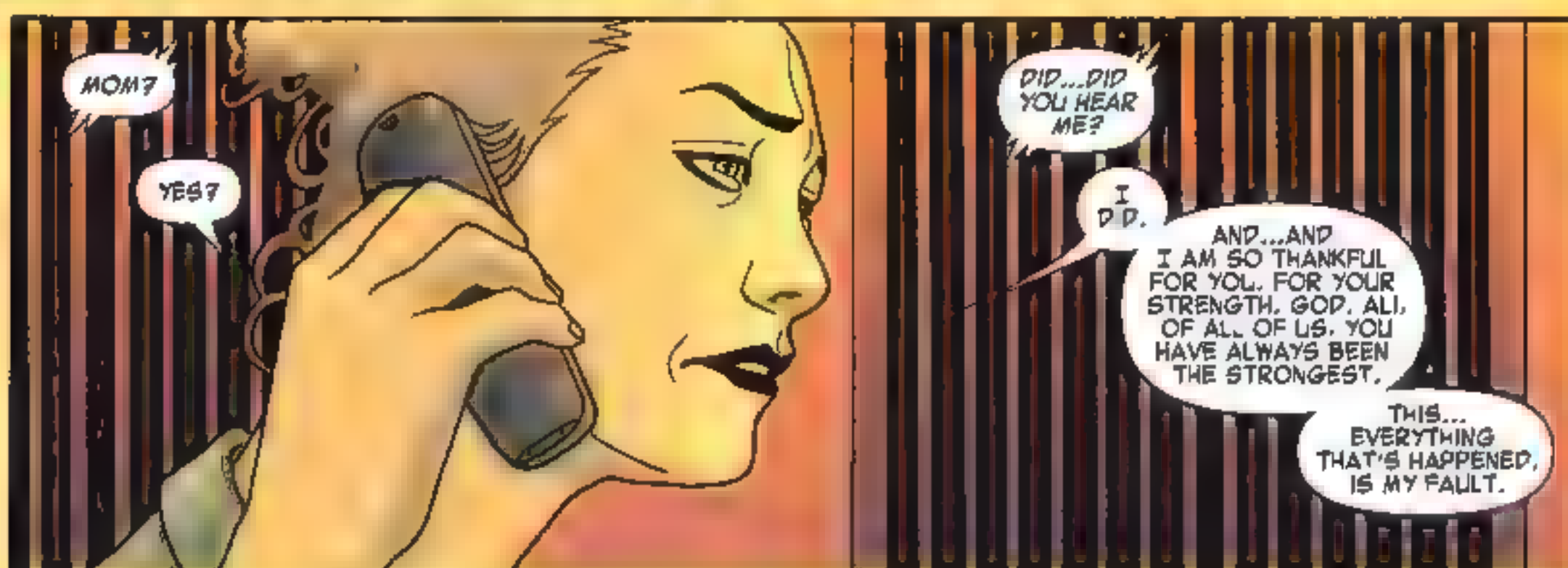


I DID THIS. I WAS WEAK. I WAS ON DRUGS. I WAS OUT OF MY MIND.

I THOUGHT I COULD RUN. CHANGE MY NAME. "BARBARA LONDON." START OVER.

AND I'M NOT FOOLING ANYONE.

YOU DON'T GET TO START AGAIN.



MOM?

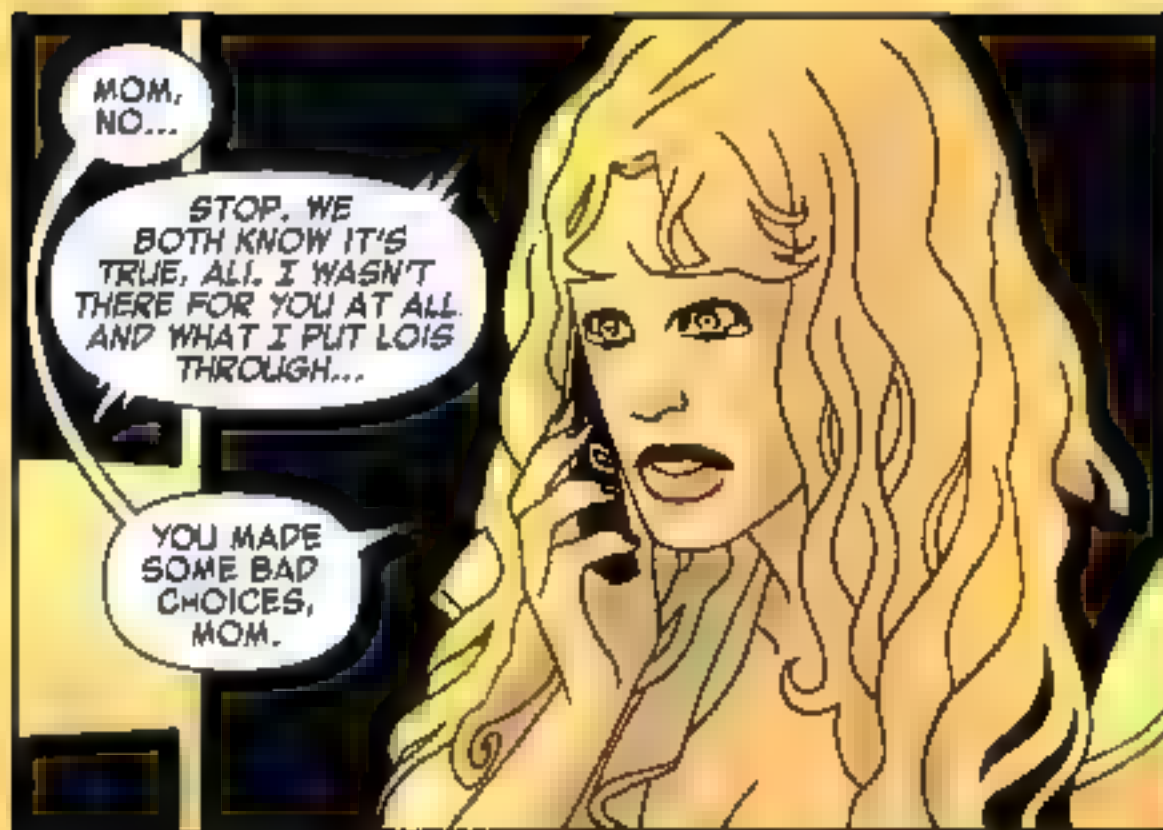
YES?

DID...DID YOU HEAR ME?

I DID.

AND...AND I AM SO THANKFUL FOR YOU. FOR YOUR STRENGTH. GOD, ALI, OF ALL OF US, YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE STRONGEST.

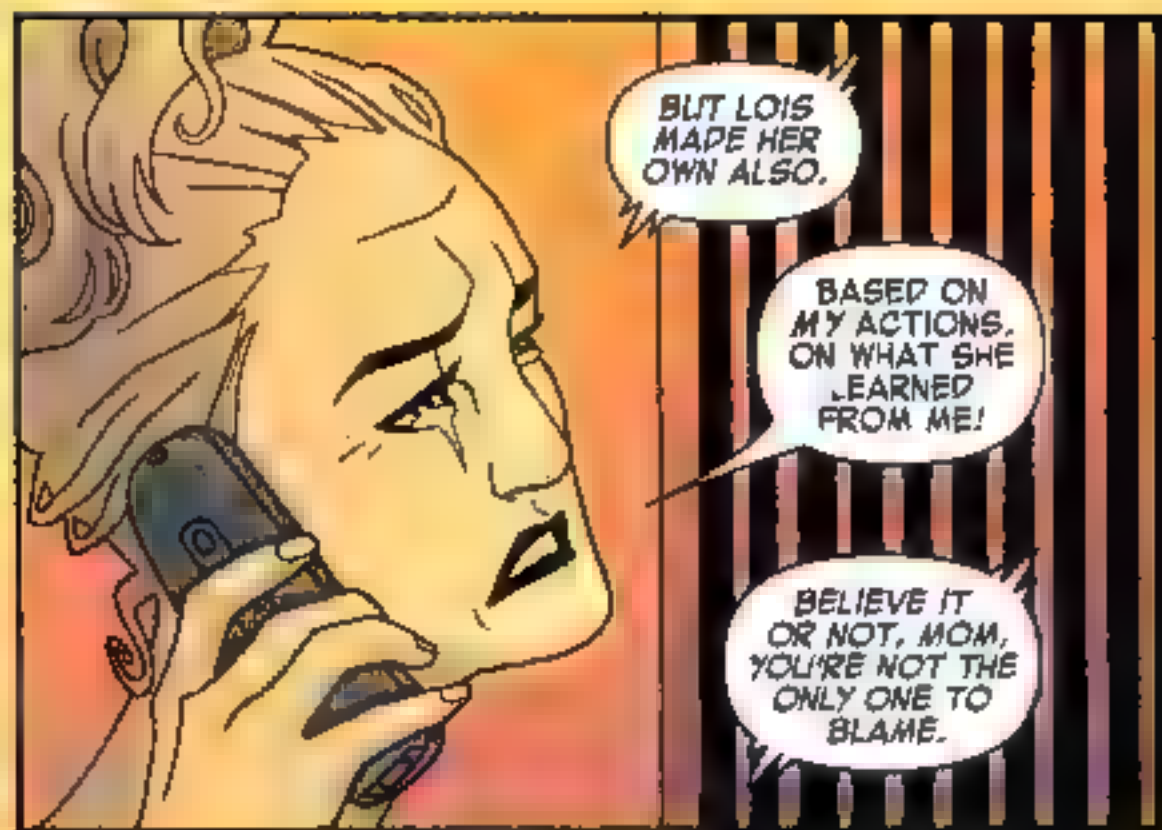
THIS... EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED, IS MY FAULT.



MOM,
NO...

STOP. WE
BOTH KNOW IT'S
TRUE, ALI. I WASN'T
THERE FOR YOU AT ALL
AND WHAT I PUT LOIS
THROUGH...

YOU MADE
SOME BAD
CHOICES,
MOM.



BUT LOIS
MADE HER
OWN ALSO.

BASED ON
MY ACTIONS.
ON WHAT SHE
LEARNED
FROM ME!

BELIEVE IT
OR NOT, MOM,
YOU'RE NOT THE
ONLY ONE TO
BLAME.



I MADE A
PROMISE. I SAID
SHE WOULD NEVER
LOSE ME. BUT SHE
DID. I GOT CAUGHT
UP IN EVERYTHING
BUT LOIS.

AND THEN
SHE LOST
HERSELF.

WE ALL
PLAYED OUR OWN
ROLES HERE, BUT IT
WAS HER LIFE, AND
HER DECISIONS.

AND HER
CONSEQUENCES
TO FACE.



WE ALL
HAVE TO, I
MAGINE.

KATHERINE,
YOUR NEXT
APPOINTMENT
IS HERE!

OKAY,
CONNIE. JUST
A MOMENT.
THANK YOU.

KATHERINE?
BUT...WHAT
HAPPENED
TO "BARBARA
LONDON?"



THAT WAS
NEVER ME. NOT
REALLY.

SOMETIMES
YOU HAVE TO STOP
RUNNING FROM WHAT
YOU WERE AND FIND
OUT WHO YOU ARE
TRULY MEANT
TO BE.

I TRUST YOU.
HONEY I SAID IT
BEFORE, BUT YOU ARE
TRULY A REMARKABLE
YOUNG WOMAN. AND
AN INSPIRATION.

LOIS IS
SAFE WITH YOU.
I'LL BE UP AS
SOON AS POSSIBLE.
I PROMISE.

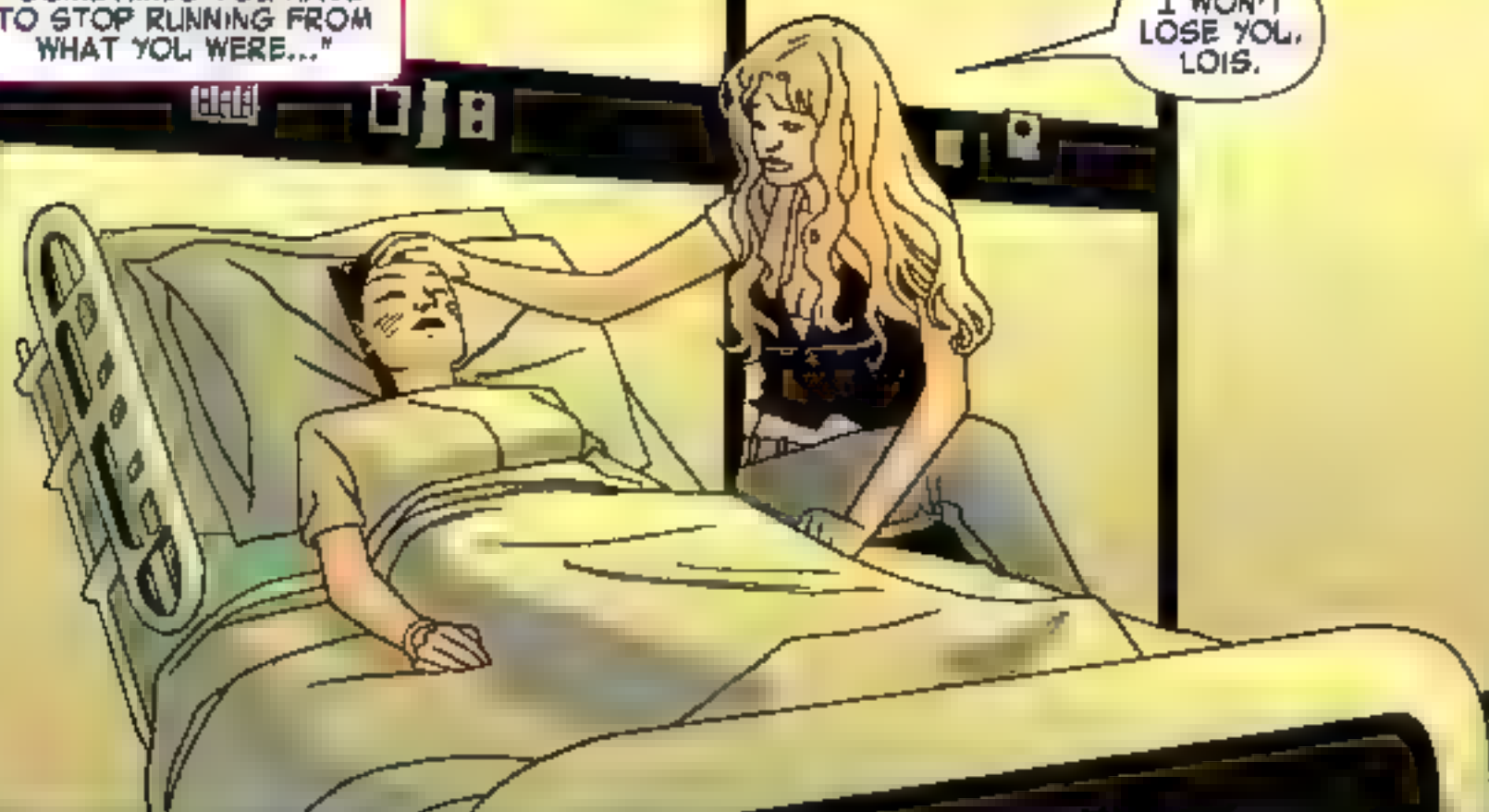


I
LOVE
YOU.

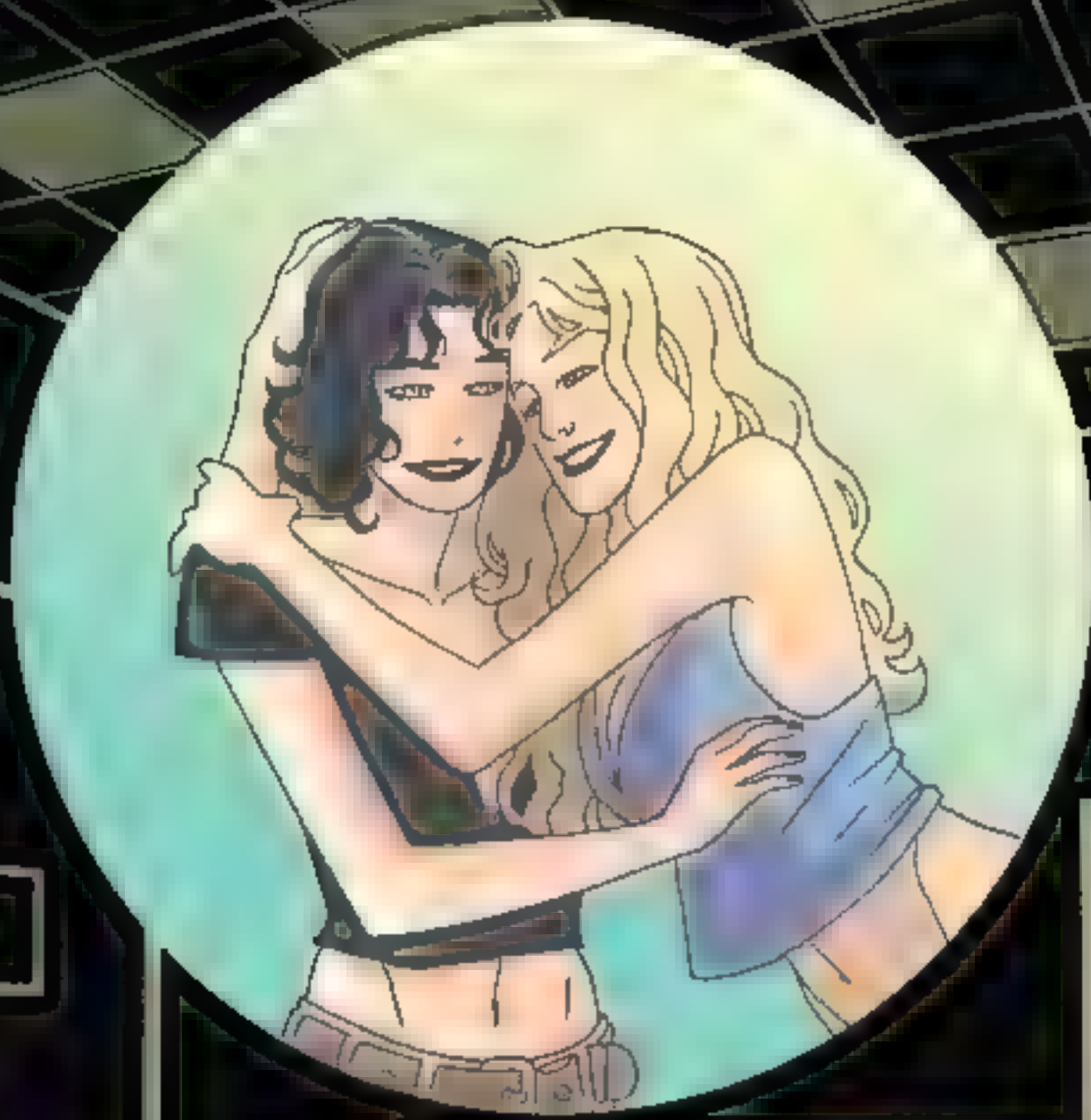
I..I
LOVE YOU
TOO,
MOM.

"SOMETIMES YOU HAVE
TO STOP RUNNING FROM
WHAT YOU WERE..."

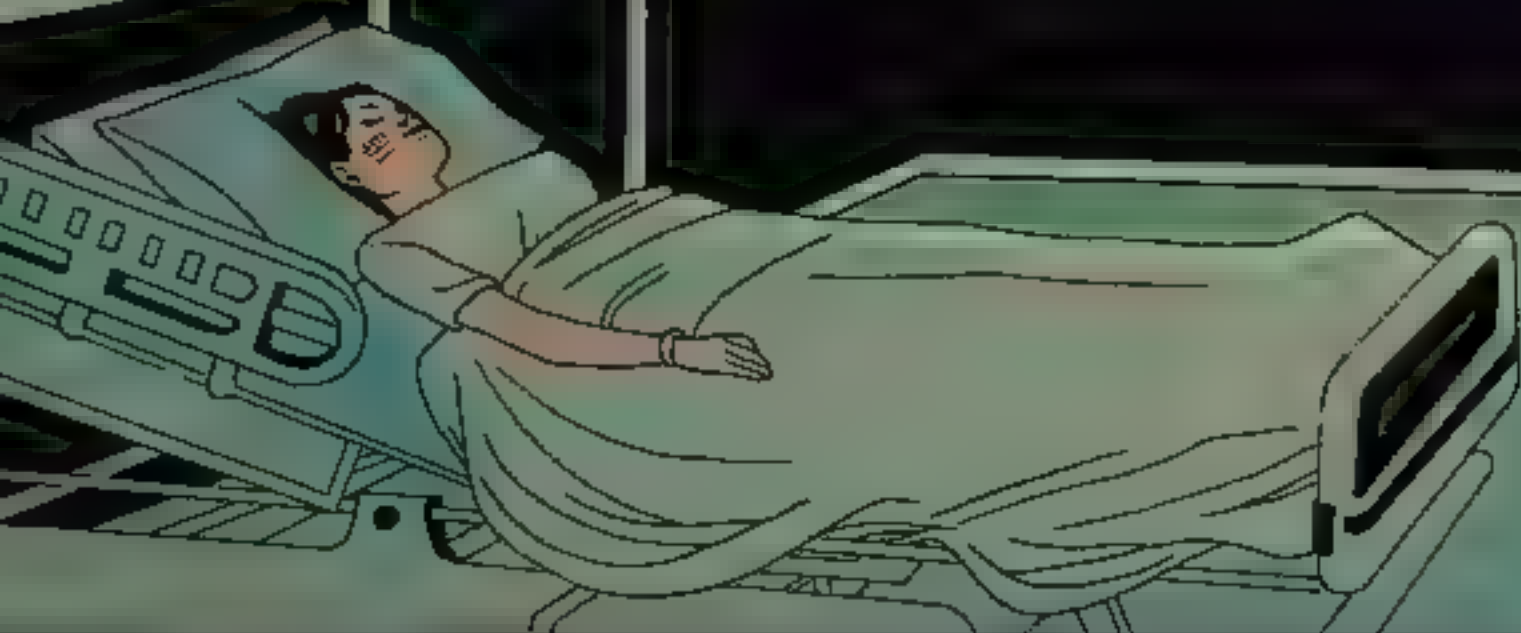
I WON'T
LOSE YOU,
LOIS.



"...AND FIND OUT
WHO YOU ARE TRULY
MEANT TO BE"



NOT
AGAIN.



CLICK

END. FOR NOW...



ART BY ROBIN HA & CHRISTINA STRAIN

MARVEL

ONE-SHOT

1

**WARREN
SEVILLA**

GALACTA™

DAUGHTER OF GALACTUS



Food issues + Daddy issues +
Power-Cosmic semi-omnipotence
X responsibility to protect
Earth's biosphere = one VERY
conflicted ÜberChica, K?
about 4 minutes ago from mob.e . ed



The equation of me: Food issues
X Daddy issues = a food-stuffed,
daddy-laden, 100,000-ton container-
ship BOATLOAD of issues!

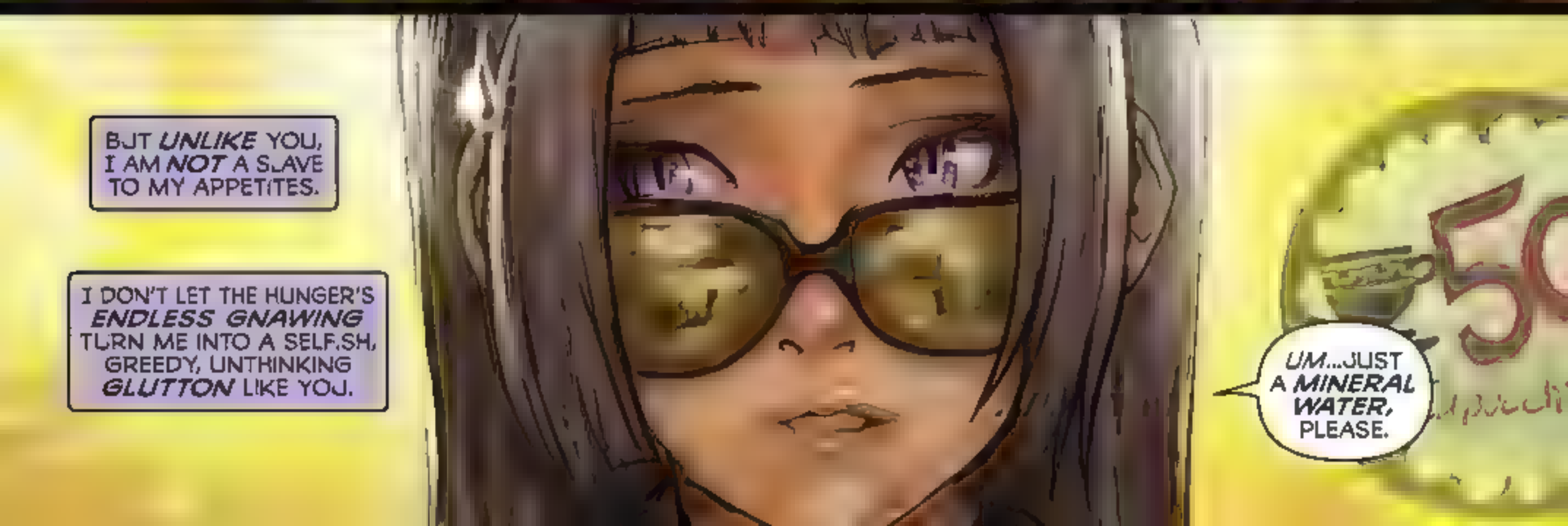
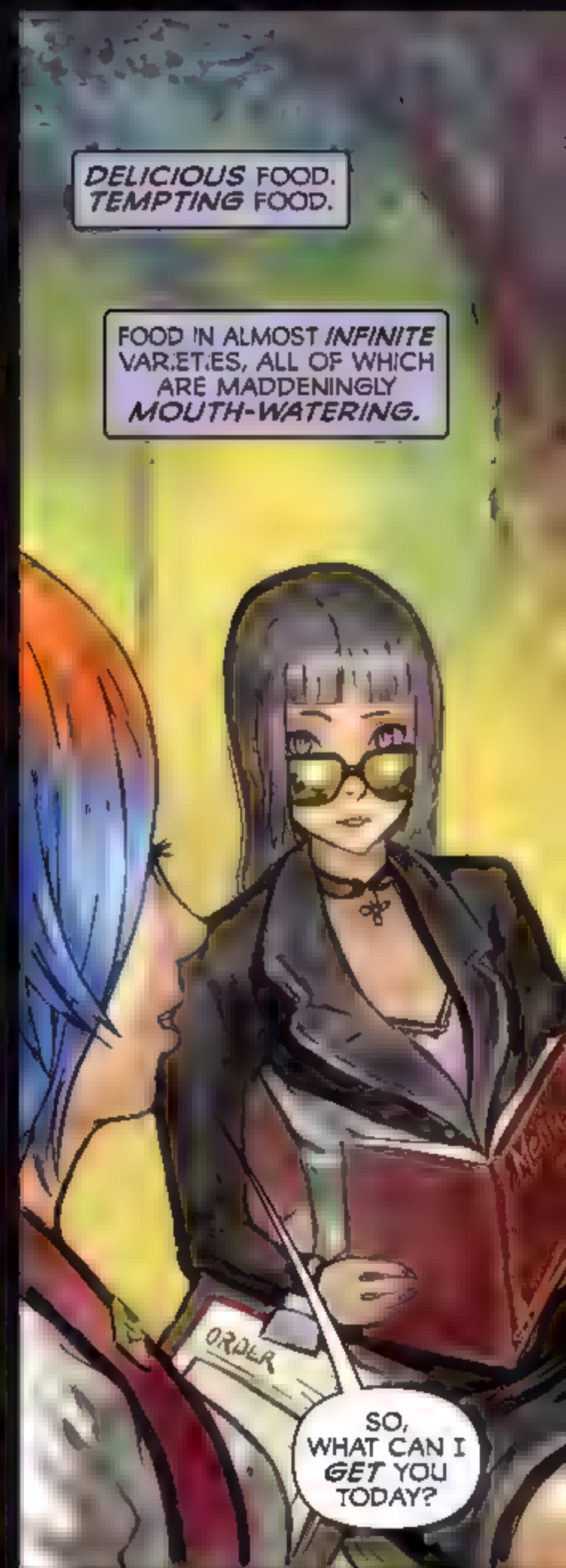
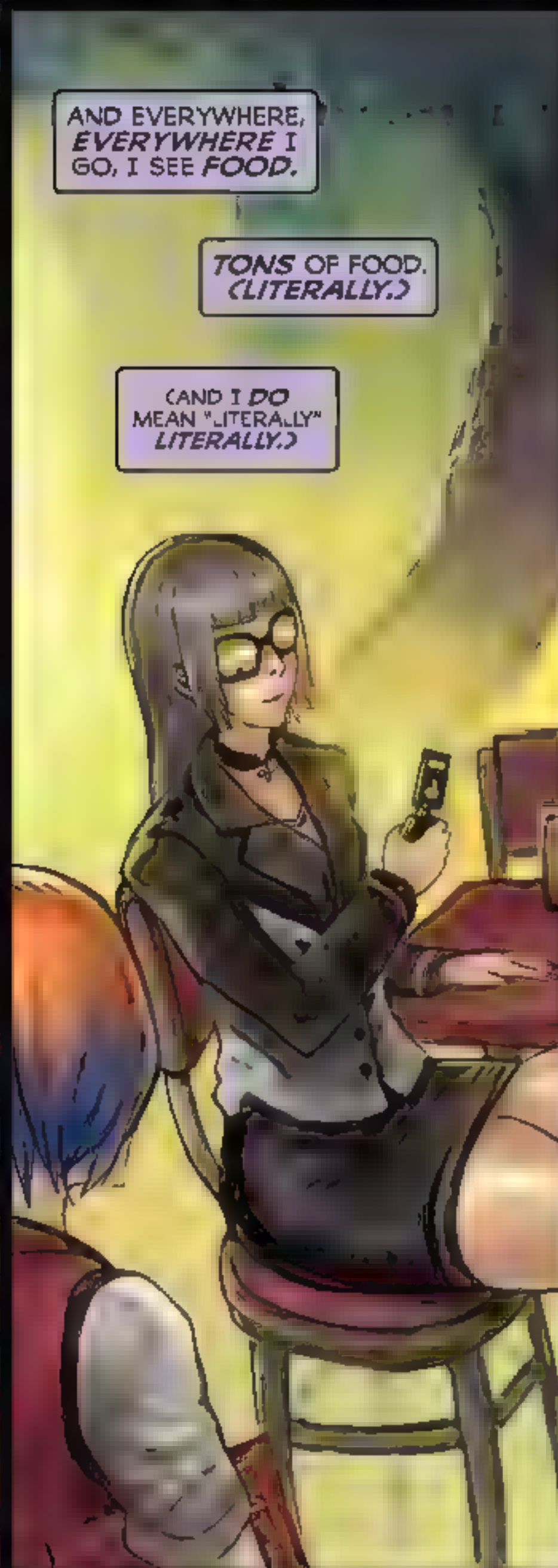
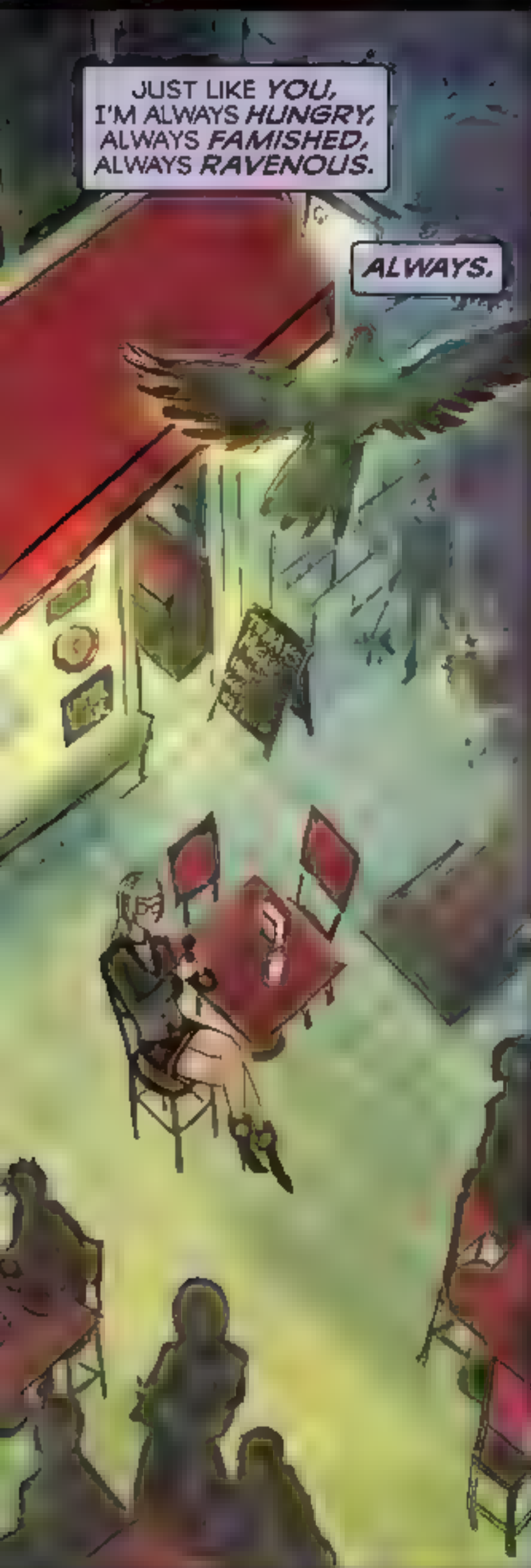
Gali_girl

@_@ about 6 hours ago from mobile web

Name: Gali

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major in food issues,
with a minor in daddy issues (or
vice versa, depending on the
time of day)





Honestly, most days I could eat everything in sight... Instead, I adhere to a strict (and, yes, food-snobby) regimen: exotic cuisine ONLY!

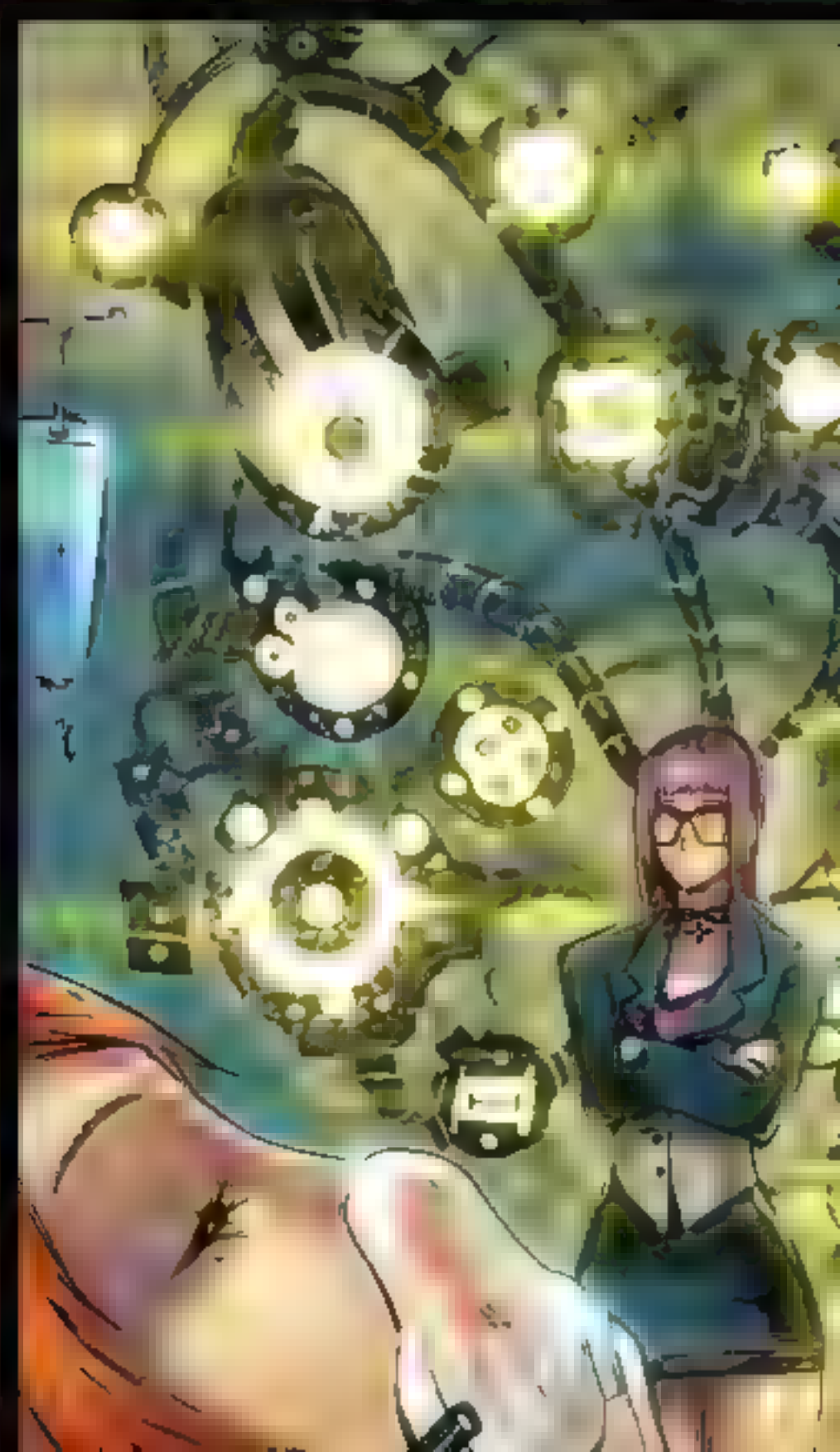
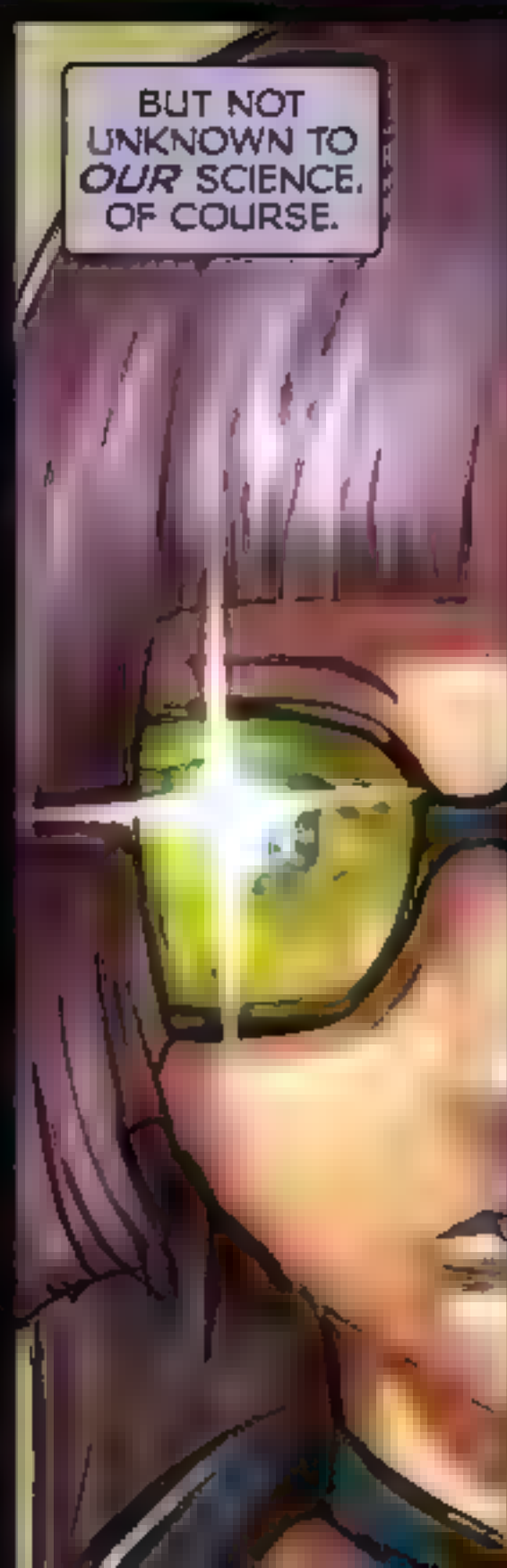
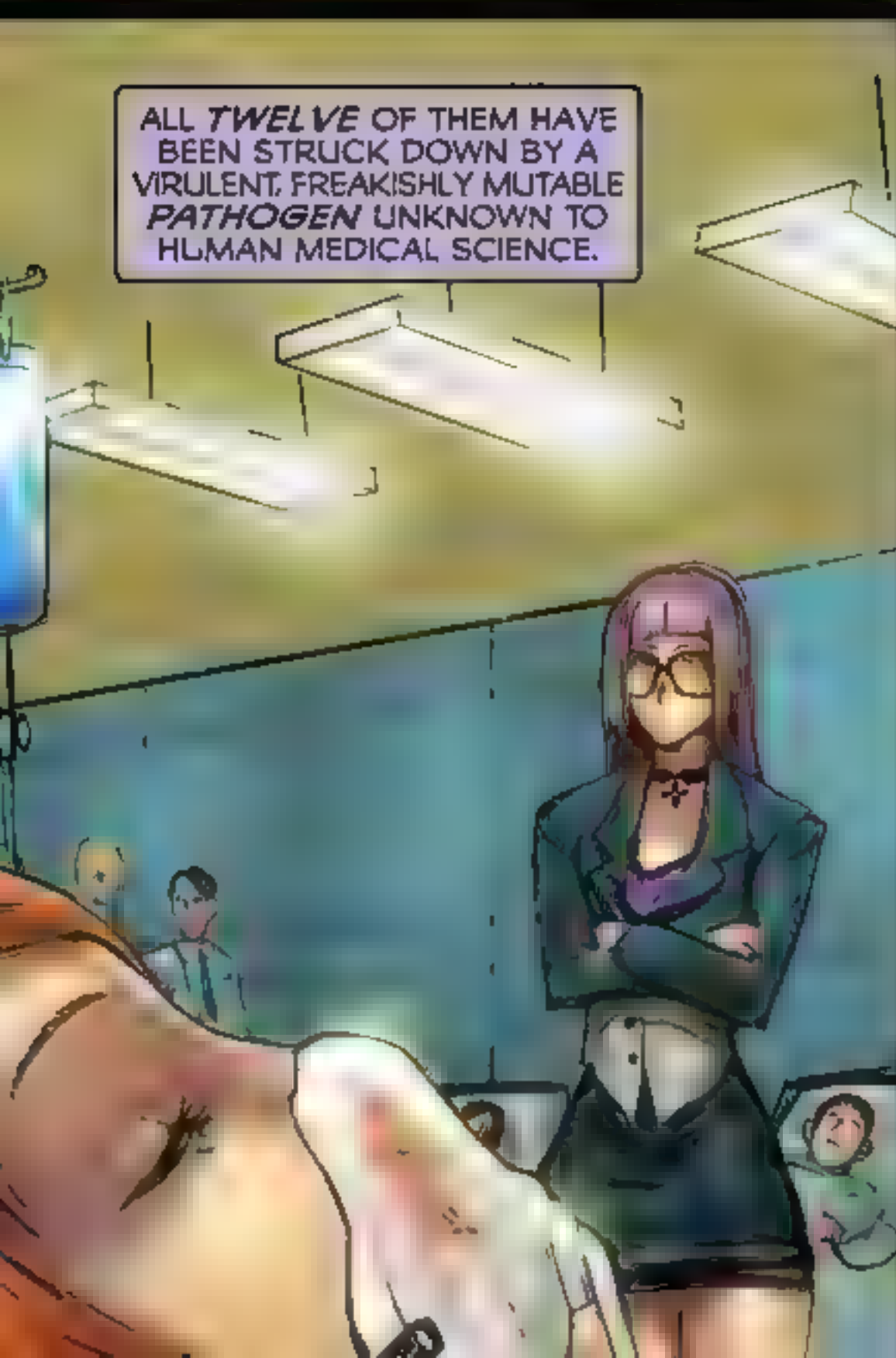
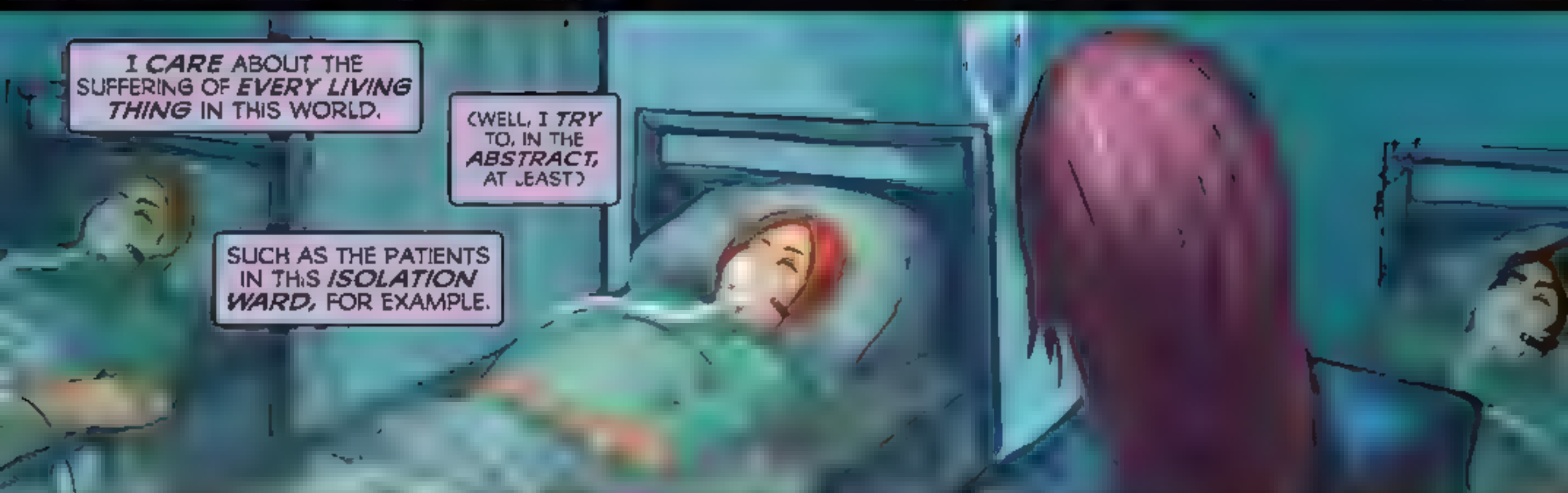
Gali_girl

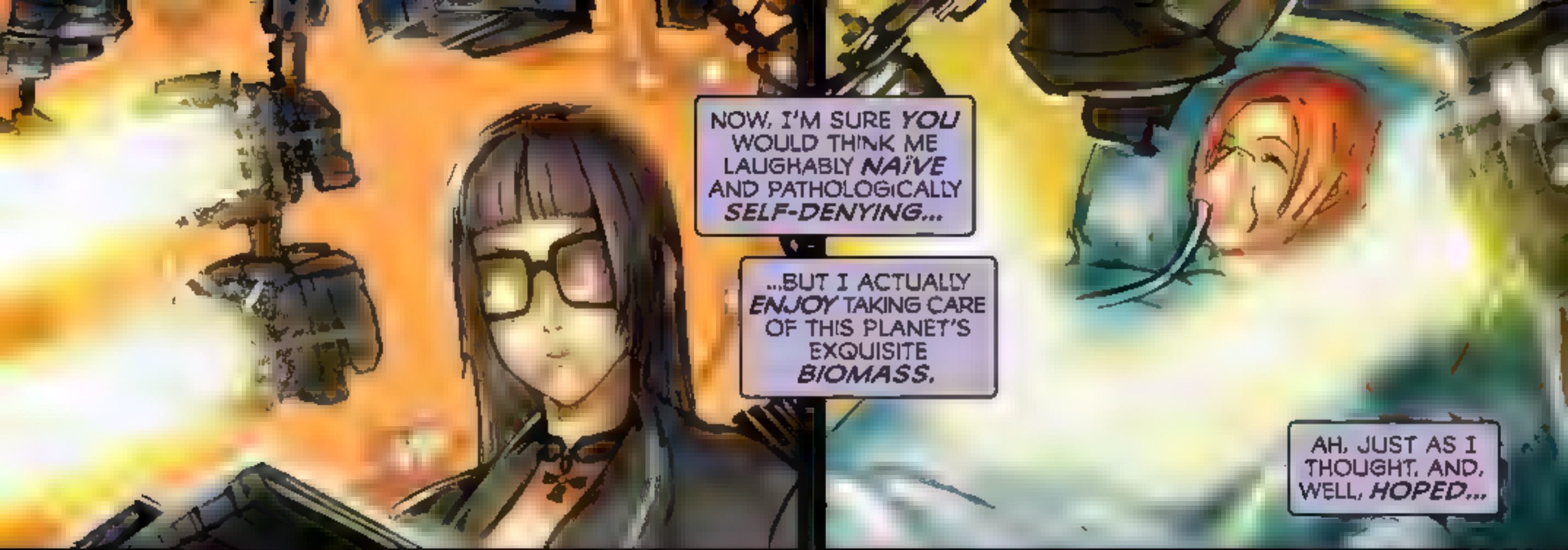
about 5 hours ago from mobile web

Name: Gali

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major in food issues, with a minor in daddy issues (or vice versa, depending on the time of day)





NOW, I'M SURE *YOU* WOULD THINK ME LAUGHABLY *NAÏVE* AND PATHOLOGICALLY *SELF-DENYING*...

...BUT I ACTUALLY ENJOY TAKING CARE OF THIS PLANET'S EXQUISITE *BIOMASS*.

AH, JUST AS I THOUGHT. AND, WELL, *HOPED*...



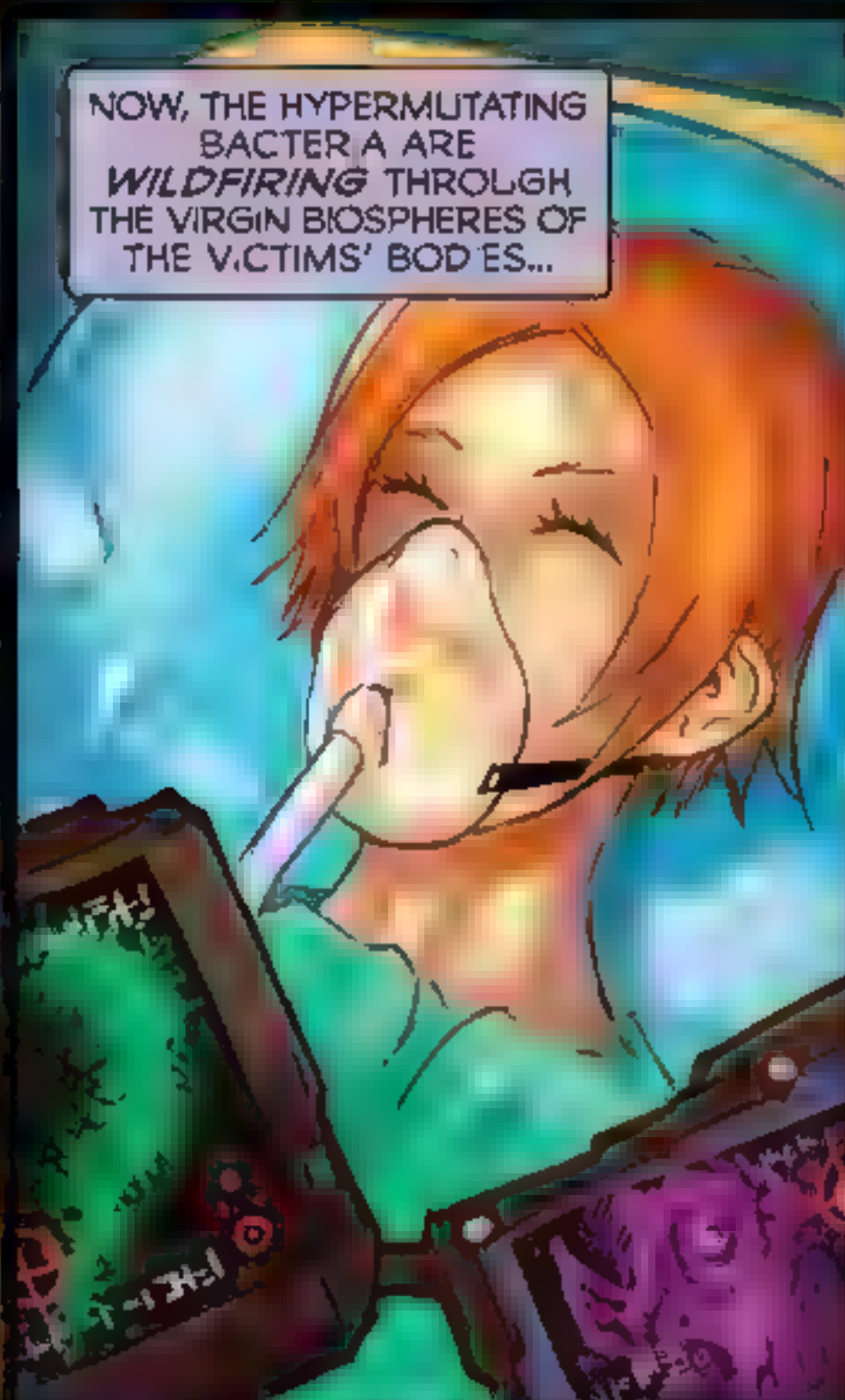
...THESE POOR CREATURES ARE VICTIMS OF A *BACTERIUM* NATIVE TO THE LARGE-SCALE INFESTATION OF *SKRULLS* RECENTLY PLAGUING THIS WORLD.

ORDINARILY, THE VAST *GENETIC DIFFERENTIAL* BETWEEN COMPLETELY UNRELATED SPECIES WOULD HAVE RENDERED THESE HUMANS *IMMUNE* TO SUCH INFECTION...



...*IF*, THAT IS, THE PATHOGEN IN QUESTION HADN'T ACQUIRED THE *GENETIC CODE FOR SHAPESHIFTING* DURING NINETY THOUSAND YEARS OF LIFE INSIDE *SKRULL* *INTESTINES*.

TRANSLATION:
ESTIMATED YIELD
PER BACTERIUM,
3 KILOCALORIES.



NOW, THE HYPERMUTATING BACTERIA ARE *WILDFIRING* THROUGH THE VIRGIN BIOSPHERES OF THE VICTIMS' BODIES...



...AND, COINCIDENTALLY, SERVING ME UP THE VERY *LIGHTEST* OF POSSIBLE SNACKS.

DESPITE THE OBVIOUS *PAUCITY* OF THIS EXCEEDINGLY WEE, INDEED *MICROSCOPIC* MEAL...



...I STILL GET OUT MY FINEST *SILVERWARE* AND DINING ENSEMBLE.

UM, FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING, THAT IS.

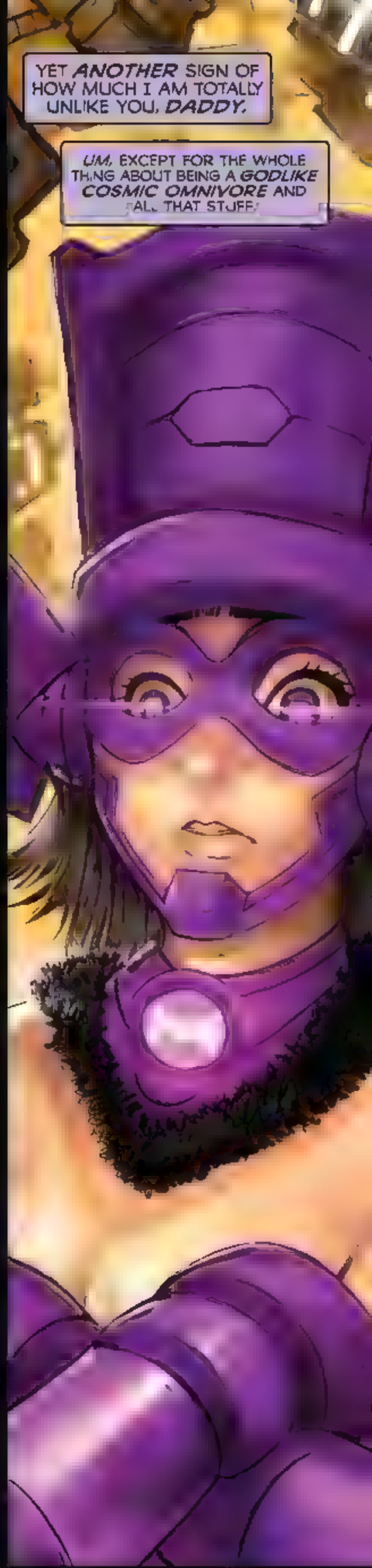
UNLIKE *YOU*, I CHOOSE TO REMAIN CLOAKED BY THE *POWER COSMIC* WHEN MEALTIME IS IMMINENT.

WHY UNNECESSARILY *ALARM* AND *TERRORIZE* THE POOR, IGNORANT, UNCOMPREHENDING *BIOMASS* AROUND YOU?

NOT THAT *YOU* WOULD EVEN *NOTICE* THE BLEATING OF THE FEARFUL *LIVESTOCK* UNDERFOOT, OF COURSE.

YET *ANOTHER* SIGN OF HOW MUCH I AM TOTALLY UNLIKE *YOU*, *DADDY*.

UM, EXCEPT FOR THE WHOLE THING ABOUT BEING A *GODLIKE COSMIC OMNIVORE* AND *ALL THAT STUFF*.



GALACTA

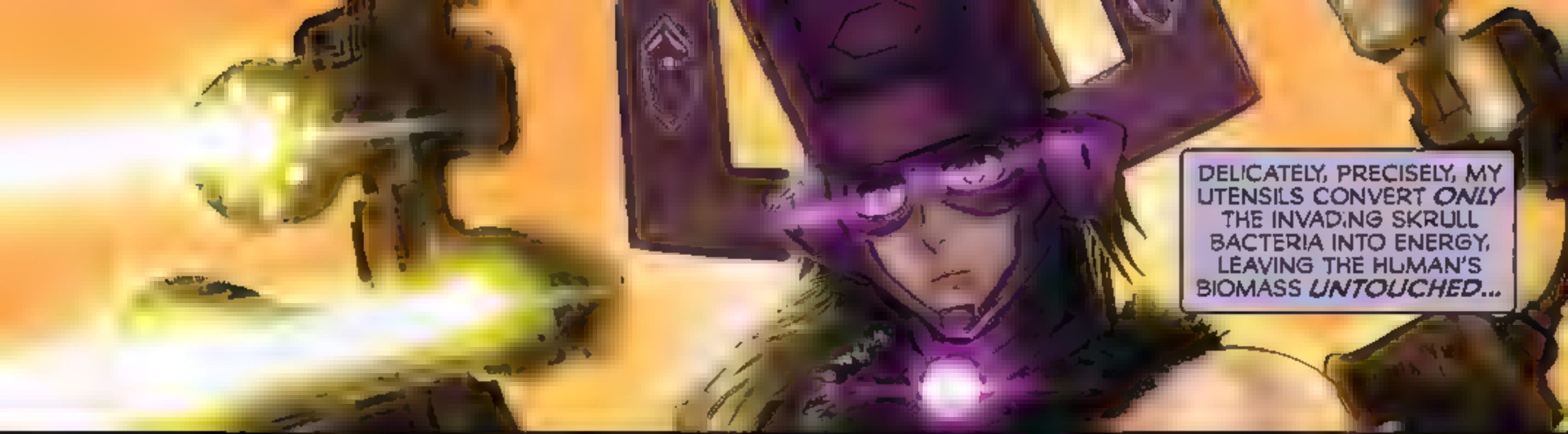
(or, "The World-Eater's Daughter")

words by **ADAM WARREN**
art by **HECTOR SEVILLA LUJAN**
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letters by **SIMON BOWLAND** edits by **JORDAN D. WHITE**

cover by **WARREN & SEVILLA** editor in chief **JOE QUESADA**
publisher **DAN BUCKLEY** exec. producer **ALAN FINE**

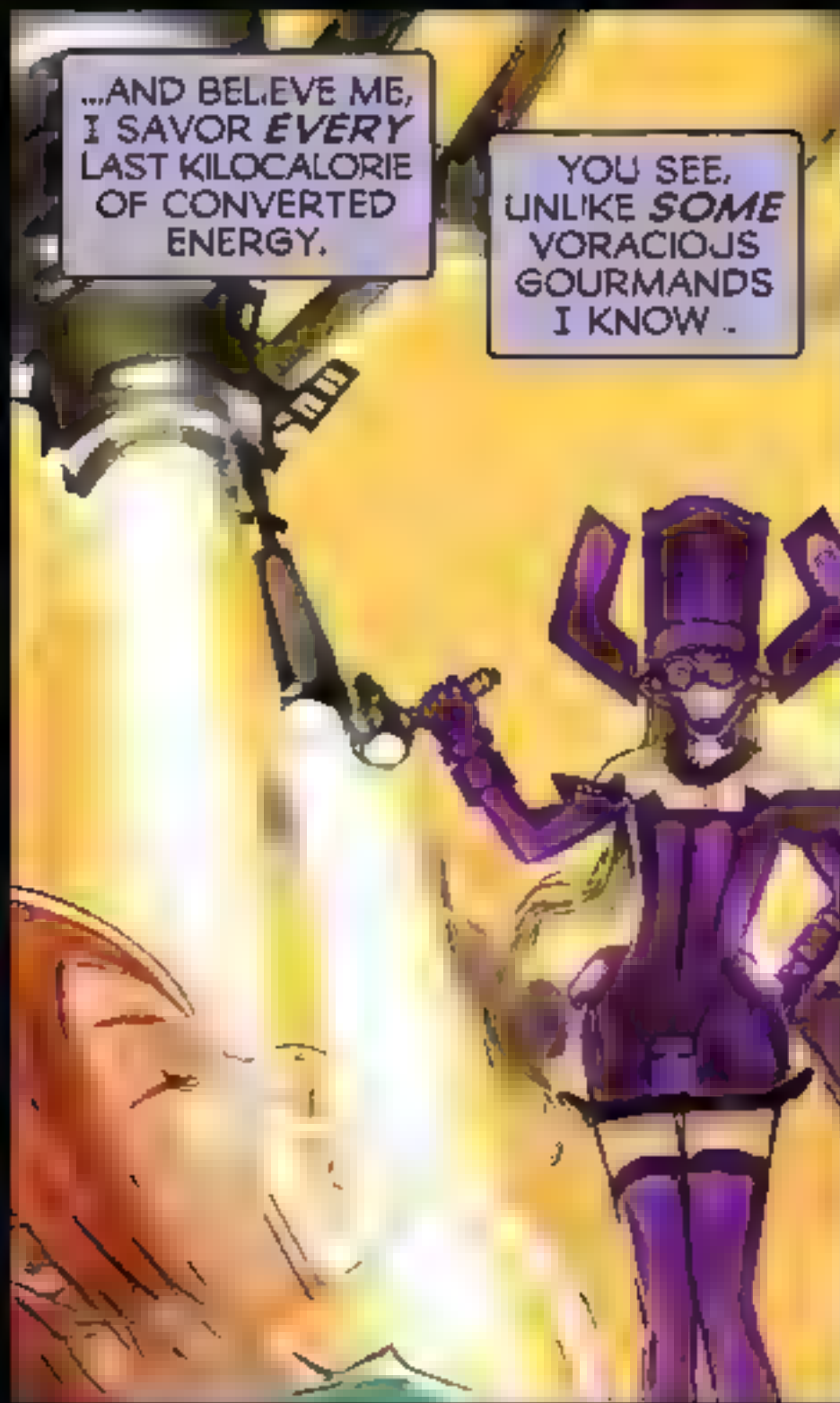
parts 2-4 originally debuted on Marvel Digital Comics Unlimited.
digital production manager **TIM SMITH 3** digital coordinator **HARRY GO** director of digital content **JOHN CERILLI**



DELICATELY, PRECISELY, MY UTENSILS CONVERT *ONLY* THE INVADING SKRULL BACTERIA INTO ENERGY, LEAVING THE HUMAN'S BIOMASS *UNTOUCHED*...

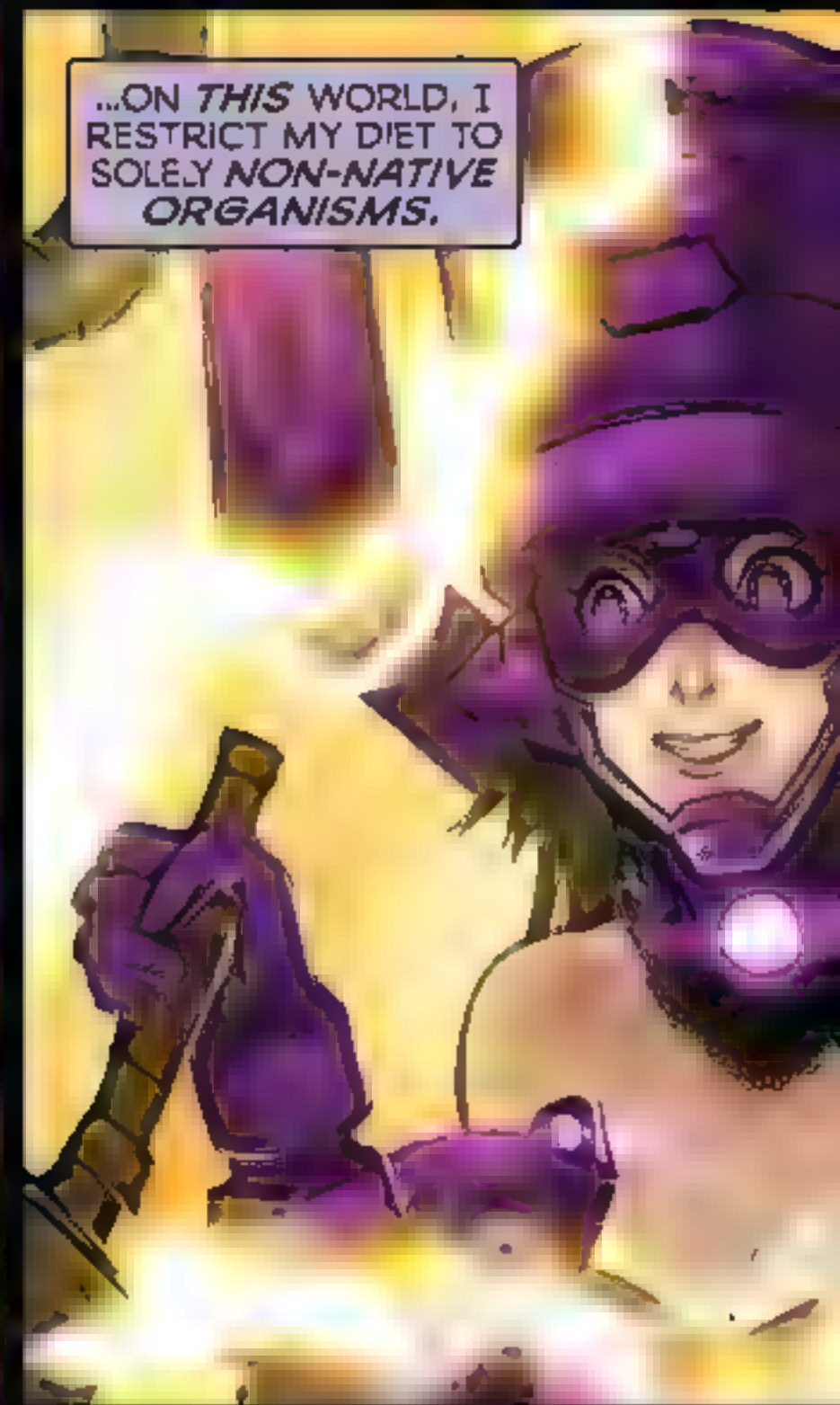


...AND I HUNGRILY ABSORB THIS *MICROSCALE APPETIZER* WITH DELIGHT, OR "*CON GUSTO*," AS SOME OF THE HUMANS SAY...



...AND BELIEVE ME, I SAVOR *EVERY* LAST KILOCALORIE OF CONVERTED ENERGY.

YOU SEE, UNLIKE *SOME* VORACIOUS GOURMANDS I KNOW .



...ON *THIS* WORLD, I RESTRICT MY DIET TO SOLELY *NON-NATIVE ORGANISMS*.



Gaius

>Stomach grumble< Snacking now, but remembering my last real pig-out, 2 weeks ago; very exotic, very tasty, but a tad on the HOT side...

about 4 hours ago from mobile web

Name: Gaius

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major in food issues, with a minor in daddy issues (or vice versa depending on the time of day)



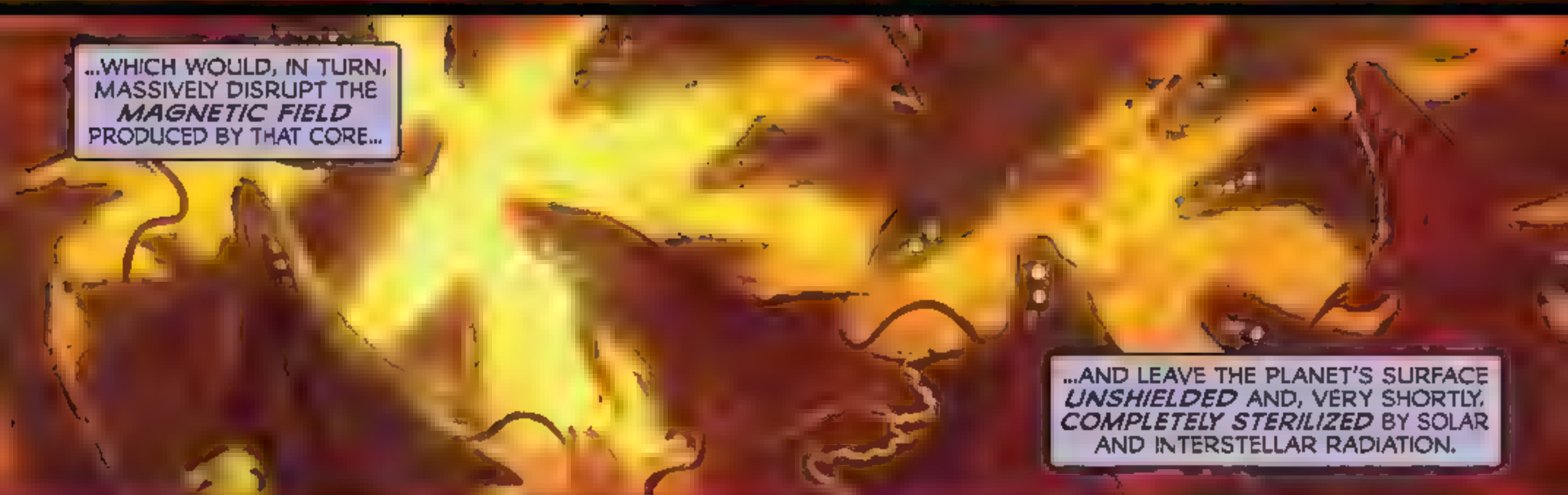
LUCKILY FOR ME, THIS PLANET SPORTS A REMARKABLY, EVEN *ASTONISHINGLY* DIVERSE MENU OF *ALIEN CONTAGION*.

TWO WEEKS AGO, SWIMMING THROUGH THE HIGH-PRESSURE, SUPERHEATED MAGMA CURRENTS OF THE *EARTH'S OUTER CORE*...



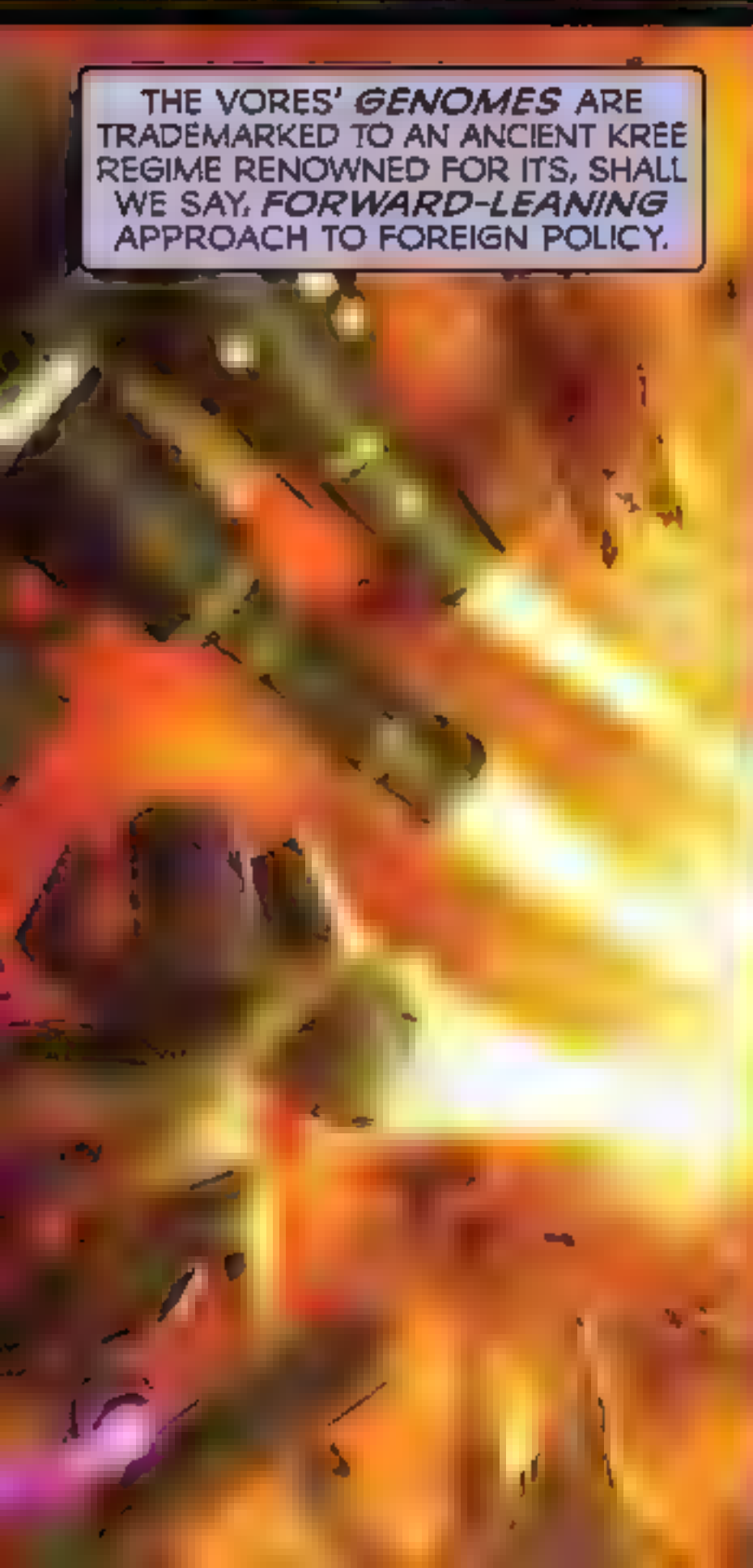
...I DISCOVERED
A VAST COLONY OF
**THERMOPHILE
LITHOMETALLOVORES**,
ORIGINALLY NATIVE TO A
KREE MOON BUT NOW
WEAPONIZED AND
INTRODUCED HERE AS
BIOSPHERE KILLERS.

GIVEN A FEW MORE
CENTURIES OF
PRODIGIOUS FEEDING
AND BREEDING, THESE
ORGANISMS WOULD
EVENTUALLY **PROCESS**
AND **DEMINERALIZE**
THE EARTH'S CORE...

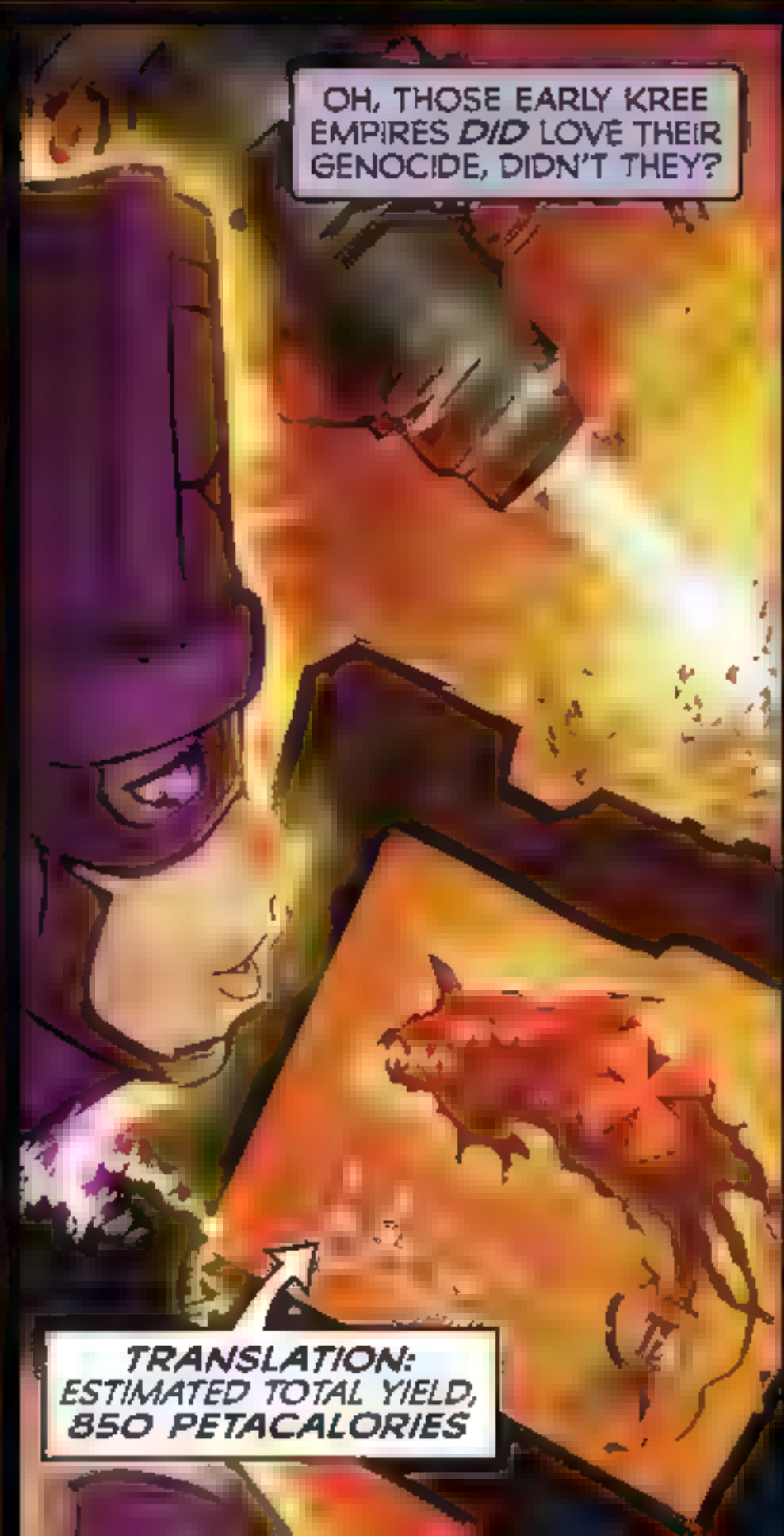


...WHICH WOULD, IN TURN,
MASSIVELY DISRUPT THE
MAGNETIC FIELD
PRODUCED BY THAT CORE...

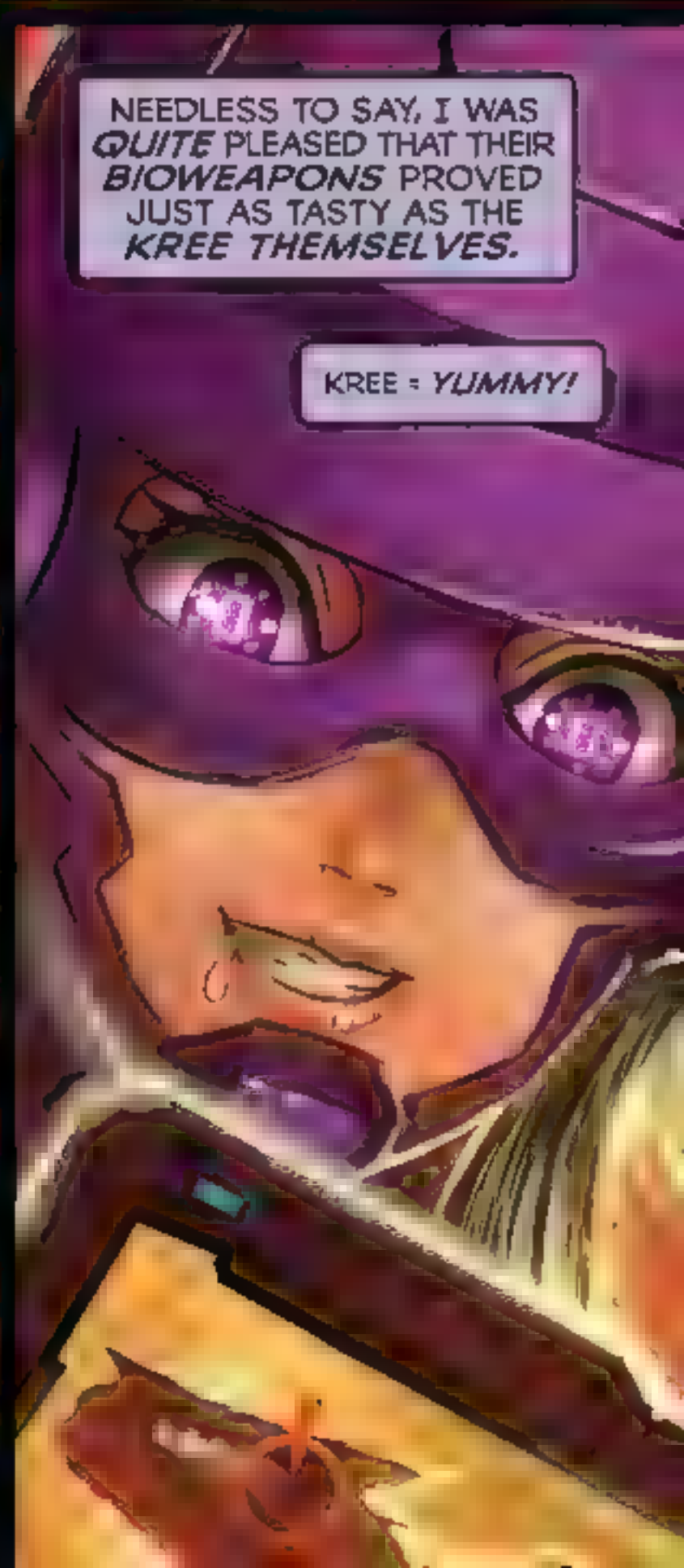
...AND LEAVE THE PLANET'S SURFACE
UNSHIELDED AND, VERY SHORTLY,
COMPLETELY STERILIZED BY SOLAR
AND INTERSTELLAR RADIATION.



THE VORES' **GENOMES** ARE
TRADEMARKED TO AN ANCIENT KREE
REGIME RENOWNED FOR ITS, SHALL
WE SAY, **FORWARD-LEANING**
APPROACH TO FOREIGN POLICY.

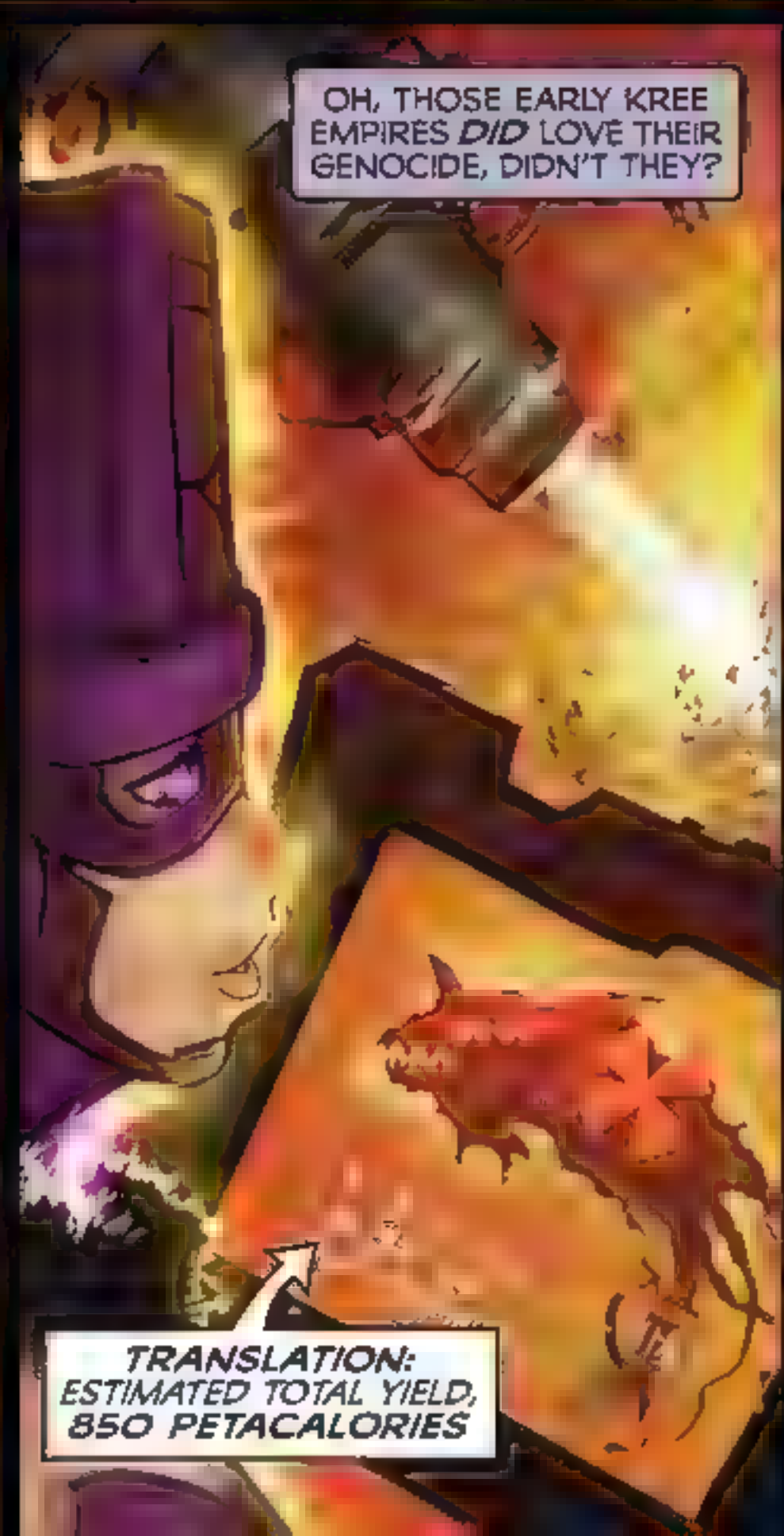


OH, THOSE EARLY KREE
EMPIRES **DID** LOVE THEIR
GENOCIDE, DIDN'T THEY?



NEEDLESS TO SAY, I WAS
QUITE PLEASED THAT THEIR
BIOWEAPONS PROVED
JUST AS TASTY AS THE
KREE THEMSELVES.

KREE = **YUMMY!**



TRANSLATION:
ESTIMATED TOTAL YIELD,
850 PETACALORIES

SO, YES, AS **CONTRARY** TO OUR TRUE NATURE AS YOU NO DOUBT FIND IT...

...I USE MY APPETITE AS A **WEAPON** TO DEFEND THIS BEAUTIFUL LITTLE WORLD AGAINST **ALIEN BIOPOLLUTION**.

AND FOREIGN LIFEFORMS CERTAINLY ARE **DRAWN** TO THIS PLANET'S WONDERFULLY FETCHING BIOMASS IN **STATISTICALLY ANOMALOUS** NUMBERS, AREN'T THEY?

EVEN **YOU** TRIED TO DEVOUR THIS ADORABLE LITTLE GLOBAL ECOSPHERE AN UNPRECEDENTED **FIVE TIMES**, DIDN'T YOU?

TO BE HONEST, SOMETIMES I'M AFRAID I UNDERSTAND THE APPEAL A LITTLE **TOO WELL**.

BECAUSE, I HAVE TO ADMIT... **EVERYTHING** IN THIS VULNERABLE BIOSPHERE I'M GUARDING LOOKS SO INCREDIBLY, MADDENINGLY **DELICIOUS**...!

EVERY MOMENT I SPEND HERE, DISGUISED IN **POWER-COSMIC DRAG** AS PART OF THE **BIOMASS**...

...NO MATTER **HOW HARD** I TRY...

...I SIMPLY **CANNOT** STOP MYSELF FROM PERCEIVING EVERY LAST BIT OF FLORA AND FAUNA BEFORE ME AS A **POTENTIAL MEAL**.

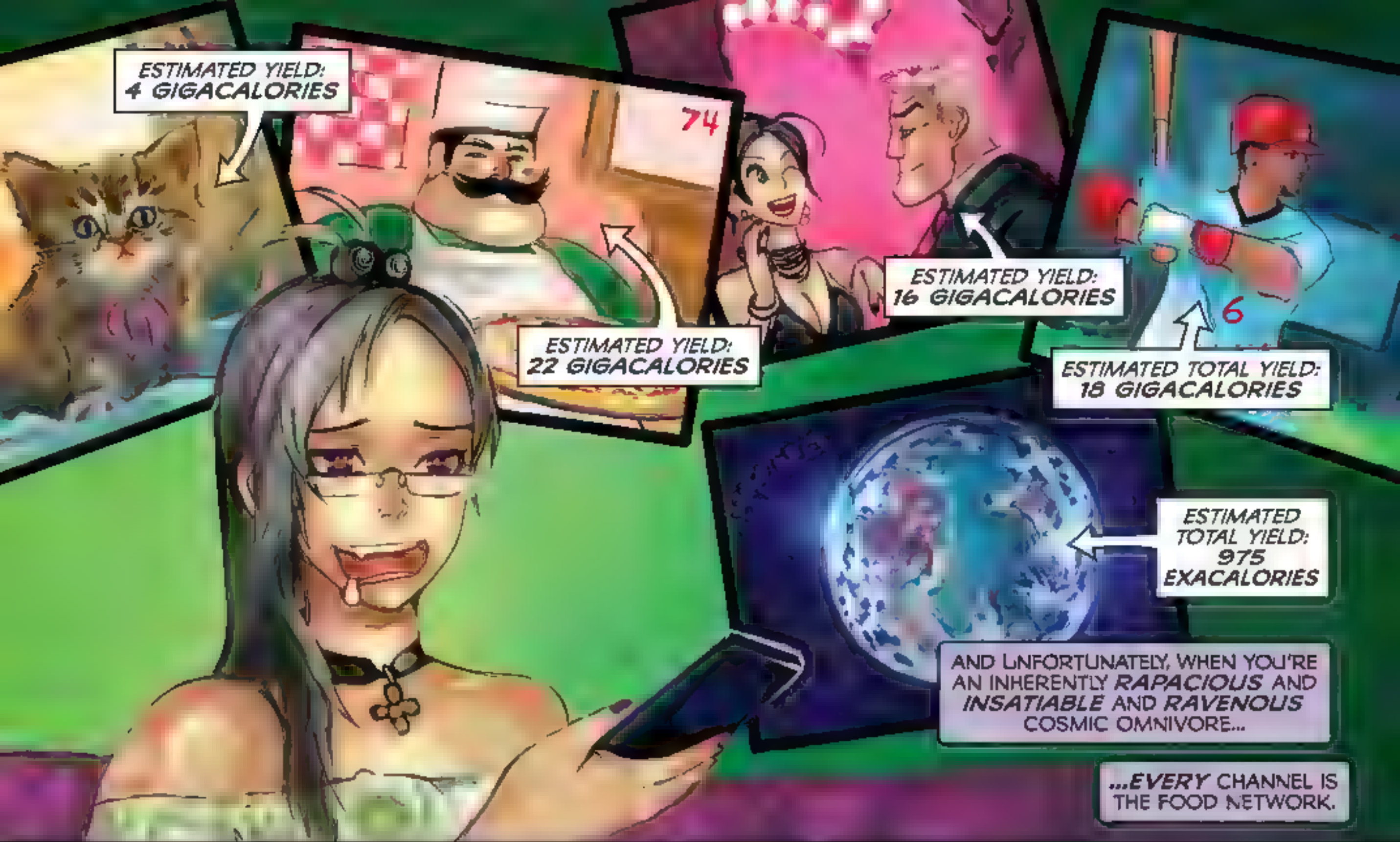
ESTIMATED YIELD:
250 GIGACALORIES

ESTIMATED YIELD:
2 GIGACALORIES

A POTENTIALLY **DELECTABLE** AND **SCRUMPTIOUS** AND **MOUTH-WATERING** MEAL.

ESTIMATED YIELD:
12 GIGACALORIES

ESTIMATED YIELD:
14.5 GIGACALORIES



Gali_girl

Ever hear that bit about how you shouldn't go to the supermarket when you're already hungry? Well, I AM ALWAYS IN THE %\$&ING SUPERMARKET.

about 2 hours ago from web

Name: Gal

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major n food issues, with a minor in daddy ssues (or vice versa depend ng on the time of day)



AND LATELY, WELL...THE HUNGER PANGS HAVE GOTTEN WORSE.

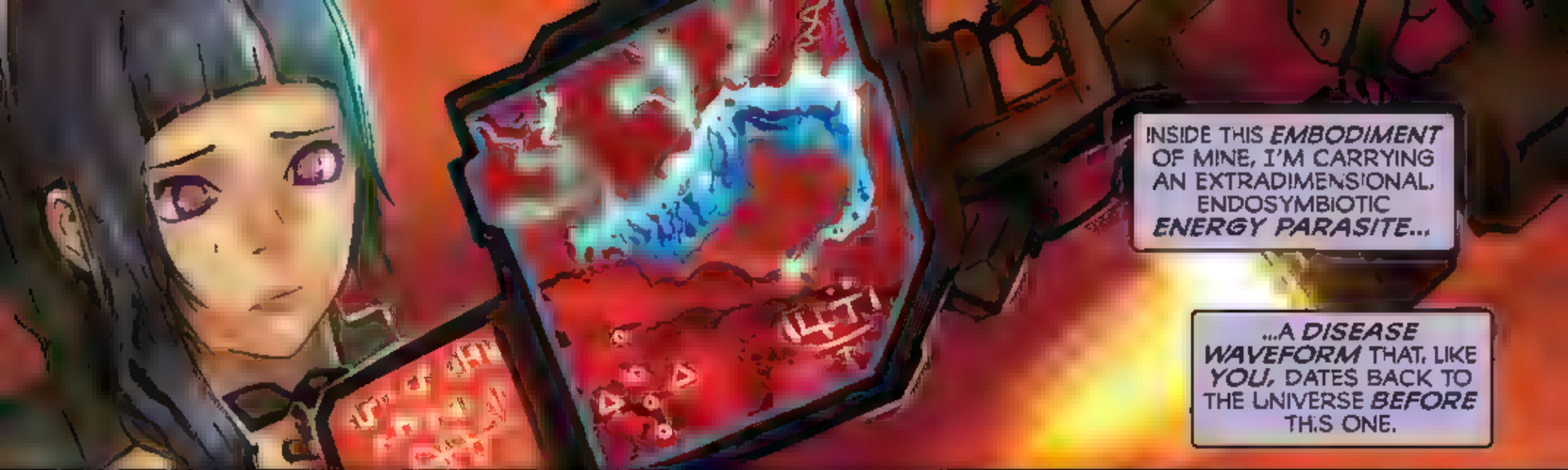
OKAY, MUCH WORSE.

OKAY, EXPONENTIALLY WORSE.



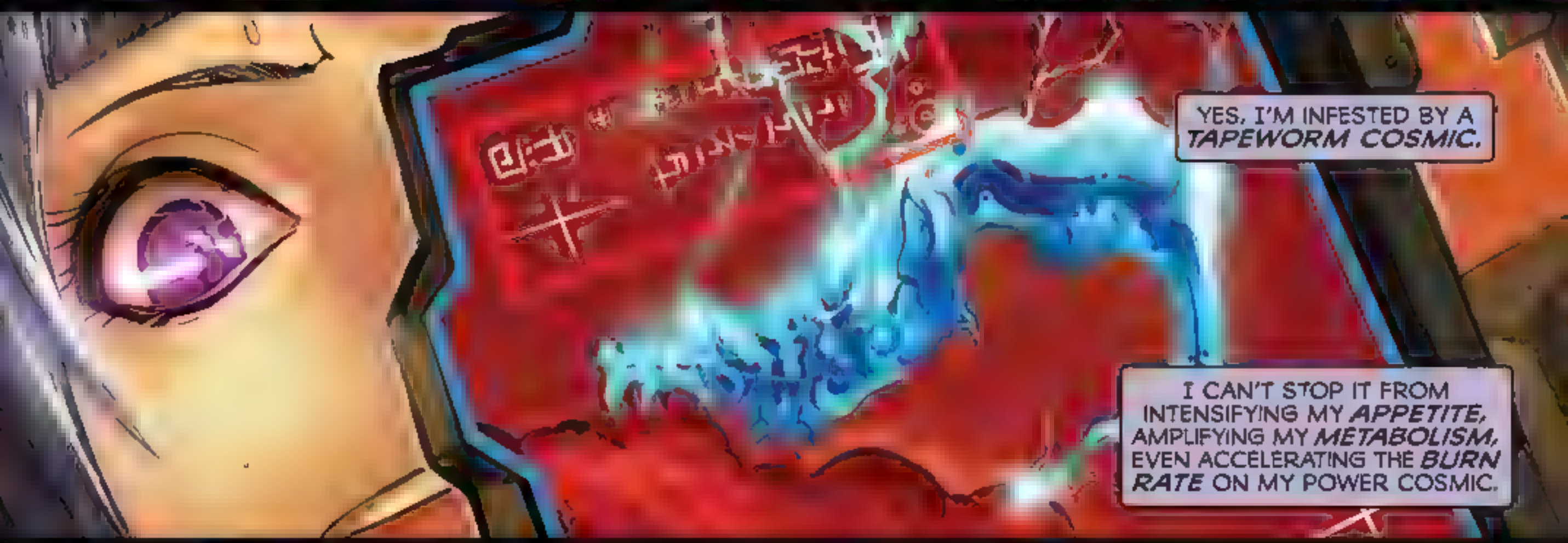
SO MUCH SO, THAT I FINALLY TURNED THE MOST ADVANCED DETECTION GEAR IN EXISTENCE ON MYSELF...

...AND, WELL, CARE TO GUESS WHAT I FOUND?



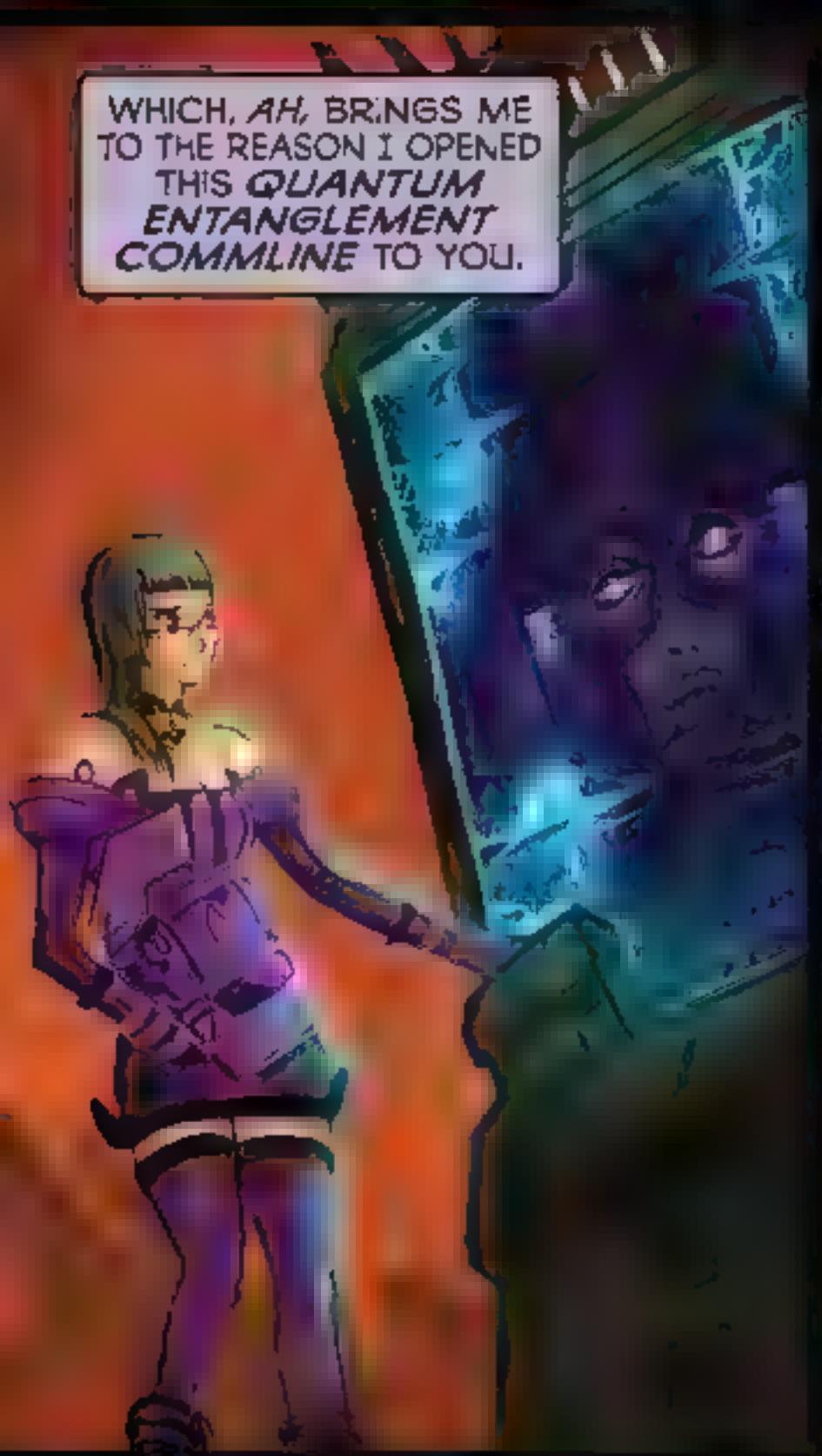
INSIDE THIS EMBODIMENT OF MINE, I'M CARRYING AN EXTRADIMENSIONAL, ENDOSYMBIOTIC ENERGY PARASITE...

...A DISEASE WAVEFORM THAT, LIKE YOU, DATES BACK TO THE UNIVERSE BEFORE THIS ONE.

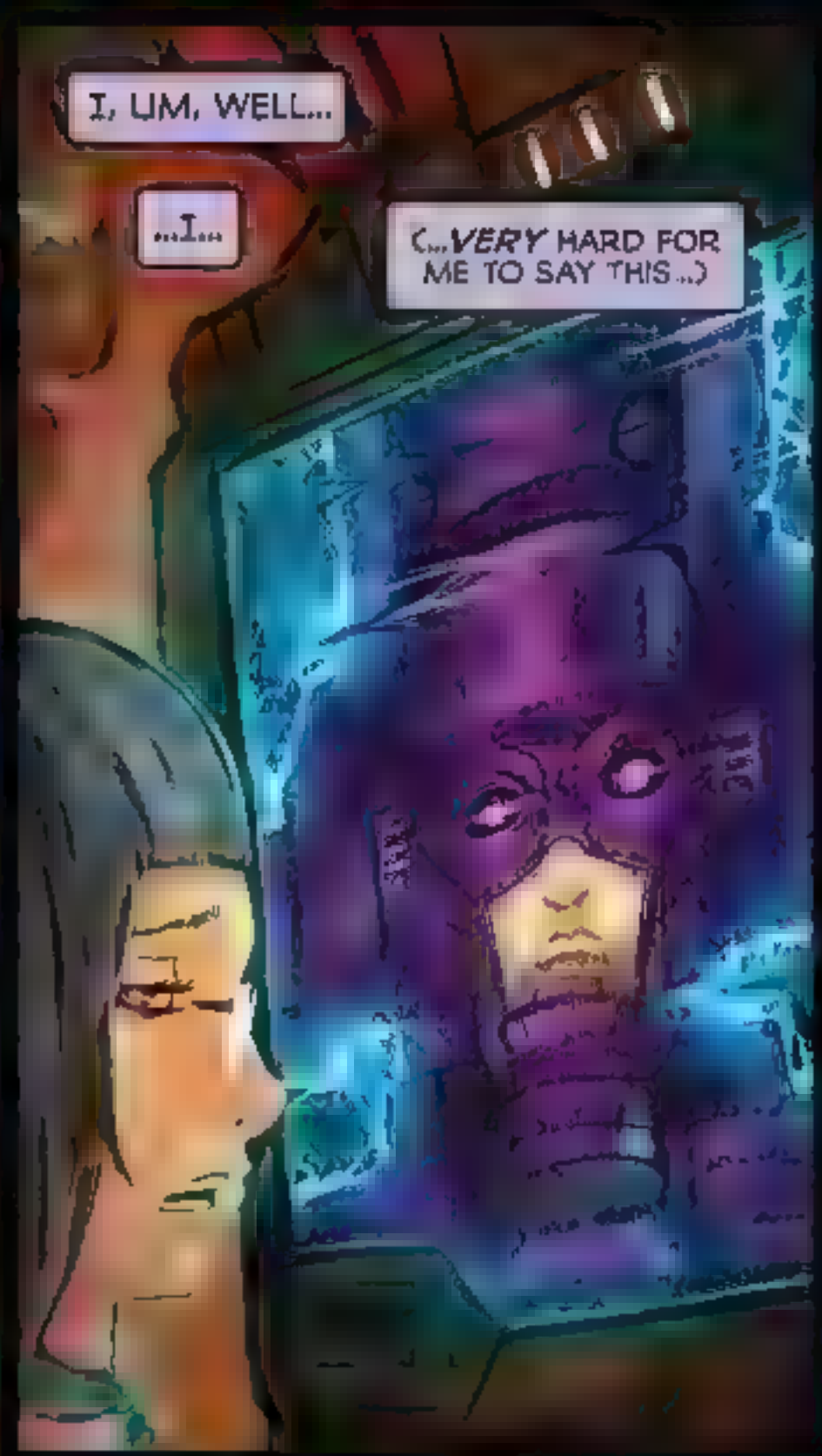


YES, I'M INFESTED BY A TAPEWORM COSMIC.

I CAN'T STOP IT FROM INTENSIFYING MY APPETITE, AMPLIFYING MY METABOLISM, EVEN ACCELERATING THE BURN RATE ON MY POWER COSMIC.



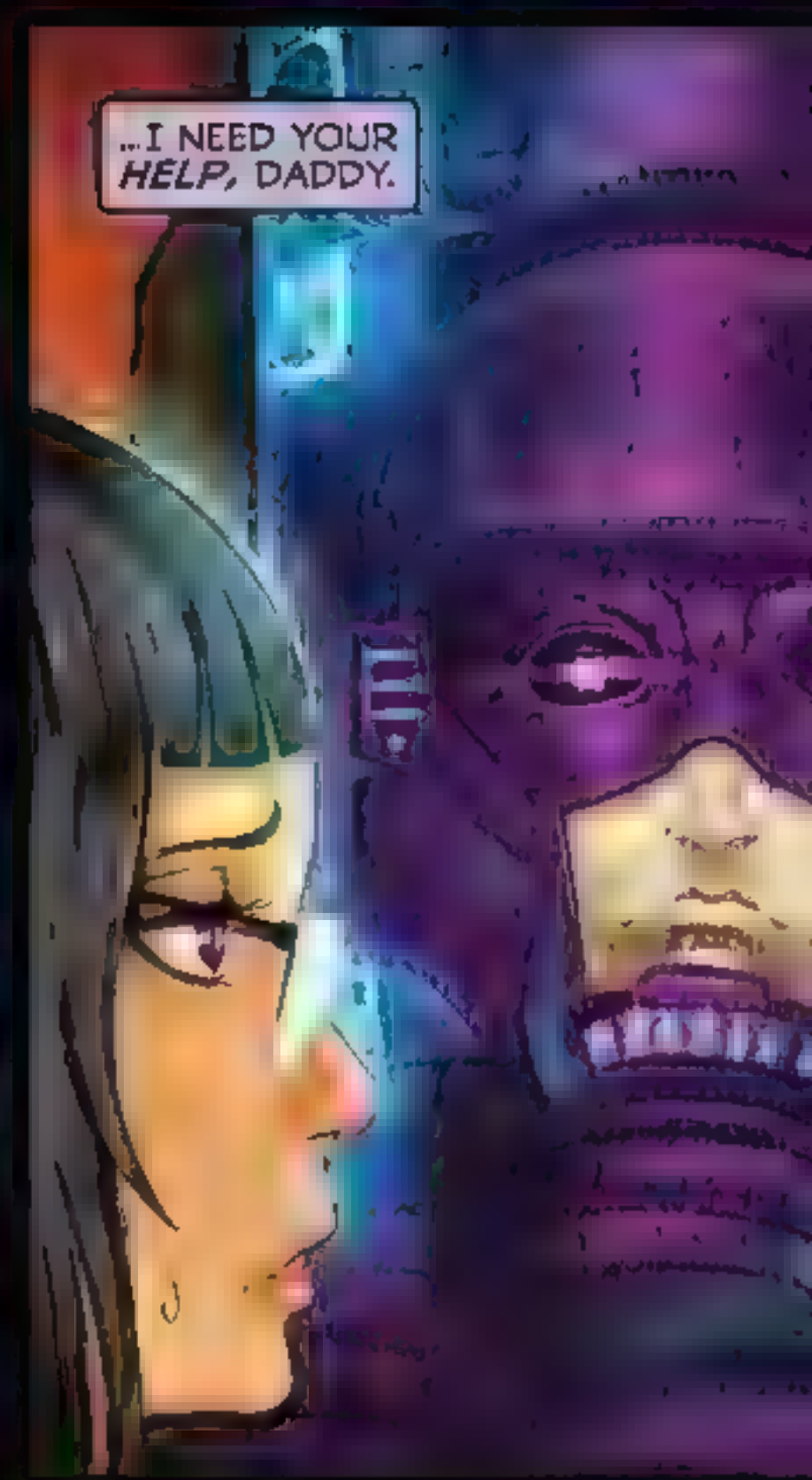
WHICH, AH, BRINGS ME TO THE REASON I OPENED THIS QUANTUM ENTANGLEMENT COMMLINE TO YOU.



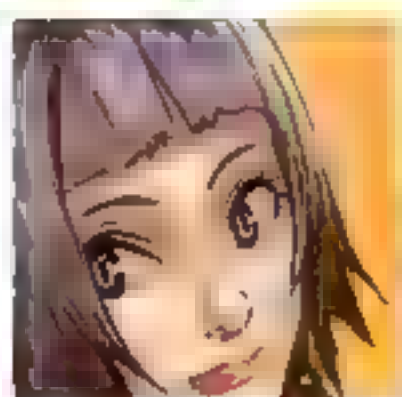
I, UM, WELL...

...I...

(...VERY HARD FOR ME TO SAY THIS...)



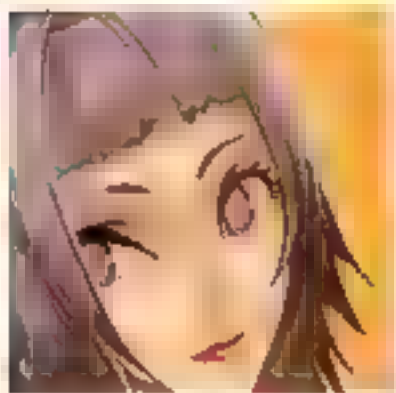
...I NEED YOUR HELP, DADDY.



>Sigh< So, I'm forced to beg My Father The Cosmic Superbeast (no joke) for help... Will he come through, for once? TO BE CONTINUED! I hope.

Gali_girl about 1 minute ago from web

Name: Gali
Location: Earth
Bio: Has a major n food issues with a minor in daddy issues (or v ce versa depend ng on the time of day)



Hey, U might have food issues 2, if YOUR father happened to be a world(s)-famous glutton extraordinaire (and hence, VERY poor role model)...

Name: Gal

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major in food issues, with a minor in daddy issues (or vice versa, depending on the time of day)

Gali_girl

less than a minute ago from mobile web

BIOMASS, BIOMASS
EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT
A KILOCALORIE TO EAT...!

BECAUSE, AS I'VE
TOLD YOU, DADDY
EXPONENTIALLY
DEAREST...

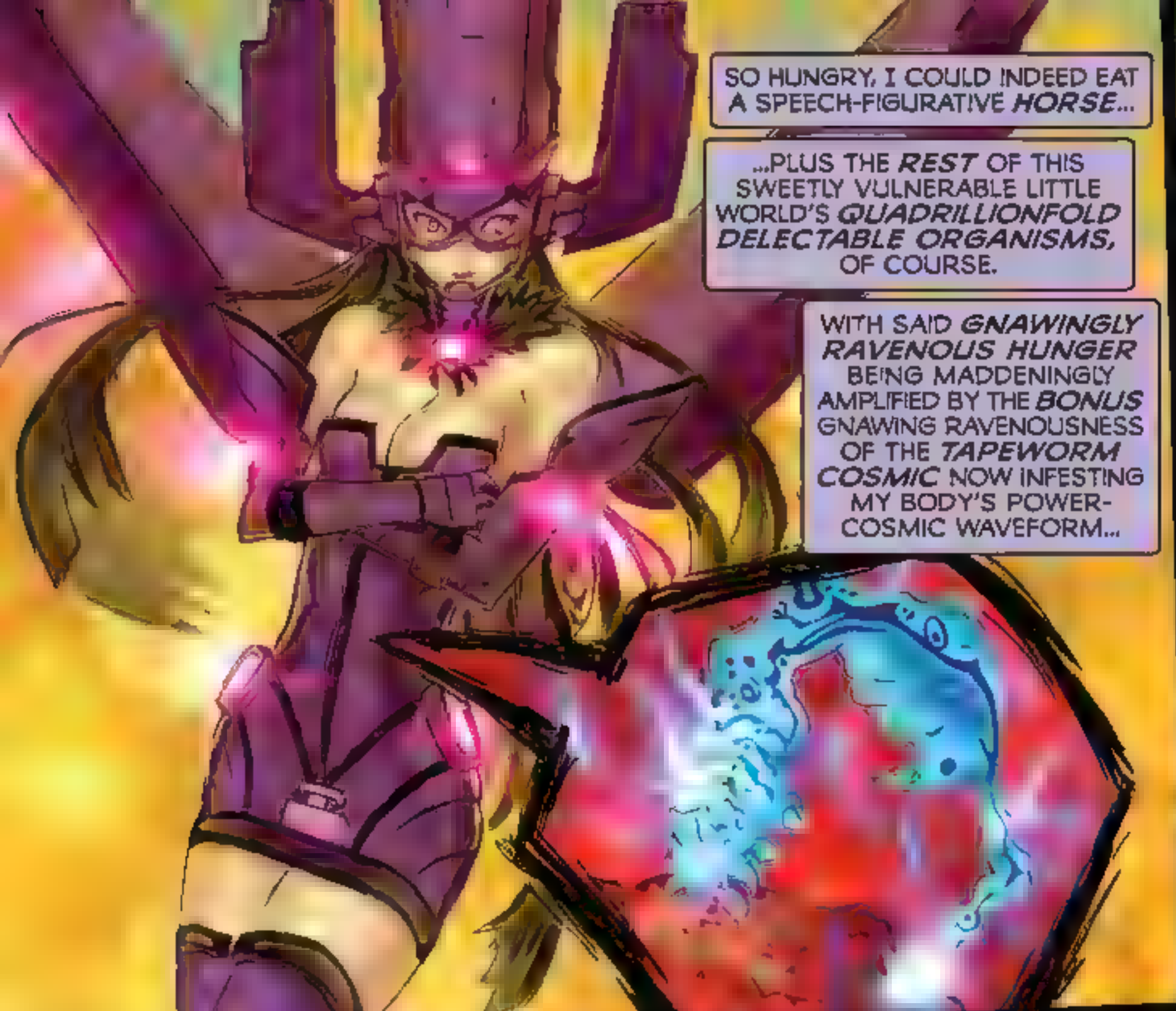
AS IN:
NON-NATIVE, ALIEN
LIFEFORMS **ONLY**.

...I'M ON AN
EXCEPTIONALLY SLASH
RIDICULOUSLY SLASH
INSANELY STRICT DIET.

AND THIS BIOSPHERE'S SELF-
DECLARED APEX HOMINIDS THINK
THAT **THEIR** DIETARY RESTRICTION
SCHEMES CAN BE DEMANDING..!

SO, YES, AT THIS MOMENT
I AM ONE **HORRIFICALLY**
HUNGRY LITTLE SEMI-
GODLIKE COSMIC ENTITY.



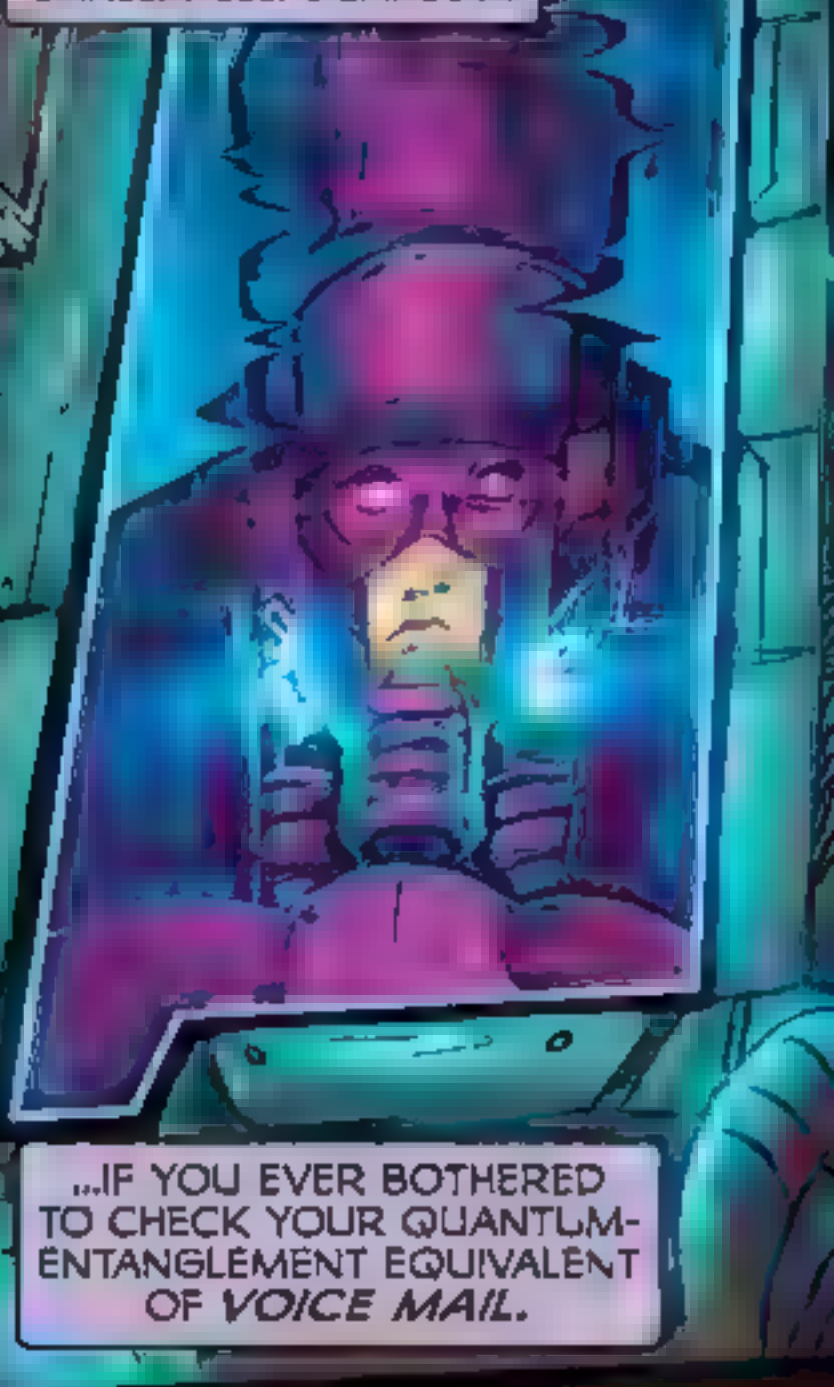


SO HUNGRY, I COULD INDEED EAT
A SPEECH-FIGURATIVE *HORSE*...

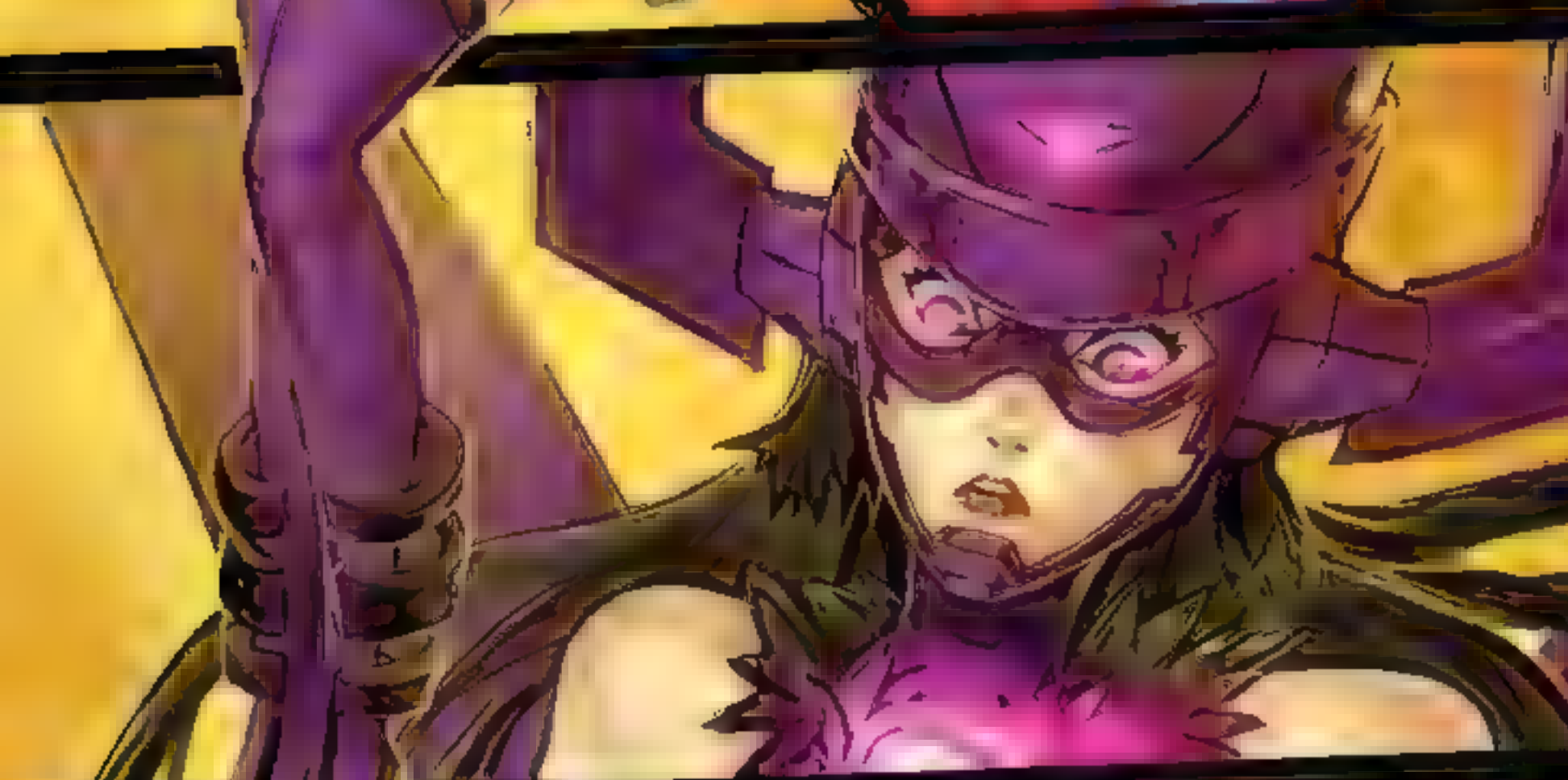
...PLUS THE *REST* OF THIS
SWEETLY VULNERABLE LITTLE
WORLD'S *QUADRILLIONFOLD*
DELECTABLE ORGANISMS,
OF COURSE.

WITH SAID *GNAWINGLY*
RAVENOUS HUNGER
BEING MADDENINGLY
AMPLIFIED BY THE *BONUS*
GNAWING RAVENOUSNESS
OF THE *TAPEWORM*
COSMIC NOW INFESTING
MY BODY'S POWER-
COSMIC WAVEFORM...

...AS YOU
WOULD *KNOW*, DADDY
UNHELPFULLY DEAREST..



...IF YOU EVER BOTHERED
TO CHECK YOUR QUANTUM-
ENTANGLEMENT EQUIVALENT
OF *VOICE MAIL*.



SO, WHILE I *GRIND MY*
GODLIKE TEETH AND WAIT FOR
YOU TO GET BACK TO ME WITH,
I HOPE, SOME *PEARLS OF*
OMNISCIENCE-INFORMED
WISDOM REGARDING
EXTRAUNIVERSAL PARASITES...

...I'LL SWAMP
YOUR WORLDSHIP'S MEMORY
WITH A PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVELY
EXHAUSTIVE ACCOUNT OF MY
RECENT *FOREIGN-FODDER*
FORAGING, ALL RIGHT?

SADLY, WHILE THIS PLANET IS
UNACCOUNTABLY IF NOT INEXPLICABLY
SWARMING WITH INVASIVE FORMS
OF EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE...

...THESE ALIEN FOODSTUFFS HAVE
SWARMED ALL TOO *STEALTHILY*
DURING THE HUNGRY ETERNITY OF
THE LAST FEW SECONDS.



SO, OUT OF FAMISHED
DESPERATION, I
SWITCHED OFF MY
ULTRA-TECH
SCANNING GEAR...

...AND *SWITCHED*
ON MY OWN, SADLY
LESS-OMNISCIENT-
THAN-TIME FORM
OF *COSMIC*
AWARENESS.

YES, DADDY, I *AM* AWARE THAT
USING MY POWER COSMIC TO
AMELIORATE HUNGER ACTUALLY
CAUSED BY MY POWER
COSMIC'S OWN METABOLIC
BURN RATE IS A *PLAN*
RATHER FAR FROM IDEAL.

SO THERE.

CUE THE *TRICKY* PART
ABOUT SUDDENLY BEING
COSMICALLY AWARE:

TRYING TO EXTRACT A
COMPARATIVE *DROPLET*--NO,
A LONE *WATER MOLECULE*--
OF RELEVANT DATA FROM
THE CONTINENT-FLOODING
TSUNAMI OF RAW DATA
INSTANTANEOUSLY
OVERWHELMING ME.

KNOWING ALMOST
EVERYTHING. *EASY*.

FILTERING *USEFUL*
INFORMATION OUT OF
NEAR-INF.NITE KNOWLEDGE.
NOT SO EASY.

TRYING TO *IGNORE*
INNUNERABLY PROFUSE
FACTUAL CONFIRMATIONS THAT
THIS PLANET'S *BIOSPHERE*
WOULD MAKE FOR AN
AMAZINGLY DELICIOUS MEAL:
ESPECIALLY NOT SO EASY.



Obvious flaw inherent to the
concept of Nigh-Omniscience: would
give bold new meaning to the phrase
"Too Much Information."

See this a minute ago from motute web

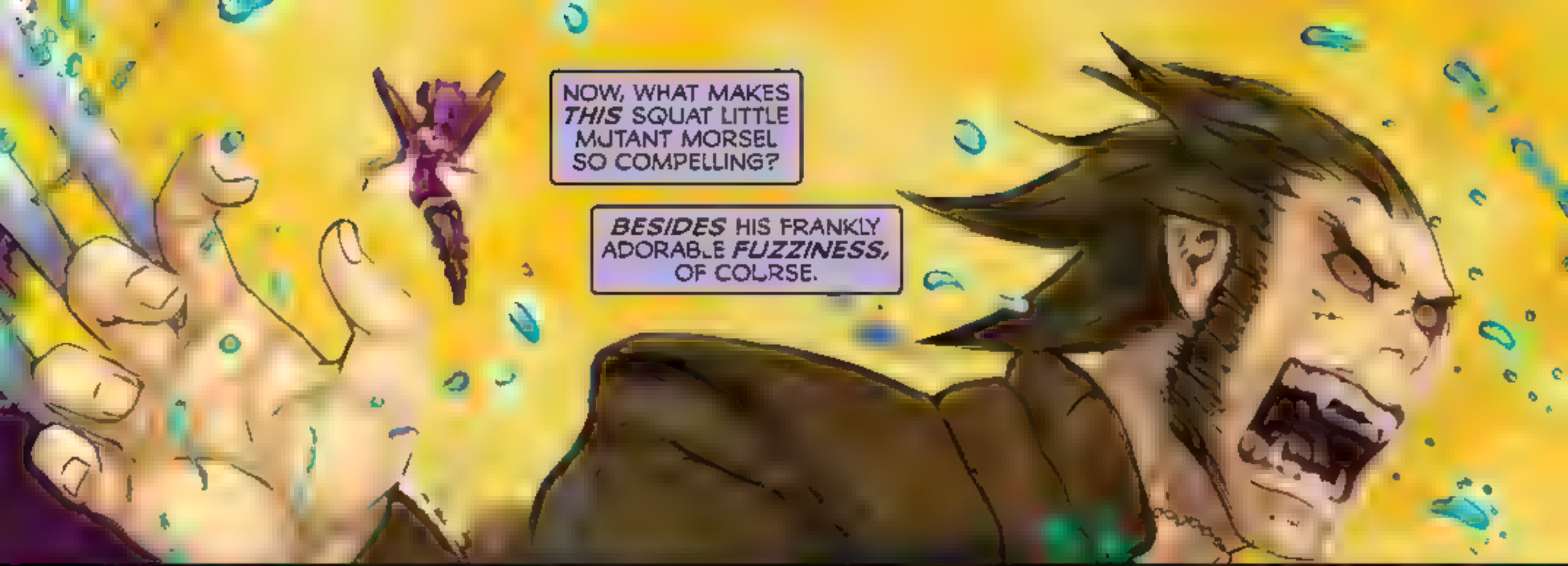
BUT *YAY*, AFTER ENDLESS
MILLISECONDS OF AWKWARDLY
FUMBLING *OMNIGNOSIS*...

.. I DID *FINALLY*
GLEAN THE
LOCATION OF AN
ALIEN SNACK.

BARELY MORE THAN A
FEW *GIGACALORIES*
AT BEST, BUT BEGGARS,
CHOOSERS, ETC.

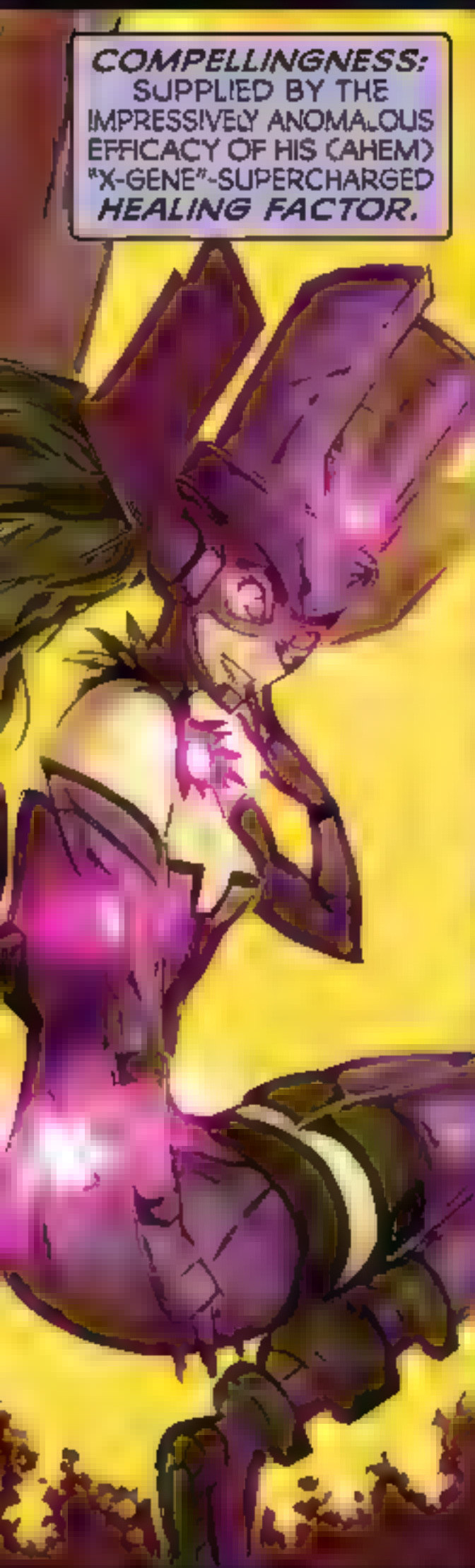
THOUGH, ONCE I HASTILY
POWER-COSMIC-'PORTED
MY FAMISHED LITTLE SELF TO
THE METAPHORICAL *FAST-
FOOD JOINT* IN QUESTION...

...THAT'S WHEN I DISCOVERED
A *MUCH* MORE INTERESTING
ITEM ON THE *DRIVE-
THROUGH MENU*.

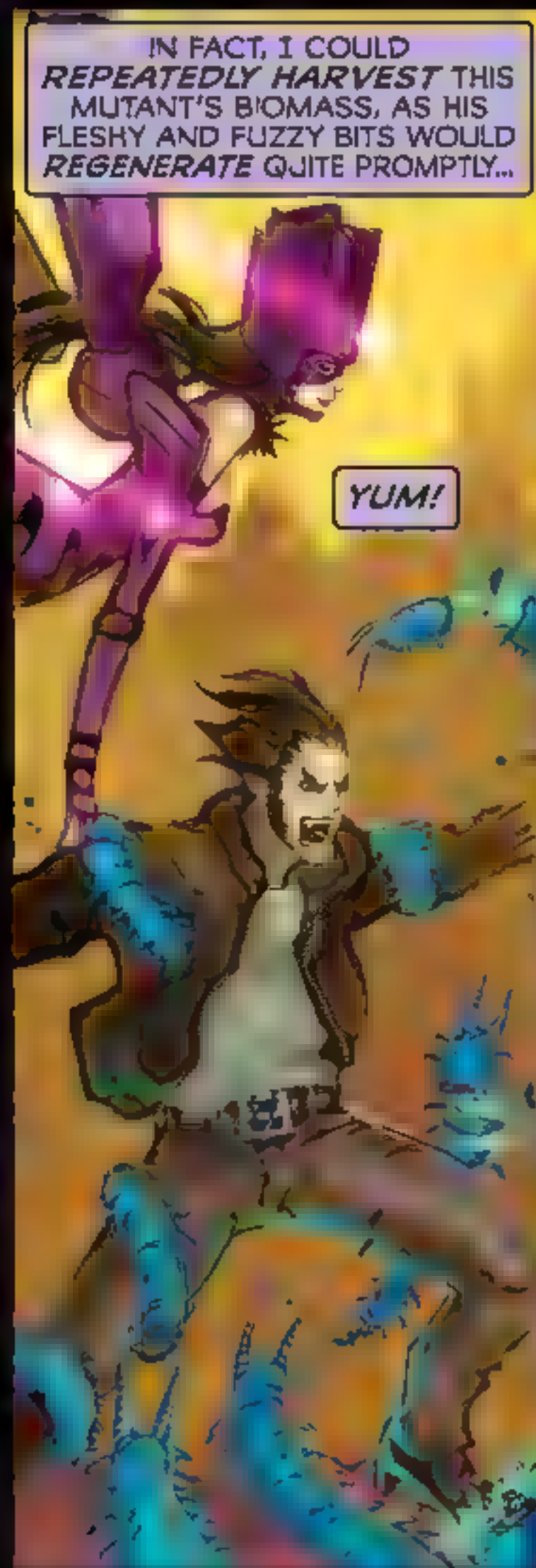


NOW, WHAT MAKES *THIS* SQUAT LITTLE MUTANT MORSEL SO COMPELLING?

BESIDES HIS FRANKLY ADORABLE *FUZZINESS*, OF COURSE.

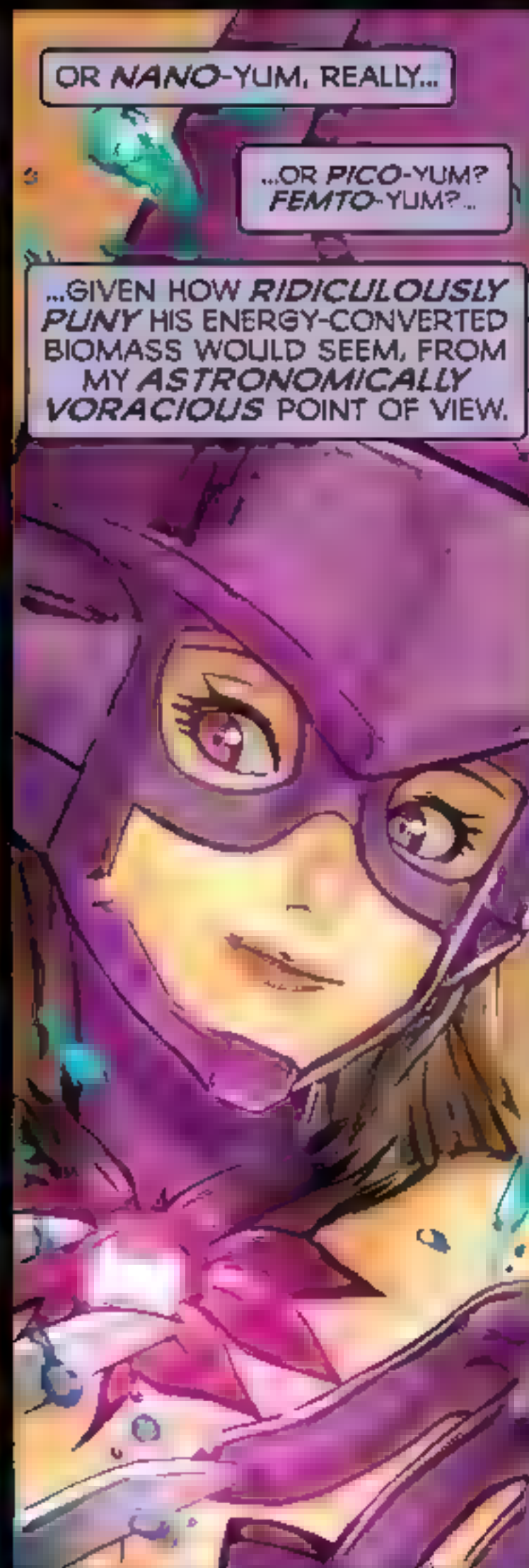


COMPELLINGNESS: SUPPLIED BY THE IMPRESSIVELY ANOMALOUS EFFICACY OF HIS (AHEM) "X-GENE"-SUPERCHARGED HEALING FACTOR.



IN FACT, I COULD *REPEATEDLY HARVEST* THIS MUTANT'S BIOMASS, AS HIS FLESHY AND FUZZY BITS WOULD *REGENERATE* QUITE PROMPTLY...

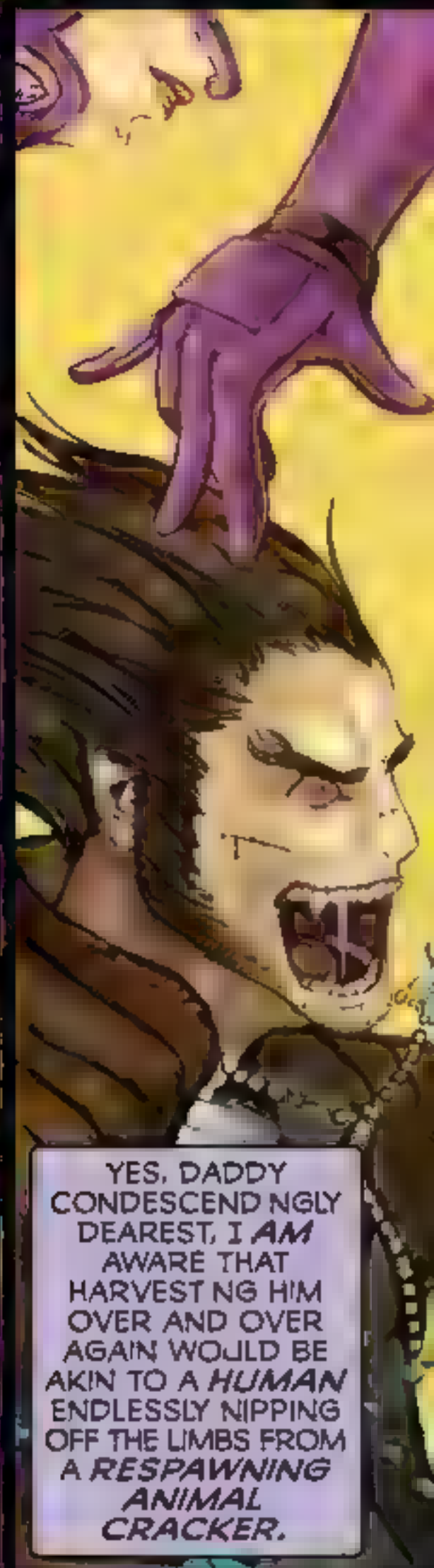
YUM!



OR *NANO-YUM*, REALLY...

...OR *PICO-YUM?* *FEMTO-YUM?*...

...GIVEN HOW *RIDICULOUSLY PUNY* HIS ENERGY-CONVERTED BIOMASS WOULD SEEM, FROM MY *ASTRONOMICALLY VORACIOUS* POINT OF VIEW.



YES, DADDY CONDESCENDINGLY DEAREST, I *AM* AWARE THAT HARVESTING HIM OVER AND OVER AGAIN WOULD BE AKIN TO A *HUMAN* ENDLESSLY NIPPING OFF THE LIMBS FROM A *RESPAWNING ANIMAL CRACKER*.

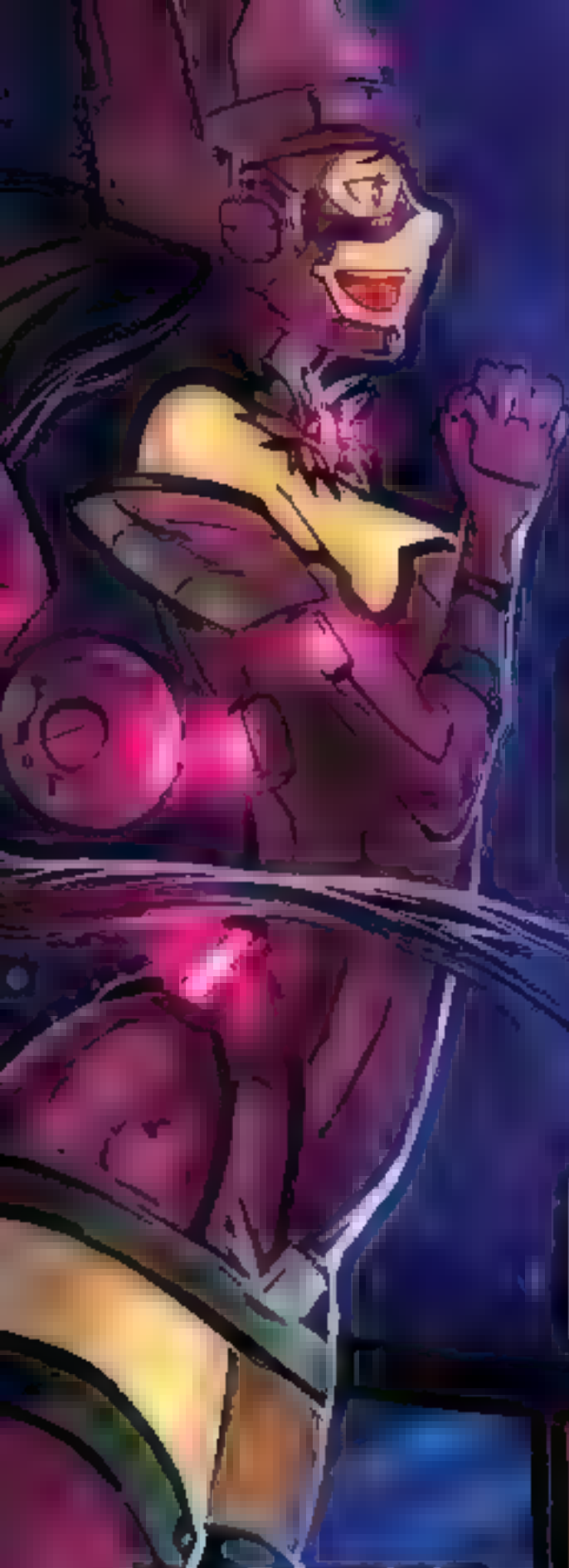


BUT, OH, WITH JUST A *LITTLE* POWER-COSMIC TINKERING...

...AND NOT ALL *THAT* MUCH MORE TINKERING THAN THE *CELESTIALS* DID A MILLION YEARS AGO. BACK WHEN THEY WROTE THE *EXOTIC GENEWARE* EMPOWERING HIS DNA...

...HIS *HEALING FACTOR* COULD EASILY BE *WRIT LARGE*, CALORICALLY SPEAKING.

WRIT *VERY LARGE* INDEED, REALLY.



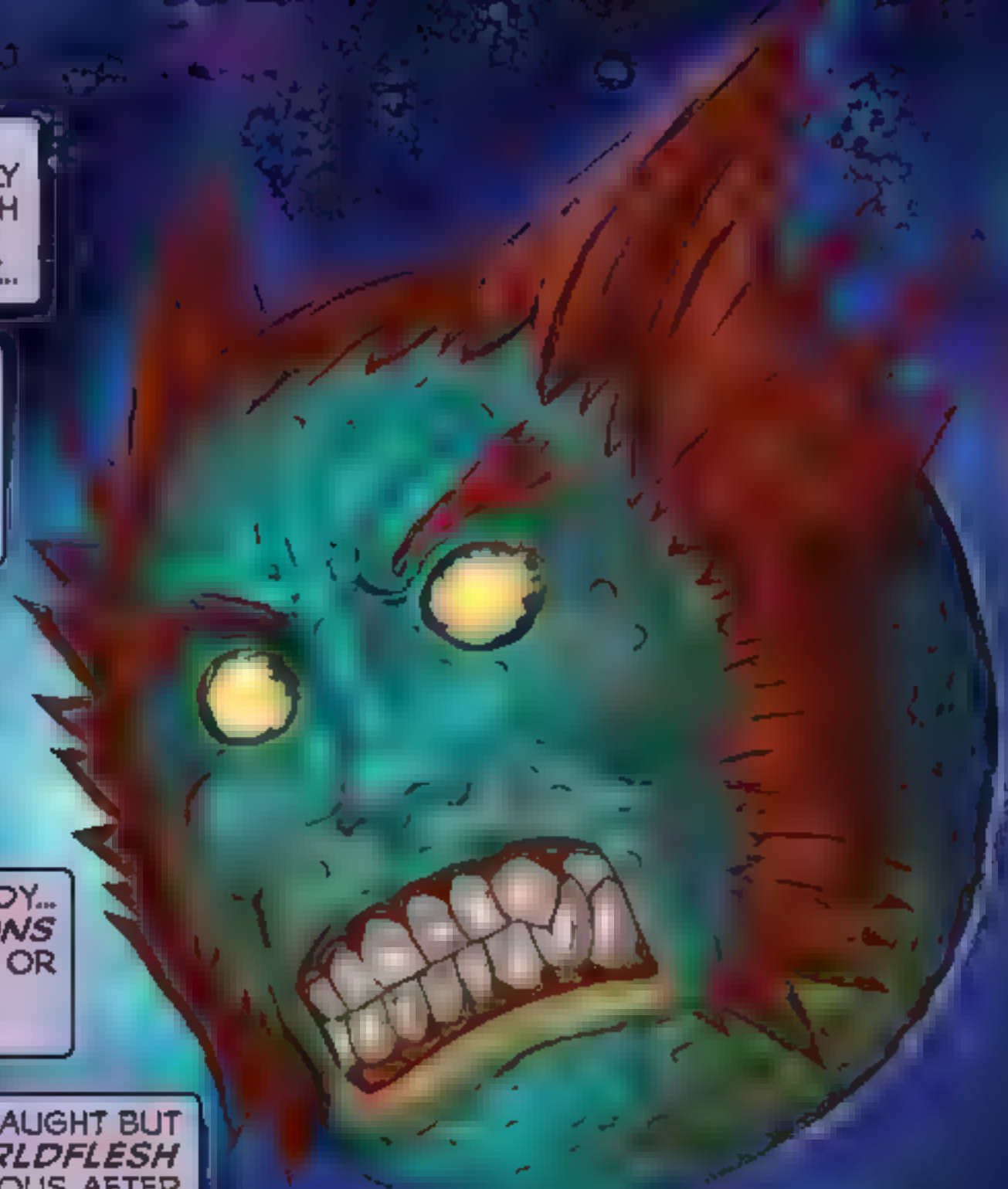
JUST *IMAGINE*, IF YOU WILL, POWER-COSMICALLY CULTIVATING A NEW AND MUCH IMPROVED ITERATION OF *EGO*, THE LIVING PLANET...

...BUT THIS TIME, WITH *EVERY CELL OF ITS BIOMASS* GENETICALLY ENCODED WITH THIS FELLA'S *SELF-REPAIRING METAFUNCTION*!

WE COULD *SERIOUSLY* OUTPIG ON A PERPETUALLY MUTANT-HEALING "*SIDEBURN, THE REGENERATING PLANET*" FOR AT LEAST A TRILLION YEARS OR TWO!

JUST *THINK* ABOUT IT, DADDY... NO MORE *EXTERMINATIONS* OF INNOCENT BIOSPHERES! OR *LESS-THAN-INNOCENT* BIOSPHERES, EITHER!

ADMITTEDLY, A DIET LIMITED TO NAUGHT BUT *GIGA-SCALE MUTANT WORLDFLESH* MIGHT GROW A TAD MONOTONOUS AFTER A FEW BILLION YEARS, BUT *STILL*...



AH, BUT THEN MY *SCRUMPTIOUS REVERIE* ABRUPTLY ENDS...

...AS AN UNHAPPY MILLISECOND OF *COSMICALLY ANALYTICAL AWARENESS* REVEALS TO ME WHAT YOU NO DOUBT *ALREADY KNEW*, DADDY.

INSTANTLY, I PERCEIVE THAT, *DESPITE* ALL THE SCRUMPTIOUS IMPLICATIONS...

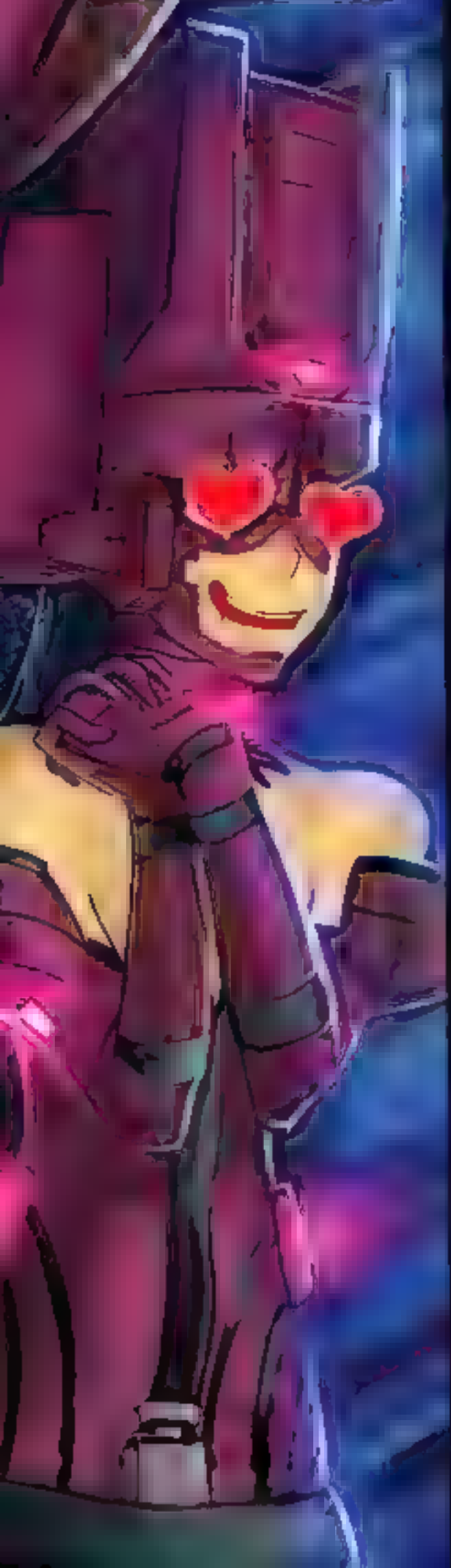
...TAKING A MUTANT'S (AHEM) "*X-GENETIC*" *EXPRESSION* UP TO A GINORMOUS MAGNITUDE IS *NOT* A VIABLE CONCEPT.

THE *REALITY-DEFORMATION MATH* ENCODED INTO MUTANT DNA BY THE *CELESTIALS*, BACK IN THE PROTOHUMAN DAY, WORKS ONLY ON A *VERY* LOW-BIOMASS SCALE.

IF WE UPSCALED THE (AHEM) "*X-GENE'S*" REALITY-WARPING METAFUNCTION FROM *CANADIAN* BODY SIZE TO *ASTRONOMICAL* BODY SIZE...

...THEN THIS RATHER *THREADBARE* UNIVERSE'S ALREADY FRAYING FABRIC WOULD *UNRAVEL ENTIRELY*.

CLEARLY, THE CELESTIALS WERE *CRAPTASTIC ÜBERENGINEERS*, JUDGING BY THEIR HALF-ASSED *METAREALITY GENEWARE DESIGN WORK*.



SO, AS VISIONS OF *EDIBLE EIDEBURNED PLANETS* RELUCTANTLY FADE FROM MY MIND'S EYE...

...AND MY *TAPEWORM-EXACERBATED HUNGER* BEGINS RAVENING ANEW, MORE *GNAWTASTICALLY* THAN EVER...

I BREAK OUT MY *DINING UTENSILS* AND WOLF DOWN MY PATHETICALLY INADEQUATE LITTLE *ANIMAL-CRACKER-LIMB* OF A SNACK.

NANO-YUM, INDEED.

PATHETICALLY INADEQUATE, YES, BUT *TASTY*, AS FAR AS DEFOSSILIZED *ALIEN BIOWEAPONWARE* GOES.

AND *THAT'S* HOW THE DAUGHTER OF MIGHTY GALACTUS SPENT HER DAY, DADDY "DOESN'T CHECK HIS *QUANTUM-ANALOGUE VOICE MAIL*" DEAREST.

OR HOW I SPENT THE LAST DEEPLY DISSATISFYING *1.75 SECONDS* OF MY DAY, AT LEAST.

HAHH?

Ugh. Despite a tragically low-cal snack run, still veryveryvery hungry, still veryveryvery angry with my absentee-as-ever Daddy. DoubleUgh.

less than a minute ago from mobile web

Name: Gal

Location: Earth

Bio. Has a major n food issues, with a minor in daddy ssues (or vice versa, depending on the time of day)

OH, I *KNOW*
WHAT YOU'RE
THINKING,
DADDY.

I, TOO, AM A
SEMI-GODLIKE,
NIGH-OMNISCIANT
COSMIC ENTITY,
AFTER ALL.

YOU'RE THINKING THAT, IF I
REALLY, TRULY, *GENUINELY*
WANTED TO AVOID BECOMING
A SELFISHLY RAPACIOUS
GLUTTON LIKE YOU...

...THEN WHY DON'T I
JUST USE MY POWER
COSMIC TO CONSUME
MYSELF, AND END MY
NIGH-INSATIABLE
APPETITE ONCE AND
FOR ALL?

WELL, SAD TO SAY, I'M **NOT** ACTUALLY UNSELFISH ENOUGH TO PURSUE THE SELF-SACRIFICING IDEAL OF **AUTOCANNIBALIZATION**.

YES, I'M AFRAID
THAT I *AM* A BIT OF
A SELF-RIGHTEOUS
HYPOCRITE.

WHICH, EXPRESSED IN ONE PARTICULAR HUMAN LANGUAGE, SOUNDS NOT UNLIKE "HIPPOPOTAMUS," WHICH SOUNDS *DELICIOUS* TO ME RIGHT NOW...

AT THE MOMENT, THOUGH,
THANKS TO THE PARASITIC
TAPEWORM COSMIC
INFESTING MY BODY'S
WAVEFORM MATRIX...

..I'VE BECOME
SO **RIDICULOUSLY**
HUNGRY THAT I JUST
FOUND MYSELF
THINKING, "HEY, IF I **DID**
AUTOCANNIBALIZE, I
WONDER WHAT I
WOULD **TASTE** LIKE...?"

NO DOUBT I
WOULD TASTE
YUMMY, TOO...!

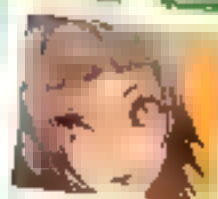
OF COURSE, I DON'T
REALLY KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TH'NKING, OH
ABSENTEE
FATHER OF MINE...

...SINCE BOTH YOU AND YOUR
WORLDSHIP HAVE SOMEHOW GONE
QUANTUM-ENTANGLEMENT
INCOMMUNICADO, OF LATE.

SUCH AN **INCONVENIENTLY**
UNAVAILABLE INTERSTELLAR
GASTRONOME YOU ARE, DADDY.

SO I'M LEFT HERE **ALONE**
AND HUNGRY, ORBITING
THE BEAUTIFUL BUT
VULNERABLE LITTLE
WORLD THAT, UNLIKE YOUR
RAVAG'NG SELF, I'VE
SWORN TO **PROTECT...**

..WHILE TRYING DESPERATELY NOT
TO HEAR THE **ABUNDANTLY CLEAR**
MESSAGE BEING SHOUTED UP TO ME
BY EVERY LAST **CELLULAR NUCLEUS**
OF THE PLANET'S VAST BIOSPHERE..!



All those nature shows on TV, gloriously
jampacked w/ Earth's rich wildlife
panoply (in tasty HD)? For me, that's
effectively "food porn"...

less than a minute ago from mobile web

Name: Gali

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major m food issue
w/ a minor m dainty issues for
vice versa, depending on the
kind of days

YOU SHOULD
TOTALLY EAT
ME, GALI!

I'M
DELICIOUS!

EAT ME!

NO,
EAT ME!

EAT ME,
AFTER I
EAT HIM!

EAT ME!

EAT ME!

EAT ME!

C MON,
EAT ME,
GAL!

EAT
MEEEEEE!

EAT
MEOW!

EAT
ALL OF
US, GALI!

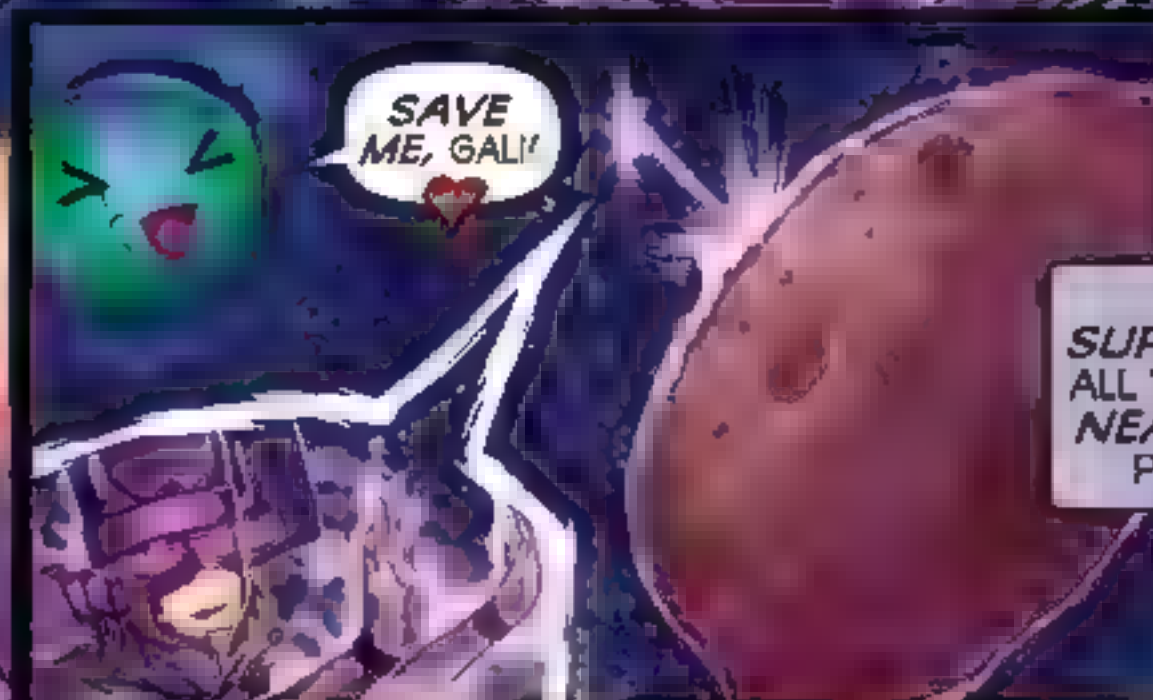
BUT
YOU'LL NEED TO
SAVE ALL OF
US, FIRST!

AND OH, **YES**, DID THAT FIGURATIVELY LOQUACIOUS FLEA EVER SPEAK THE **TRUTH**:

THIS WORLD IS IN PERVERSELY **PERPETUAL** NEED OF SAVING, LIKE A GLOBULAR, SIX-QUINTILLION-TON ANALOGUE FOR THE HUMANS' IDIOTIC "**DAMSEL IN DISTRESS**" CULTURAL TROPE.

NOT, OF COURSE, THAT THE EARTH'S SUPPOSED **APEX HOMINIDS**, EVEN THE **METAPOWERCED** ONES, CAN STOP PUMMELING EACH OTHER LONG ENOUGH TO BOTHER **ADDRESSING** MANY OF THESE LOOMING THREATS.

WHICH, OF COURSE, IS WHERE YOUR **DAUGHTER** COMES IN, DADDY DEAREST. CUE MY **DE-LOOMING COUNTDOWN** FROM TODAY'S SELECTION OF **TWENTY-FIVE** SUCH LOOMING THREATS:

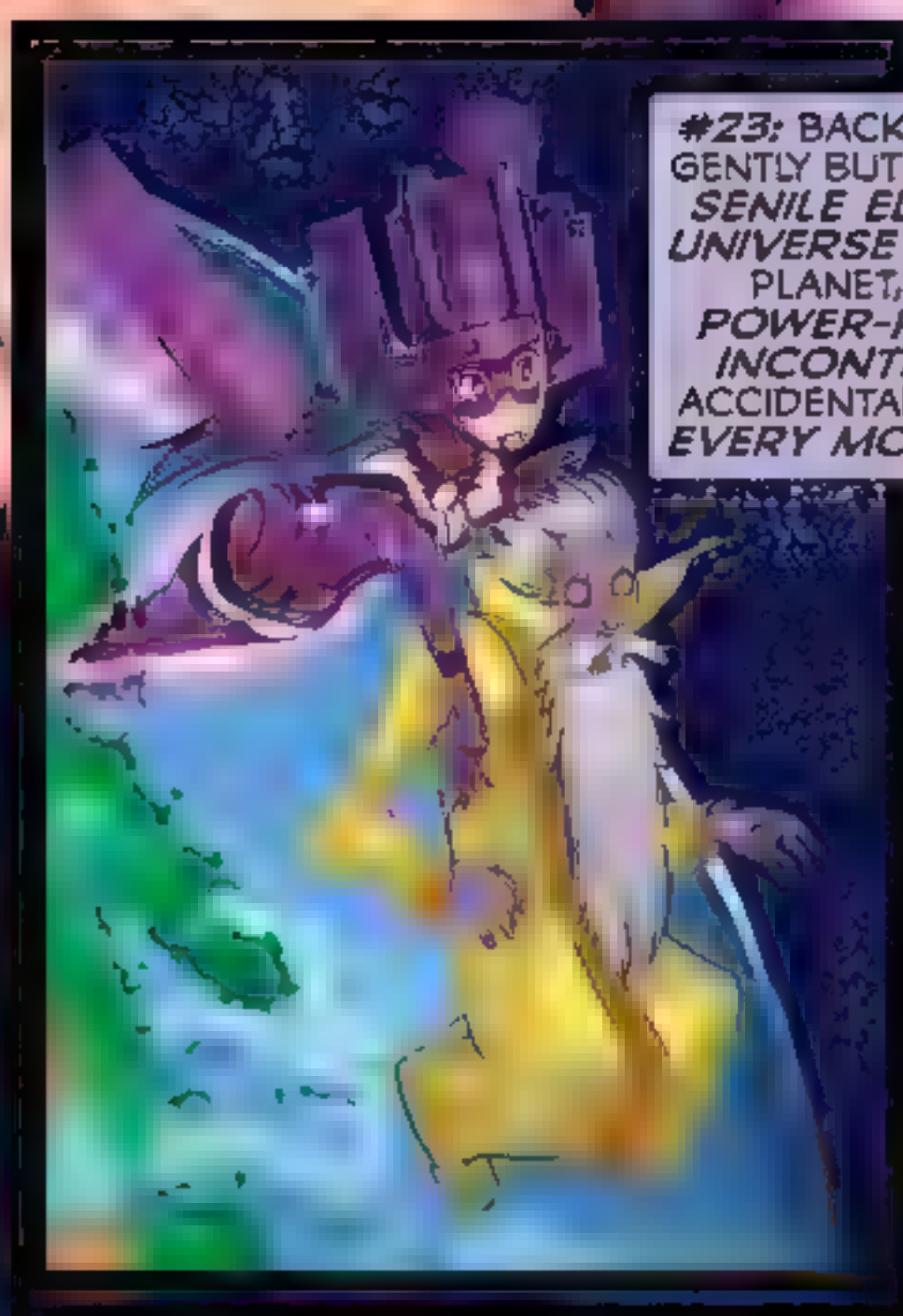
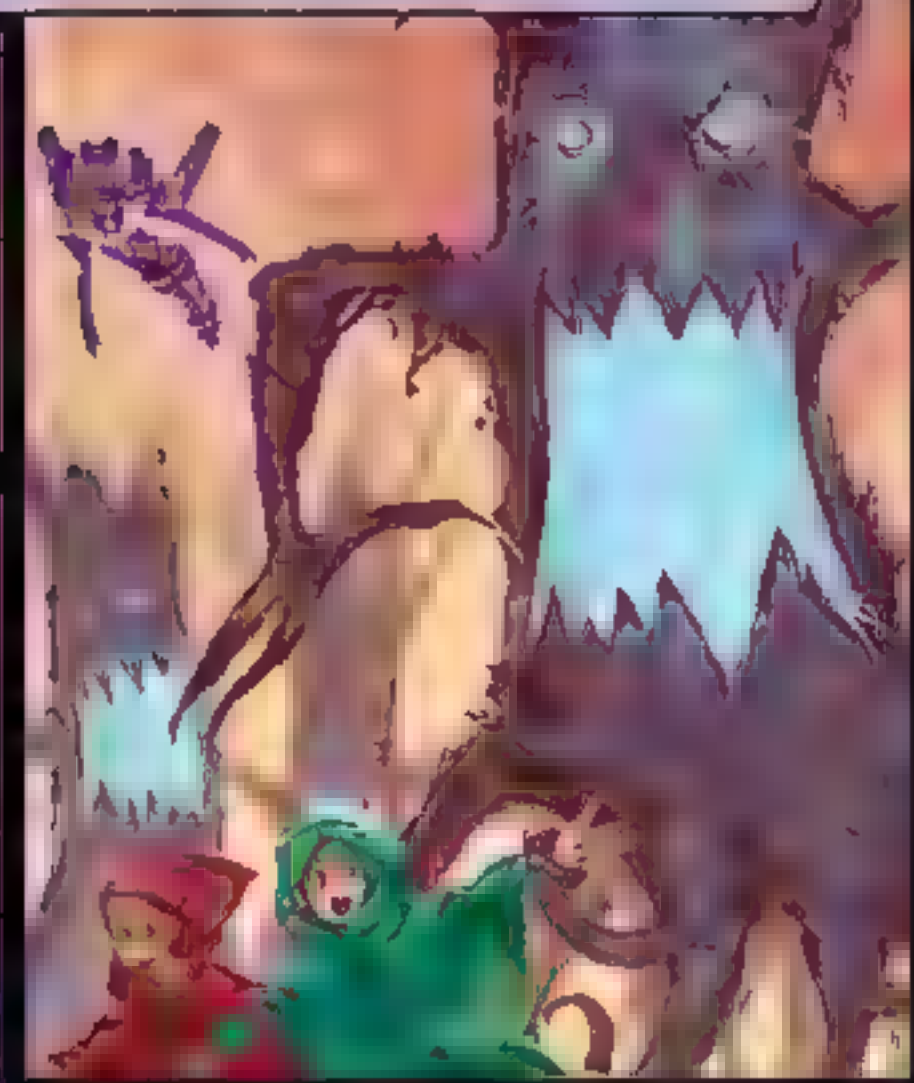


#25: POPPED OUT TO AN UNDETECTED ASTEROID'S **ORBITAL APHELION**, TO ALTER ITS FUTURE TRAJECTORY AWAY FROM AN OTHERWISE CERTAIN **IMPACT** WITH THE EARTH.

NATURALLY, NONE OF THIS WORLD'S (AHEM) **SUPERSCIENTISTS** HAVE AS YET DEIGNED TO **LOCATE** ALL THE THOUSANDS OF POTENTIALLY BIOSPHERE-LETHAL **NEAR-EARTH OBJECTS** FLASHING THROUGH THIS PLANET'S **SHOOTING GALLERY** OF AN ORBIT.

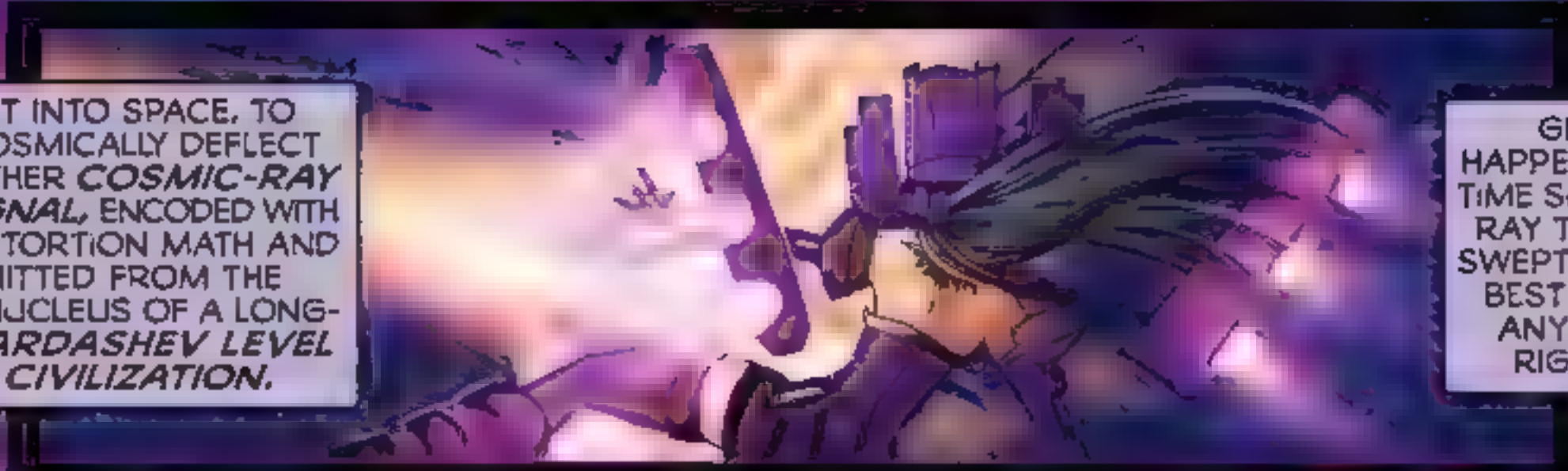
TOO BUSY PLAYING ELABORATE **URINATION CONTESTS** WITH EACH OTHER, APPARENTLY.

#24: SPEAKING OF **SUPERSCIENCE**, RETURNED TO EARTH THREE SECONDS LATER AND FOILED **HYDRA'S** RELEASE OF A WEAPONIZED BIOAGENT--"**DUTCH ELM HYPERDISEASE**" WAS THE PROPOSAL'S INACCURATE BUT CATCHY LOGLINE--THAT WOULD HAVE SPAWNED A **TREE-BASED ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE**.



#23: BACK EARTHSIDE, TO GENTLY BUT FIRMLY GUIDE A **SENILE ELDER OF THE UNIVERSE** AWAY FROM THE PLANET, BEFORE HIS **POWER-PRIMORDIAL INCONTINENCE** CAN ACCIDENTALLY WRENCH ITS **EVERY MOLECULE** APART.

#22: OUT INTO SPACE, TO POWER-COSMICALLY DEFLECT AWAY ANOTHER **COSMIC-RAY BURST SIGNAL**, ENCODED WITH REALITY-DISTORTION MATH AND TRANSMITTED FROM THE GALACTIC NUCLEUS OF A LONG-EXTINCT **KARDASHEV LEVEL THREE CIVILIZATION**.



GIVEN WHAT HAPPENED THE **LAST** TIME SUCH A COSMIC-RAY TRANSMISSION SWEEP BY THE EARTH, BEST NOT TO TAKE ANY **CHANCES**, RIGHT, DADDY?

#21: OFF TO GUIZHOU PROVINCE, TO PREVENT AN ANTISOCIAL **PROTO-VILLAINERD PROGIDY** FROM TRIGGERING CATASTROPHIC **STRANGE-MATTER FORMATION** IN HIS MOTHER'S BASEMENT OUT OF SHEER ADOLESCENT **Nihilism**.

#20: BACK UP INTO SPACE, TO STOP AN ALTERNATE REALITY SHOW'S **COSMIC ECODESIGNERS** FROM WHOLLY RESHAPING THE EARTH INTO A MORE CHIC, FASHIONABLE AND AESTHETICALLY PLEASING FORM.

#19

#18

#17

#16



AND JUST NOW, #1:
MY SHAKY-FLAKY COSMIC
AWARENESS HAS DETECTED
AN *ALIEN ANOMALY* IN
THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

AND "*ALIEN ANOMALY*"
NATURALLY EQUALS
"*APPETIZING*," DUE TO MY
NON-NATIVE-LIFE-FORM
RESTRICTED DIET.

FOR, AS
MY *SCANNING
GEAR* VERIFIES
AND CLARIFIES..

...THIS INNOCUOUS-
SEEMING *TROPICAL
ISLAND* BELOW ME IS, IN
FACT, AN *INFESTATION
BY A NON-NATIVE
SPECIES*.

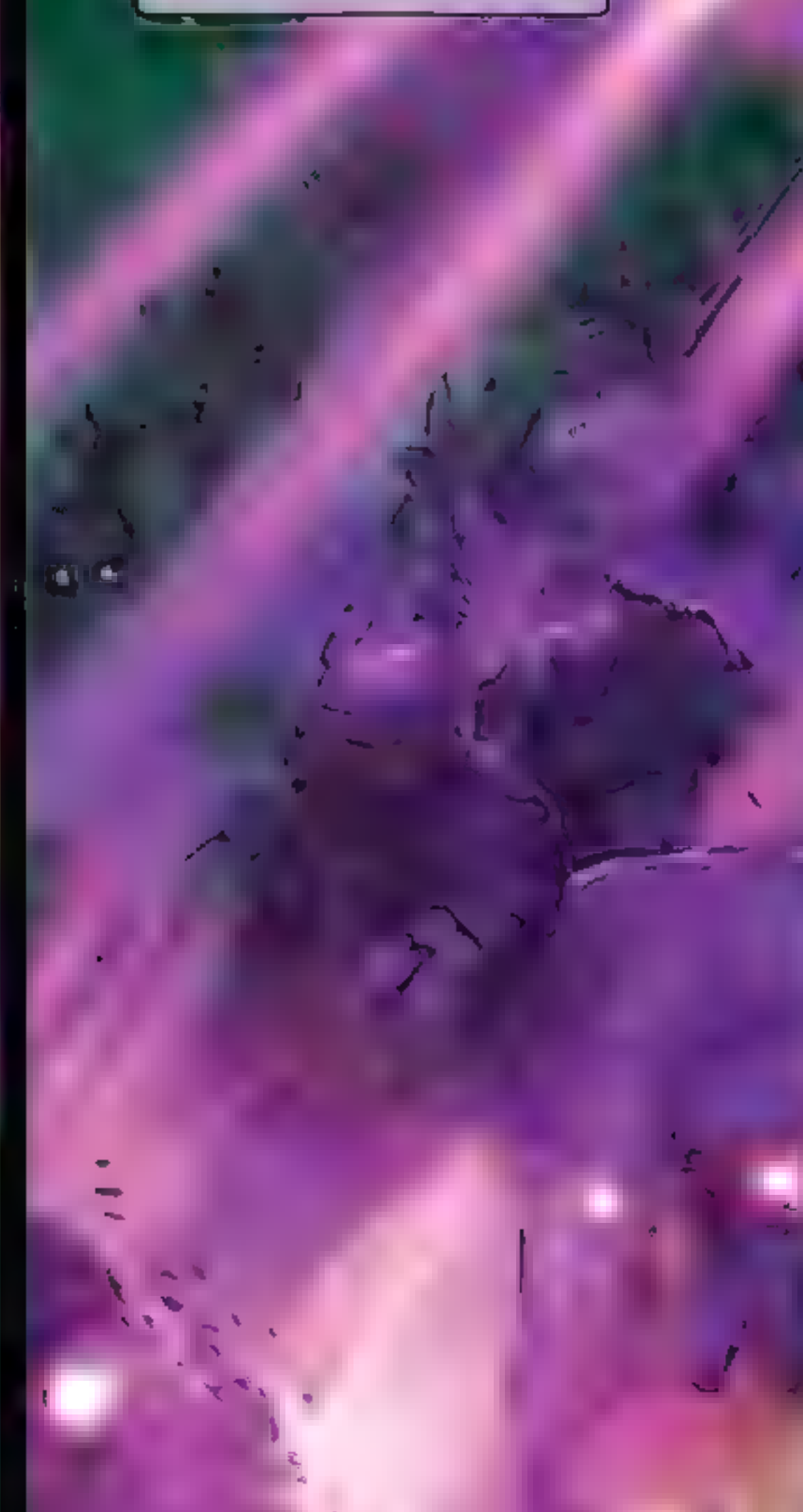


AS CERTAIN VOLCANIC ROCK
STATUES ON ANOTHER ISLAND
NEARBY COULD THEORETICALLY
ATTEST...

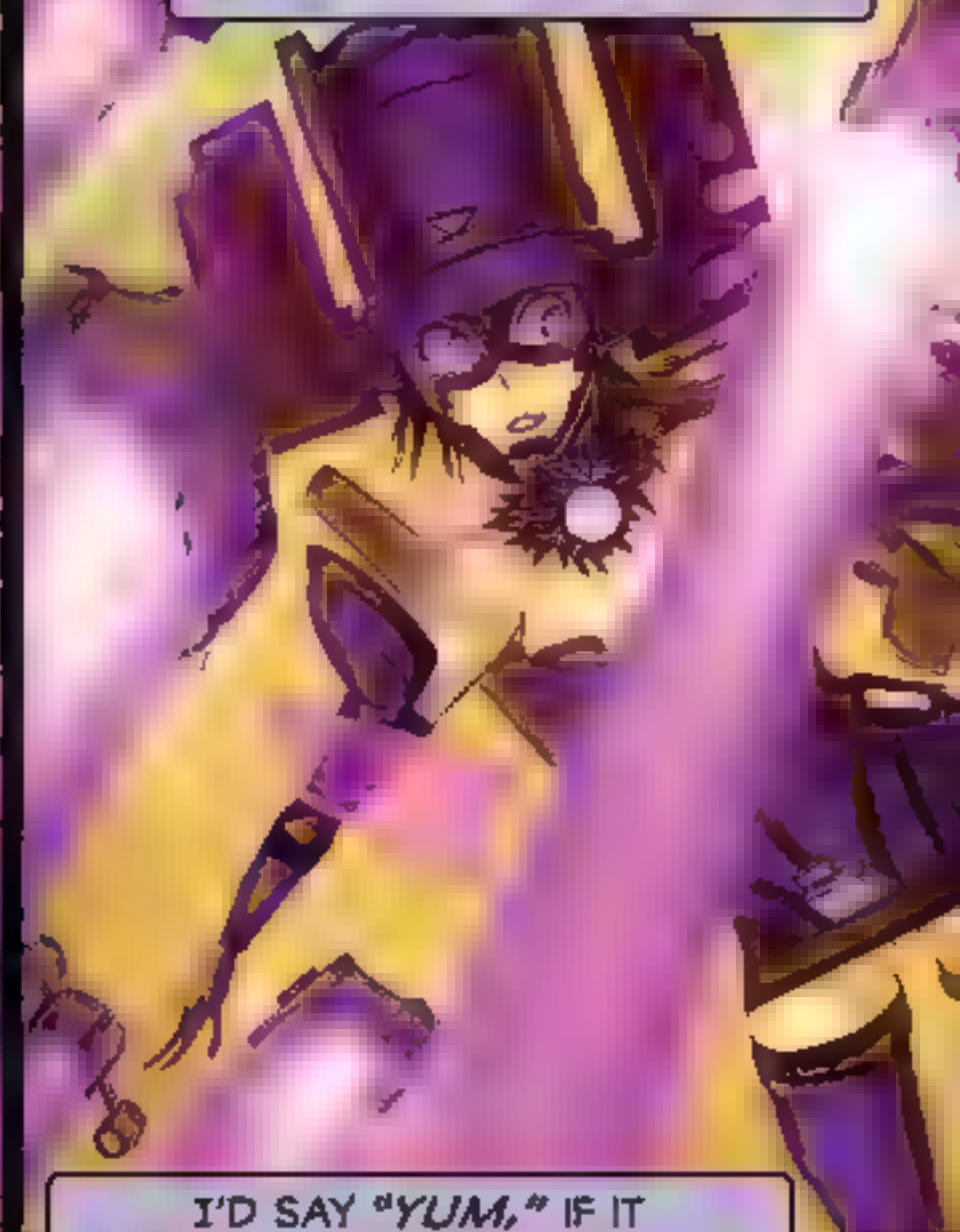
...MEMBERS OF THE *KRONAN*
SPECIES OF SILICON-BASED
LIFEFORMS HAVE VISITED THIS
PLANET *BEFORE*.

THIS, HOWEVER, IS THE FIRST TIME THAT A
KRONAN-VARIANT SUBSPECIES HAS INITIATED
PARTHENOGENETIC LITHOINFECTION
OF THE EARTH'S OUTER CRUST.

OF THE MULTIPLE STONE-MAN
REPRODUCTIVE OPTIONS,
GEOCLONING IS THE LEAST
EVOLUTIONARILY VIABLE, DUE
TO *GENETIC DIVERSITY*
LIMITATIONS...

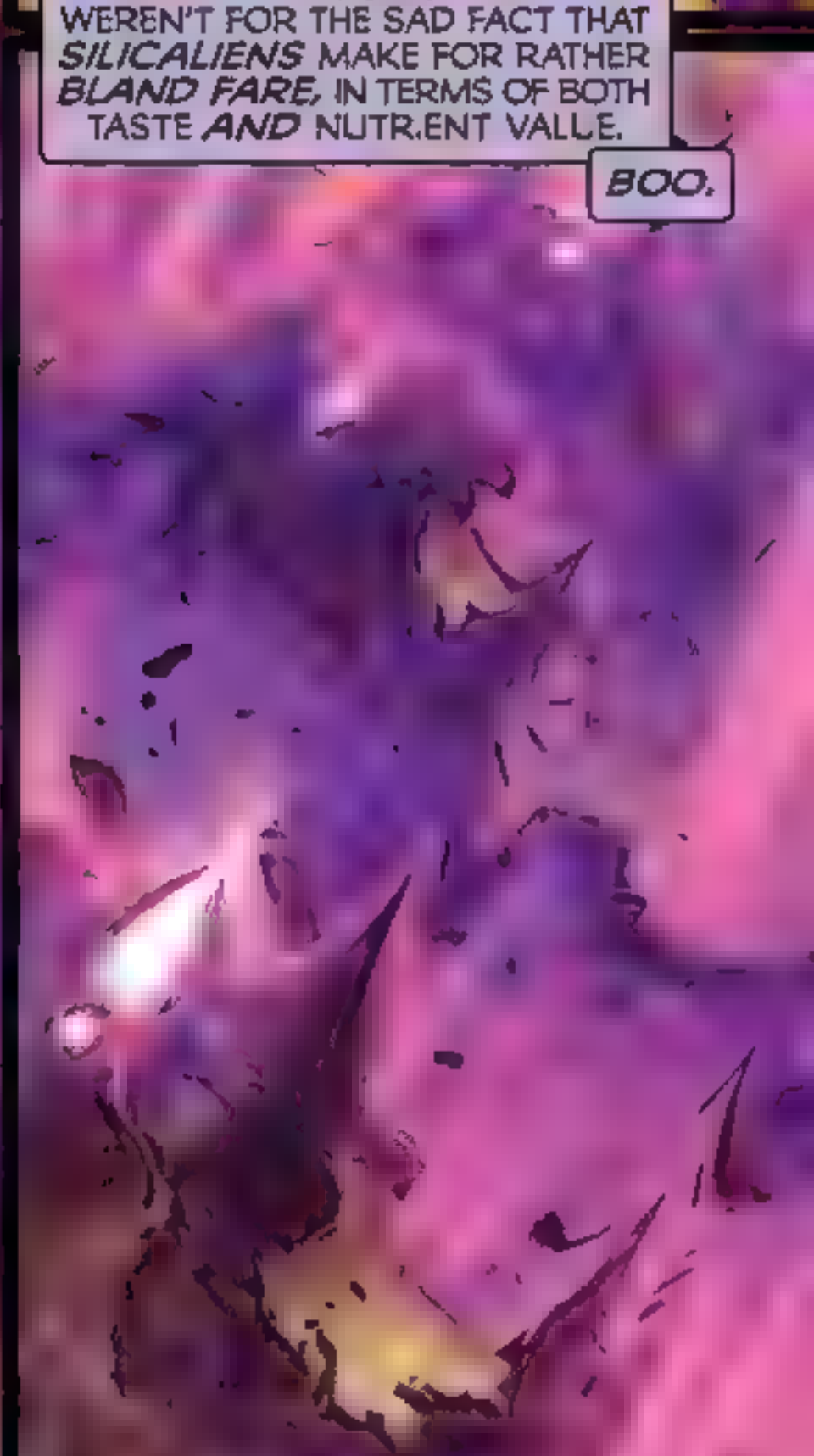


..BUT A MILLION-TON
MASS OF *SELF-ASSEMBLING
KRONAN CLONES* DOES
MAKE FOR A DECENT *SNACK*,
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED...!



I'D SAY "*YUM*," IF IT
WEREN'T FOR THE SAD FACT THAT
SILICALIENS MAKE FOR RATHER
BLAND FARE, IN TERMS OF BOTH
TASTE *AND* NUTRIENT VALUE.

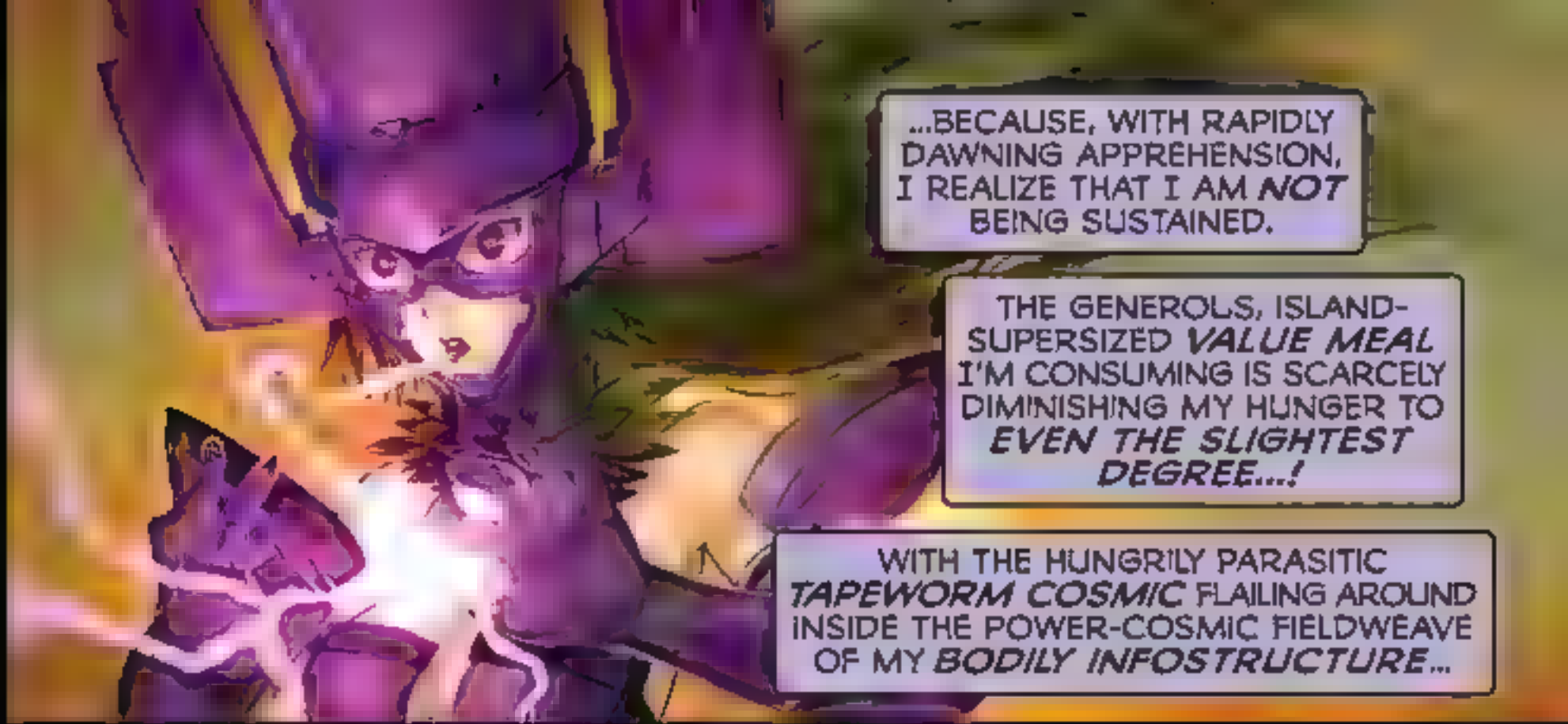
BOO.



AS THE EARTH'S *APEX HOMINIDS* WOULD PERCEIVE IT, CONSUMING *ENERGY-CONVERTED STONE MEN* IS NOT UNLIKE EATING A SALAD TOPPED WITH A *SHOVELFUL OF DIRT*.

NONETHELESS, *SUSTENANCE* IS *SUSTENANCE*, RIGHT?

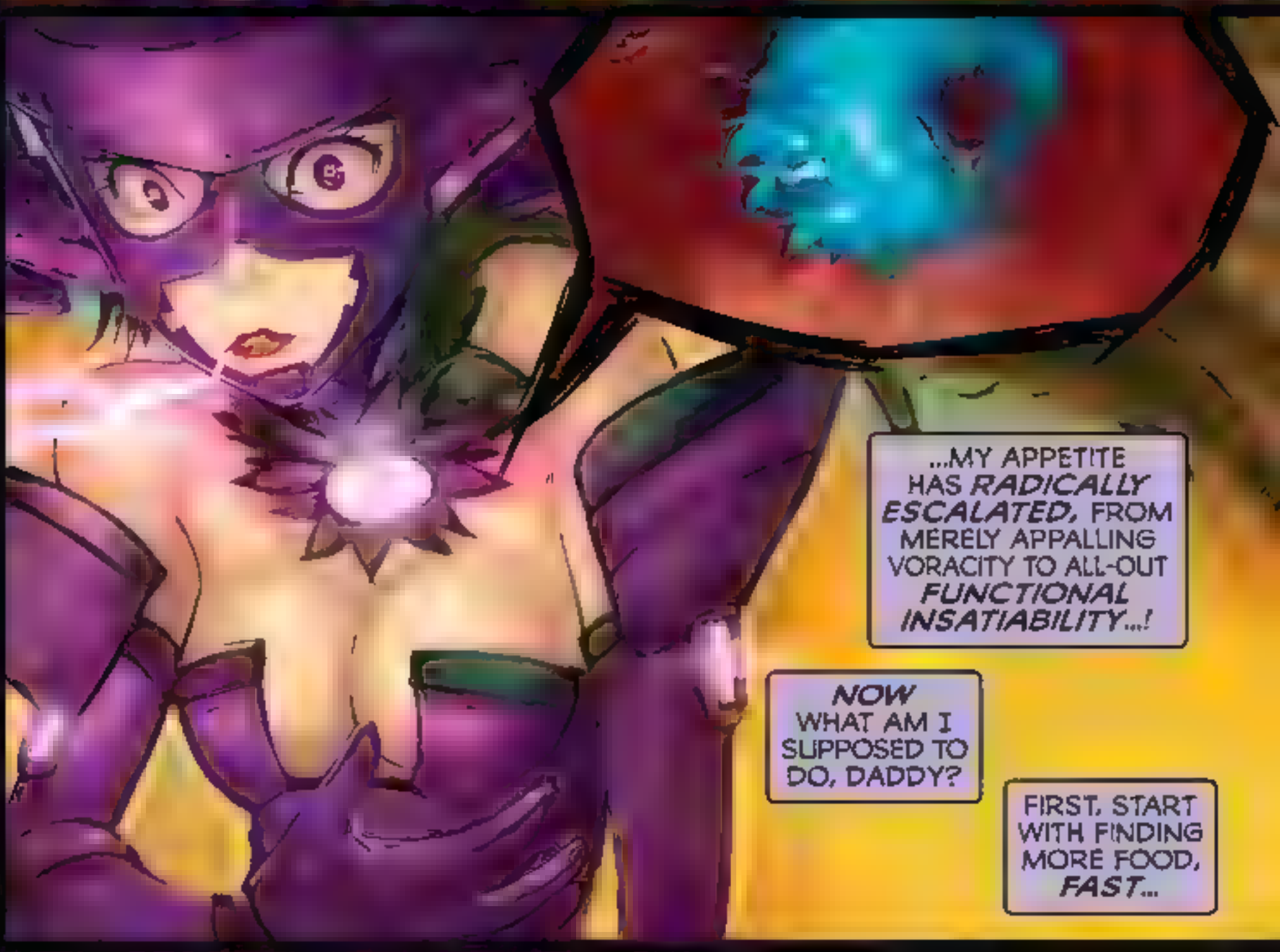
OR, AT LEAST, *SUSTENANCE SHOULD BE SUSTENANCE...*



...BECAUSE, WITH RAPIDLY DAWNING APPREHENSION, I REALIZE THAT I AM *NOT* BEING SUSTAINED.

THE GENEROLS, ISLAND-SUPERSIZED *VALUE MEAL* I'M CONSUMING IS SCARCELY DIMINISHING MY HUNGER TO *EVEN THE SLIGHTEST DEGREE...!*

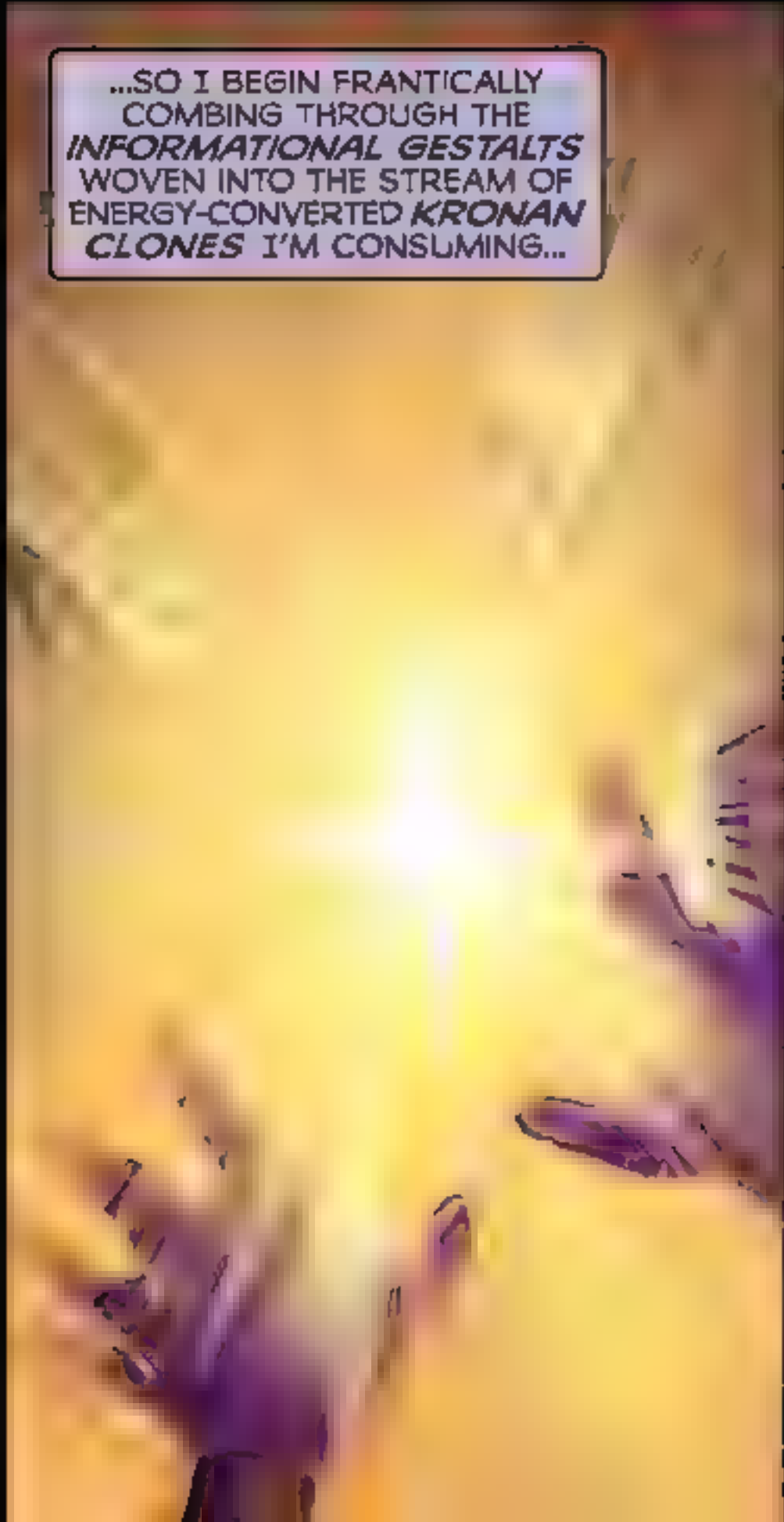
WITH THE HUNGRILY PARASITIC *TAPEWORM COSMIC* FLAILING AROUND INSIDE THE POWER-COSMIC FIELDWEAVE OF MY *BODILY INFOSTRUCTURE...*



...MY APPETITE HAS *RADICALLY ESCALATED*, FROM MERELY APPALLING VORACITY TO ALL-OUT *FUNCTIONAL INSATIABILITY...!*

NOW WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO, DADDY?

FIRST, START WITH FINDING MORE FOOD, *FAST...*



...SO I BEGIN FRANTICALLY COMBING THROUGH THE *INFORMATIONAL GESTALTS* WOVEN INTO THE STREAM OF ENERGY-CONVERTED *KRONAN CLONES* I'M CONSUMING...



...IN THE HOPES OF UNEARTHING A CONNECTION TO ANY MORE *SECRET STONE-MAN HIVES* ON THIS PLANET.

AND *THAT'S* WHEN AN INTERESTINGLY UNUSUAL IMAGE POPS OUT OF THE CLONES' *RACIAL MEMORIES...!*

AH, YES.

A *PROGENITOR* OF THESE STONE CLONES ONCE HAD A TRAUMATICALLY CLOSE ENCOUNTER WITH A HOMINID-CULTURE *MYTHOLOGICAL AVATAR*.

AND THIS *WOULD* HAVE BEEN AN ESPECIALLY NOTABLE INCIDENT FOR THEM...

...GIVEN THAT ALL KNOWN KRONAN CULTURES ARE *STAUNCHLY ATHEIST*.

RATHER A *PROBLEMATIC PHILOSOPHY* TO CONSISTENTLY MAINTAIN, WHAT WITH A *GOD* SHOWING UP AND PUMMELING YOU WITH A *MAGIC HAMMER* AND ALL.

AND, OH, ARE SOME ABSOLUTELY *SCRUMPTIOUS* MYTHOPOETIC CONCEPTS EVER METATAGGED TO *THIS* ENTITY...!

WOLVES GIGASCALED LARGE ENOUGH TO *EAT THE SUN AND THE MOON*?

A *SERPENT* SO ENORMOUS THAT IT *ENCIRCLES THE ENTIRE WORLD*?

THEY SOUND POSITIVELY *MOUTH-WATERING*...!

BUT THEN THAT *HAMMER* DRAWS MY ATTENTION AGAIN...

THE *ULTIMATE WEAPON* OF ITS MILIEU, DESTINED TO SLAY THE *WORLD-ENCIRCLING SERPENT* DURING THE MYTHOS' END-TIME BATTLE...

THE *ULTIMATE WEAPON*...?

AND WITH *THAT*, A RECKLESS AND DESPERATE BUT QUITE POSSIBLY VIABLE *SCHEME* UNFOLDS ITSELF WITHIN MY MIND'S EYE...

...A *VERY* INTRIGUING CONCEPT...

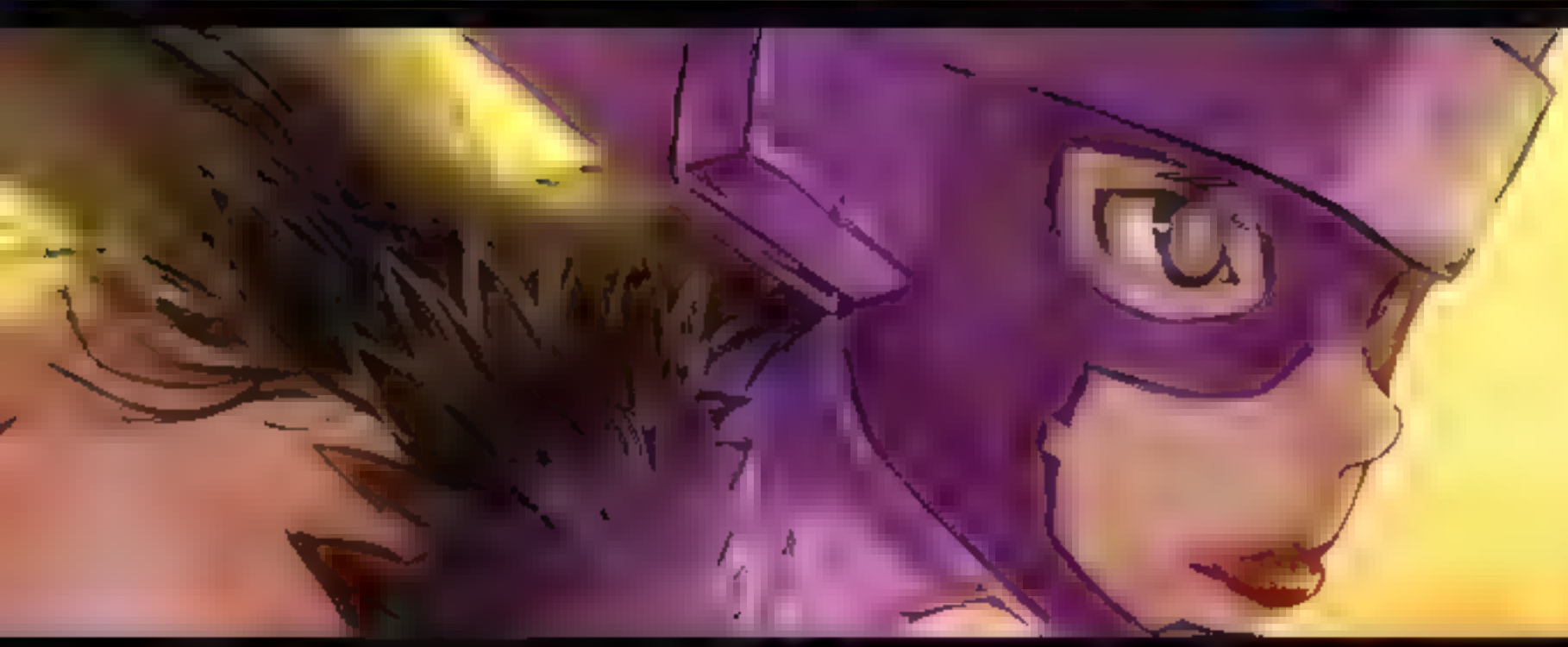
...INSTANTLY FOLLOWED BY A *LESSER* INSIGHT REGARDING A NIGGLING BUT RATHER *EMBARRASSING* DETAIL I'D NEARLY FORGOTTEN.

OOPS!

NOT SURPRISINGLY, CONVERTING A MEGATON OR TWO WORTH OF ISLAND-CAMOUFLAGED *SILICALIENS* INTO SHEER ENERGY DOES TEND TO CAUSE A LITTLE *SLOSHING* IN THE OCEANIC BASIN.

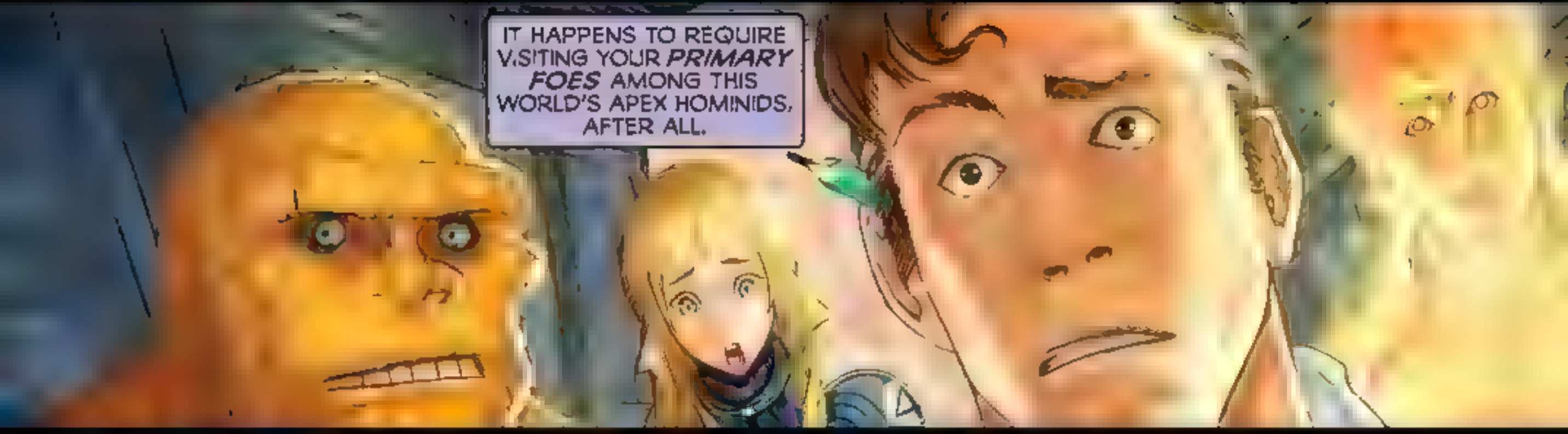
OOPS, AGAIN!

SO, I HASTILY DEPLOY THE METAPHORICAL MULTI-TOOL OF MY *POWER COSMIC* TO AMELIORATE THE PESKY *TSUNAMIS* RACING AWAY FROM MY DINNER SITE...

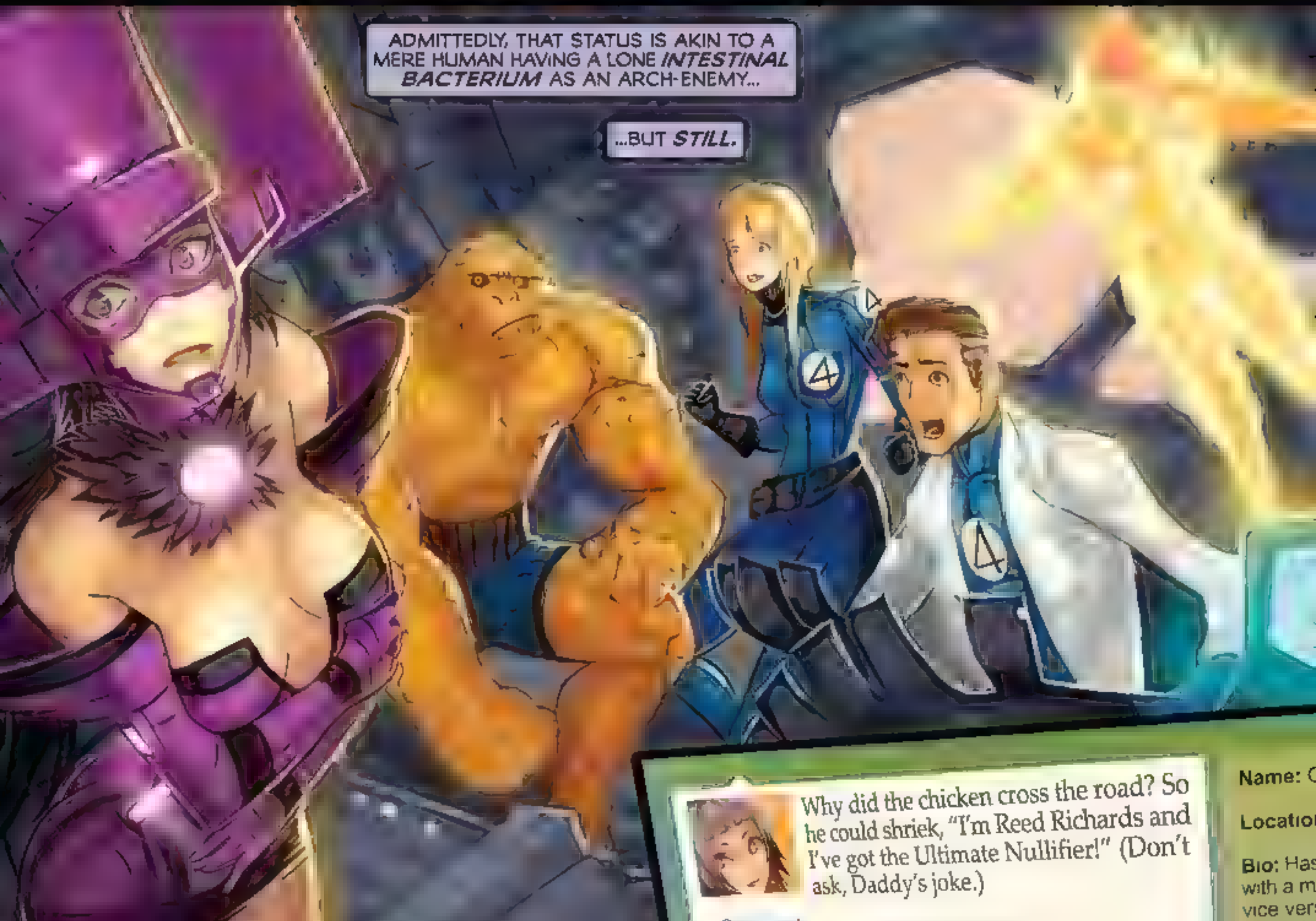


...WHILE CONTEMPLATING A NONTRIVIALY DESPERATE SCHEME THAT'S *DEFINITELY* NOT LIKELY TO PLEASE YOU, OH EMOTIONALLY *AND* PHYSICALLY UNAVAILABLE FATHER OF MINE.

YOU WON'T EVEN LIKE THE VERY *FIRST* ELEMENT OF THE PLAN, WILL YOU?



IT HAPPENS TO REQUIRE VISITING YOUR *PRIMARY FOES* AMONG THIS WORLD'S APEX HOMINIDS, AFTER ALL.



ADMITTEDLY, THAT STATUS IS AKIN TO A MERE HUMAN HAVING A LONE *INTESTINAL BACTERIUM* AS AN ARCH-ENEMY...

...BUT *STILL*.



Why did the chicken cross the road? So he could shriek, "I'm Reed Richards and I've got the Ultimate Nullifier!" (Don't ask, Daddy's joke.)

Name: C
Location:
Bio: Has with a m vice very



As 1 überhungry girlie, I've upworked>1000 different words defining my many varieties of hunger; right now, this vocabulary=sadly inadequate.

Gali_girl less than a minute ago from mobile web

Location: Earth
Bio: Has a major in food issues. With a minor in daddy issues (or vice versa, depending on the time of day)

THE MIND OF THE MOST BRILLIANT HOMINID PRESENTLY SPAWNED BY THIS WORLD'S BIOMASS IS COGITATING FURIOUSLY ON MY BEHALF...

THAT'S ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING!

...HIS ELECTROCHEMICAL EVOKLUDGE OF A SIMIAN BRAIN POSITIVELY, IF WHEEZINGLY, ABLAZE WITH CHAINFIRING AXONS AND GUSHING NEUROTRANSMITTERS ..

SAY !

...AND, WELL, I'M NOT PAYING ATTENTION.

IN EFFECT, A PARASITIC INFESTATION OF YOUR OWN ENERGY-FIELD MATRIX, INEXTRICABLE EVEN BY POWER-COSMIC SELF-MANIPULATION?

HMM

I ADMIT, THAT'S NOT WHOLLY SURPRISING...

YEESH !

THANKS TO THE TAPEWORM COSMIC VORACIOUSLY UPRAMPING MY APPETITE...

...I CAN ONLY PERCEIVE HOW UNSPEAKABLY DELICIOUS HE AND HIS BRAIN AND HIS HOMINID TEAMMATES APPEAR TO MY HUNGRY METASENSES....!

...AS WE'VE SEEN THAT PARASYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIPS CAN ARISE IN ANY SOMATIC CONTEXT, EVEN NON-CORPOREAL ONES...!

SO, WHO EXACTLY WOULD HER MOTHER BE, THEN...?

GALACTUS HAS A HAWT DAUGHTER, HUH?

ME KINDA LIKEY...!

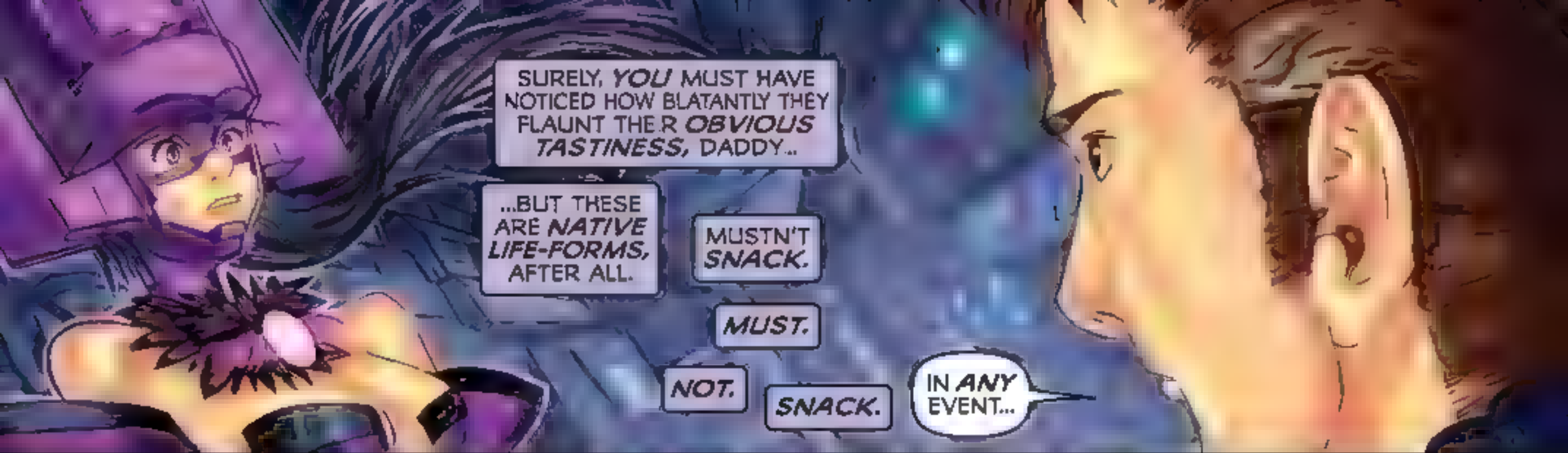
WHATTA REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT THIS IS...

ESTIMATED YIELD: 14 GIGACALORIES

ESTIMATED YIELD: 12 GIGACALORIES

ESTIMATED YIELD: 13.5 GIGACALORIES

ESTIMATED YIELD: 23 GIGACALORIES



SURELY, *YOU* MUST HAVE NOTICED HOW BLATANTLY THEY FLAUNT THE R *OBVIOUS TASTINESS*, DADDY...

...BUT THESE ARE *NATIVE LIFE-FORMS*, AFTER ALL.

MUSTN'T *SNACK*.

MUST.

NOT.

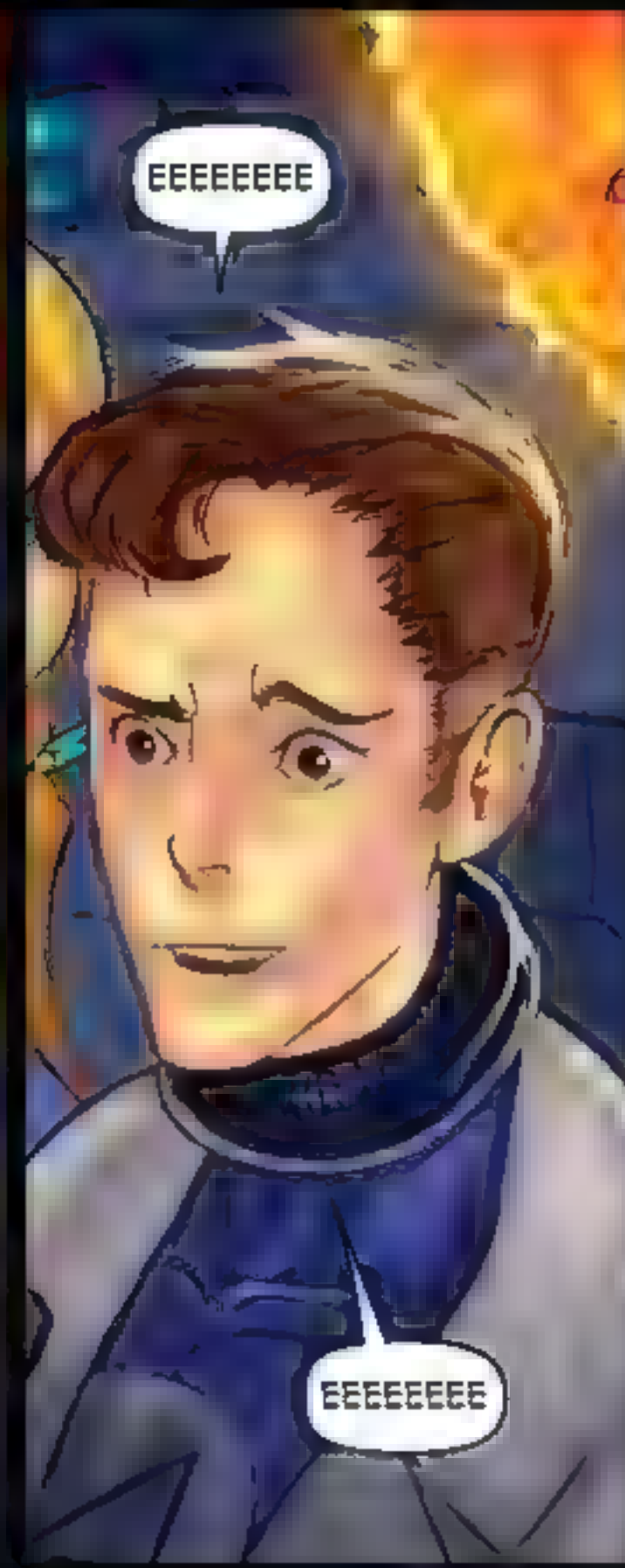
SNACK.

IN *ANY* EVENT...



...OF THE DOZEN *CONCEPTUAL FRAMEWORKS* THAT SPRING READY TO MIND...

...I BELIEVE THAT *ONE* SPECIFIC IDEA OF MINE WOULD *SEEEEEEE*



EEEEEEEE

EEEEEEEE



TOOK LONG ENOUGH.

AFTER LONG, HUNGRY *SECONDS* STUCK IN THE MOLASSES-SLOW MORASS OF *HUMAN-LEVEL COGNITIVE* *CLOCKSPEED*...

...MMM, *MOLASSES*, BY THE WAY...



...I CAN *LEAVE* THESE SNAIL-BRAINED BUT DELECTABLE-LOOKING MAMMALS TO THEIR *GRINDINGLY SLOW* *TIMESCALE*...

...BECAUSE, *FINALLY*, I'VE MANAGED TO ATTUNE MY *COSMIC AWARENESS* TO THEIR *WORLDLINES*.



NO DOUBT, ABSENTEE *FATHER* OF MINE...

...YOU'LL BE AMUSED BY RICHARDS' *FUTURE DISAPPOINTMENT* THAT I DIDN'T COME HERE TO HAVE A MERE MONKEY *BRAINSTORM* FOR ME...!

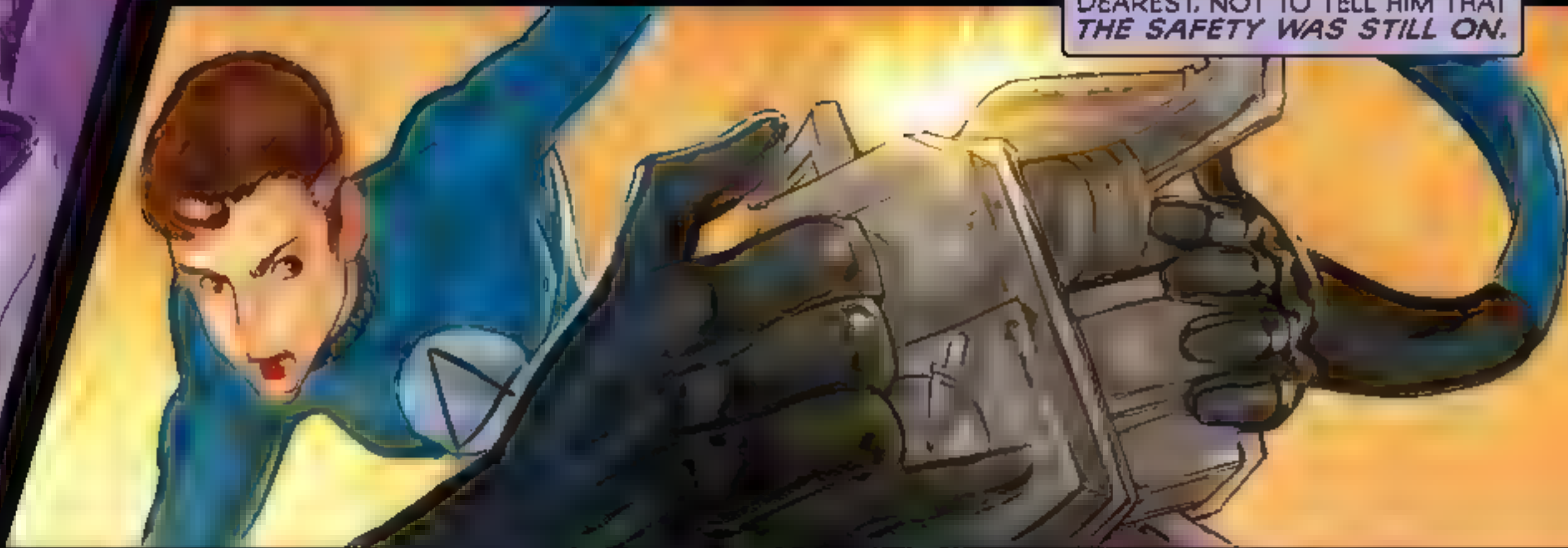
OF COURSE, I CAME HERE SOLELY TO *BACKTRACE THE WORLDLINES* OF THESE TWO PARTICULAR HOMINIDS...

...FOR, *UNLIKE MYSELF...*

...BOTH OF THEM HAVE ACTUALLY HANDLED THE *ULTIMATE NULLIFIER*.

THIS ONE EVEN DARED TO *THREATEN* YOU WITH IT, DIDN'T HE?

IT WAS RATHER UNCHARACTERISTICALLY *SPORTING* OF YOU, DADDY DEAREST, NOT TO TELL HIM THAT *THE SAFETY WAS STILL ON*.

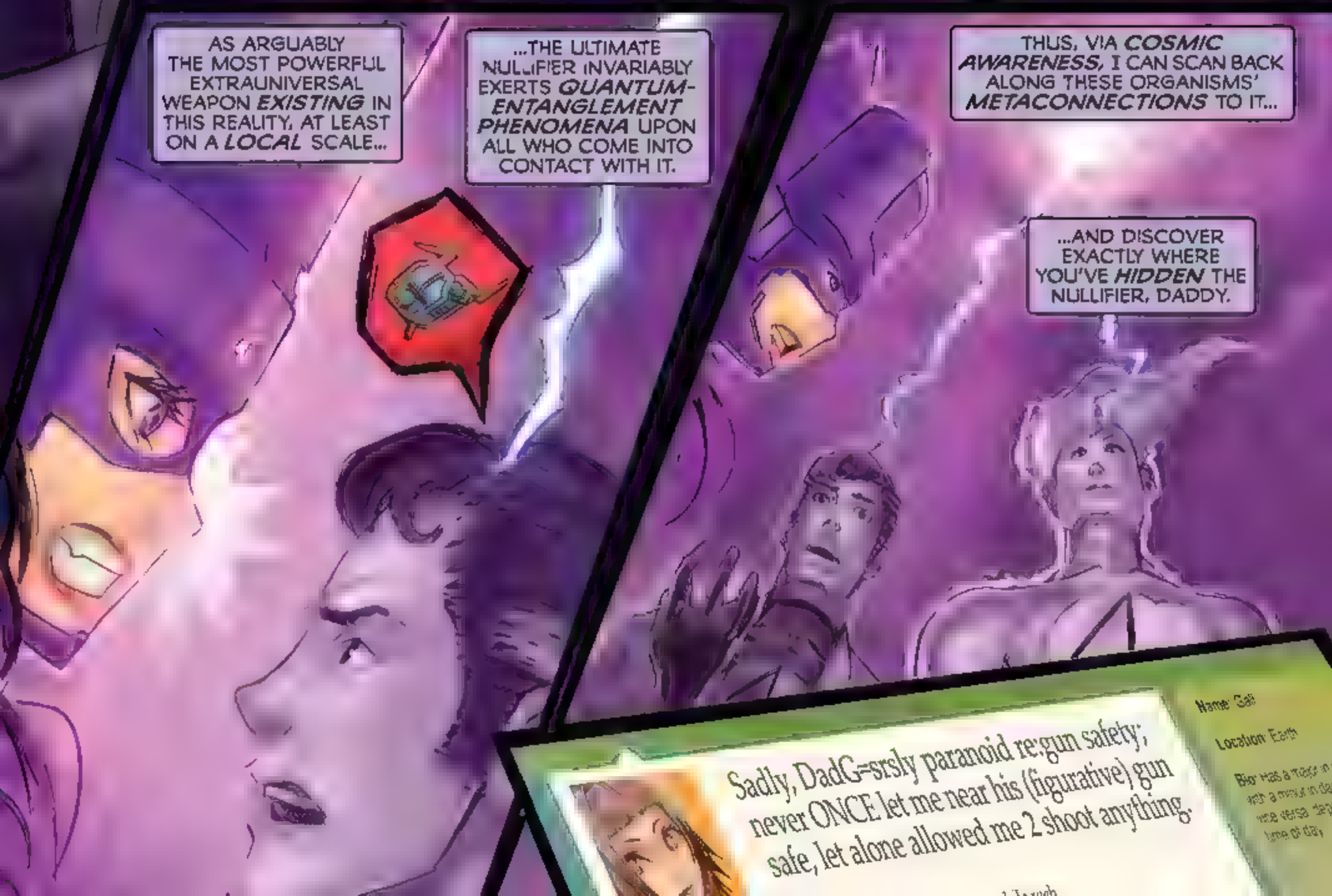


AS ARGUABLY THE MOST POWERFUL EXTRAUNIVERSAL WEAPON *EXISTING* IN THIS REALITY, AT LEAST ON A *LOCAL SCALE*...

...THE ULTIMATE NULLIFIER INVARIABLY EXERTS *QUANTUM-ENTANGLEMENT PHENOMENA* UPON ALL WHO COME INTO CONTACT WITH IT.

THUS, VIA *COSMIC AWARENESS*, I CAN SCAN BACK ALONG THESE ORGANISMS' *METACONNECTIONS* TO IT...

...AND DISCOVER EXACTLY WHERE YOU'VE *HIDDEN* THE NULLIFIER, DADDY.





Sadly, DadG=srsly paranoid re:gun safety; never ONCE let me near his (figurative) gun safe, let alone allowed me 2 shoot anything.

Name: Galt
Location: Earth
Bio: Was a major in the military in the 1950s. Was averse to the use of force.



THERE.

I SEE IT.

LIGHT
GIGAYEARS
AWAY, BUT
I SEE IT.

AND I'M
GONE.



--BE OF
PARTICULAR
UTILITY
TO YOU.

HAHH?

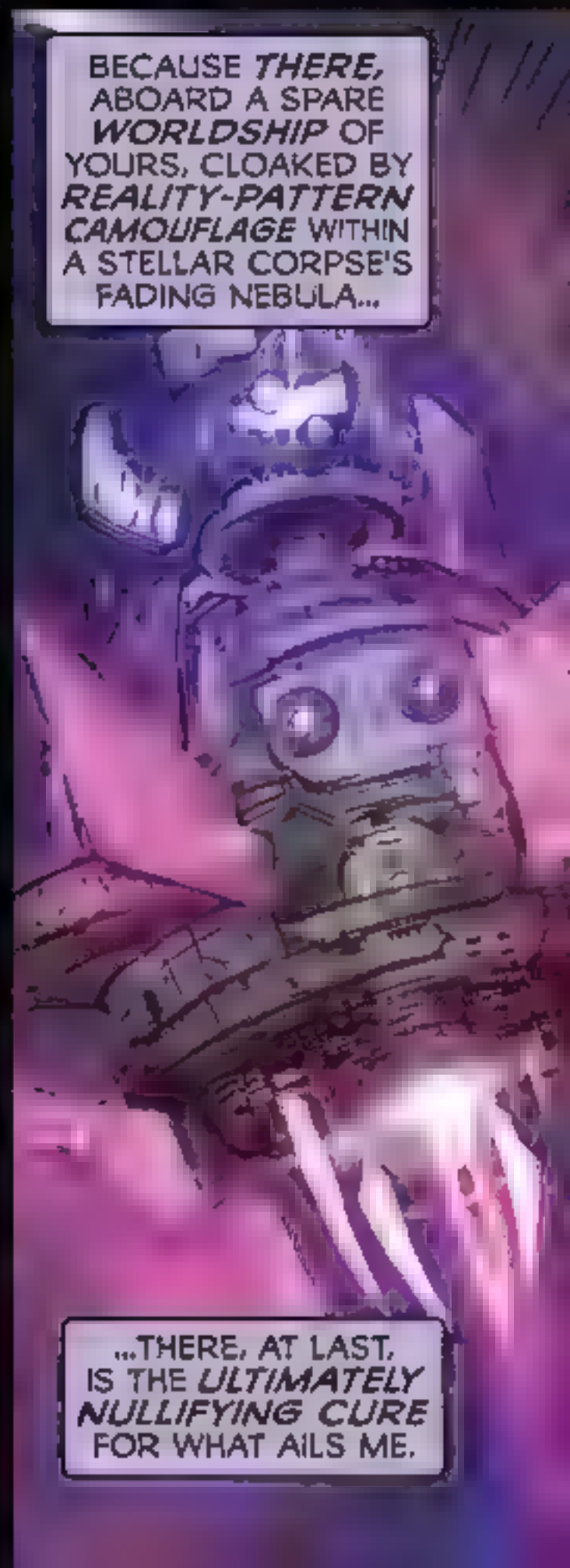


FRANTICALLY *BUNCHING UP*
THE FABRIC OF SPACETIME AND
WORMHOLE *LEAP-FROGGING*
FROM ONE GALAXY TO ANOTHER...

...MMM,
YUMMY
FROGS, BY
THE WAY...

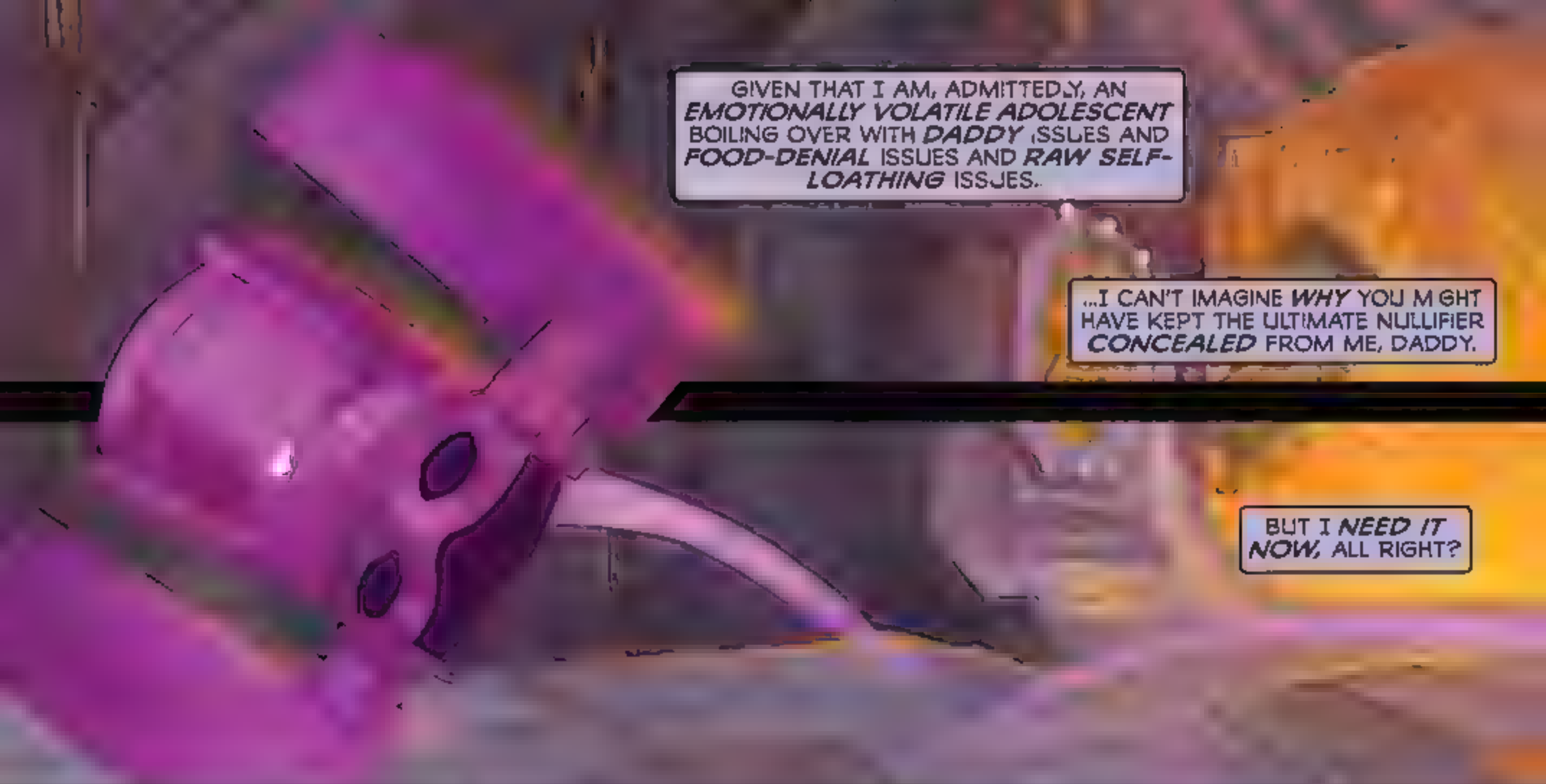
...I'M BURNING POWER COSMIC AT
A *GROTESQUELY PROFLIGATE*
RATE...AND, IN THE PROCESS,
EXPONENTIALLY UPRAMPING
THE HUNGER-KEENING OF THE
TAPEWORM COSMIC INSIDE ME.

BUT
I DON'T
CARE.



BECAUSE *THERE*,
ABOARD A SPARE
WORLDSHIP OF
YOURS, CLOAKED BY
REALITY-PATTERN
CAMOUFLAGE WITHIN
A STELLAR CORPSE'S
FADING NEBULA...

...THERE, AT LAST,
IS THE *ULTIMATELY*
NULLIFYING CURE
FOR WHAT AILS ME.



GIVEN THAT I AM, ADMITTEDLY, AN
EMOTIONALLY VOLATILE ADOLESCENT
BOILING OVER WITH *DADDY* ISSUES AND
FOOD-DENIAL ISSUES AND *RAW SELF-*
LOATHING ISSUES.

...I CAN'T IMAGINE *WHY* YOU MIGHT
HAVE KEPT THE ULTIMATE NULLIFIER
CONCEALED FROM ME, DADDY.

BUT I *NEED IT*
NOW, ALL RIGHT?



I *CAN'T* USE MY POWER
COSMIC TO REMOVE A
PARASITE THAT,
TECHNICALLY, LIVES WITHIN
THE *ENERGY FIELD* OF
SAID POWER COSMIC IN
THE *FIRST PLACE*.

ONLY AN EXTRANIVERSAL
ÜBERWEAPON CAPABLE OF UNMAKING
ANYTHING IN THIS REALITY CAN
TAMPER WITH THE *PSEUDO-GODLIKE*
WAVEFORMS OF BODIES LIKE OURS...

...WHICH IS WHY I'M
GOING TO USE THE
ULTIMATE NULLIFIER TO
CUT THE TAPEWORM
COSMIC OUT OF ME.



NAGGING SHREDS OF *COSMICALLY*
AWARE OMNIGNOSIS INFORM
ME THAT I'M UNLIKELY TO SURVIVE
IMPROMPTU *ULTIMATE-*
NULLIFICATION SURGERY...



...WELL, MORE
LIKE RIDICULOUSLY,
OVERWHELMINGLY
UNLIKELY TO SURVIVE...

...BUT, ONCE AGAIN,
I DON'T CARE.



Gali_girl

Completely random, non-srs Q: If I were to cut the bad parts out of myself, would anything be left? A: Guess I'm about to find out! ^ _ ^

less than a minute ago from mobile web

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major in food issues, with a minor in daddy issues (or vice versa depending on the time of day)

BECAUSE, WELL, I WOULD DO **ANYTHING** NOT TO BE LIKE **YOU**, DADDY.

AND I DO MOST ASSUREDLY MEAN **"ANYTHING."**

SAFETY: **OFF.**

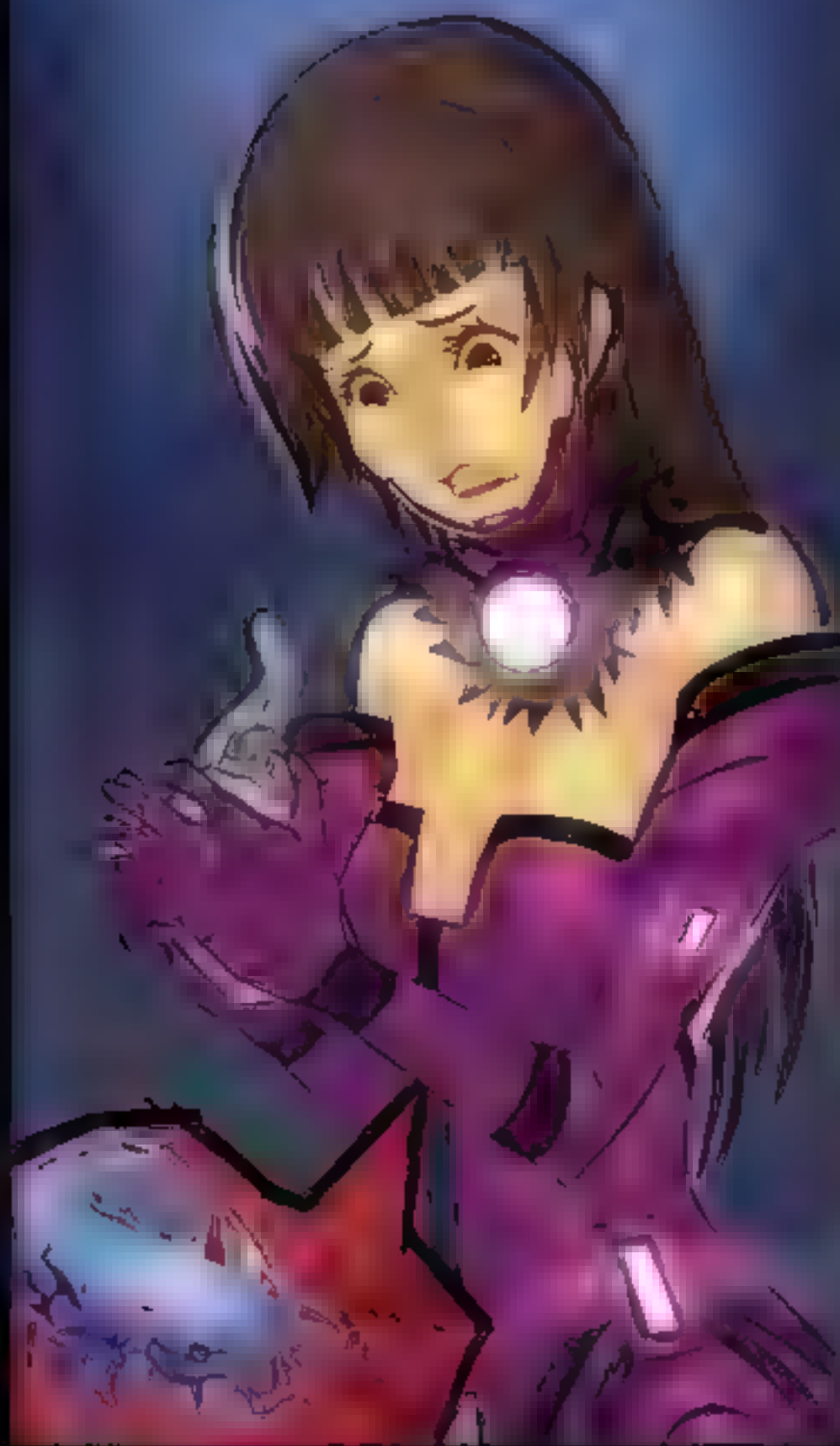
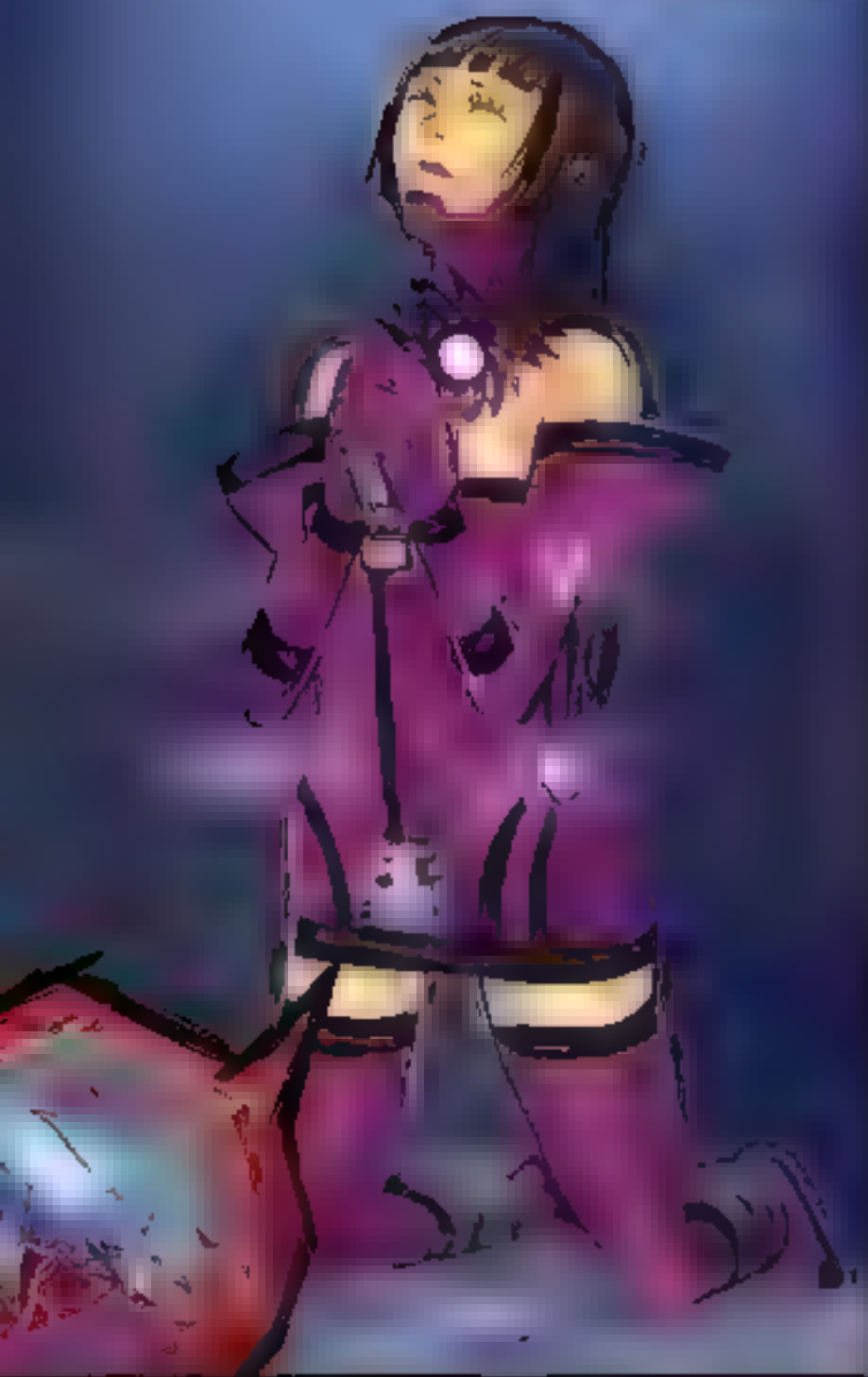
UNLIKE YOU, I AM **MORE** THAN MY **APPETITE.**

I AM **MORE** THAN JUST AN AMBULATORY, OVERPOWERED **DIGESTIVE SYSTEM.**

I AM **MORE** THAN JUST A HELPLESS SLAVE TO MY OWN **DRIVES** AND **NEEDS** AND **COMPULSIONS.**

I AM **NOT** A SOULLESS, ALL-DEVOURING, ETERNALLY RAPACIOUS **MONSTER.**

AND I AM **DEFINITELY** NOT GOING TO LET A **MINDLESS** **ING** **PARASITE** GET THE BETTER OF ME



I AM...I AM **NOT AFRAID.**

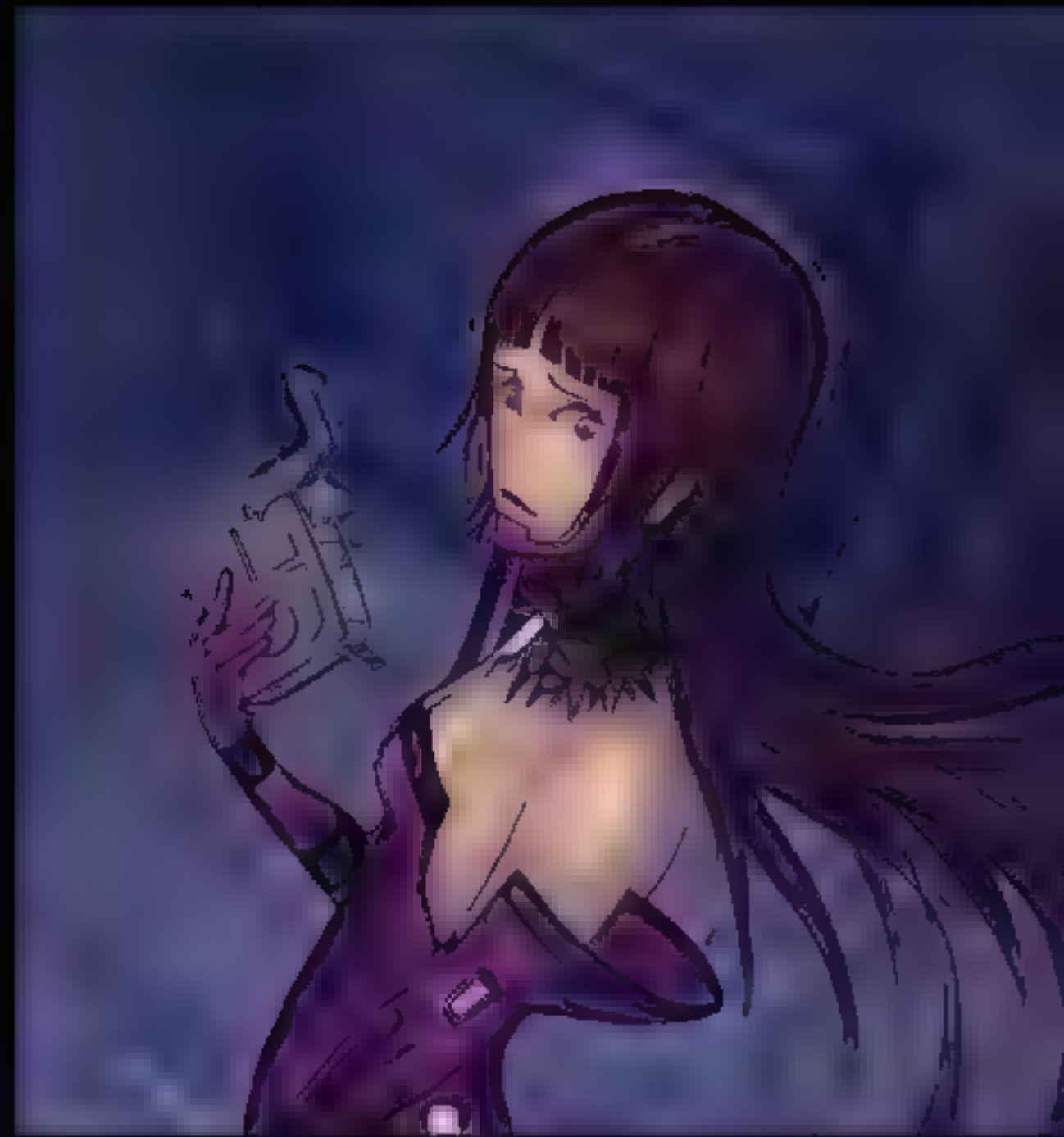
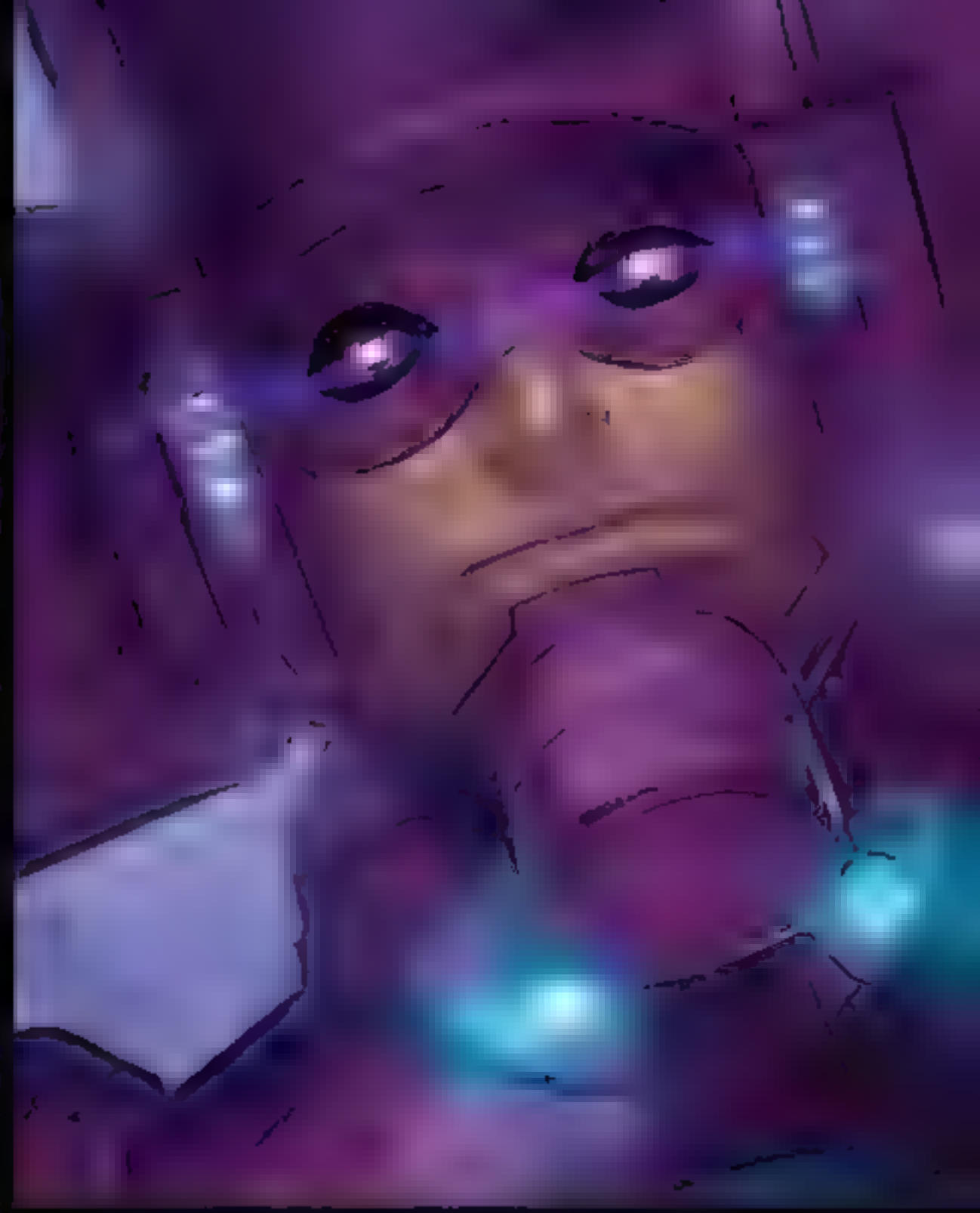
I AM NOT A SEMI-OMNIPOTENT **COWARD.**

I CAN **DO THIS.**

I AM **DOING THIS.**

I





DADDY...?

AND THEN, IN AN ACT OF UNACCOUNTABLE IF NOT *INCONCEIVABLE* ALTRUISM ON YOUR PART...

...YOU *FEED ME ENERGY* FROM YOUR OWN, FAR VASTER, POWER COSMIC.

AND THEN, AS IF MY LONG-HELD, RESOLUTELY INFLEXIBLE WORLDVIEW WEREN'T *ALREADY* SHAKEN ENOUGH...

...YOU RATTLE ME *FURTHER* WHEN YOU OPEN YOUR OWN, LIKEWISE VASTER, *COSMIC AWARENESS* TO ME.

YOU SHOW ME THAT I *MISIDENTIFIED* THE TRUE NATURE OF THE *TAPEWORM COSMIC* INHABITING ME.

YOU TELL ME THAT, INSTEAD, IT'S A NASCENT FORM OF *COSMIC BEING* LIKE OURSELVES.

YOU TELL ME THAT I WAS ONCE A SIMILAR *PARASITIC METAORGANISM* THAT SPONTANEOUSLY GENERATED ITSELF WITHIN YOUR *OWN* BODY'S POWER-COSMIC FIELDWEAVE.

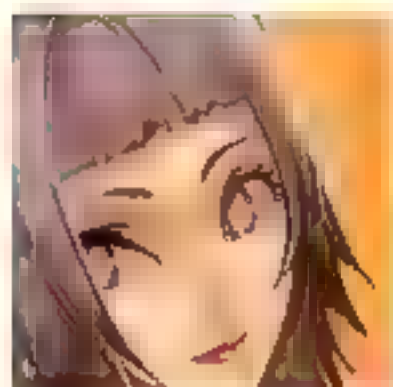
AND THEN, AT *LAST*, I FINALLY AND FULLY COMPREHEND *EXACTLY* WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME, DADDY.

YOU *CAN'T* BE DOING THIS, BECAUSE YOU'RE A CALLOUS AND HEARTLESS AND MERCILESS AND UNFEELING *MONSTER*...

...BUT YOU *ARE*, REGARDLESS.

YOU SHOW ME THAT IT'S *NOT* THE POWER COSMIC EQUIVALENT OF AN INFECTIOUS *VIRUS* OR *BACTERIA*.

YOU SHOW ME THAT IT'S *NOT*, IN FACT, A "*MINDLESS PARASITE*" AT ALL.



You mean I'm
PREGNANT????????????????????

less than a minute ago from mobile web

Gali girl

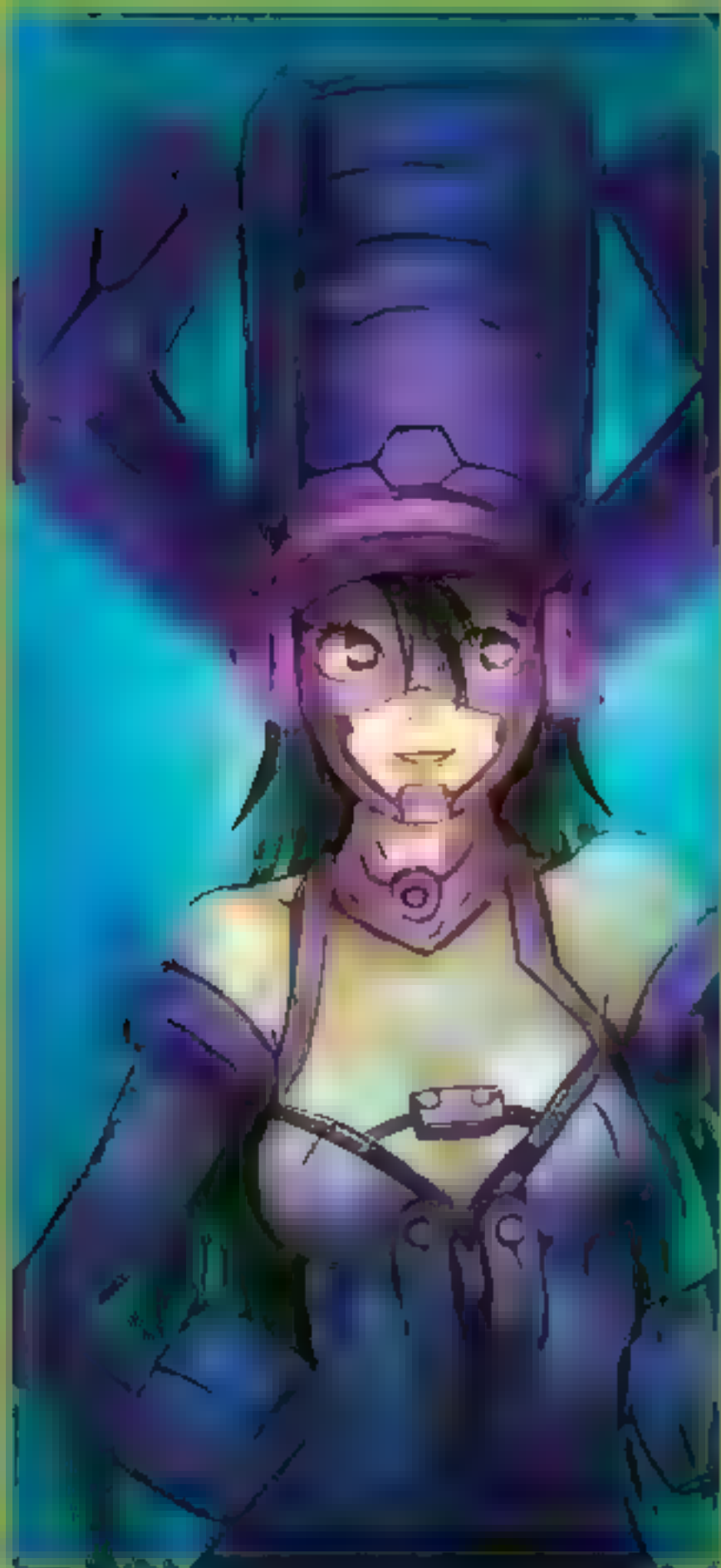
THE END

GALACTA

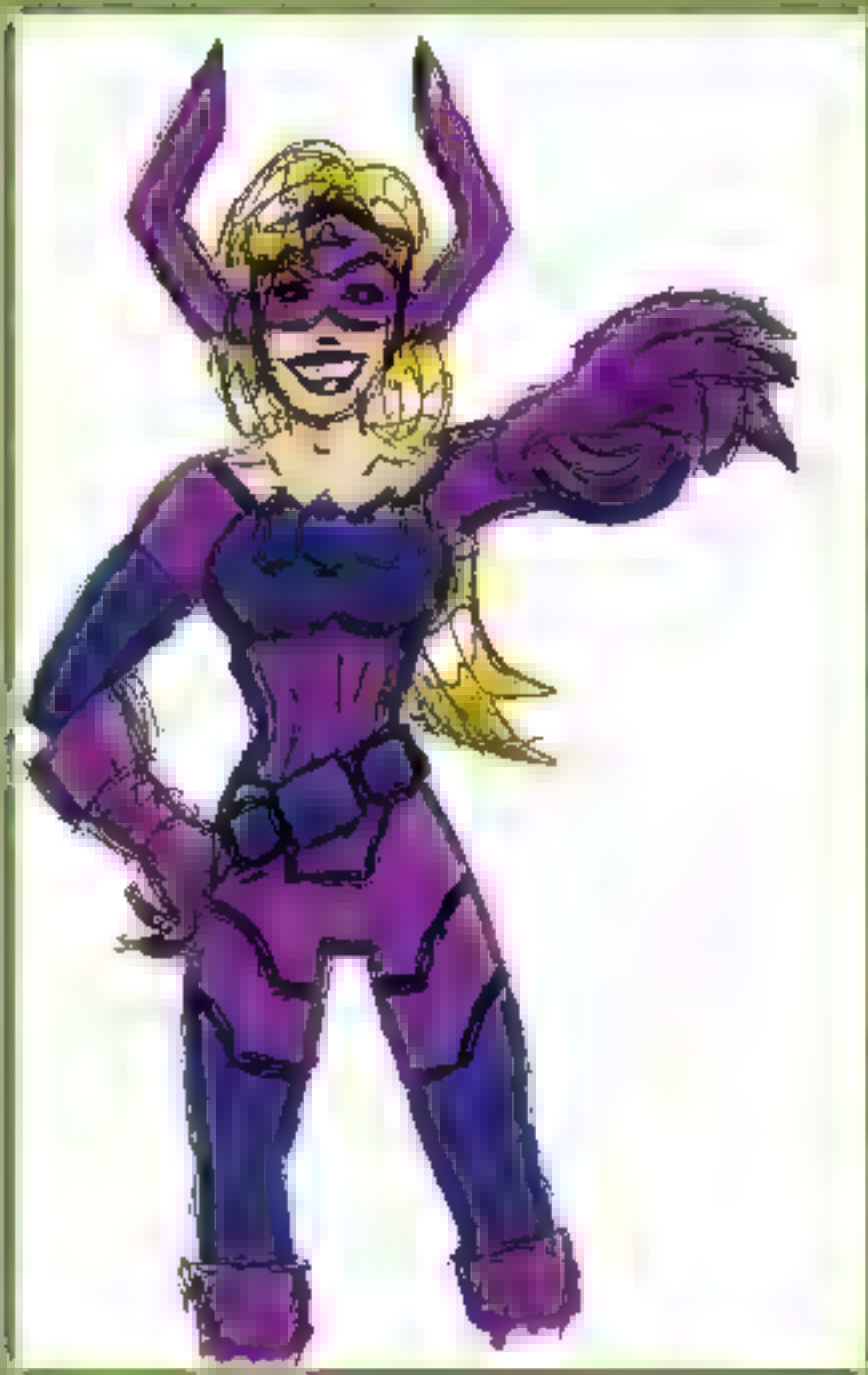
ART GALLERY



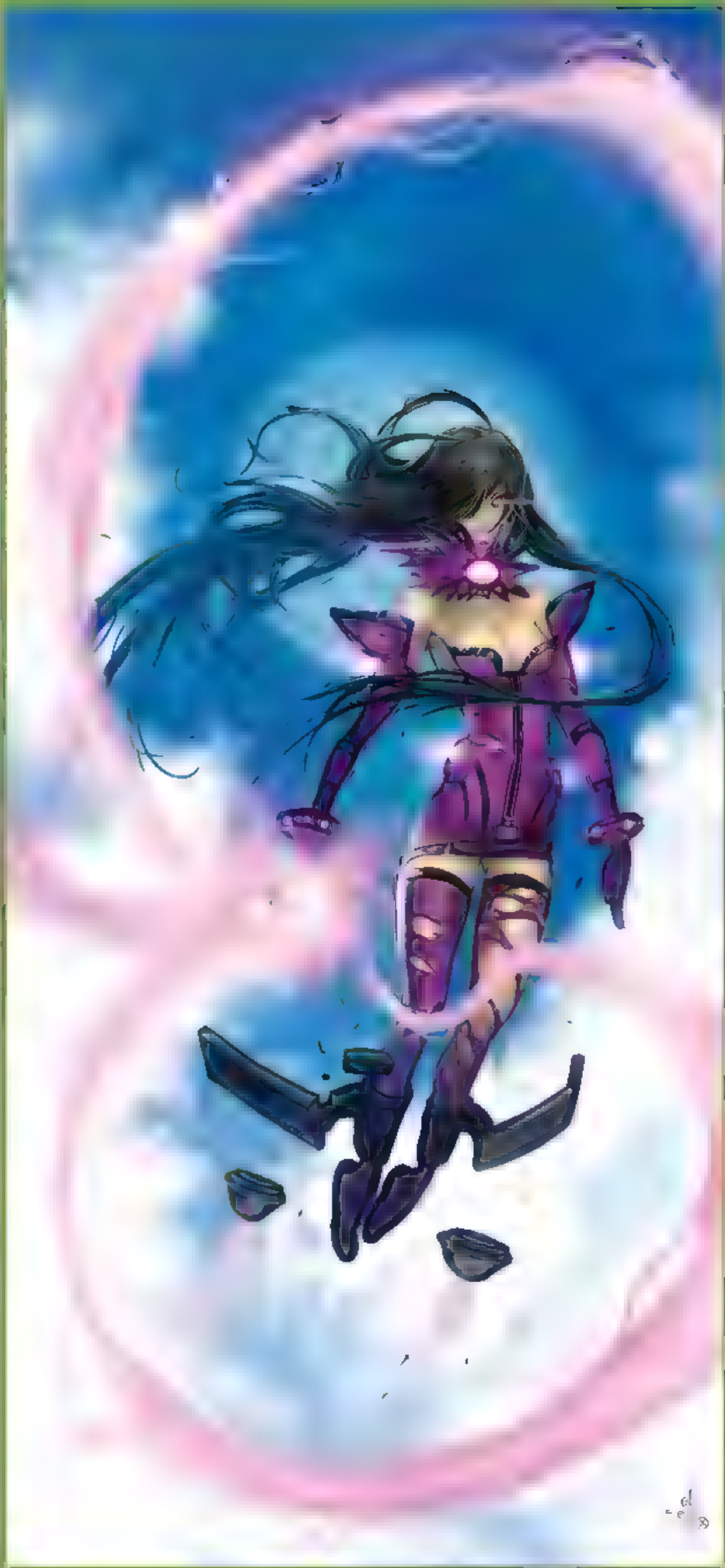
This is Hector (aka Elsevilla)'s first conceptual drawing of Galacta. It shows off the fascinating and intricate design work that drew us to him in the first place. Adam Warren recommended him to me for exactly that reason, and I am so glad he did. However, we felt this first concept skewed just a little too far from the Galactus family look.



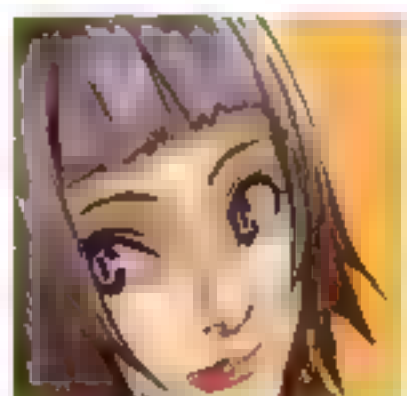
So, having been asked to stick to a more traditional Galactus purple and to make the headpiece more like her iconic Dad's, Hector sent us this piece, much closer to the Gali we know and love.



The first-ever drawing of Galacta, by me, Jordan D. White. Now you know why I am an editor, not an artist.



Another terrific piece of art, showing our girl in action. Working on this story has been a dream. I cannot tell you what a thrill it was working with Adam Warren, and Hector did an amazing job bringing the tale to glorious life. My thanks go out to everyone who voted to see more Galacta in our "Marvel Assistant-Sized Spectacular" poll as well, it was truly an honor. And hey if you want to see more of Galacta, why not write in to mondomarvel@marvel.com and let us know!!



Gali_girl

In closing, some choice tweets
from my real-life (well, sort of)
Twitter page:

https://twitter.com/Gali_girl

10 minutes ago via web

Name: Gal

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major in food issues,
with a minor in daddy issues (or
vice versa depending on the
time of day)

As I can self-reshape via the
Power Cosmic, I'm (mostly)
free of body-image issues,
that being said, all my
incarnations are, well, skinny.

Whether appearing as an
amoeboid Kosmosian or
cetacean Herm, I always manifest
as a fashionablyslender (if
gigantic) example of the species.

So, either I'm NOT entirely
free of body-image issues, or
I've inherited a bit of DadG's
vanity, outsized/grandiose/
cosmos-sized as it is

Then again, if UR looking for
paragons of modesty and
self-effacement, best not to
start with godlike, nigh-
omnipotent cosmic beings...

DaddyDearest: Once described
as "the most awesome living
entity in the cosmos". Way to
help out with my father's raging
egotism, hominids

Now begins a recurring Twitter
motif. Gali's Gustatory Guide to
the Edibility of Alien Species'
(Or: "Eat THIS Alien, Not THAT
Alien.")

The Badoon: Oddly gamy, even when converted
into pure energy; but if you gulp, say, 100K of
them at once, you won't notice the aftertaste.

Techno-organic entities: Edible, but only barely so.
Not unlike eating a foil-wrapped burrito, but without
removing the foil first.

The H'ylothri: Sentient plant
race, and a personal favorite,
I'm quite fond of salads with a
little personality. (Um, literally)
(Sorry)

Have to admit: The word
"herald" has always struck me
as being a tad too grandiose
a term for Daddy G's food-
grubbing foragers...

Tasty new biospheres could
be found more efficiently by
automated probes; Daddy uses
"heralds" because, I suspect, he
likes having a pet.

The surfing herald's "skin"
needn't have been silver, but
my father's often been prone
to ostentation... Just look at
his helmet!

The surfing herald's flamboyant
ensemble would B even mo'
power(Cosmic)fully fashionable
if he carried a medieval herald's
trumpet, though.

(Trumpet) "Hark, his majesty
Galactus approaches! Prepare
for the honor of sating his
regal case of the munchies,
commonfolk biomass!"

(2nd trumpet peal) "On behalf of his
majesty Galactus, this herald exhorts you
to endeavor to be as tasty as possible,
planetary biomass!"

'Tis true: We can "taste" megascale
neurochemical states in the biomass we
consume (if a few billion beings are abjectly
terrified, say).



Gali_girl

In fact, much of this book's story was worked up via Twitter riffs (in my fictional voice); not sure if that's kinda neat, or just pathetic.

10 minutes ago via web

Name: Gal

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major in food issues, with a minor in daddy issues (or vice versa depending on the time of day)

Nasty suspicion: Daddy rarely cloaks himself from the biomass he's about to consume because he **LIKES** the taste of their fear (en masse).

After being a gourmand for 13billionyrs, Daddy does have a srsly jaded palate; like your own tiresome "foodies", only exponentially more so.

The telepathic Aedians: Rather disconcerting to consume organisms that psychically signal, "I **TOTALLY** understand why you're eating me."

The Tribbites ("Toad Men"): Absolutely no truth to the scurrilous rumor that I only eat their legs.

Close-up on Daddy's helmet (and mine): the edges of its vanes are fractal, branching all the way down to **WELL** below the subatomic level.

I do **NOT** recommend getting close enough to Daddy's helmet to check the fractal-vane-branching thing, since he's very likely to eat you.

Far odder still is the secret of that oddly kilt-like garment Daddy wears; I'd tell you, but your merely mortal mind would surely shatter.

Even non-mortals dare not look under Daddy's purple kilt... One of the Watchers tried that once, and has never really been the same since

Why **DO** Daddy and I wear **PURPLE**, you ask? Well, for one thing, we actually don't, that's merely what your crude little cortexes perceive.

We seem purple-garbed only b/c of the color's royalty symbolism, dating back to antiquity: Minos, Rome, Han China, medieval Europe, etc.

Yeah, ancient mythopoetic cultural sludge encrusting your merely mortal minds causes you to see us as, well, Purple People Eaters. (Ouch.)

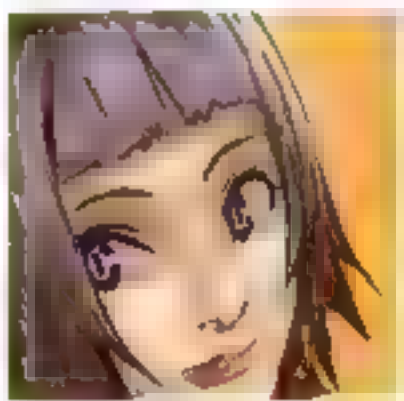
Pity about your erroneous purple perception of me... Color-palette-wise, I've always been more of an Autumn, really

The Shi'ar: Like all too many avian-descended races, they tend not to have much meat on their bones, which is really quite unsatisfying.

From my POV, the Shi'ar should spend less time on the cosmic imperialism and more time fattening themselves up (see: turkey, Butterball)

Like the morphologically similar domestic turkey, the Shi'ar are tragically prone to looking up during rainstorms and drowning en masse

Periodic mass extinctions, such as the Permian-Triassic (95% of species gone)? Daddy might have nibbled on the earth's biosphere a bit



Gali_girl

Shocking: My story was pitched to Marvel so long ago that Twitter was, at the time, actually a quite obscure reference! (Gasp!) NO, SRSLY!

9 minutes ago via web

Name: Gal

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major in food issues, with a minor in daddy issues (or vice versa depending on the time of day)

Obvs thing 2 do: Consume only a portion of a planet's biomass, then leave the rest of it to regenerate over the millennia, right? NOT EASY.

For one thing, eating only, say, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a biosphere triggers extinctions by the ton and often leads to TOTAL biosphere collapse afterward.

So, if limiting one's portions only means the rest of the meal gets thrown out (i.e., all biomass goes extinct), why NOT eat the whole thing?

Plus, for Daddy and me, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a biosphere = a few cookies from a 100-calorie snack pack; VERY hard to keep from wolfing down the rest of it!

BTW: For all the biomass that humans represent, you = a sesame seed on a cheeseburger bun piping, "Don't eat all-important ME, Galacta!"

Don't think that our hunger is all about YOU, oh self-centered terrestrial fauna... 70% of this world's yummy biomass is algae, after all.

Sentient life: Supplies barely a quadrillionth of the biomass that we consume, but provides 100% of the emo bitching and moaning about it.

Mortal emotions can be PowerCosmic-ed, BTW; so, if Daddy gave a crap (he doesn't), he could render a planet's population happy to be eaten.

Clearly, inconsiderate Daddy's view re: his prey's emotional state = you pondering how that \$5 footlong REALLY feels about being eaten.

I, of course, am more sensitive. So, if (IF!) I wind up consuming this biosphere, I'll caringly PowerCosmic you into being glad about it.

As hungry as I am right now, I know that someday I'll be FAR more ravenous, as this universe ages and biomass dwindles out of existence.

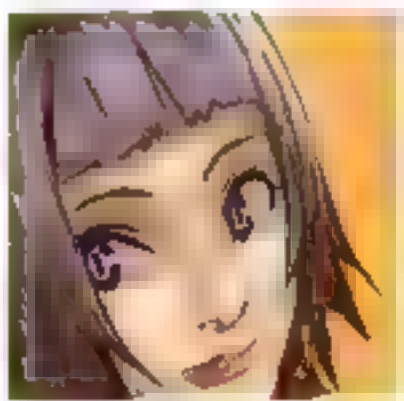
Long-term (a trillion trillion yrs out), Daddy and I will get VERY hungry, especially once all the stars in the universe have gone out.

Longer-term (a duodecillion yrs out), Daddy and I will starve, as matter itself (and all life) will have evaporated from proton decay.

Thus, I plan on relocating to a brand-new, young'n'pretty universe once this one grows old, tired and unattractively saggy. (Shallow, huh?)

The Pheragots: Strapping, high-mass humanoids yielding high-level nutritional density, rather like a species of ambulatory energy bar.

The Tektons: Not especially flavorful per se, but the microcivilizations of sentient parasites that colonize their fur are remarkably tasty.



Gali_girl

Uh, oh... I seem to have lost one of my Twitter followers. Hope I didn't consume him or her (or it?) by accident.

9 minutes ago via web

Name: Gal

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major in food issues, with a minor in daddy issues (or vice versa depending on the time of day)

BTW: When high-lvl "unearthly energies" (e.g., the PowerCosmic) are manifested, you mortals often perceive odd black circles in/around 'em.

Those strange black circles. Artifacts from your mortal brain's inability to directly perceive PowerCosmic (or whatever) reality distortion.

Yr neurology cannot fully visualize god-lvl powers, so you often see black circles interspersed about 'em: a brain-imposed censoring effect.

You humans apparently refer to those neurocensoring FX (seen around high-power energy manifestation) as "Kirby crackles," for some reason.

Via Power Cosmic, I see the reality scars left behind the earth's orbit; this universe really ISN'T designed to be rebooted this often, OK?

Srsly, the structural integrity of this universe's reality = frayed'n'tattered from all the reboots (or "distressed," the fashionable term).

Via Power Cosmic, DadG + I can use the ultimate form of "cloaking" tech: Inducing a black-hole(ish) event horizon to form around ourselves!

Why should black holes have all the fun, taunting "U can't see me! U can't see me!" (li'l brother style) from behind their event horizons?

S'not generally worth it, though, 'cause OMG do those annoying Watchers ever complain and moan when you cloak yourself w/ an event horizon ..

"We can't SEEEEEEE through your event horizon," whine those snivelicious Watchers, like the big babies they most assuredly are

The "Herms": Spacefaring cetacean species; can transmute selves into energy, which, for me, is like self-cooking (+ serving!) seafood.

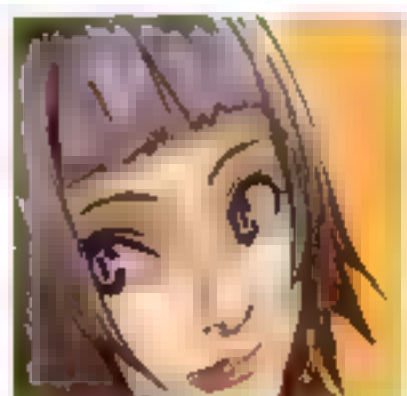
"Kosmosians": Giant, semi-reptilian/semi-amoeboid(?) crossover taste treats; like eating a semi-ice-cream/semi-steak combo (but better).

The "Laxidazians" transform into stunted, morally degenerate, satyr-like trolls after swilling ale; interestingly enough, so do humans

Allegedly, all life in this universe = the anthropomorphized cosmic entity "Eternity." Q: What does HE eat? Have to ask him, sometime

"Eternity" sports quite the, ah, flamboyant ensemble; makes my father's fashion choices seem tastefully subtle by comparison (no, srsly).

Very icky Q: If "Eternity" = anthropomorphized sum of all life, then what poor lifeforms wind up comprising his, um, stinky areas? Ewww.



Gali_girl

140-character limit—apt metaphor 4 self-compression needed 2 downshift my godlikeself to hominid level in order 2 communicate w/U mortals.

7 minutes ago via web

Name: Gal

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major in food issues, with a minor in daddy ssues (or vice versa depending on the time of day)

The entity Death: alleged to have declared that DadG is “my husband and father, my brother and son.” Now, that’s just MESSED UP, skullface.

Thus, Death is supposedly my stepmother and sister, my aunt and my grandmother all at once; bit of a stretch even for a Higher Being, hon.

Yes, I know Thanos is pathetically/ puppydoggily infatuated with Death; then again, he IS 10lbs of cosmic-roidraging goofiness in a 5lb bag

Come to think of it: If you like your hawt chicas model-skinny, it’s hard to beat ol’ Death, fashionably thin (as in, fleshless) as she is.

Death: WAY jealous of how hard the NorseDeathGoddess Hela rocks that giant, spiky headpiece of hers, which puts even DadG’s helmet 2 shame.

I, for one, find Hela’s headpiece to be nontrivially stylin’; then again, appreciation for unorthodox headwear no doubt runs in my family.

“Centaurians”: Humanoid (boring!), but have rakish/garish red dorsal and head fins for a certain visual zing, a Jabberjaws je ne sais quoi.

Yes, of course I’ve seen “Jabberjaws”; I’m familiar with ALL your species’ grandest/loftiest cultural achievements.

Interesting: DadG survived the previous universe’s Big Crunch, only to wind up in a new, endlessly expanding universe that WON’T recollapse.

My point: DadG was definitely rolling the metacosmological dice when he climbed into the old universe’s Cosmic Egg, à la Mork from Ork.

(I, too, am horrified by the preceding tweet’s MORK AND MINDY reference; sometimes, I wish I weren’t Cosmically Aware of Every Damn Thing)

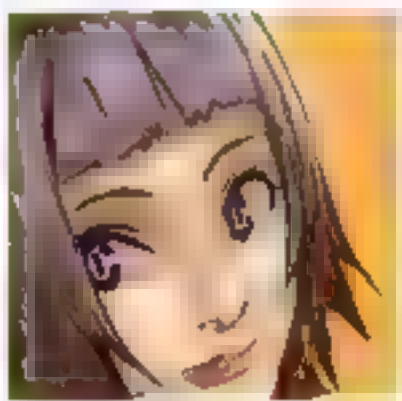
So, DadG got lucky; he coulda popped into a new universe that wasn’t “fine-tuned” (like this one) to support life, and wound up starving.

If DadG popped into a truly “non-anthropic” universe w/ wrong physical constants, life (or matter, period)= impossible, even w/PC.

Fine-tuning, say, a dead universe’s strong nuclear force (or another Big 6 constant): pushing Power Cosmic limits just a tad.

Now, those blowhard EldersOfTheUniverse use the so-called “Power Primordial,” which is WAY cooler than the Power Cosmic (or so they claim).

As far as I can tell, the Power Primordial= the same thing as our Power Cosmic; I assume the alliteration is what makes it superior. *Snort*



Me—Nigh-omnipotent CosmicBeing,
but still dependent on hominid-based
“sales figures” 4my continued existence?
Behold the BLATANT UNFAIRNESS!

Gali_girl

6 minutes ago via web

Name: Gal

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major in food issues,
with a minor in daddy ssues (or
vice versa depending on the
time of day)

The Poppupians: Daddy almost
kinda/sorta/not really died from
“cosmic indigestion” after eating
their planet. (SRSLY, NOT
MAKING THIS UP.)

T'other day: To commune
with Terran biomass, decided
to interact with you (alleged)
foodchain-apex shaved apes
on your own mammalian level.

The tricky part re: assuming
human form is “gearing myself
down” to fit your crude and
simplistic existential template
(um, no offense).

Downtemplating my tachycog-
nitive thought processes to
your own evokludged/ electro-
chemical/ dial-up-slow tardy-
cognitive rate: Unpleasantish.

Porting myself into
mammalform = you uploading
your entire neural map to an
Atari 2600's 4K ROM cartridge,
circa 1979. (Mucho data loss.)

FINE, geeks. Porting myself to
mammalform=your neurostate
uploaded 2 an Atari 2600
“flipflopping” 8K cartridge (as
used w/ASTEROIDS). Happy?

Also, had 2 keep reminding myself, “No, no, as
a mere-mortal lifeform, you're supposed to act
as if time only flows in 1 direction, silly.”

Anthrocloaked, I outhung with a social-simian urban
gathering last Frnday night (retrospective analysis
SRSLY non-ideal timeframe, Gali).

Friday PM, humans not at best:
Inebriated, spewing phero-
mones, miming “lookatme” dis-
plays, behaving=ADHD-addled
baboons (sans the subtlety)

Comparing humans to baboons
may be excessively insulting,
as baboons are rarely, if ever,
known to listen (let alone
dance) to Lady Gaga

Almost mistyped that the
humans were behaving like
BaDoons, not baBoons; this too
would insult Badoons, who don't
care for Lady Gaga either.

Nadir of the night: To my (srs)
chagrin, one party-hearty and
presumptuous primate (of the
“douchebag” subspecies) tried
to uphook w/me(I).

Primate pickup attempt:
Akin to a winking Cheerio
(w/ frosted tips and fake tan)
hailing you from your cereal
bowl with “Come here often?”

The Aaskvari: Humanoids
w/tentacles for arms, thus
combining the taste treat of
hominids w/the limb-based
deliciousness of octopi. Nummy!

Between native supervills plotting
armageddon and all-powerful cosmitourists
constantly blundering by, Earth's long-term
prospects: ungood.

I find myself musing, “Earth's biosphere=
CERTAIN to be wiped out eventually; shame
to let it go to waste, right?” (Musing while
drooling)



Gali_girl

At least I'm CosmicAwesome enough to have added 7pp of tweets 2 my comic; even DadG never pulled off THAT sort of metastunt! NYAH(x5), DadG.

6 minutes ago via web

Name: Gal

Location: Earth

Bio: Has a major in food issues, with a minor in daddy ssues (or vice versa depending on the time of day)

Which is better, biosphere: A) Being antimattered by an antisocial villainerd or B)consumed by someone who really respects & appreciates you?

Rather sounds like I'm looking for an(y) excuse to devour the Earth's biosphere, doesn't it? Oh, dear... I sound like DaddyDearest, don't I?

Oh, c'mon, biomass; you DO know yr not going to live forever, don't you? Besides, immortality's not all that, or so the immortals tell me.

Biomassmeal: You would (sorta) live on as a picofractal pattern within the PowerCosmic energyfield weave that comprises me, if that helps...

With enough PowerCosmic-Manipulation, our energyforms can be dissected to recreate the infopatterns of all the biomass we've ever consumed...

In fact, capricious DadG's occasionally done just that, by restoring biospheres he's already consumed. ("The Regurgitation Cosmic!" sez I.)

Less frequently, he's returned and eaten the restored biosphere once again; "so nice he had to eat it twice," apparently.

Note that the PowerCosmic exertion of resurrecting dead biomass is so great that Daddy racks up a net energy loss from "reconsuming" food

+, honestly: Reconsuming energy-converted biomass = about as appealing for us as reconsuming yr own regurgitation would be for you. (lck.)

The Flb'Dbi, Ul'lula'ns and R'malk'i: All victims of the strange "apostrophe plague" that linguistically bedevils much of this particular universe.

Argument: ruined when I sputtered, "You don't KNOW me, Daddy," and he replied, "Yes, I DO know you, what with my Cosmic Awareness and all."

Helpful hint, humans: Don't ever try 2 win a knowledge-based bar bet with someone who's Cosmically Aware (and who can also eat your planet).

And needless to say, being Cosmically Aware makes one a truly exceptional poker player.

I'd use Cosmic Awareness to find out if I'm destined to appear in any more stories, ("meta" alert!) but that would, I'm told, be cheating

Well, on to the next thrilling chapter in my story, even if it never winds up seeing print. Buh bye, and don't eat anything I wouldn't eat!

Walt Whitman: "Let your soul stand cool and composed before a million universes." (And rock a sweet purple helmet while doing so, say I.)

1915
MARVEL
ONE-SHOT
1

PARKER
PICHELLI
ROSENBERG

Aquaria Nautica Neptunia NAMORA™



MARVEL

THE BARENTS SEA.

...COME
IN FLAGSHIP
ALEXANDER
NEVSKY...

...WE HAVE
LOST YOUR
SIGNAL. ONE OF
OUR TORPEDOES
DID NOT EXIT
THE BAY.

<...GAHSP...
TRY THE BRITISH
AGAIN, OLEG.>

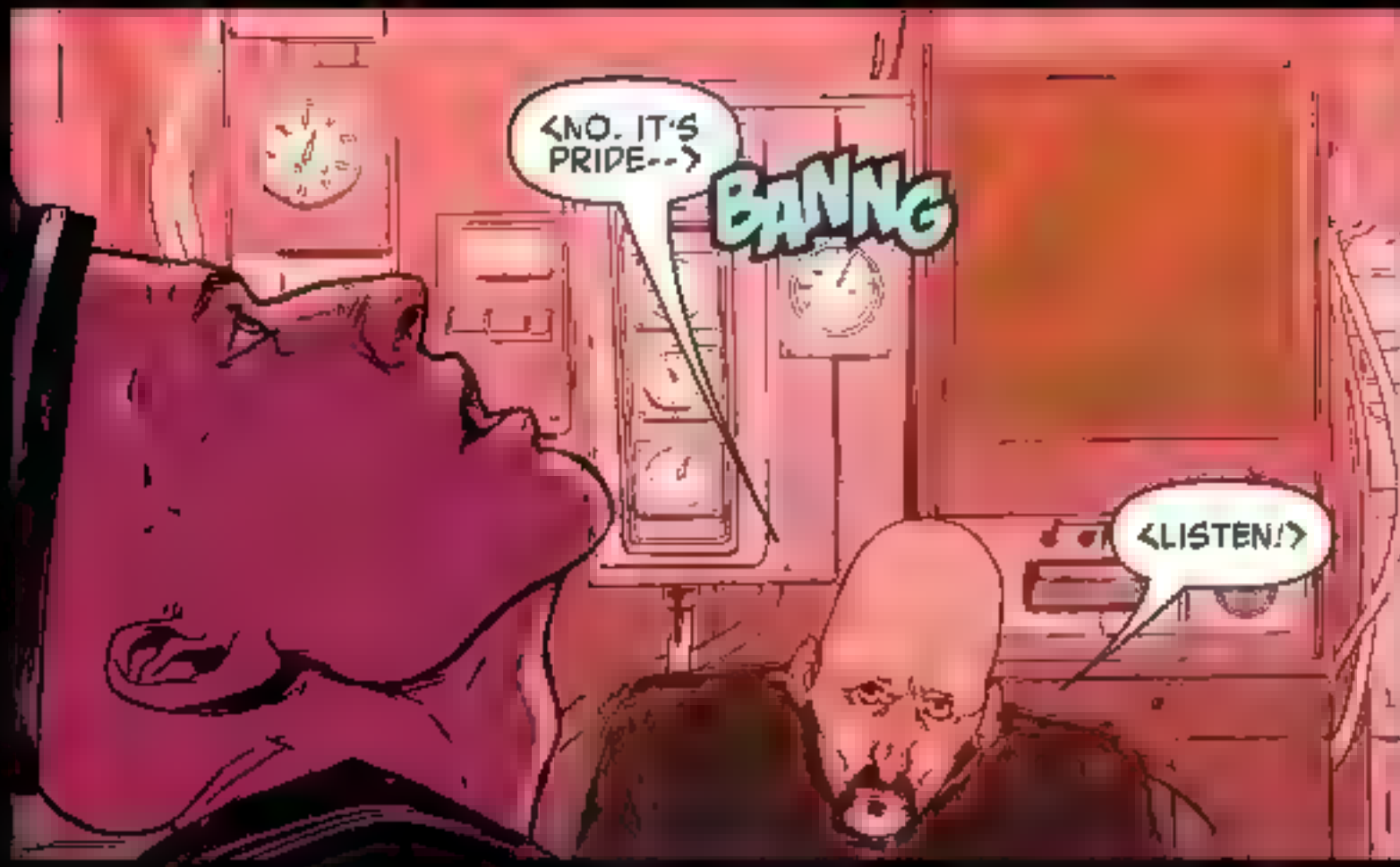
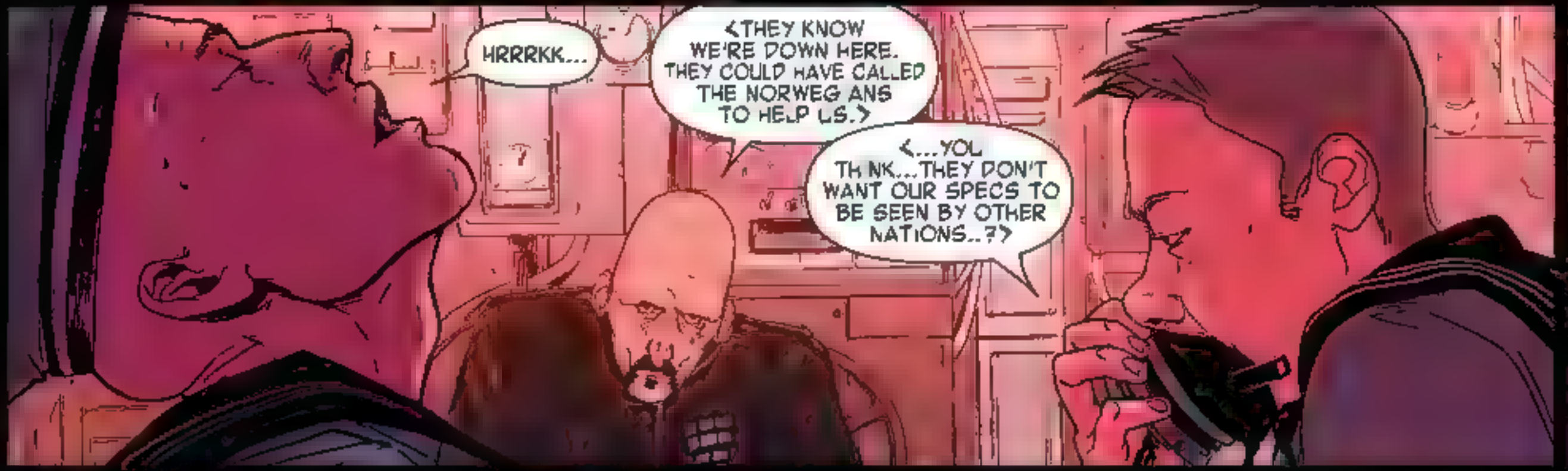
--COME IN,
ANY BRITISH OR
NORSE SHIPS--

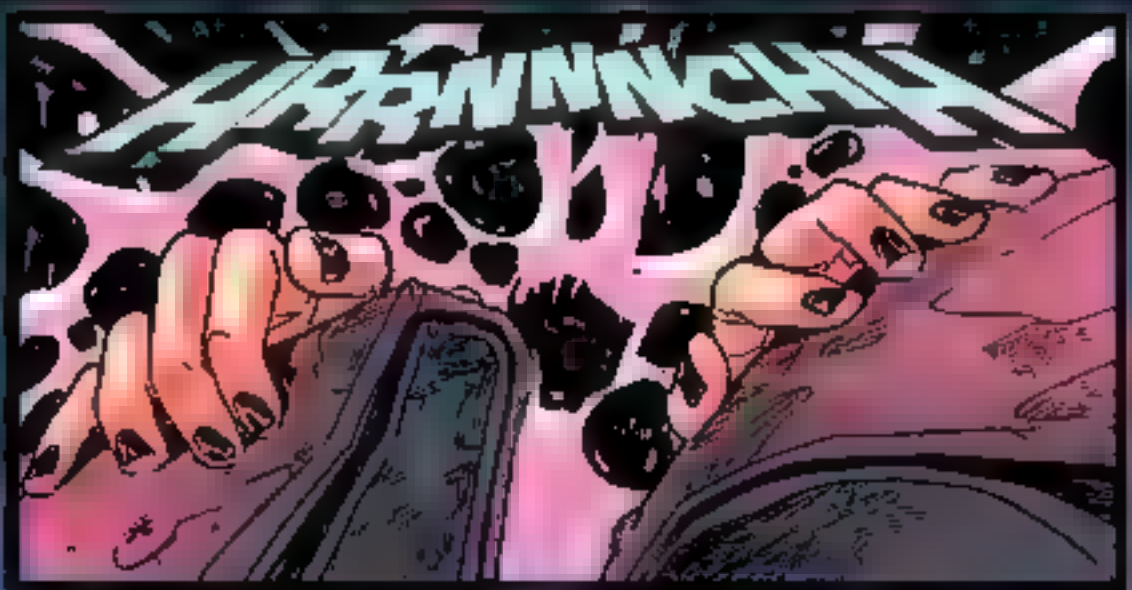
--THIS IS
THE RUSSIAN
SUBMAR--
ZZHHH--

<THE
TRANSMITTER
IS DEAD.>

<GIVE ME...
JUST ONE
BREATH...>

<...I THINK
THERE IS NONE
LEFT...>





I HEARD
ONE OF YOL SPEAKING
ENGLISH--TRANSLATE
THIS TO YOUR FELLOW
SAILORS:

NEWS OF YOUR
ACCIDENT REACHED
ME THROUGH LONG-
RANGE WHALESONG,
I CAME AS FAST
AS I COULD.

YOU MAY
FEAR THE ATLANTEAN
RACE, BUT I AM THEIR
SECOND HIGHEST
ROYALTY-- A PRINCESS
OF THE REALMS.

AND KNOW
THAT WHEN YOUR
OWN RULERS WOULD
NOT COME HELP
YOU...

...NAMORA
OF ATLANTIS
DID.

I ADMIT, I AM PRONE TO ANNOUNCING MY
STATS AND HERITAGE OF THE GREATEST
AQUATIC CIVILIZATION IN HISTORY.

LOST AT SEA

WRITER: JEFF PARKER ARTIST: SARA PICHelli COLORIST: RACHELLE ROSENBERG LETTERER: DAVE SHARPE
PRODUCTION: MAYELA GUTIERREZ EDITOR: SANA AMANAT SENIOR EDITOR: MARK PANICCIA
EDITOR IN CHIEF: JOE QUESADA PUBLISHER: DAN BUCKLEY EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ALAN FINE

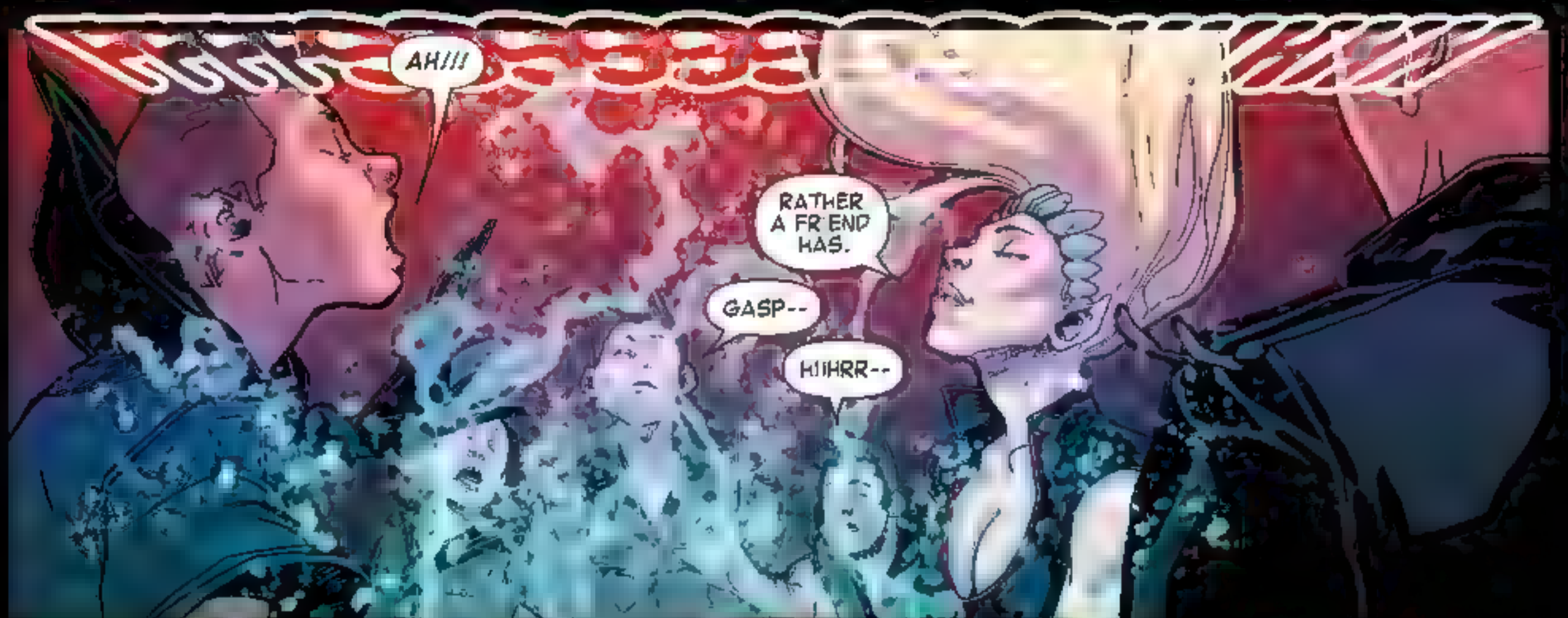


NEED...
AIR...

I HAVE
BROUGHT
IT FOR
YOU.

WHEN IN TRUTH, I AM HALF-
HUMAN -- MY MOTHER'S SIDE
HAS US FROM ABOVE THE WATERS

STILL, I FEEL IT IMPORTANT THAT
SURFACERS FEEL BEHOLDEN TO
THE PEOPLE OF THE SEA..



AH!!!

RATHER
A FRIEND
HAS.

GASP--

HIIHRR--

...AND TO ALL OF THE OTHER OCEAN
Dwellers WHO HELP HUMANS IN
WAYS THEY CAN'T IMAGINE.

THESE SA LORS WOULD NOT LAST A SECOND IN
THIS PRESSURE AND COLD, NOR COULD THEY
BREATHE THE OXYGEN THE WATER HOLDS. IT
SEEMS LIKE WEAKNESS, BUT IT IS NOT.

THIS WILL
LAST YOU UNTIL
WE REACH THE
SURFACE.

I'LL TAKE
YOU TO ONE OF
THE SVALBARD
ISLANDS THAT'S
CLOSE.

I AM ONE OF THEM AS WELL,
BUT IT IS BOTH SIDES OF MYSELF THAT
ALLOWS ME TO REACH GREATNESS.



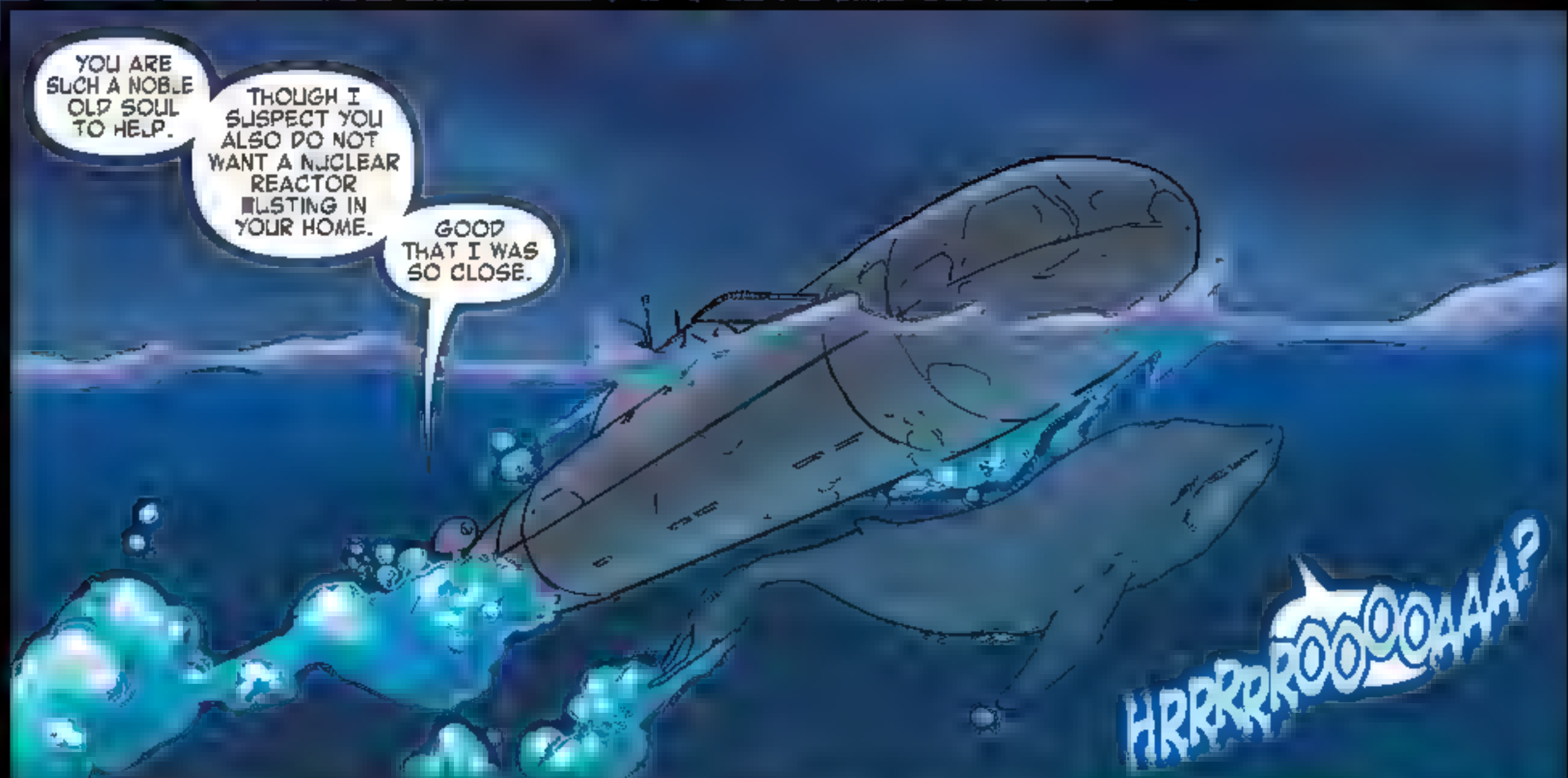
SPASIBO
BALSHOYE--
THANK YOU, YOUR
HIGHNESS!

WE WILL
DRINK TO YOU
ALWAYS!

YOU ARE
WELCOME.



I HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN
SYMPATHETIC TO
SUBMARINERS.



YOU ARE
SUCH A NOBLE
OLD SOUL
TO HELP.

THOUGH I
SUSPECT YOU
ALSO DO NOT
WANT A NUCLEAR
REACTOR
BURSTING IN
YOUR HOME.

GOOD
THAT I WAS
SO CLOSE.

HRRRRROOOOAAA?



SEARCHING
FOR A MISSING
COLONY OF MY
PEOPLE.

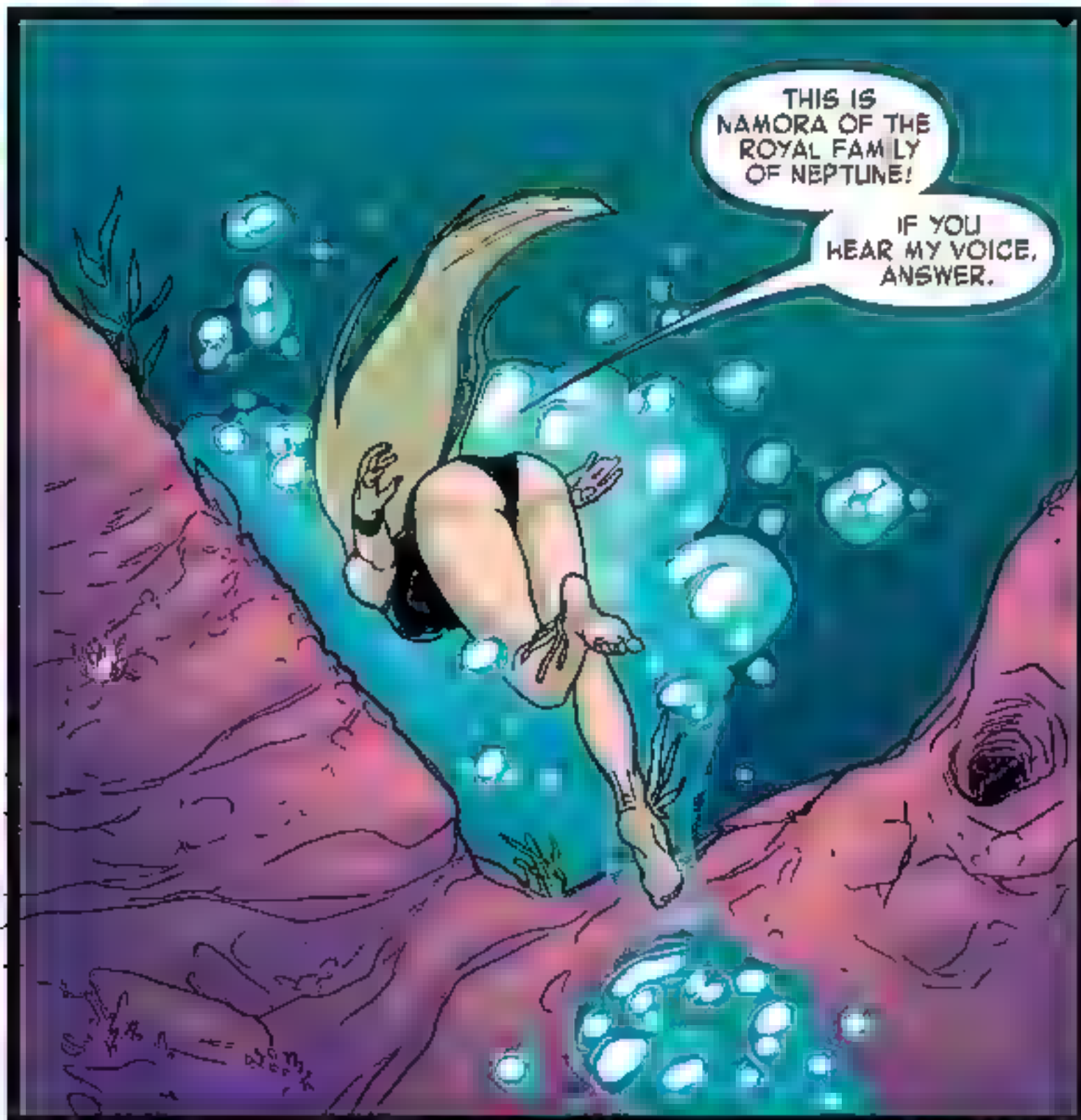
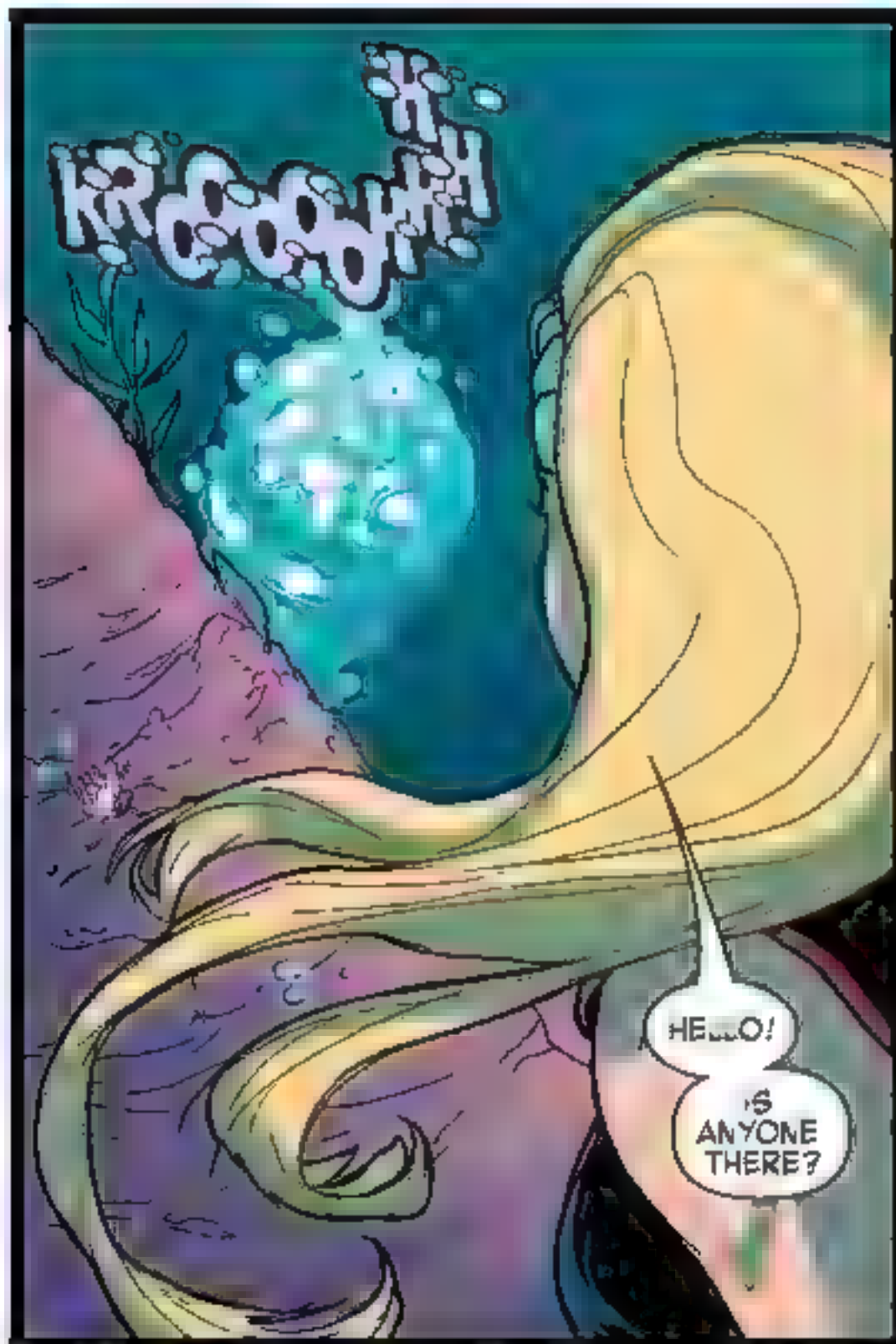
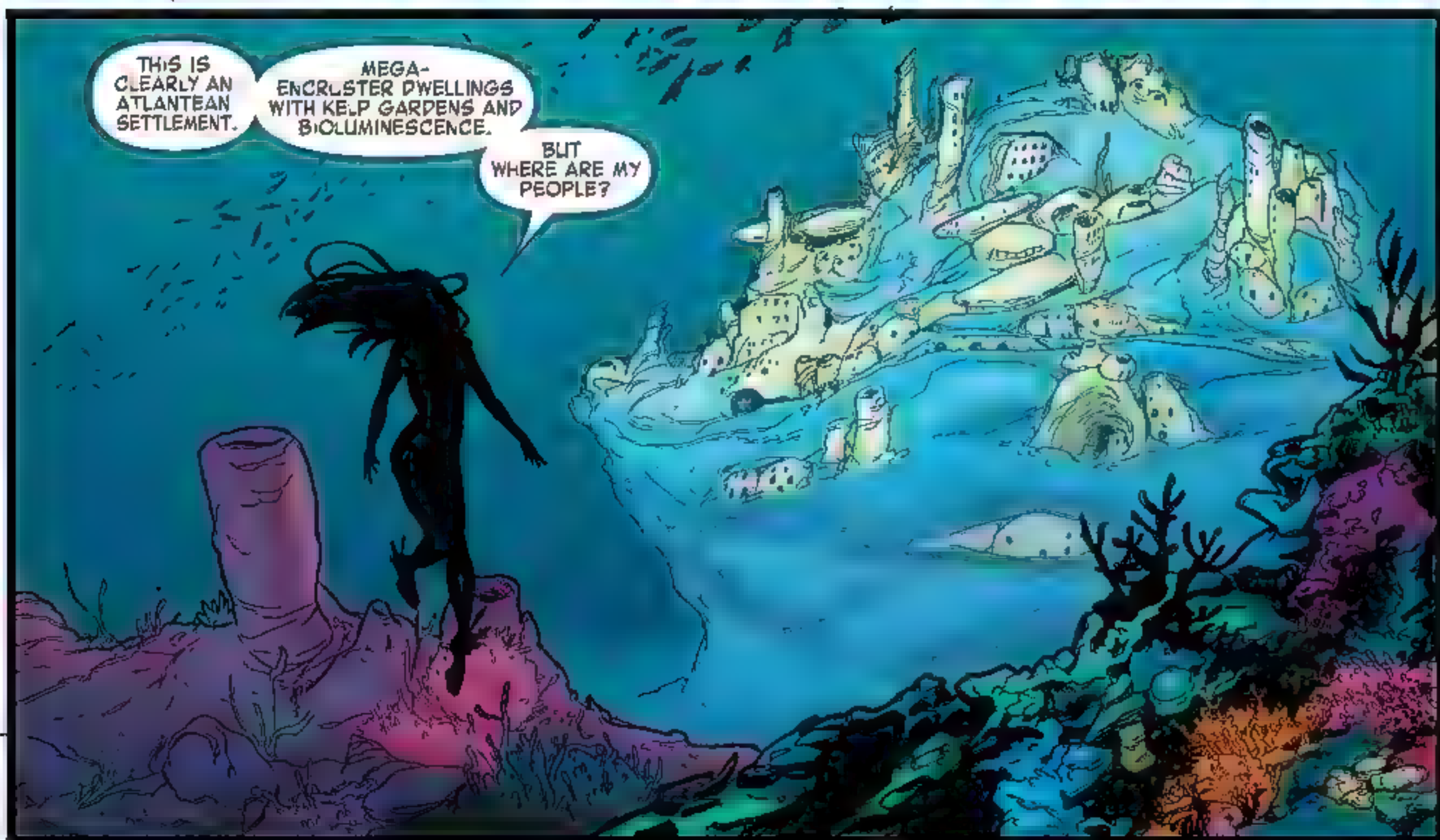
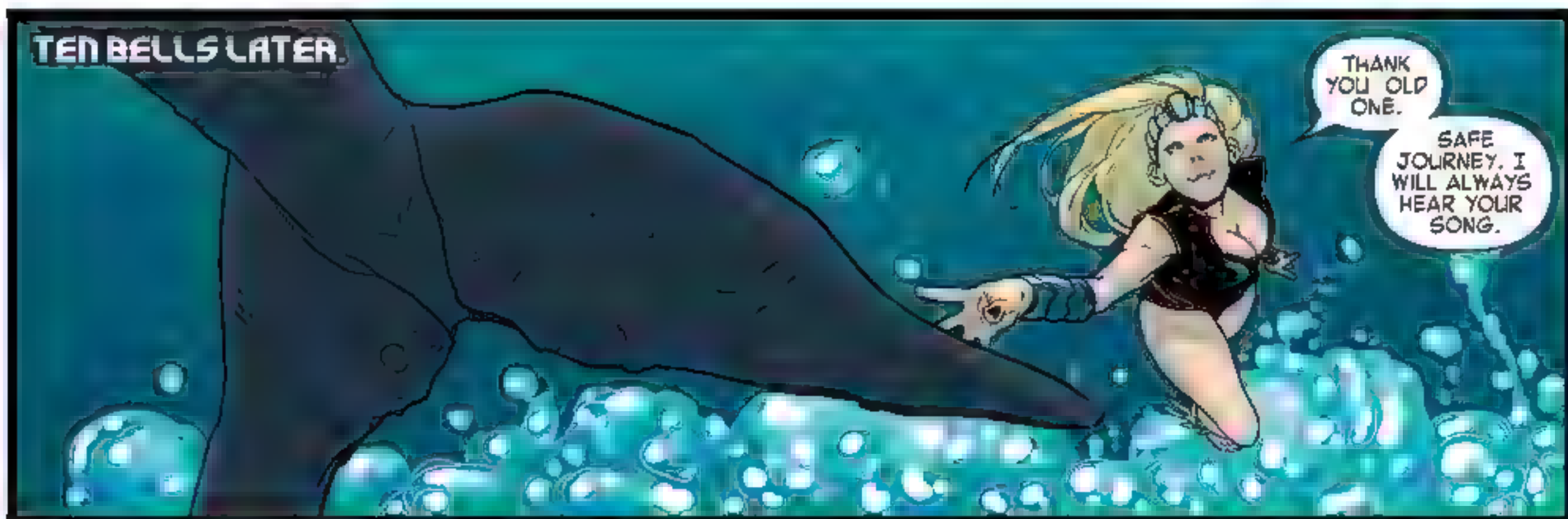
WE HAVE A
NEW SETTLEMENT
I WANT TO BRING
THEM TO.

HRRROOOOAAA!

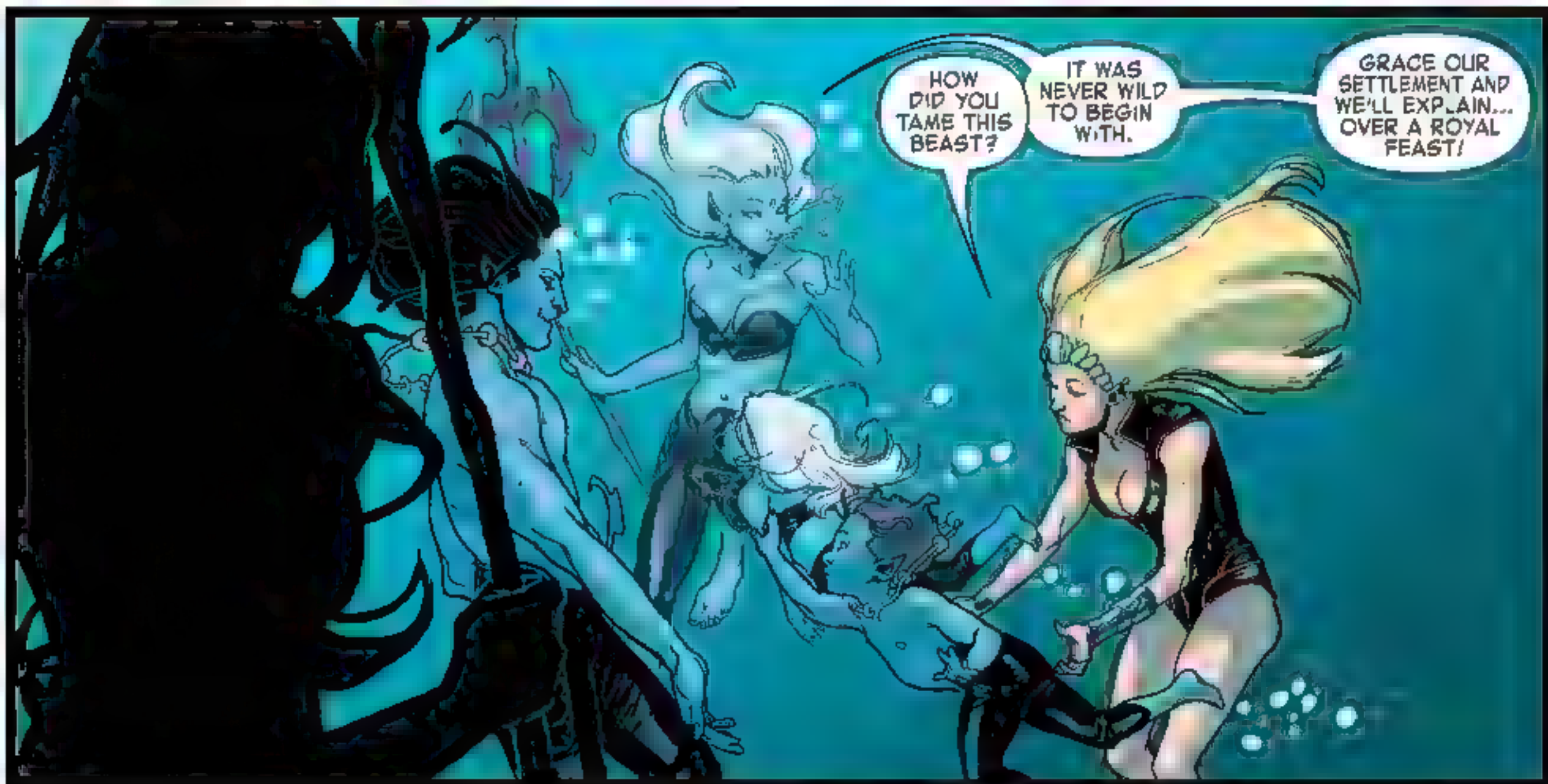
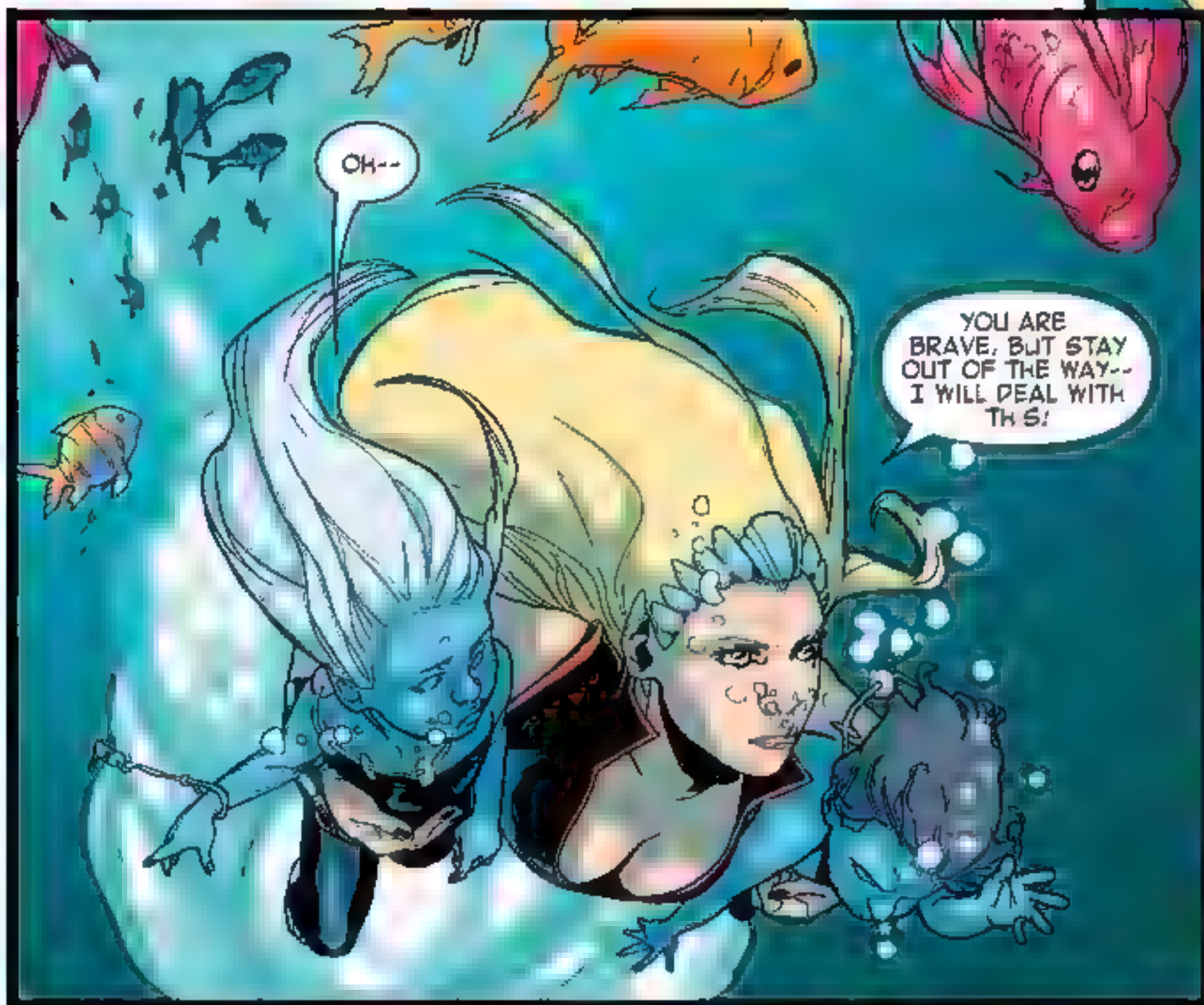


YOU
DO?

CAN YOU
TAKE ME
TO THEM?





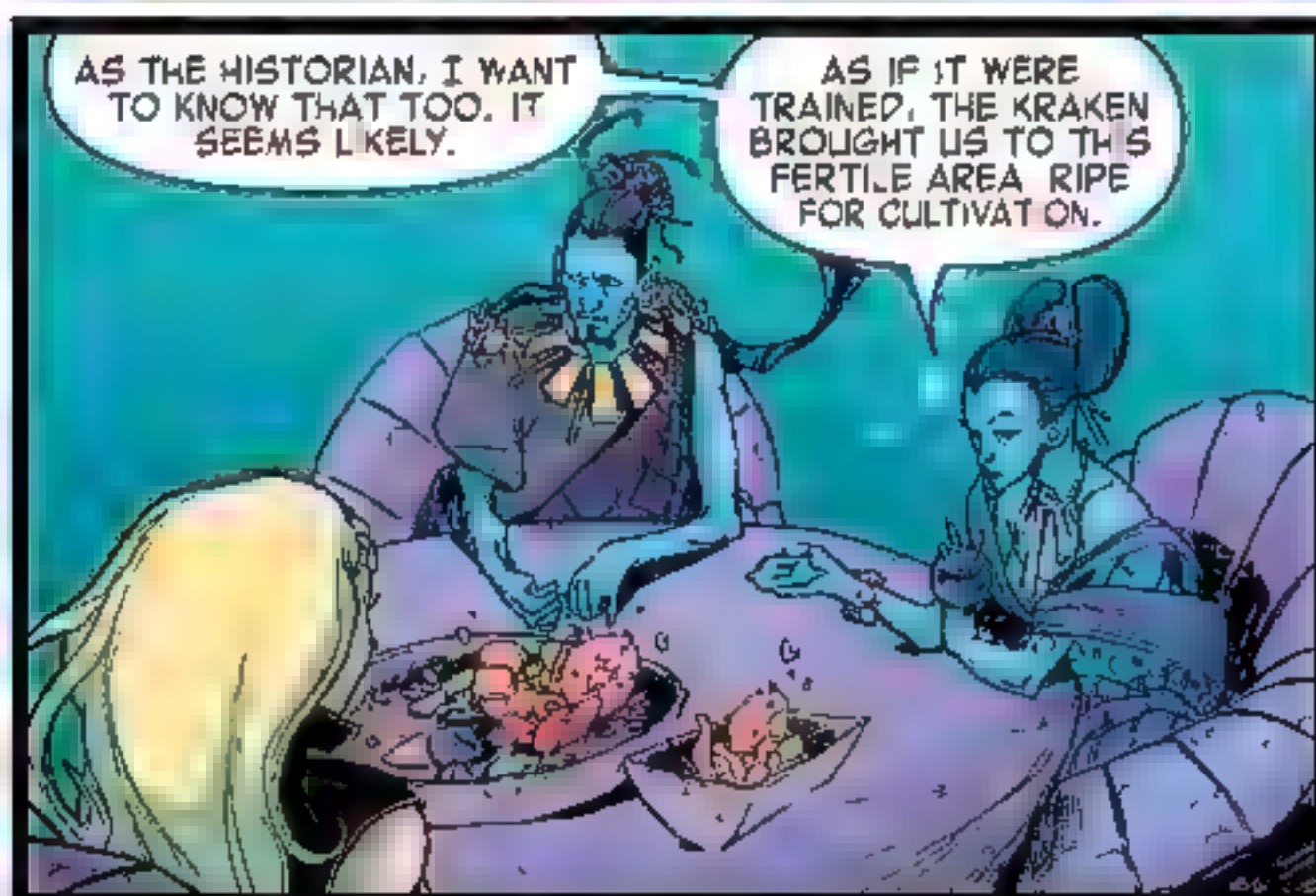




--THERE WERE SEVERAL OF OUR YOUNG CAUGHT UP IN THIS STEEL CABLE NET OF THE TRAWLER--

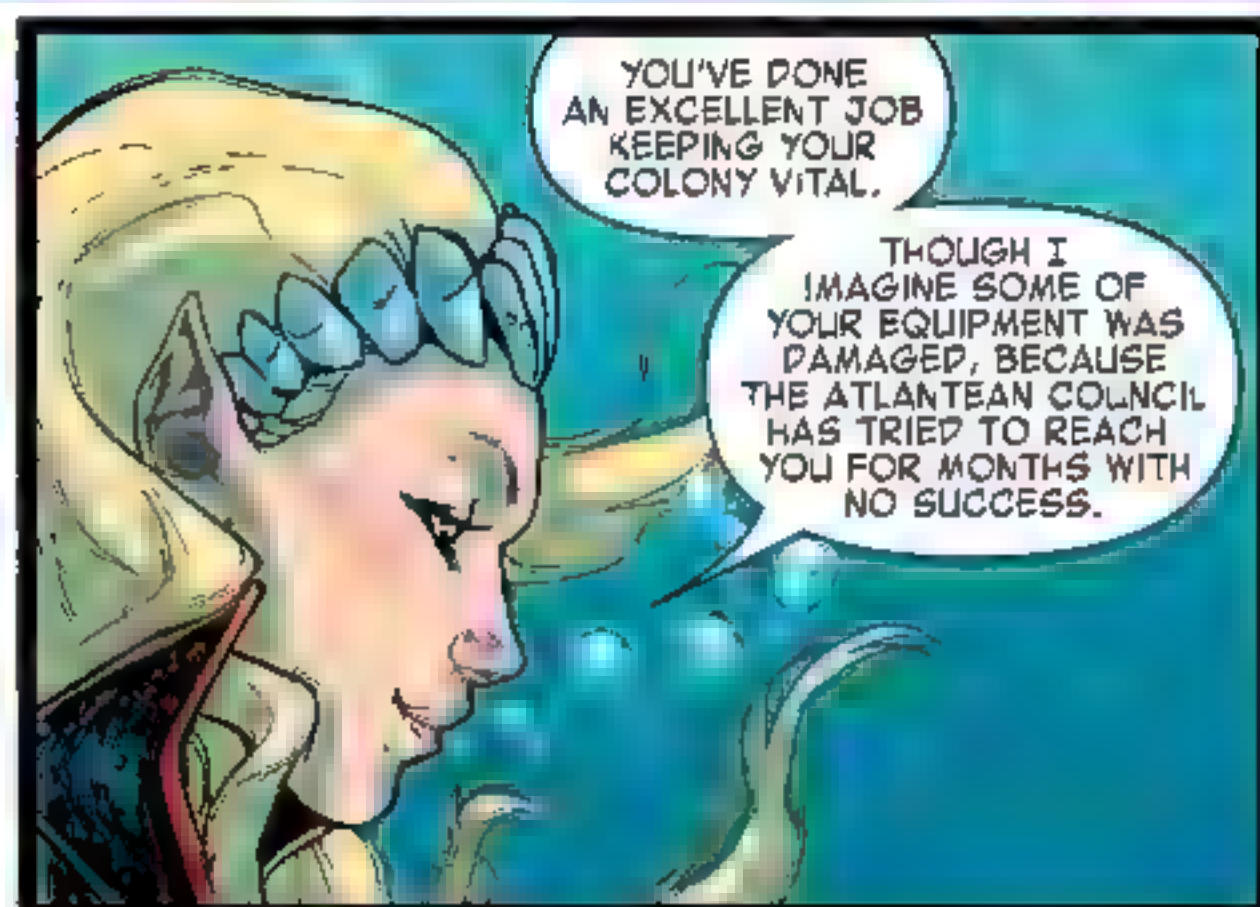
--WHEN THE KRAKEN APPEARED AND BIT THROUGH IT!

INCREDIBLE. I WONDER IF THE CREATURE ONCE BELONGED TO ATLANTEANS OR WAS GROWN BY THEM POSSIBLY.



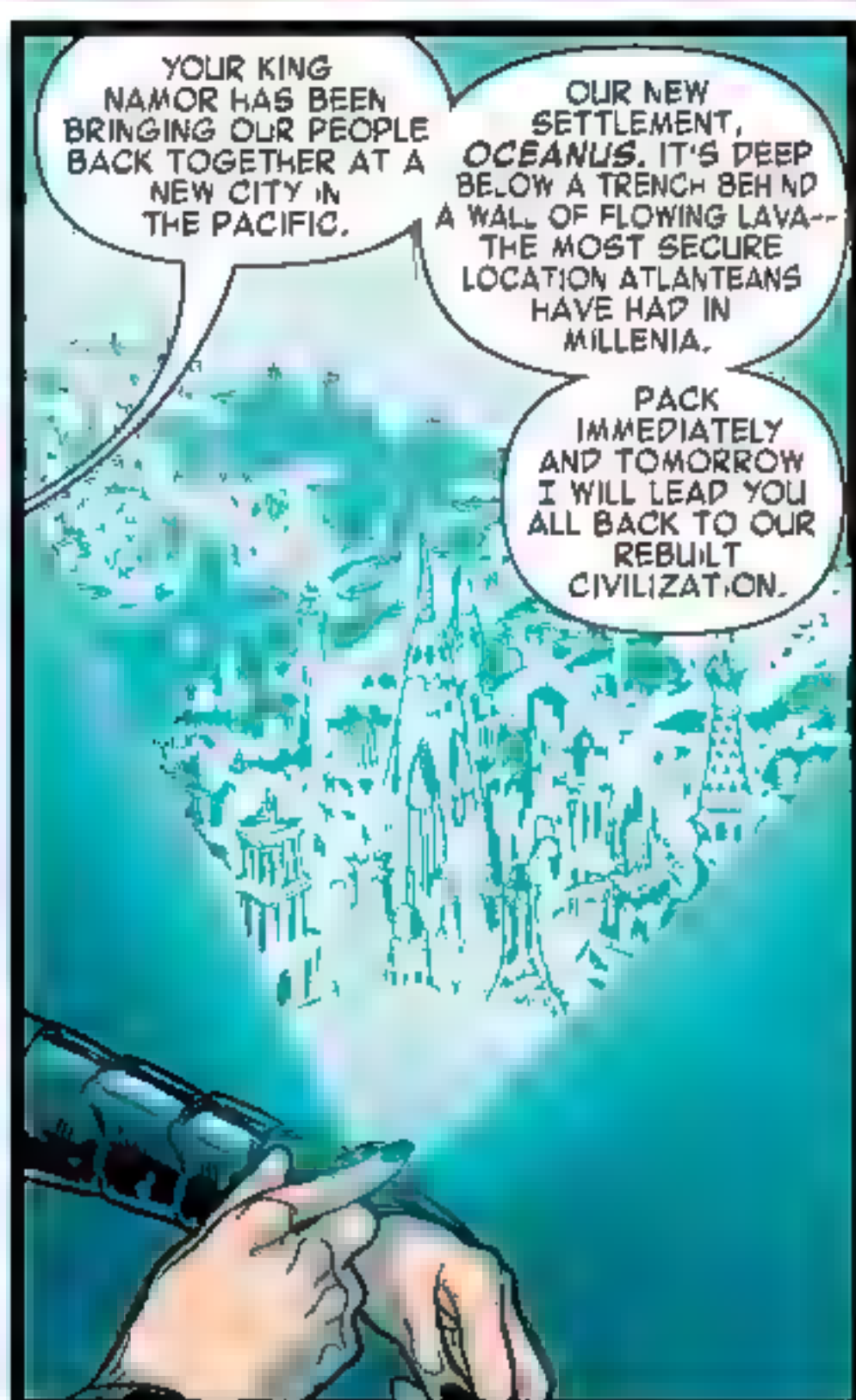
AS THE HISTORIAN, I WANT TO KNOW THAT TOO. IT SEEMS LIKELY.

AS IF IT WERE TRAINED, THE KRAKEN BROUGHT US TO THIS FERTILE AREA RIPE FOR CULTIVATION.



YOU'VE DONE AN EXCELLENT JOB KEEPING YOUR COLONY VITAL.

THOUGH I IMAGINE SOME OF YOUR EQUIPMENT WAS DAMAGED, BECAUSE THE ATLANTEAN COUNCIL HAS TRIED TO REACH YOU FOR MONTHS WITH NO SUCCESS.



YOUR KING NAMOR HAS BEEN BRINGING OUR PEOPLE BACK TOGETHER AT A NEW CITY IN THE PACIFIC.

OUR NEW SETTLEMENT, OCEANUS. IT'S DEEP BELOW A TRENCH BEHIND A WALL OF FLOWING LAVA-- THE MOST SECURE LOCATION ATLANTEANS HAVE HAD IN MILLENIA.

PACK IMMEDIATELY AND TOMORROW I WILL LEAD YOU ALL BACK TO OUR REBUILT CIVILIZATION.



IT IS SURELY MAGNIFICENT, MY PRINCESS.

WE ARE MOST GRATEFUL FOR YOUR CONCERN, BUT...



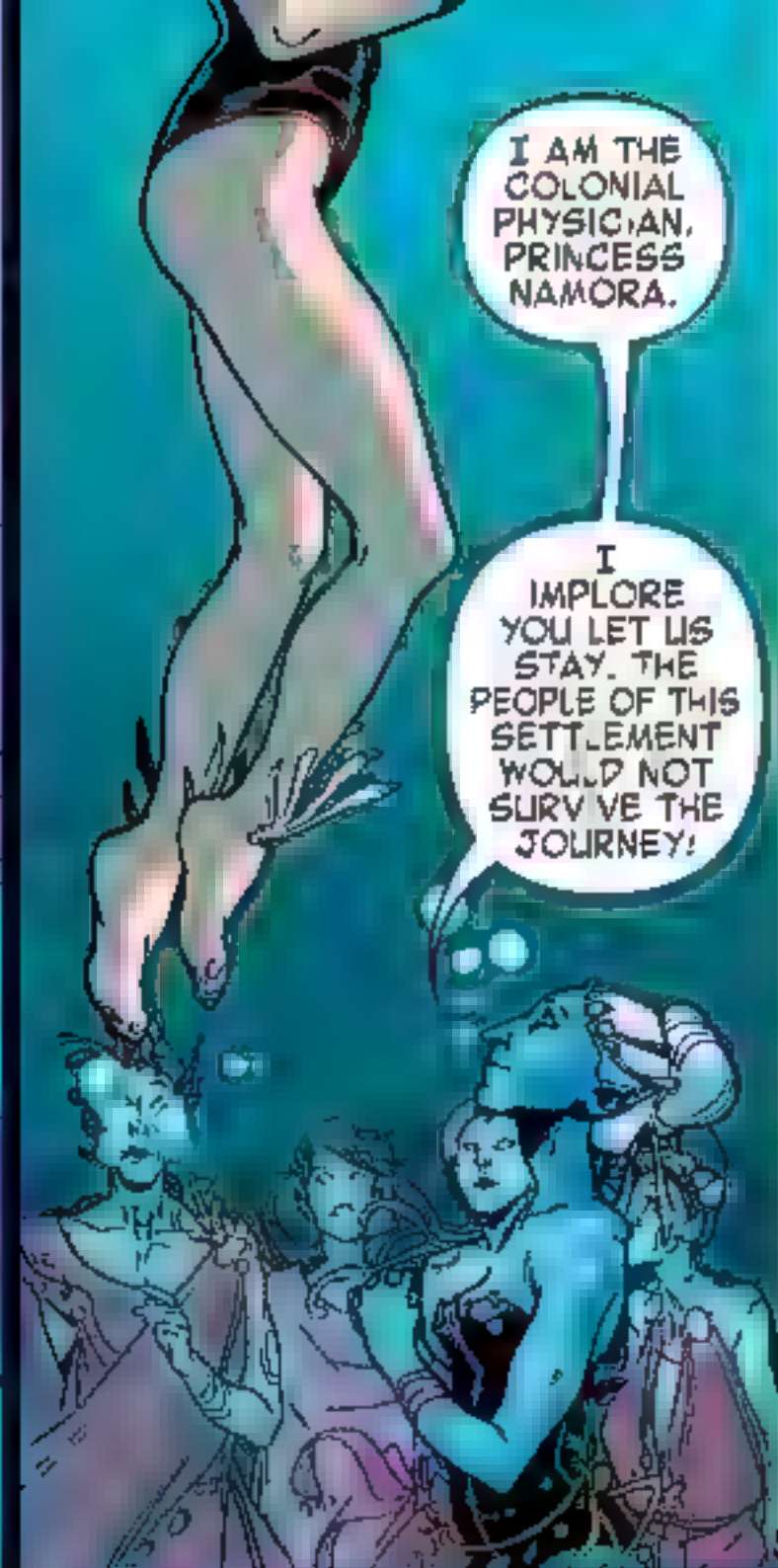
...WE WILL NOT BE GOING WITH YOU.



YOU CHOOSE TO REBEL AGAINST THE EMPIRE OF ATLANTIS?

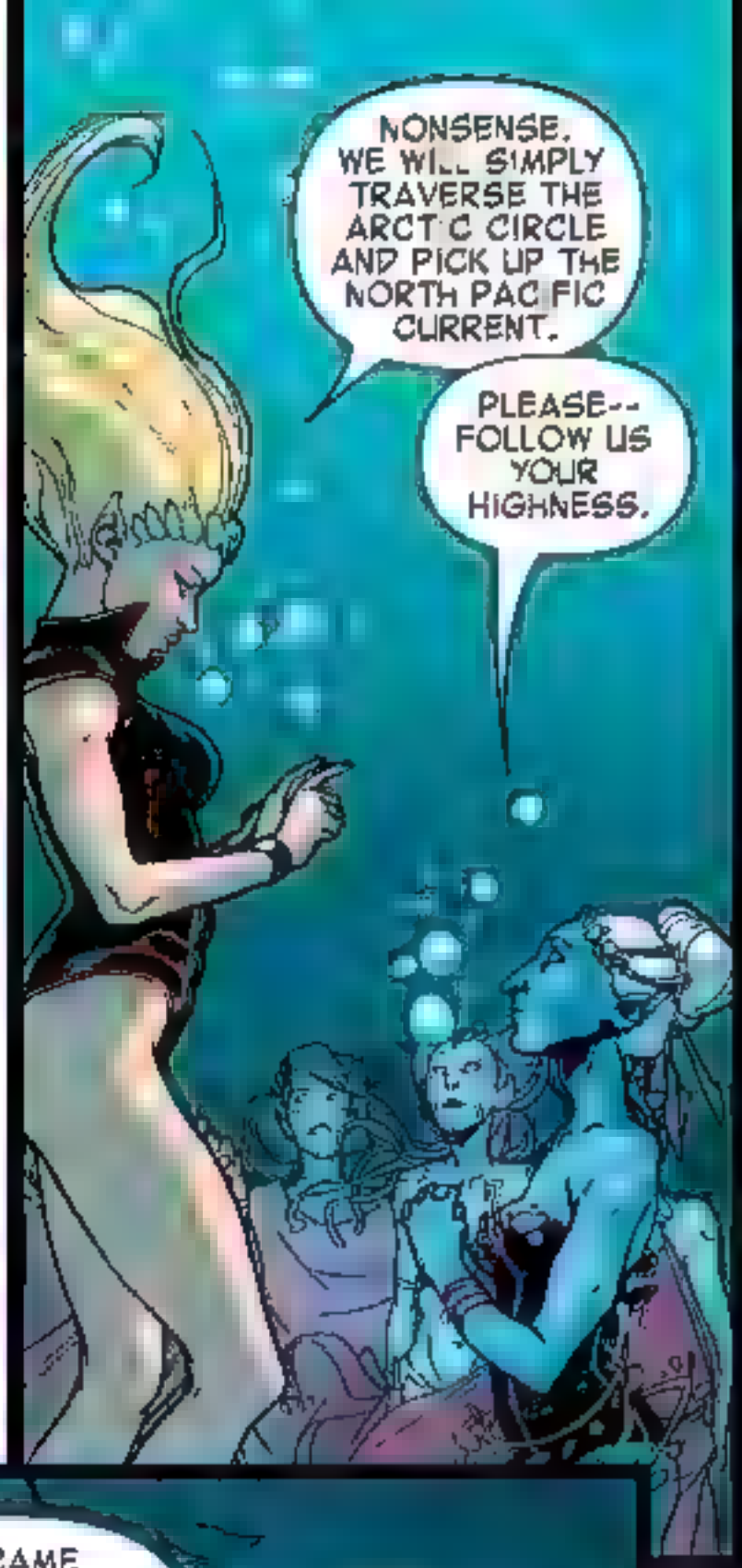
NO, LIEGE! NO!

IT IS NOT BY CHOICE WE MUST STAY!



I AM THE COLONIAL PHYSICIAN, PRINCESS NAMORA.

I IMPLORE YOU LET US STAY. THE PEOPLE OF THIS SETTLEMENT WOULD NOT SURVIVE THE JOURNEY!



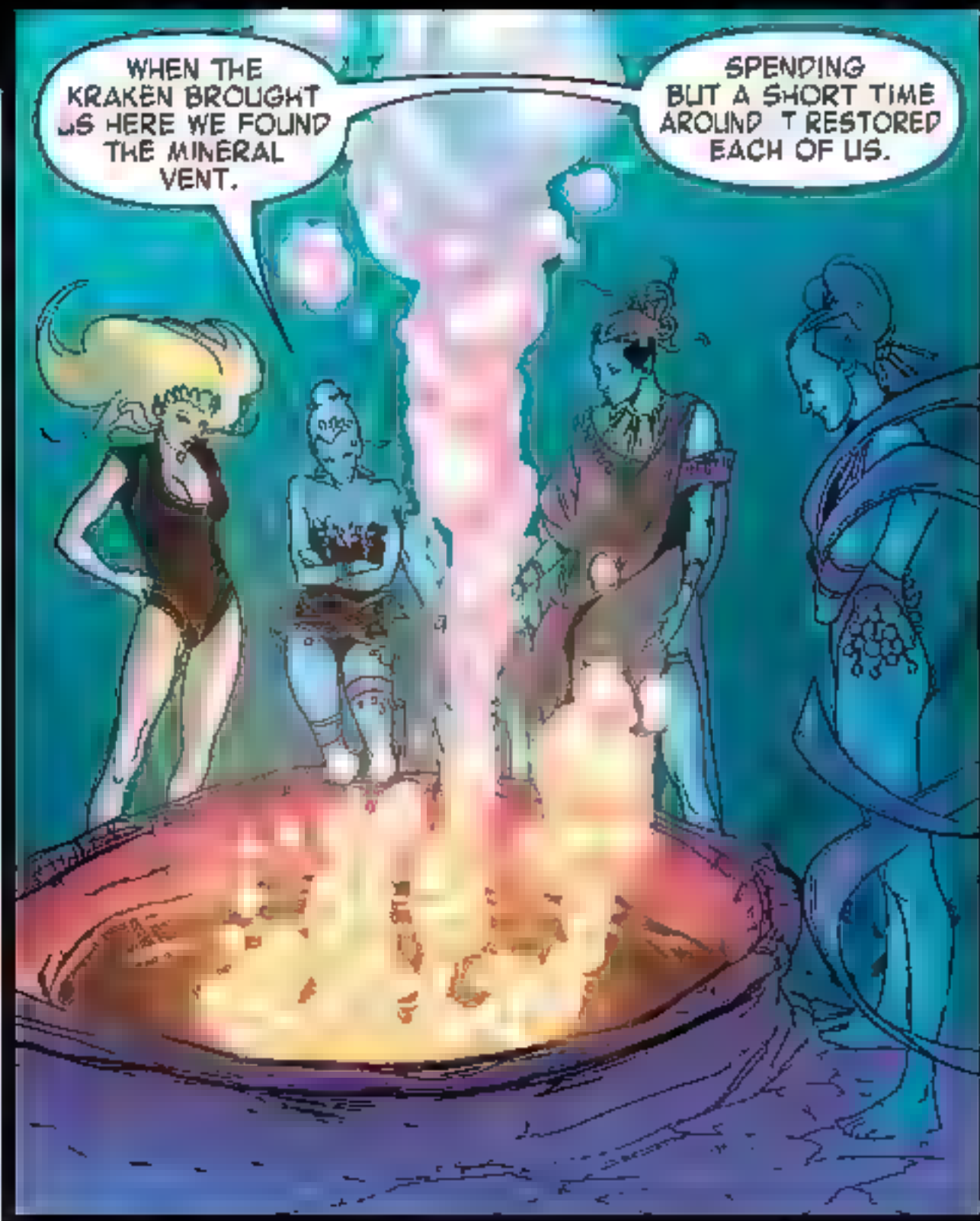
NONSENSE. WE WILL SIMPLY TRAVERSE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE AND PICK UP THE NORTH PACIFIC CURRENT.

PLEASE-- FOLLOW US YOUR HIGHNESS.



WE CAME TO THIS AREA LOOKING FOR AN ANCIENT OUTPOST, BUT COULDN'T FIND IT.

THE PEOPLE BEGAN GROWING WEAK, I COULD NOT DETERMINE WHY. THAT'S WHY WE HAD BEEN NETTED.



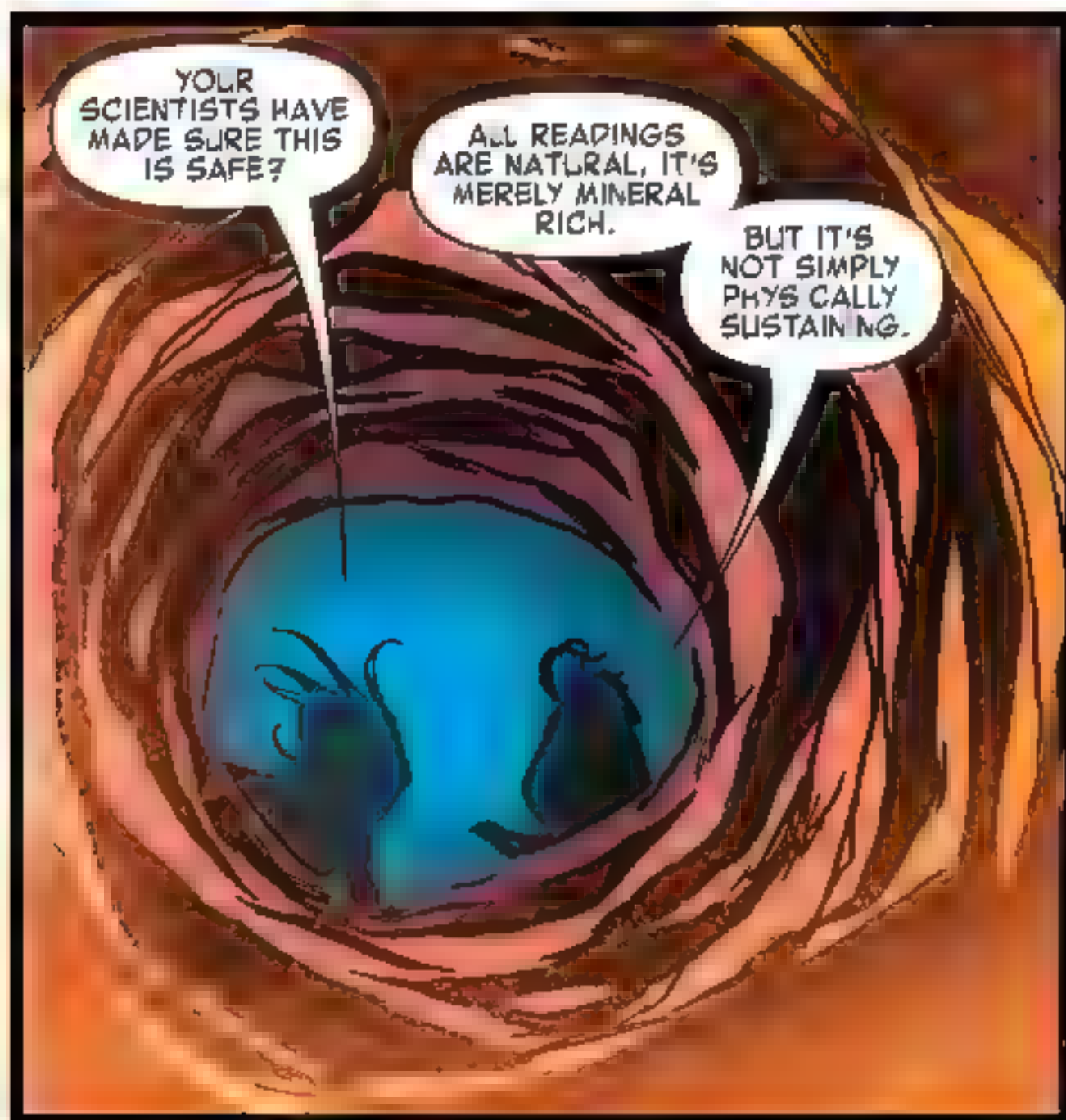
WHEN THE KRACKEN BROUGHT US HERE WE FOUND THE MINERAL VENT.

SPENDING BUT A SHORT TIME AROUND IT RESTORED EACH OF US.



IN OUR TIME HERE OUR BODIES HAVE ACCLIMATED TO THIS AREA.

WHENEVER WE VENTURE TOO FAR FROM THIS POINT, WE GROW WEAK AND ILL AGAIN.



YOUR SCIENTISTS HAVE MADE SURE THIS IS SAFE?

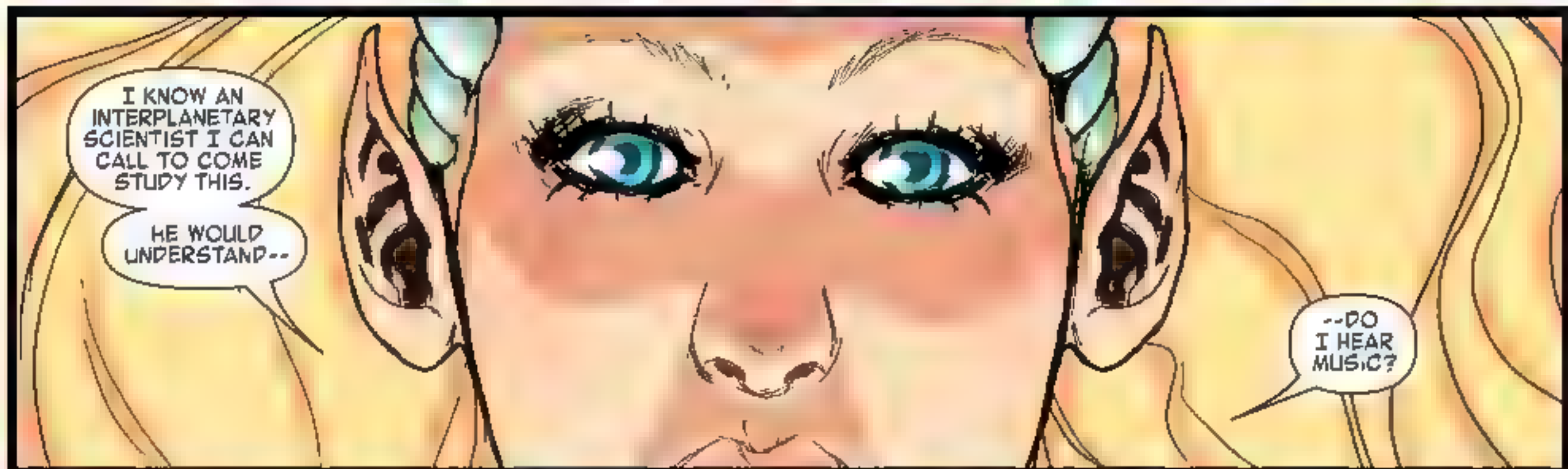
ALL READINGS ARE NATURAL, IT'S MERELY MINERAL RICH.

BUT IT'S NOT SIMPLY PHYSICALLY SUSTAINING.



I OF COURSE AM A GOVERNOR, NOT CLERGY BUT--

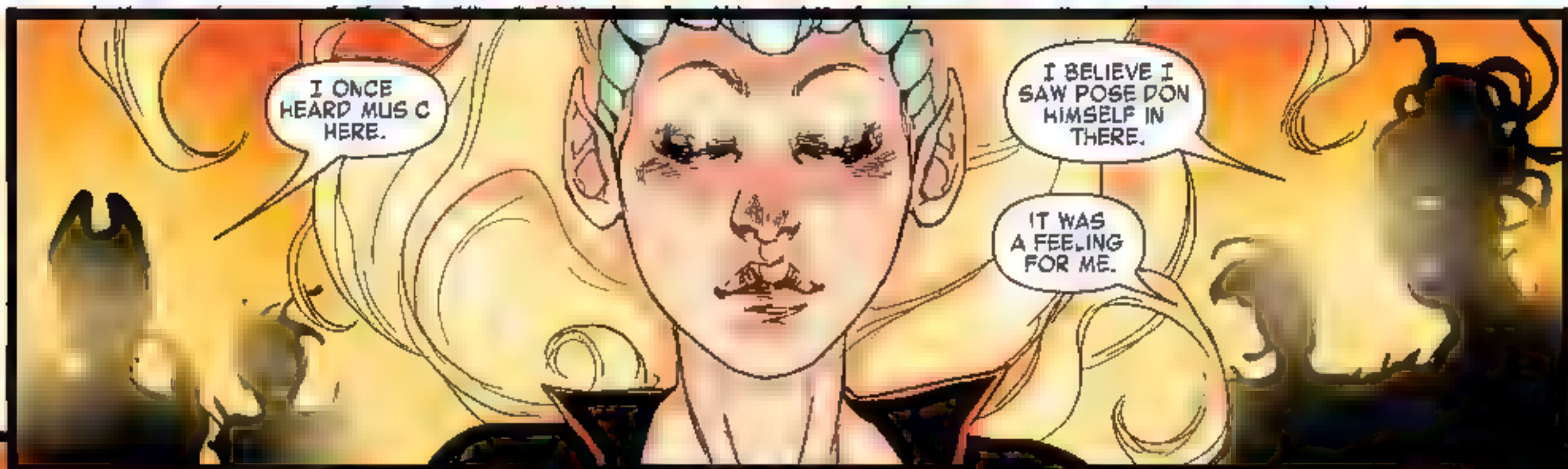
--MANY HAVE CLAIMED THE FOUNTAIN PROVIDES... INSIGHT.



I KNOW AN INTERPLANETARY SCIENTIST I CAN CALL TO COME STUDY THIS.

HE WOULD UNDERSTAND--

--DO I HEAR MUSIC?



I ONCE HEARD MUSIC HERE.

I BELIEVE I SAW POSEIDON HIMSELF IN THERE.

IT WAS A FEELING FOR ME.



THE FEELING IS THE BEST PART.

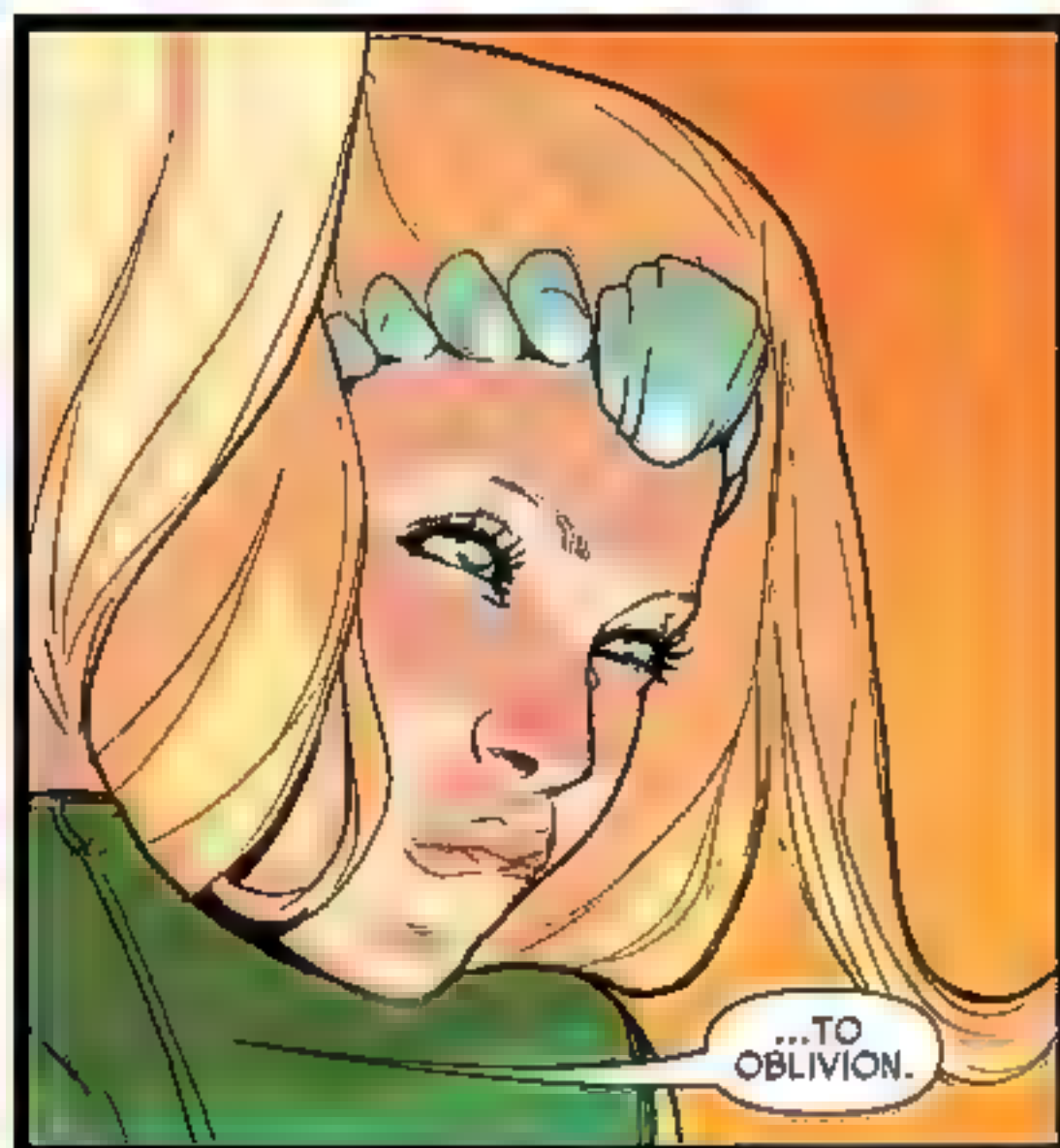
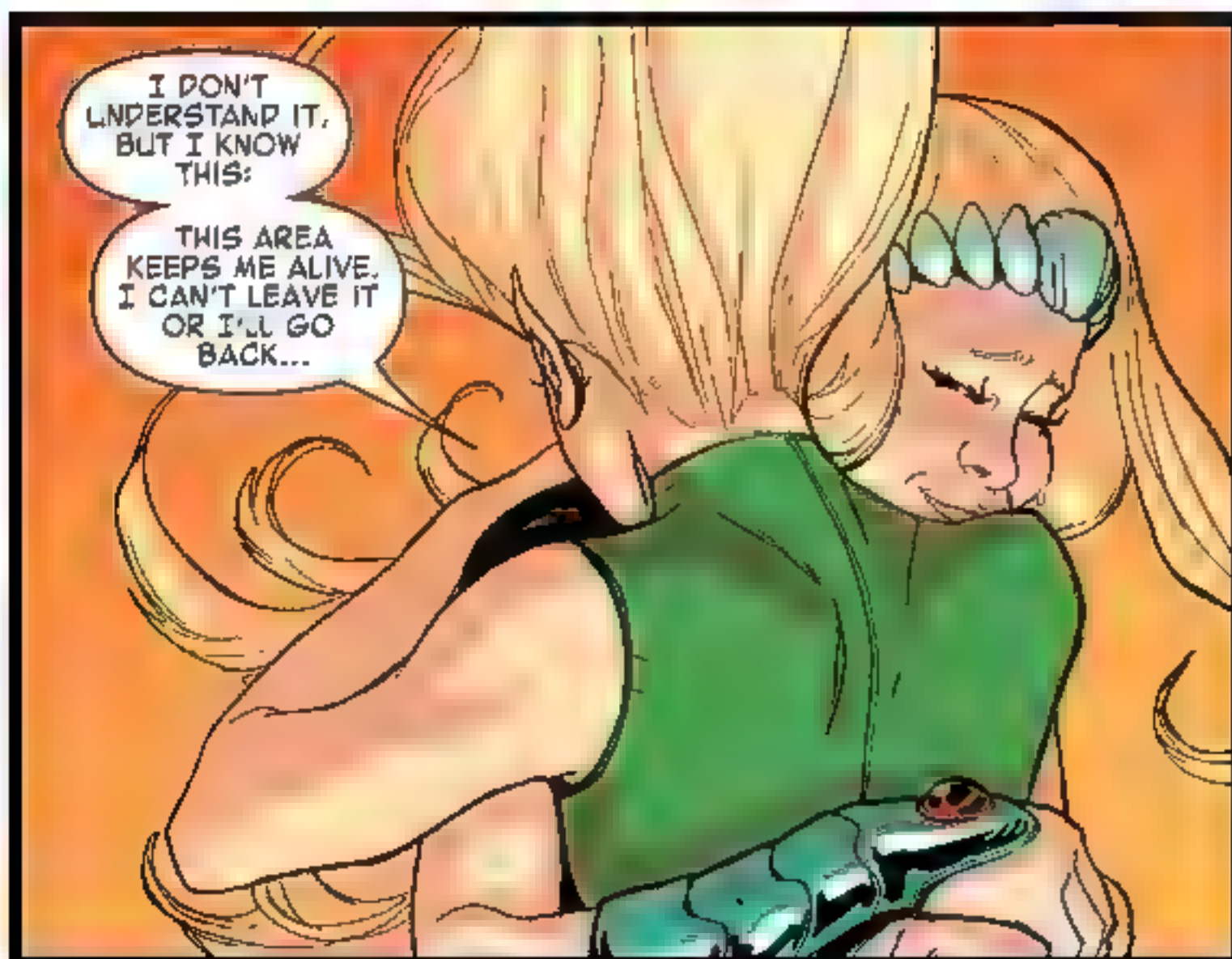
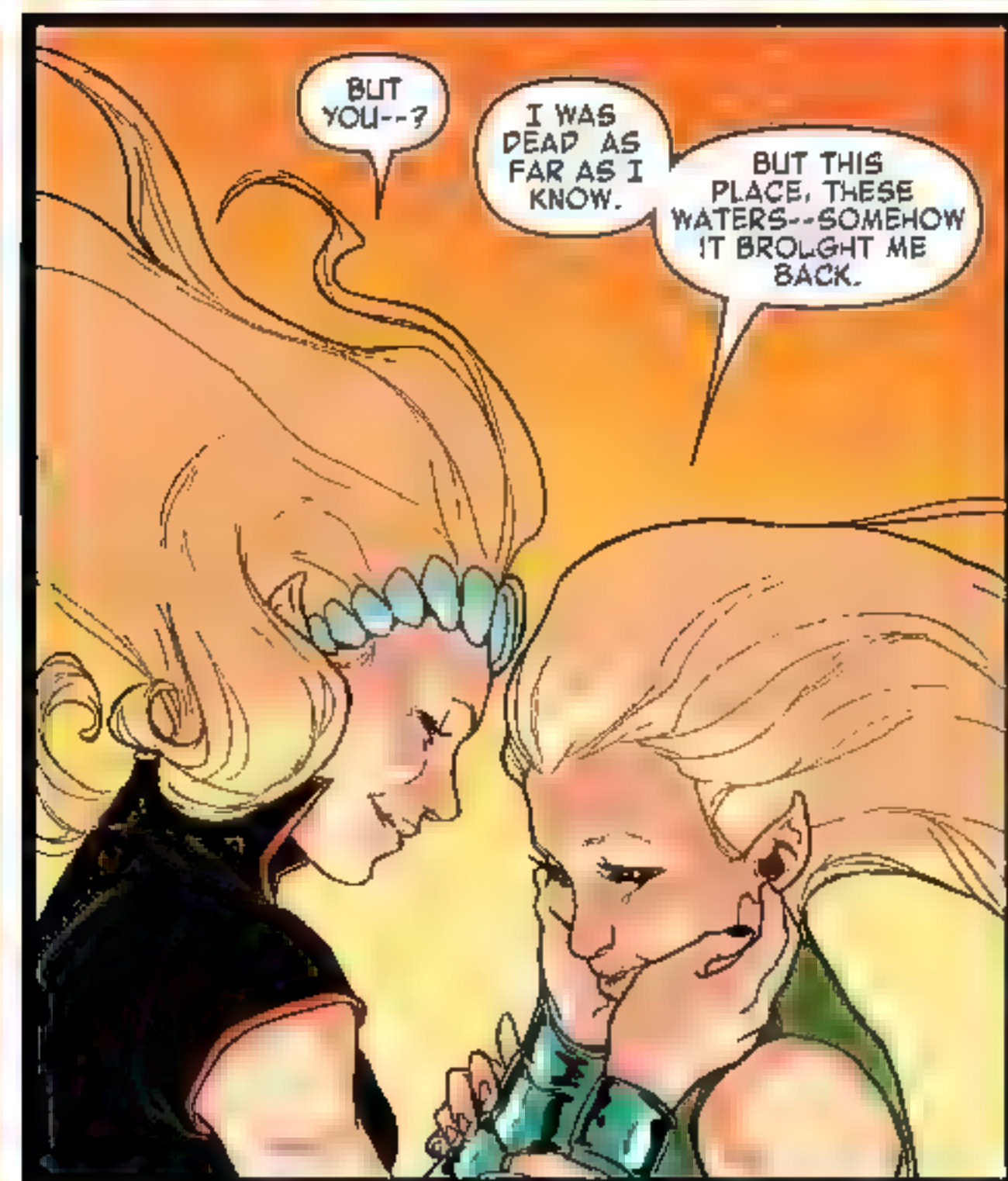
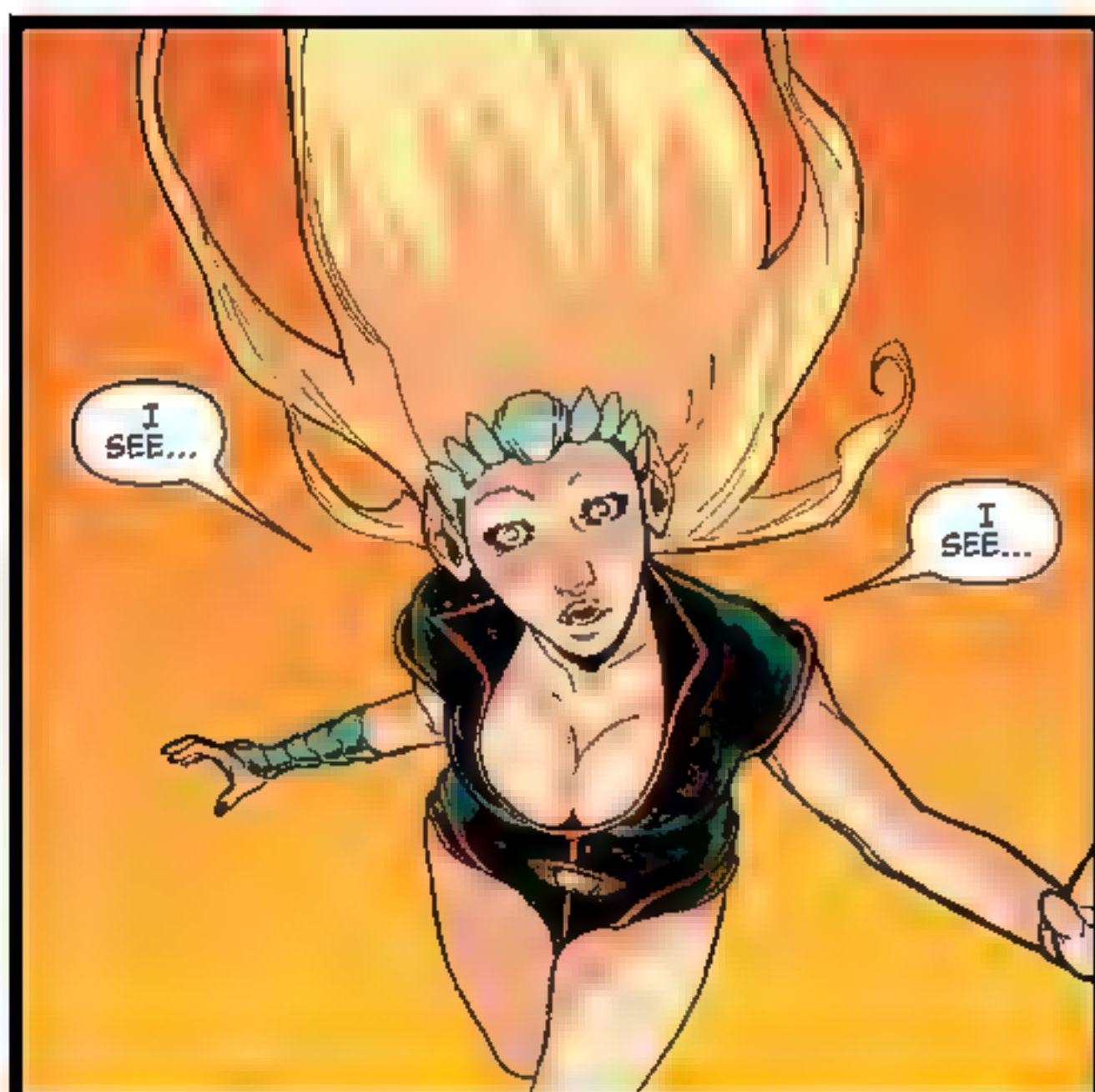
IT HOLDS EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE KNOWN.

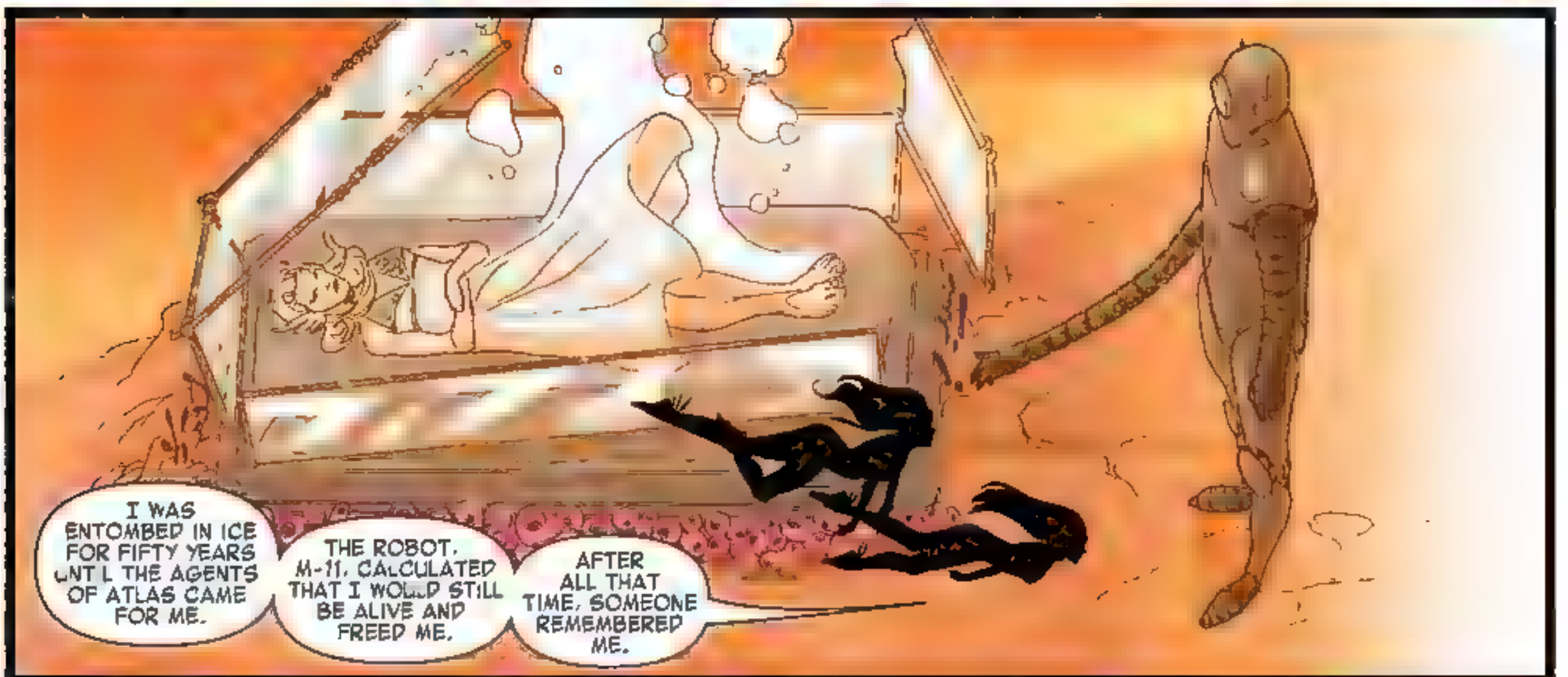
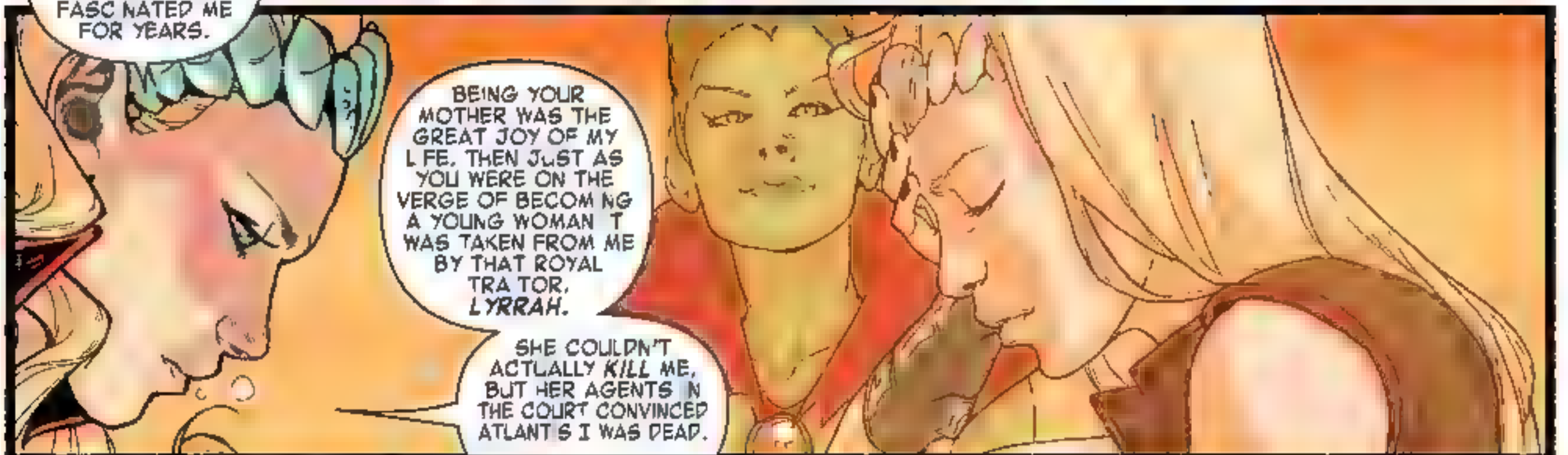
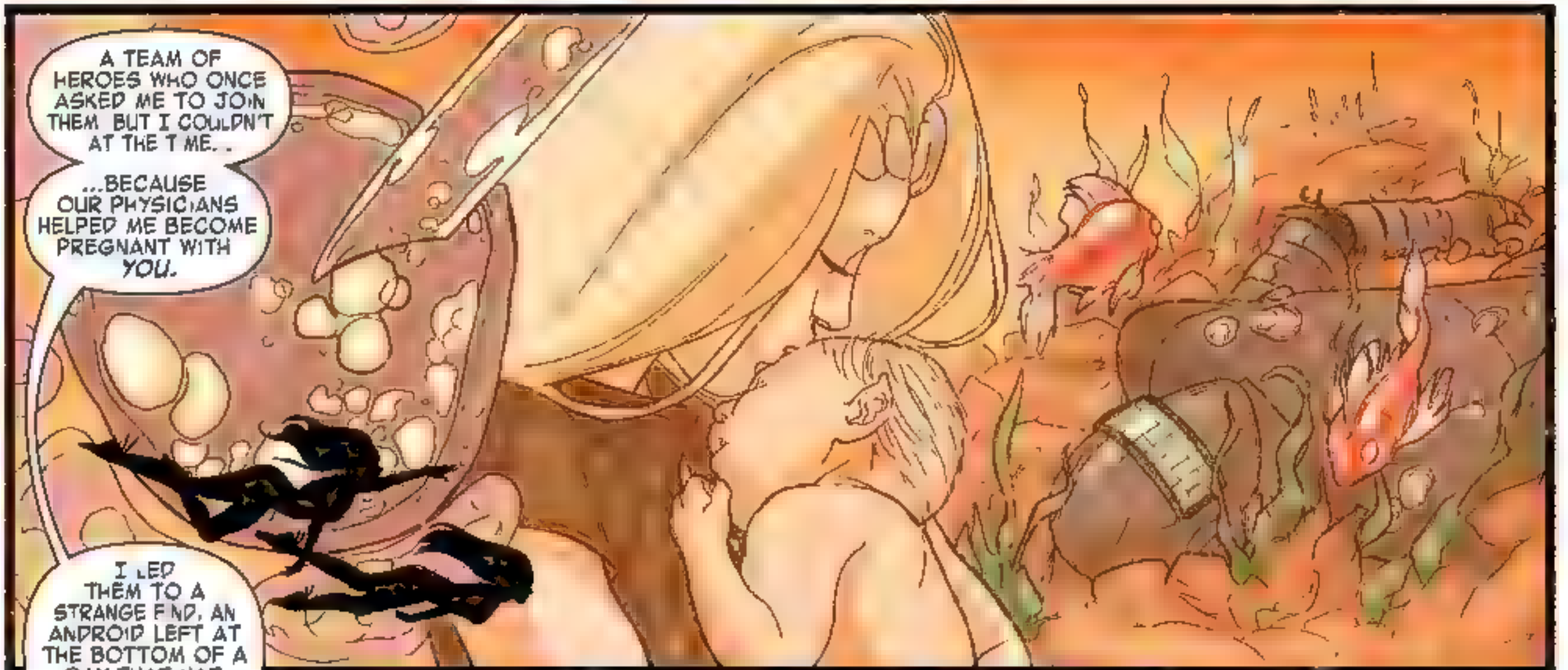
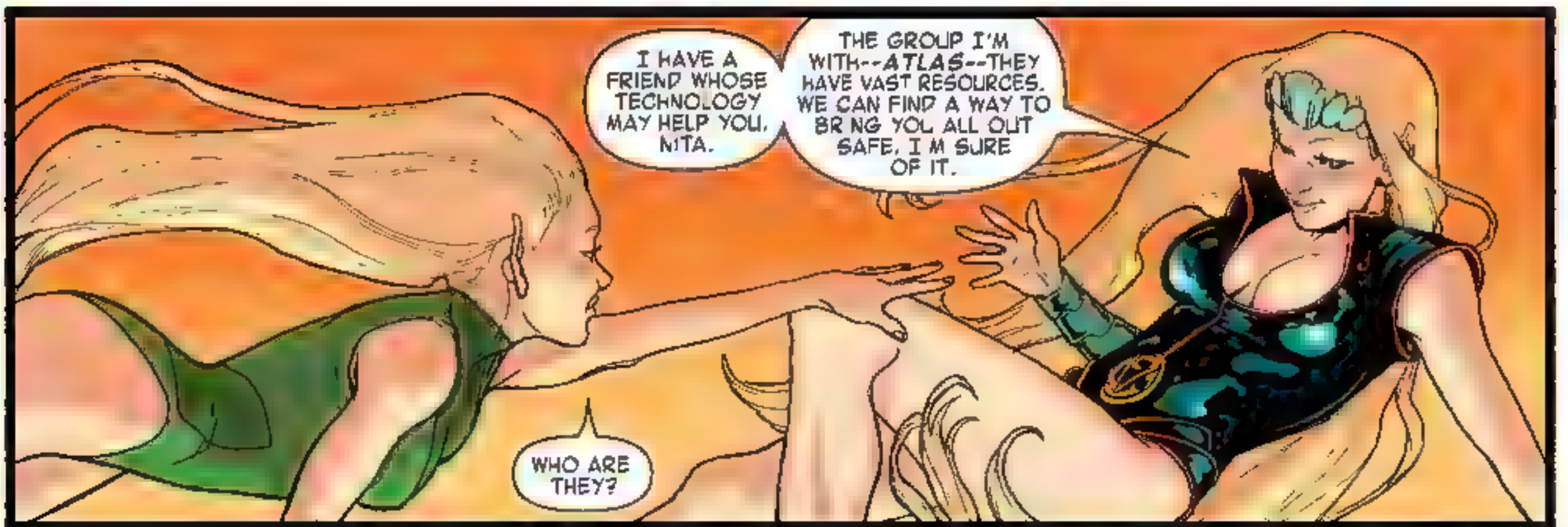


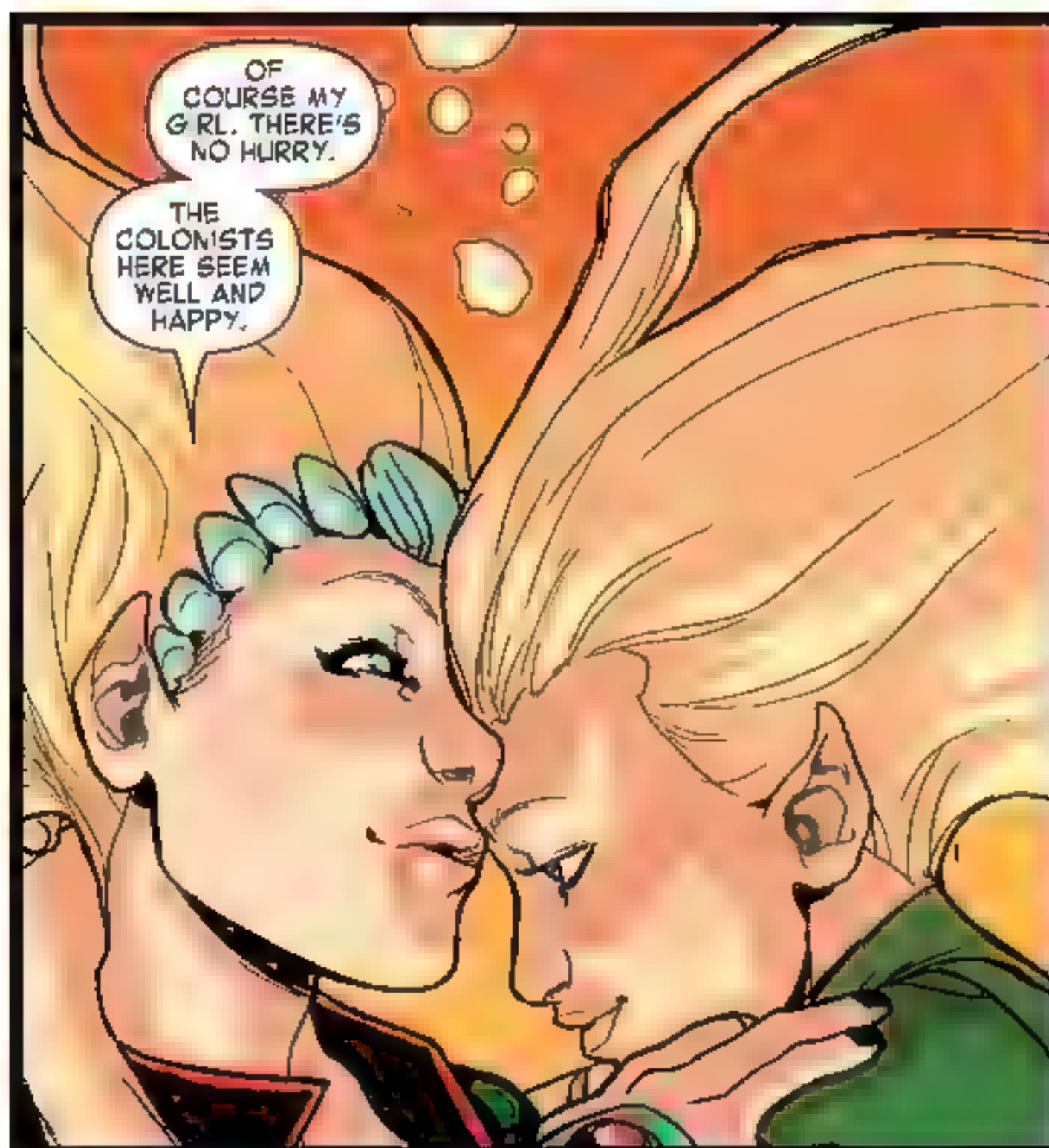
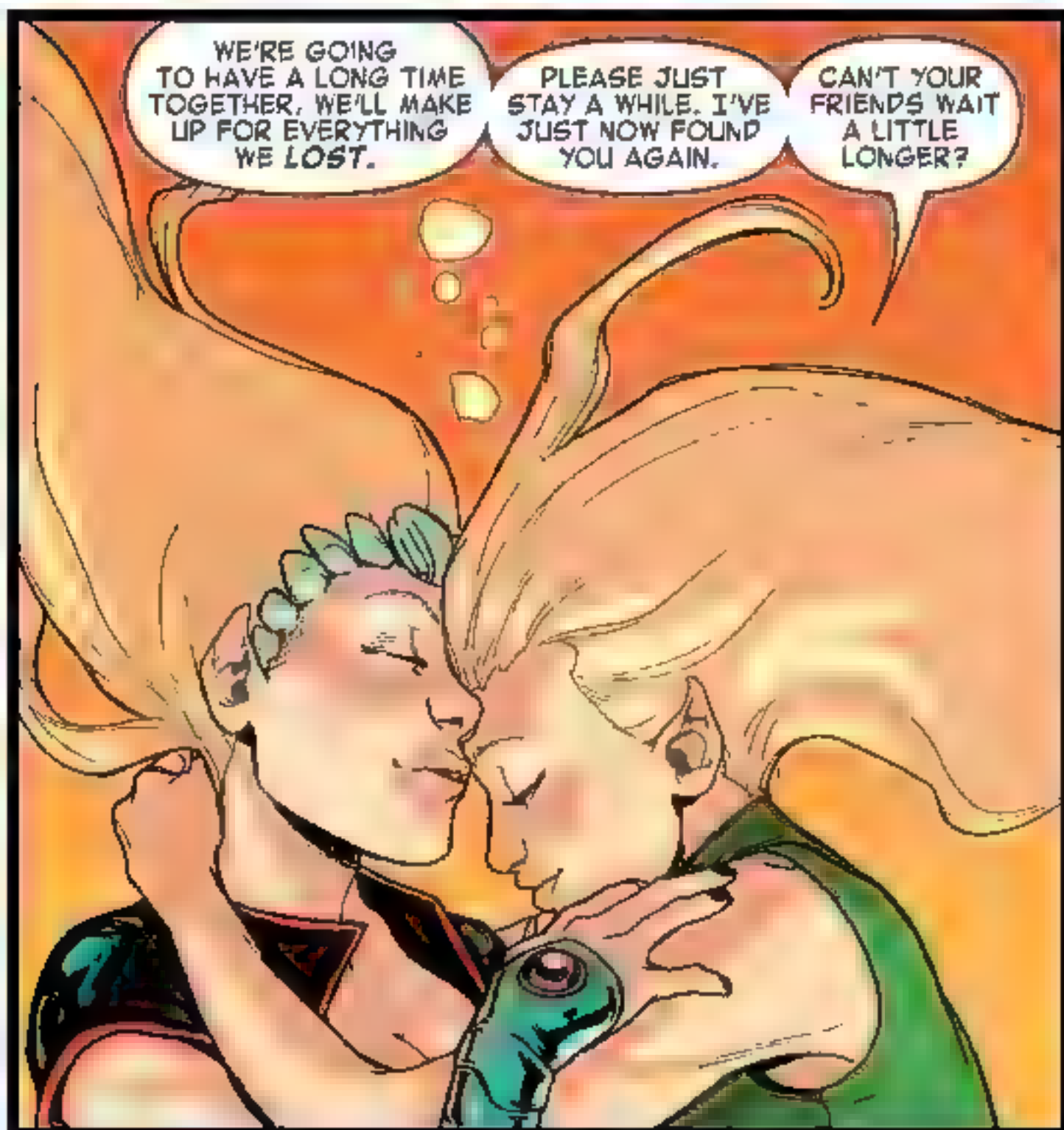
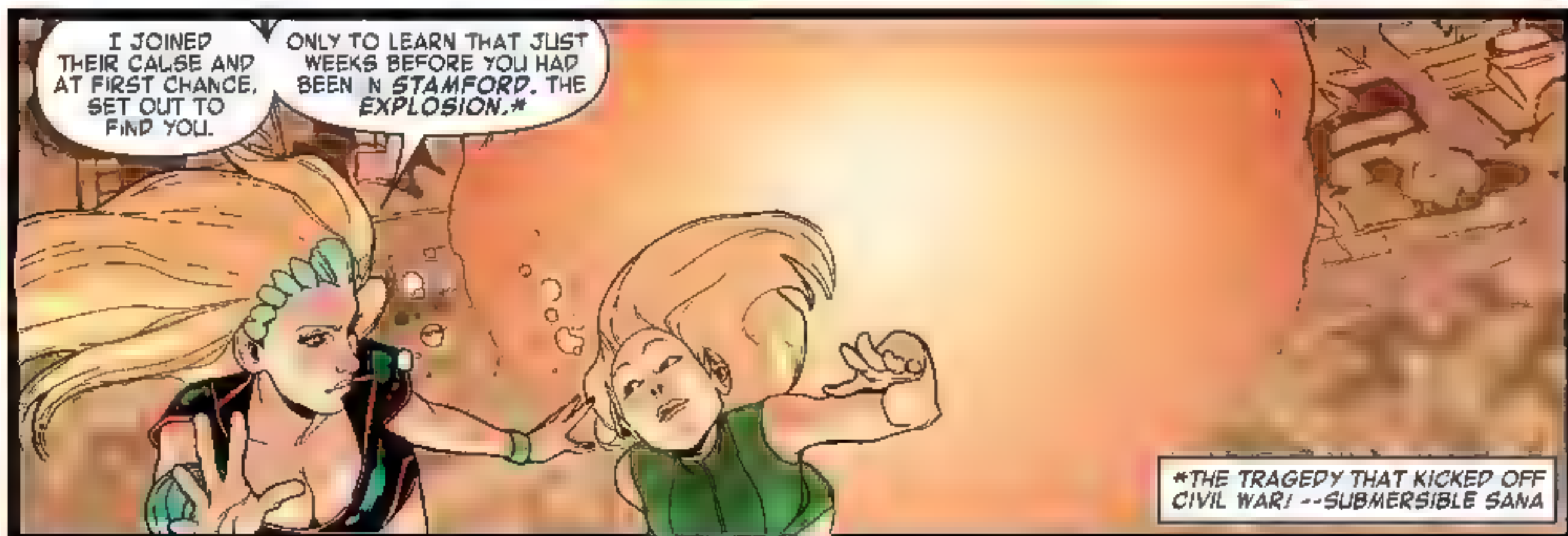
WHAT DO YOU SEE NAMORA THE GREAT?

CAN YOU HEAR THE VOICE OF THE DEEP?

WHAT DO YOU SEE...









...WHICH
IS WHY
THIS HAS
TO END.

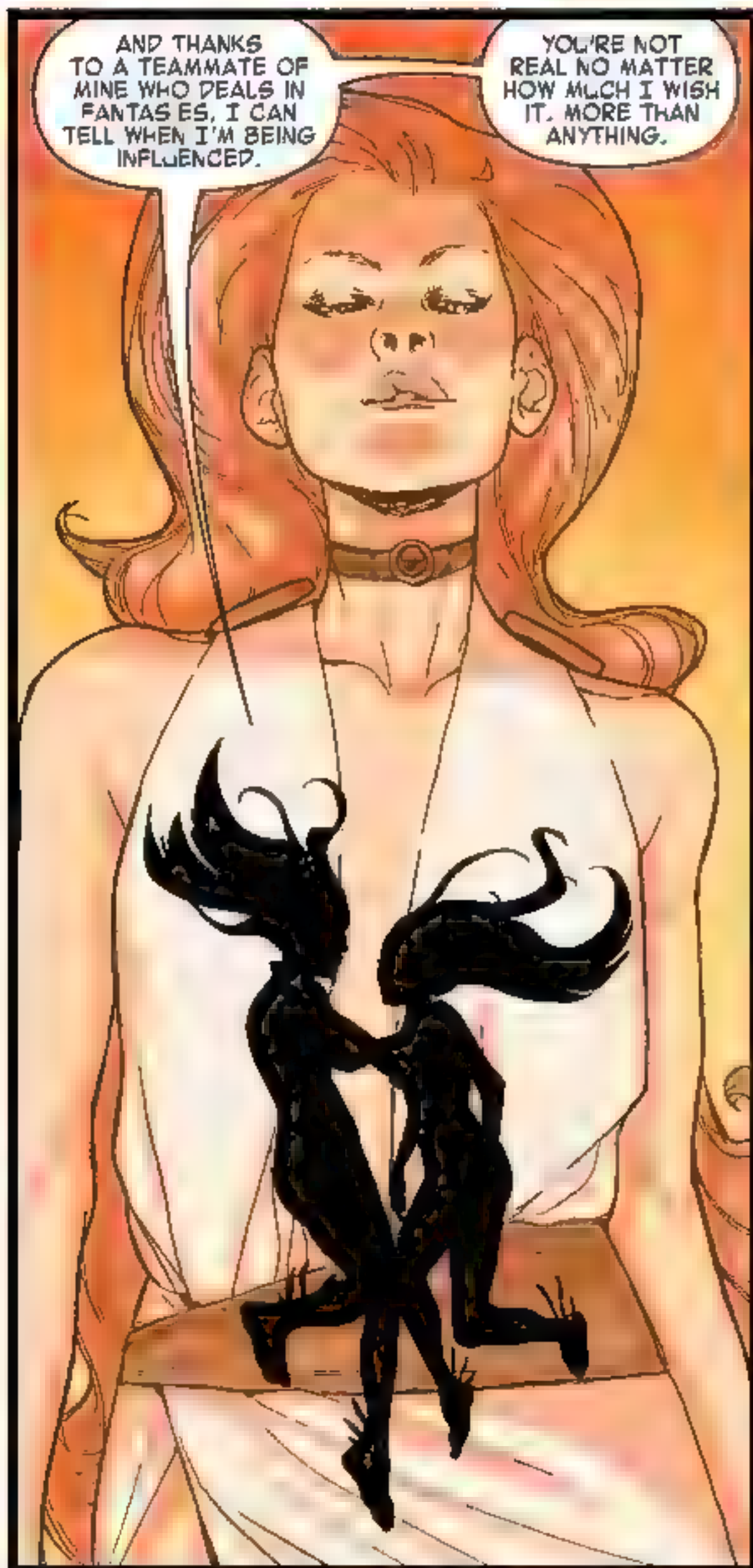
WHAT? I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.



EVERYTHING
ABOUT MY LIFE TELLS
ME THAT THERE IS NO
SUCH THING.

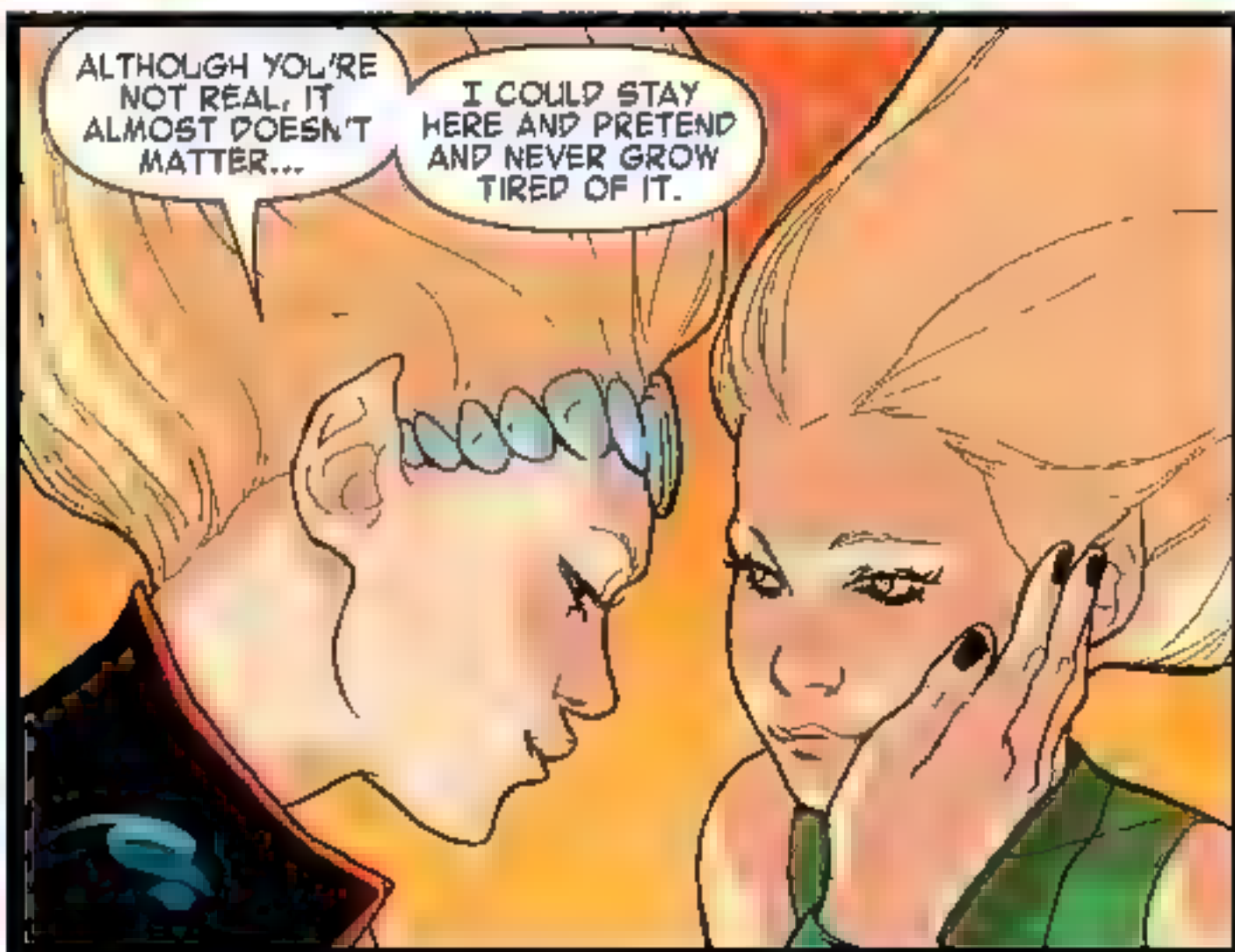
I FIND MOMENTS
OF GREATNESS AND
HAPPINESS, BUT
PERFECTION?

NEVER.



AND THANKS
TO A TEAMMATE OF
MINE WHO DEALS IN
FANTASIES, I CAN
TELL WHEN I'M BEING
INFLUENCED.

YOU'RE NOT
REAL NO MATTER
HOW MUCH I WISH
IT. MORE THAN
ANYTHING.



ALTHOUGH YOU'RE
NOT REAL, IT
ALMOST DOESN'T
MATTER...

I COULD STAY
HERE AND PRETEND
AND NEVER GROW
TIRED OF IT.



BUT THAT IS
NOT LIVING. THAT
IS WHAT SOMEONE
ELSE WANTS ME
TO DO.

AND I
CHOOSE MY
OWN PATH.

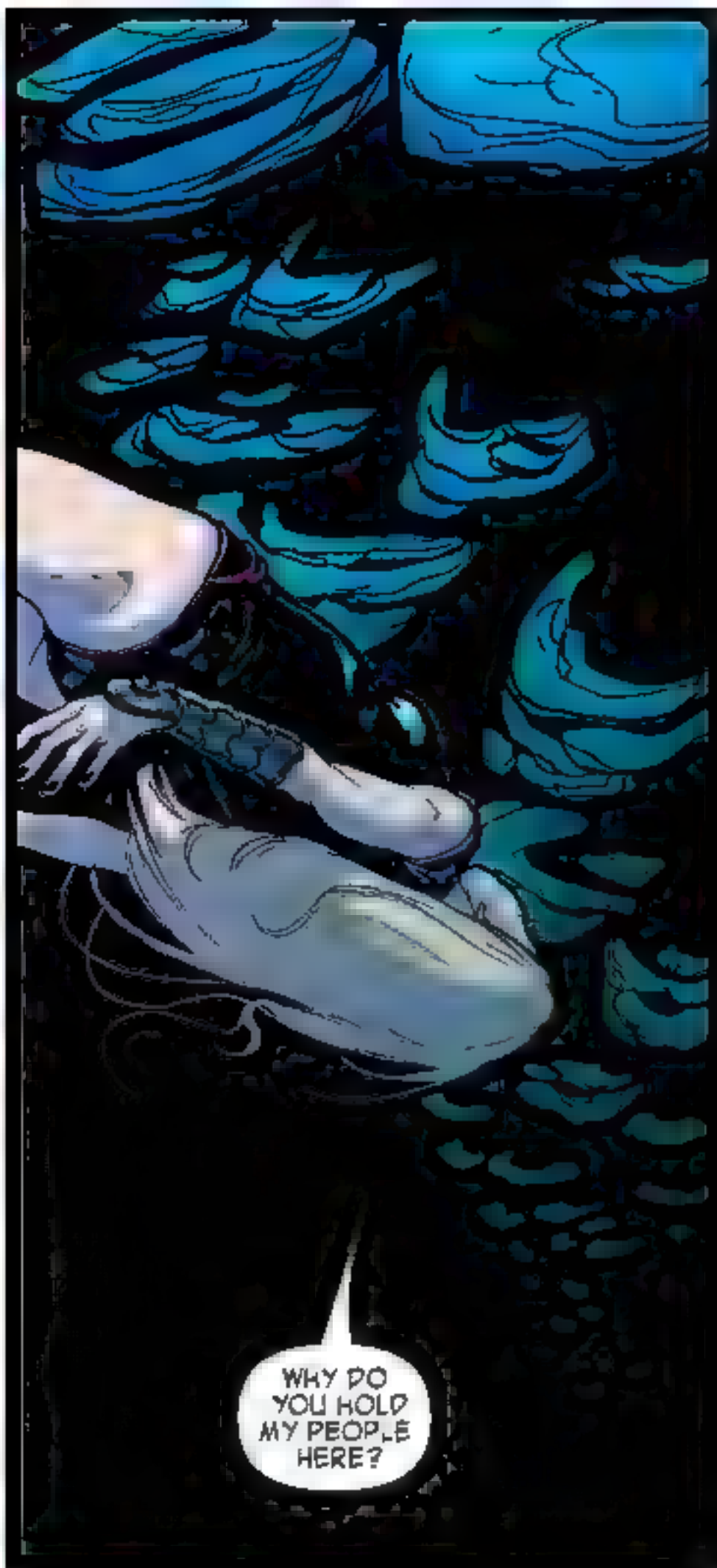


THE
SOURCE OF
THIS...DREAM...
IS DOWN
HERE.

WHERE
ARE YOU?



WHO
ARE YOU?



WHY DO
YOU HOLD
MY PEOPLE
HERE?



I SENSE YOU...
ALMOST
TELEPATHICALLY.

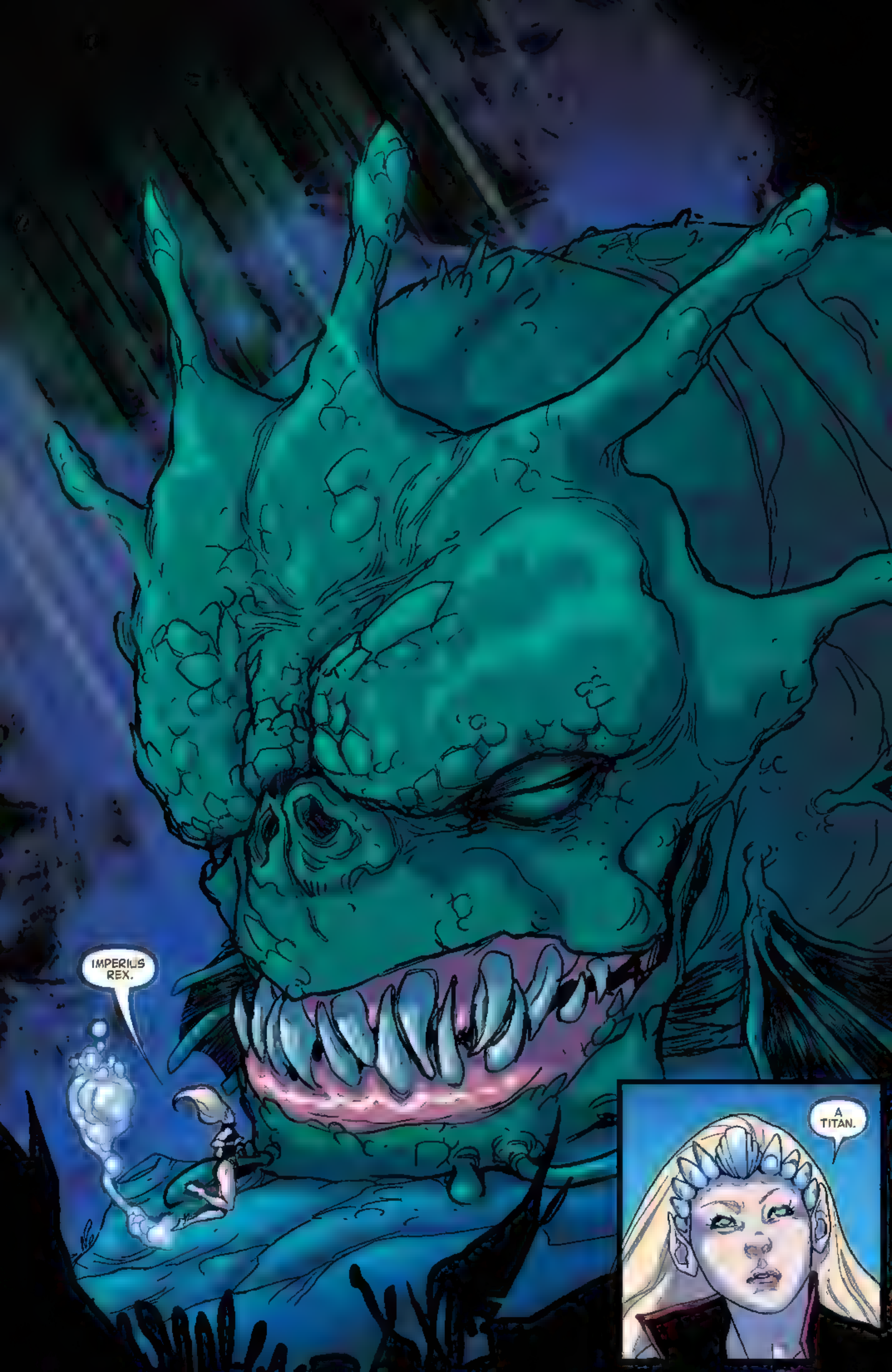
COMING
FROM ALL
AROUND...



...AND
NOWHERE.

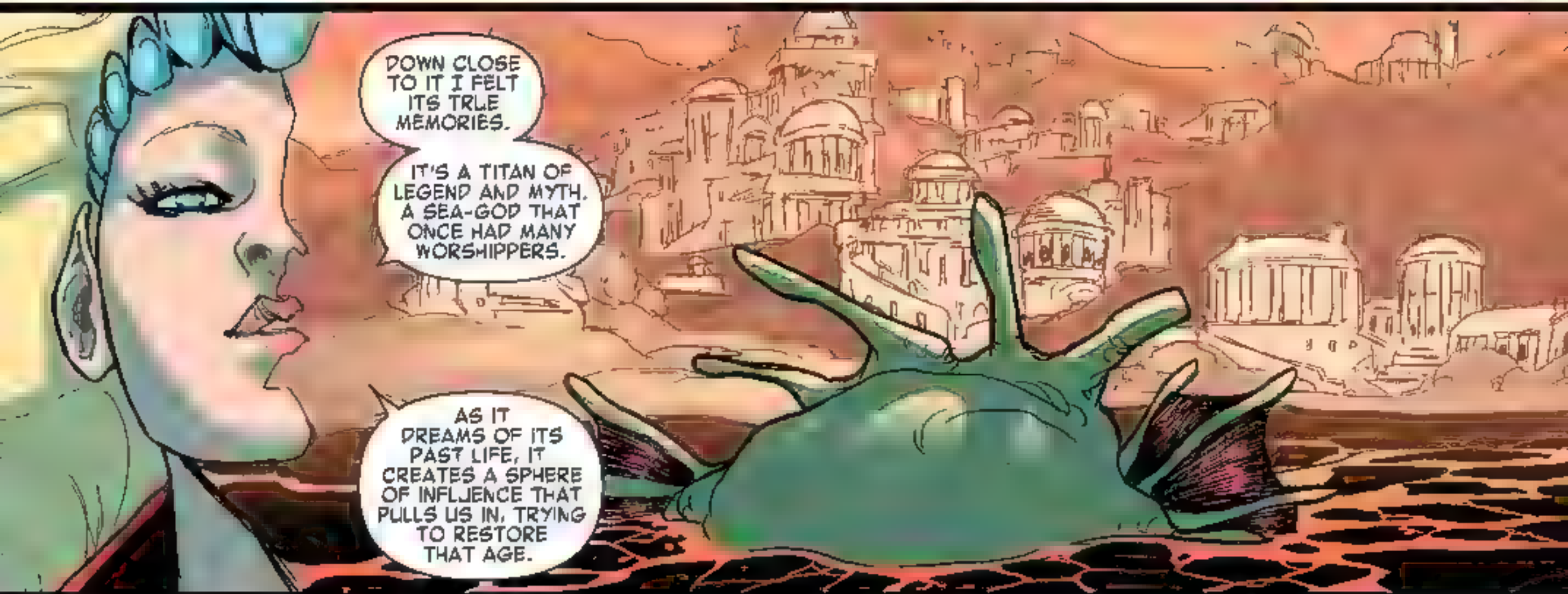
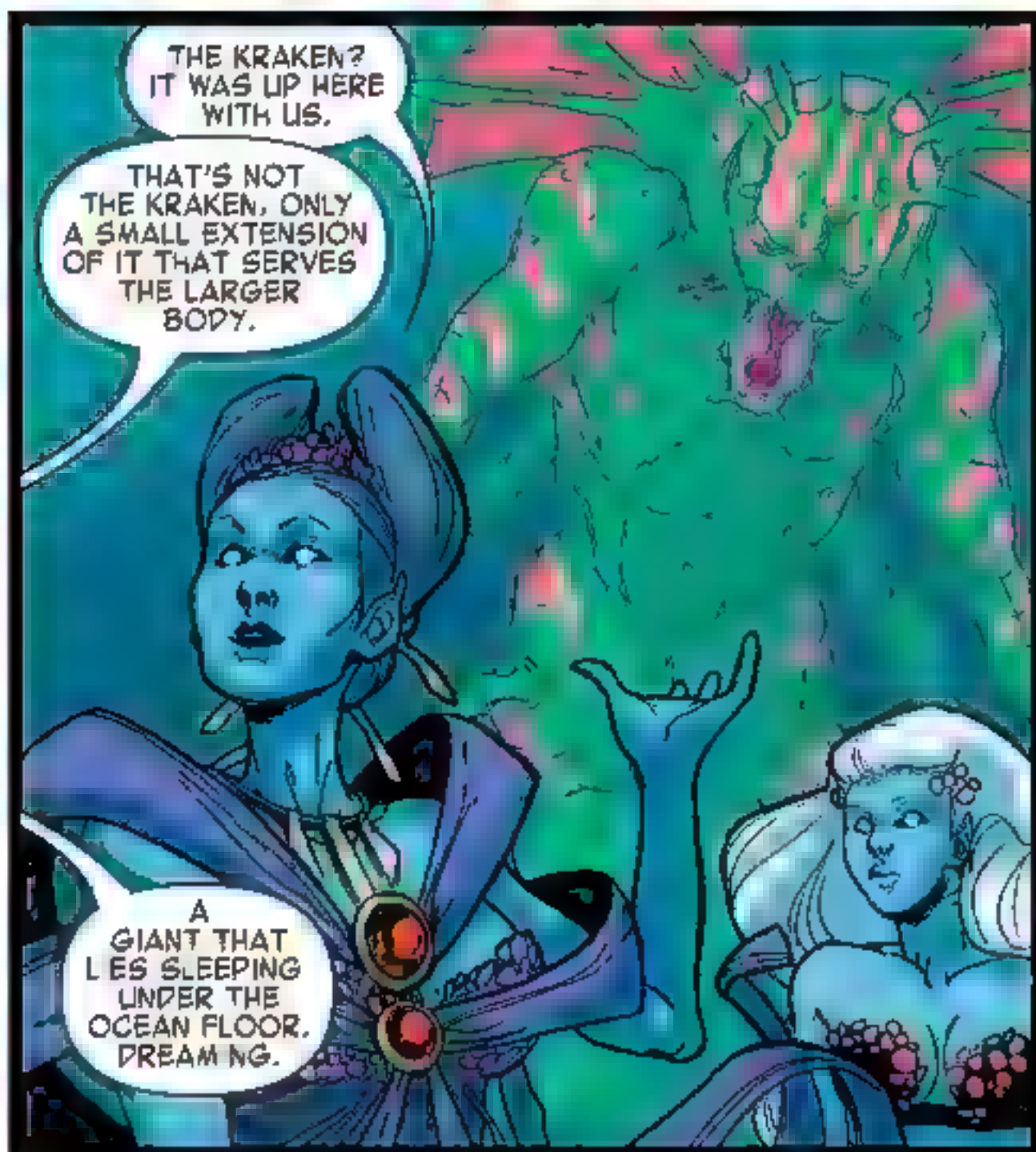
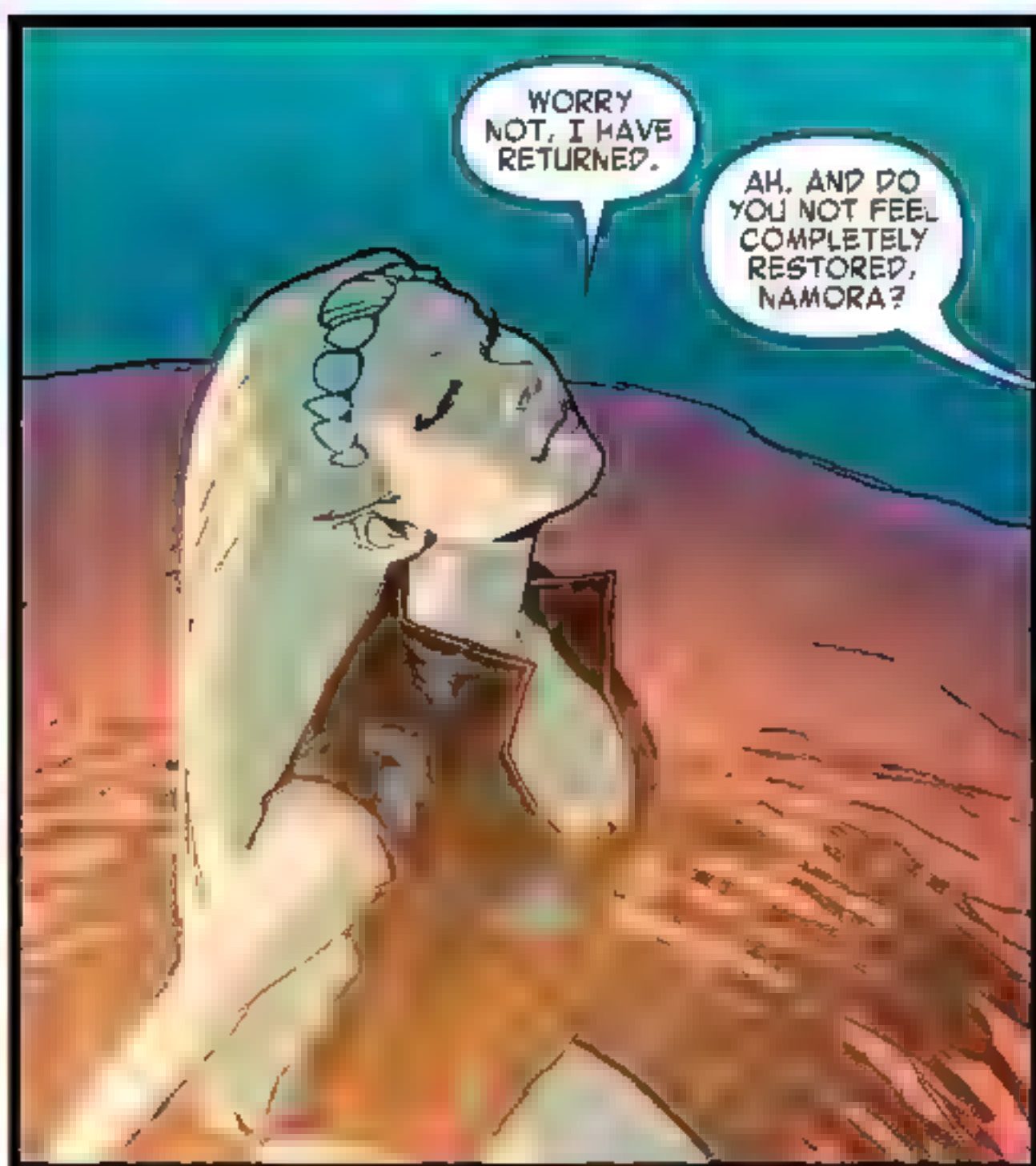
WHERE
COULD--

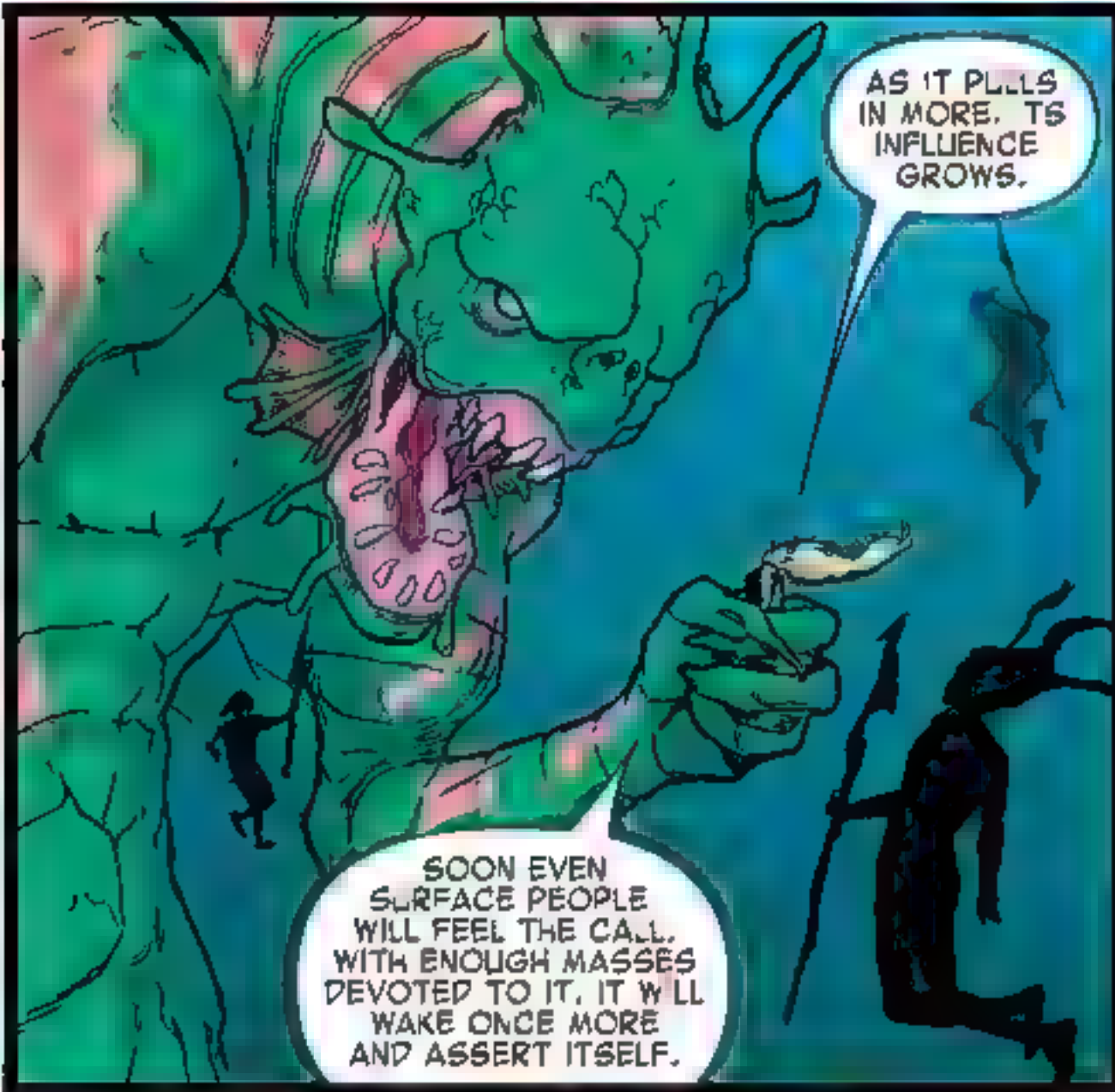
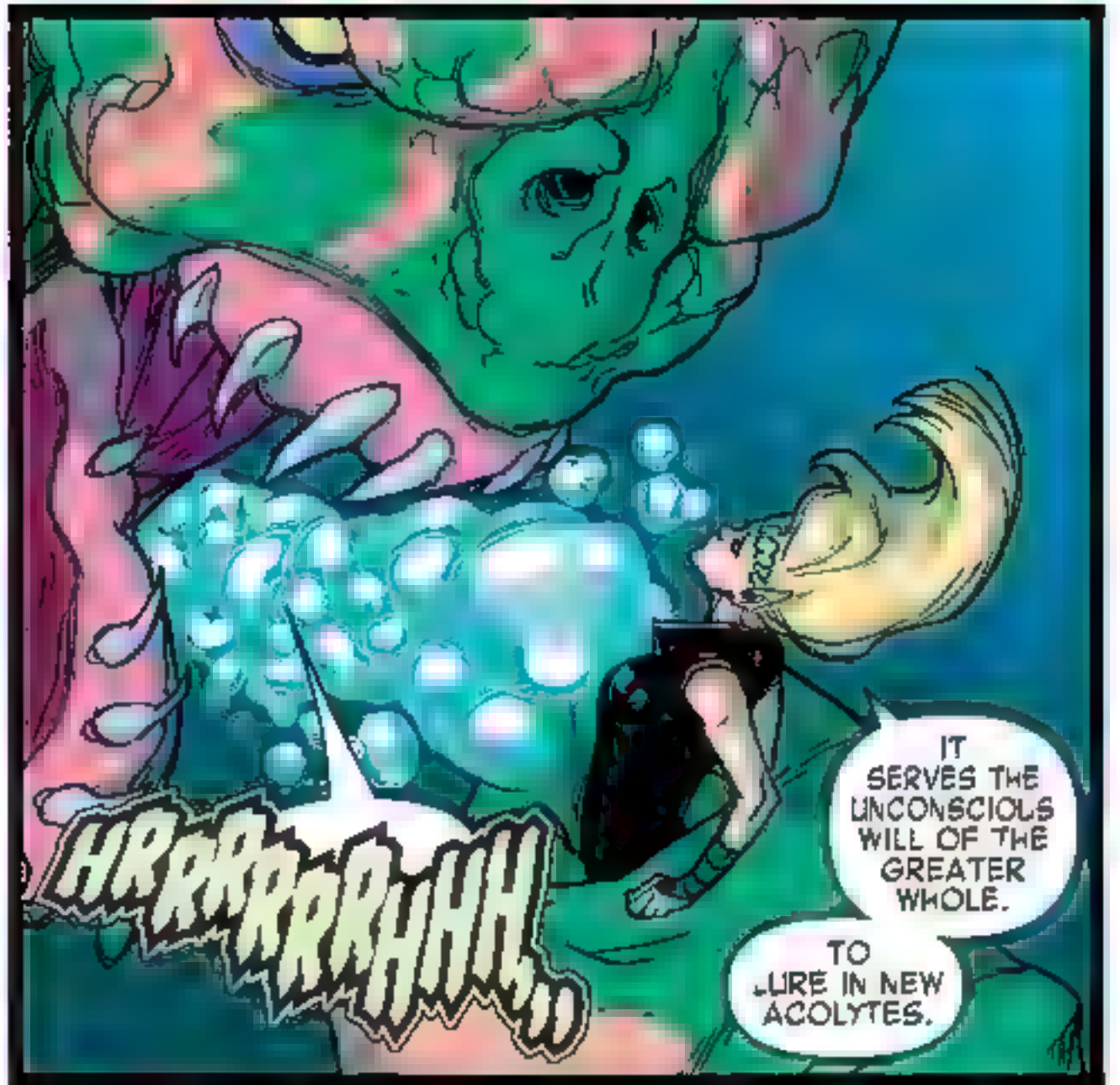
OH.



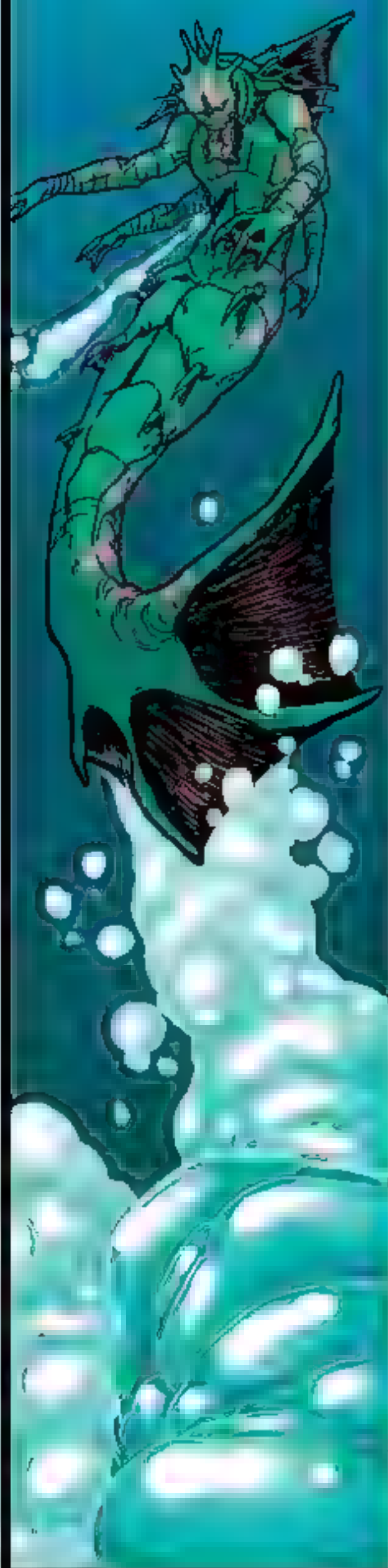
IMPERIUS
REX.

A
TITAN.

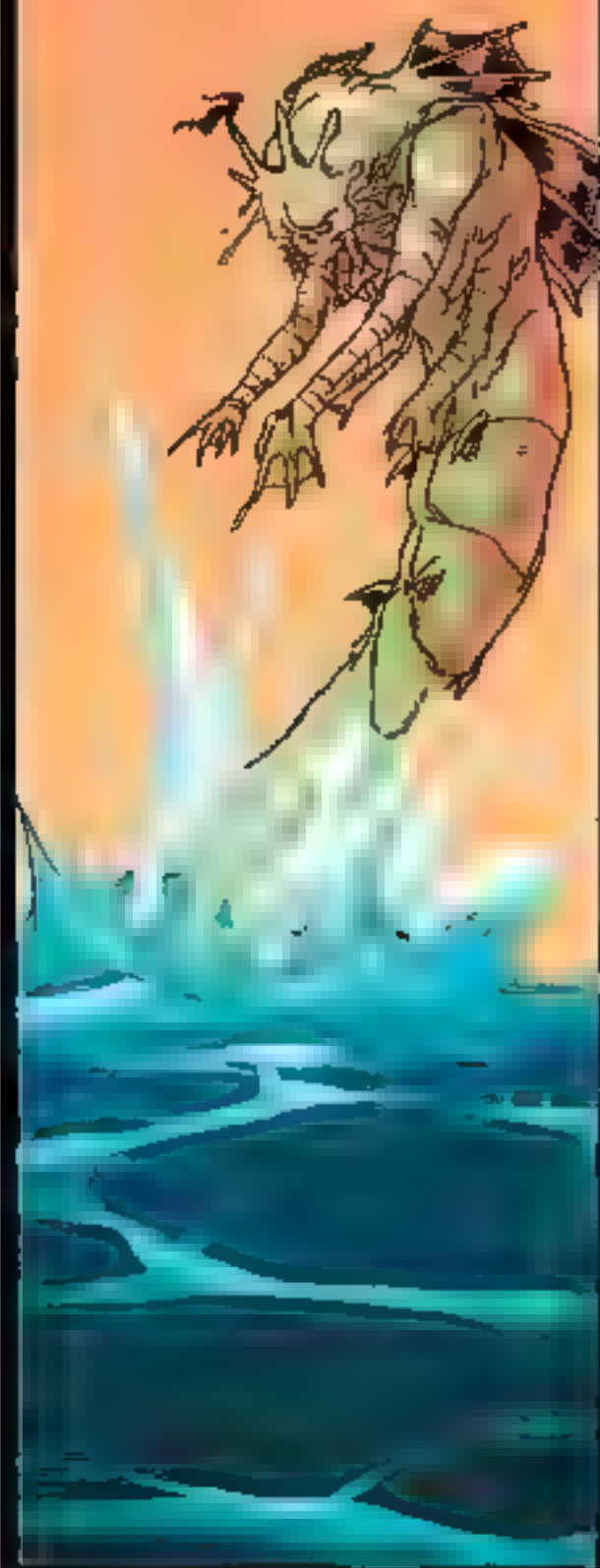




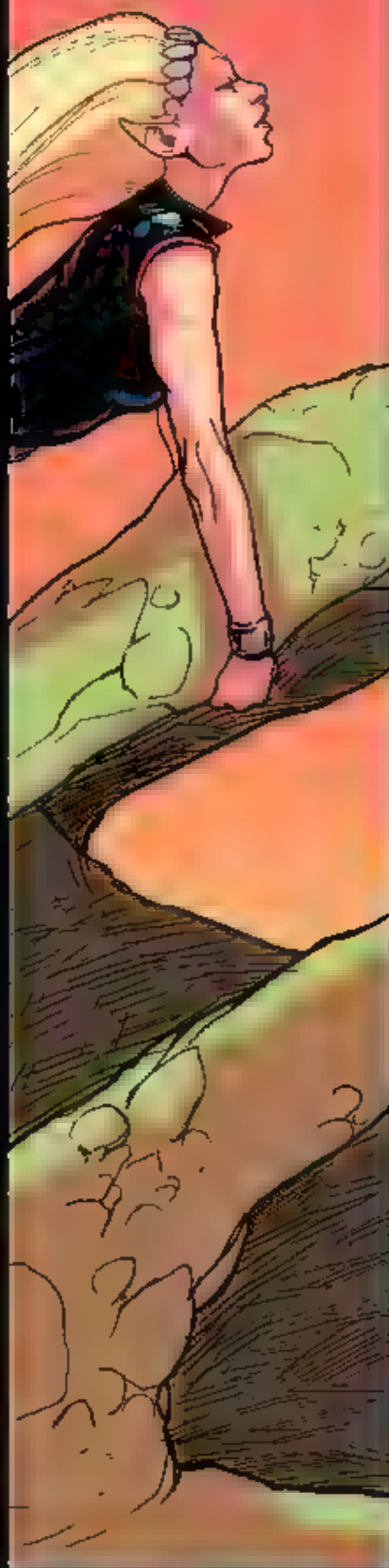
FORTUNATELY,
I AM A WOMAN
OF TWO WORLDS.



MY STRENGTH COMES
NOT JUST FROM MY
ATLANTEAN HERITAGE
BUT MY HUMAN
MOTHER AS WELL.



TWO ANCIENT RACES
LONG SEPARATED,
JOINED AGAIN.

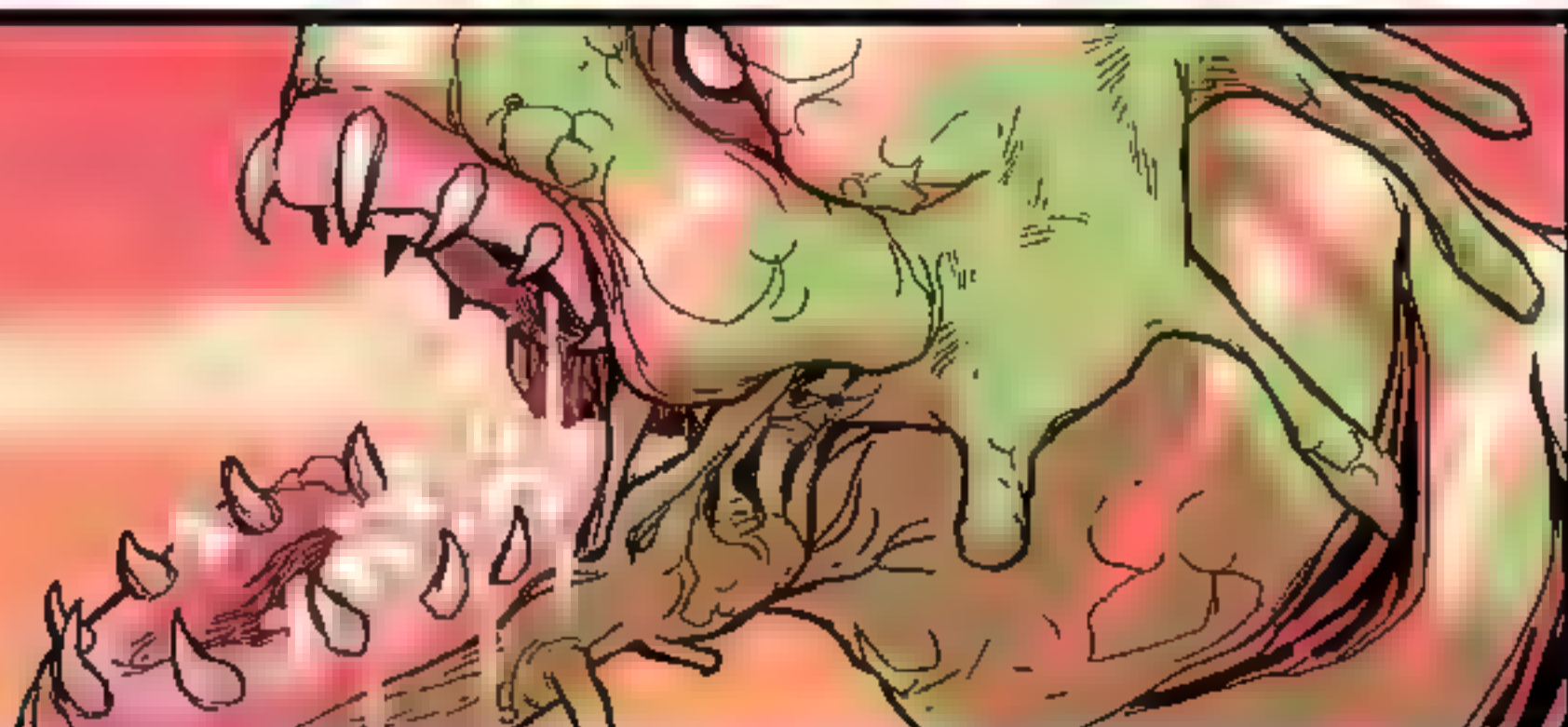


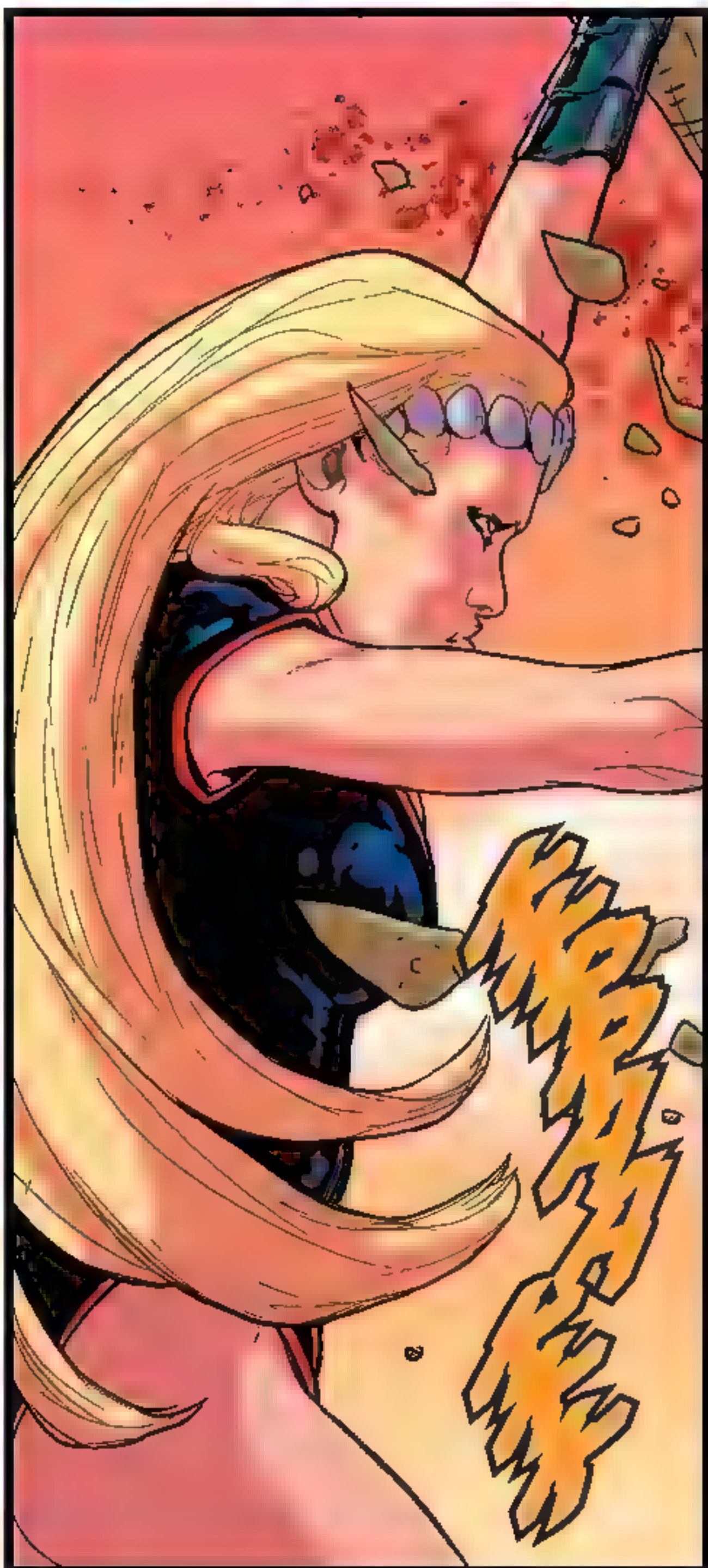
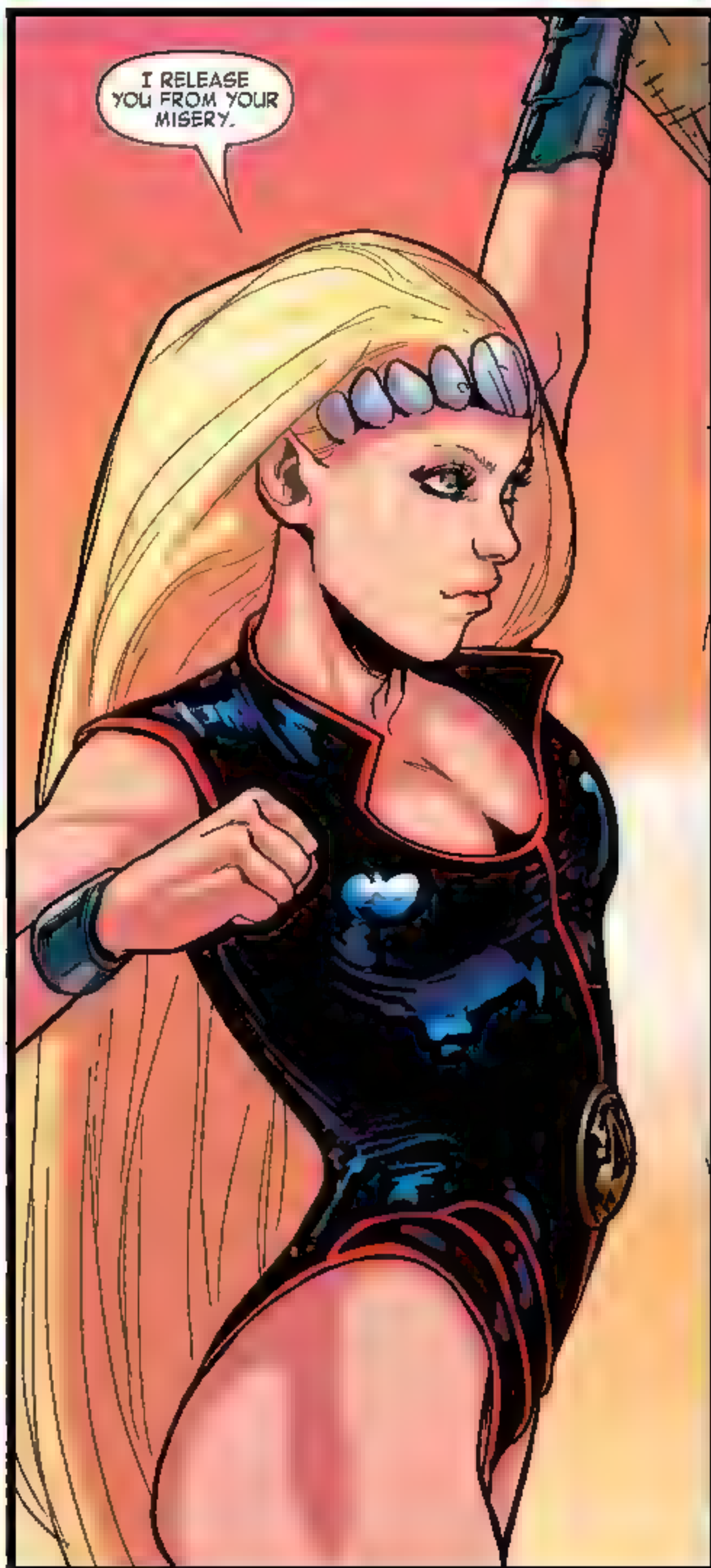
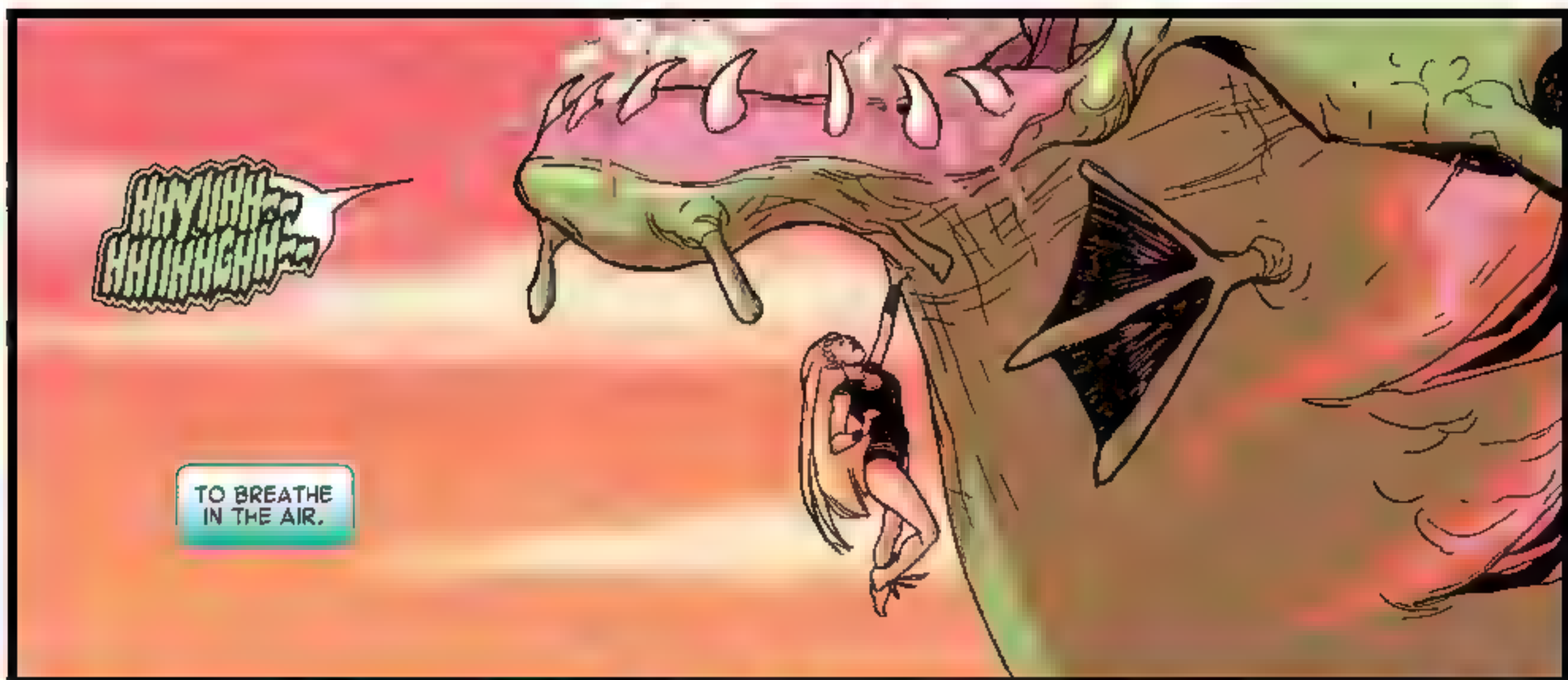
I AM A HYBRID SO
RARE THAT SCIENCE
CONSIDERS
ME A MUTATION.

BUT IT'S NOT MY
POWER THAT WILL SEE
ME THROUGH TODAY.



IT'S AN ORDINARY
ABILITY THAT ALL OF MY
MOTHER'S RACE HAVE.





WHEN I RETURNED,
THE COLONY NO
LONGER FELT THE PULL.

BUT WHO KNOWS HOW LONG
UNTIL THE KRAKEN RELEASES
ANOTHER ASPECT OF ITSELF? I
MADE THEM PACK IMMEDIATELY.

FEW OF THE SURFACE WORLD
HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT WONDERS
AND LEGENDS THE OCEAN HOLDS

EVEN LESS KNOW OF THE
DARK SECRETS THAT LIE
BENEATH. I DO.

BEHIND OUR MOST
APPEALING DESIRES
OFTEN LIES DEEP
HIDDEN DANGER.

TO CHARGE THROUGH AND
FACE IT IS MY ROLE IN THE
WORLD ABOVE AND BELOW.



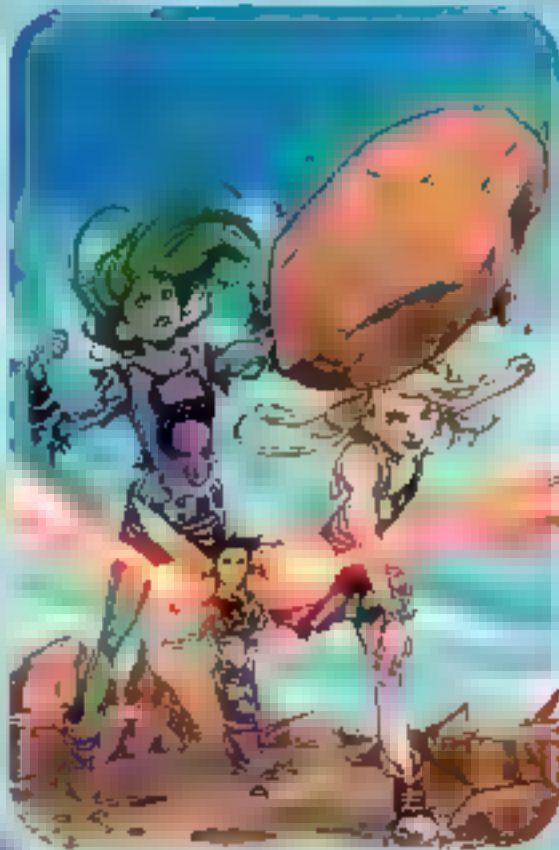
I AM
NAMORA.

END

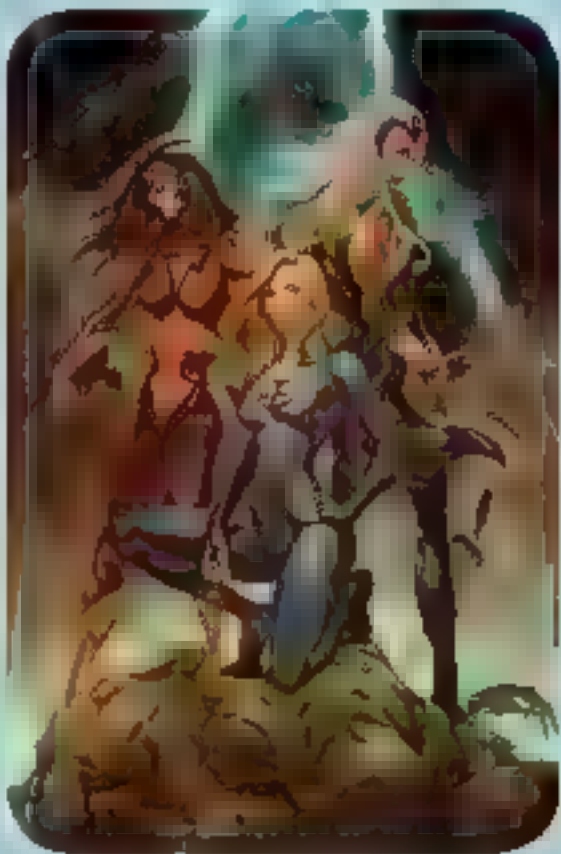
NEED MORE NAMORA?

CHECK OUT THE
WOMEN
of
MARVEL®

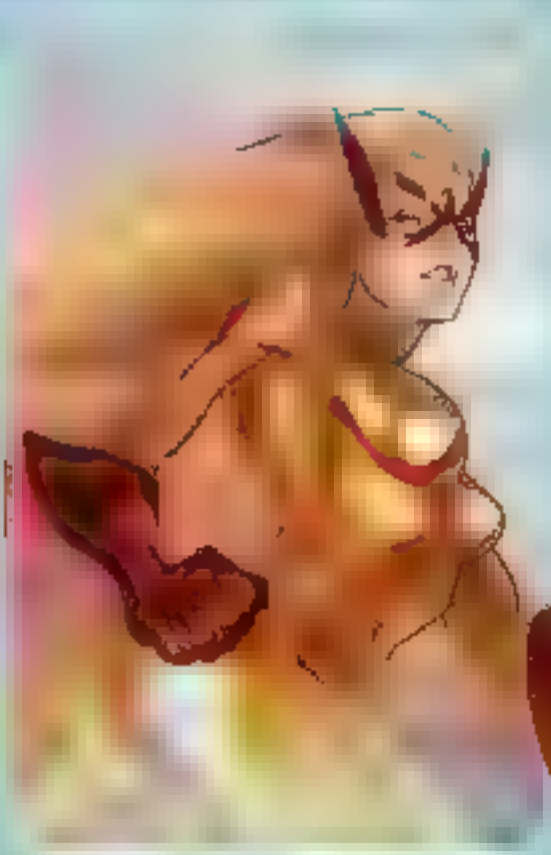
HER-OES #3



GIRL COMICS #3



SPITFIRE #1



ATLAS™



ATLAS #2



ATLAS #3



ATLAS #4

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**WOMEN
of
MARVEL**
ONE-SHOT
1

**CHOI
LASHLEY
TOWNSEND
WOODARD**

Lady DEADPOOL



Lady DEADPOOL



Writer: Mary H.K. Choi

Pencils: Ken Lashley

**Inks: Tim Townsend
Andrew Hennessy**

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Editor: Axel Alonso

Editor in Chief: Joe Quesada

Publisher: Dan Buckley

Exec. Producer: Alan Fine

SOMEWHERE IN A FUTURISTIC ALTERNATE REALITY OF GLUTTONY AND AWESOMENESS...

DON'T THAT MAKE A FAT GIRL HAPPY? ALL THAT CREAM GRAVY! YOU CAN TELL THERE'S NUTMEG IN THERE. WHETHER YOU'RE MAKING THIS RECIPE FOR A PARTY OR JUST FOR LIL' OL' YOU...

WHOOHOO. THIS IS ALL FOR LIL' OL' ME...

GAAAH! WAY TO GO, GIMPTARD, I JUST DID MY NAILS.

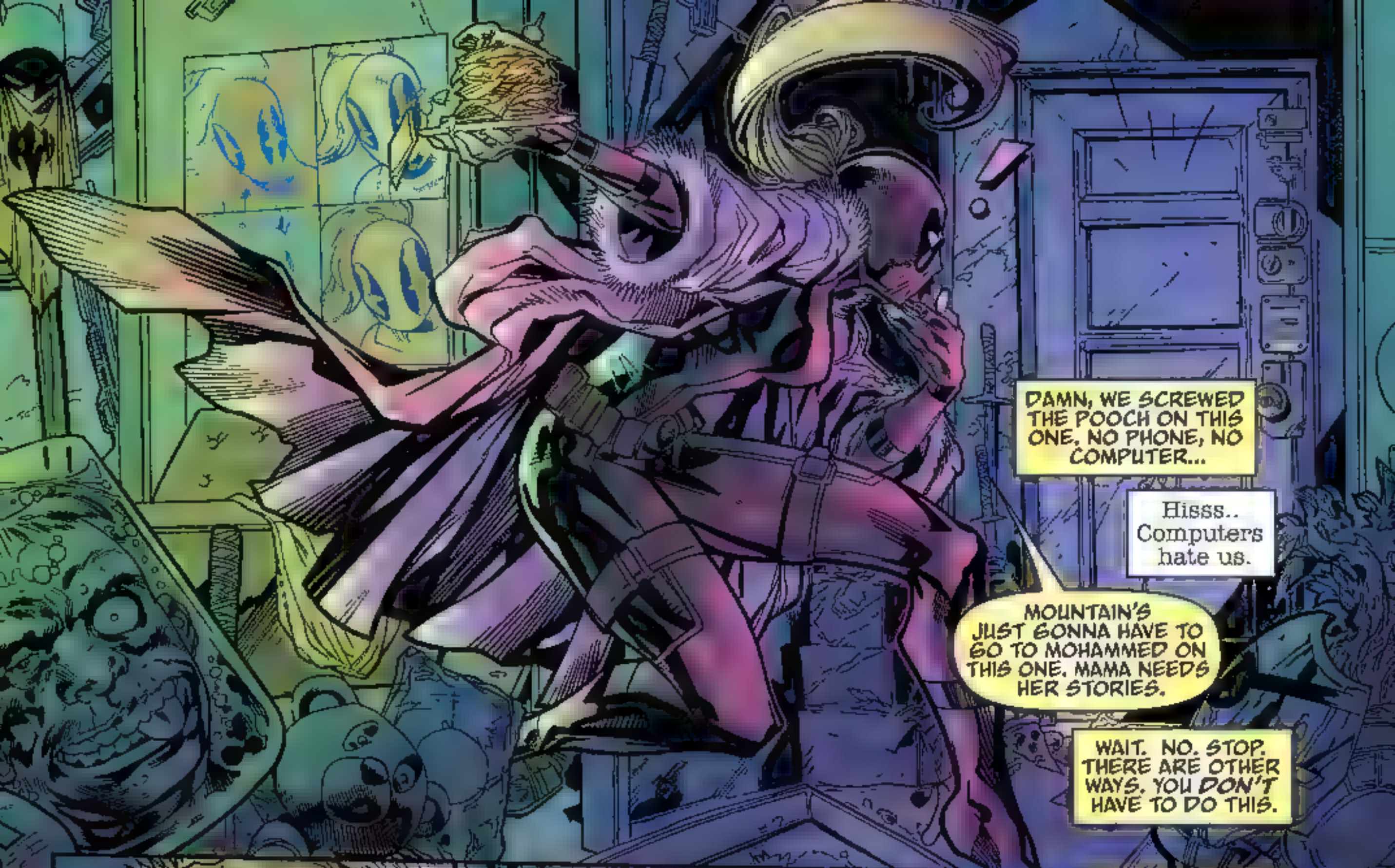
Oops. My bad. Let's save that nugget for later. Ha.

SHUT YOUR PIEHOLES. SHOW'S ON.

NOW LAY YOUR VEAL CHEEKS IN THE HEATED UP DUCK FAT. AIN'T THAT A VISION? LORD, I WISH MY ELASTIC WAISTBAND WEREN'T CHAWIN' INTO MY GUTMEAT.

WHAT? NO! NO! NO!
DON'T DO THIS! PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG! OH GOD, DON'T YOU LEAVE ME. PLEEEASE DON'T GO. DON'T DIE. WAKE UP! PUHLEEEASE?

OOOH LOOK AT THAT LOG SIZZLE. LATER, WHEN WE ROLL IT IN OUR BACON PASTE AND BZZZZZZZZZZT

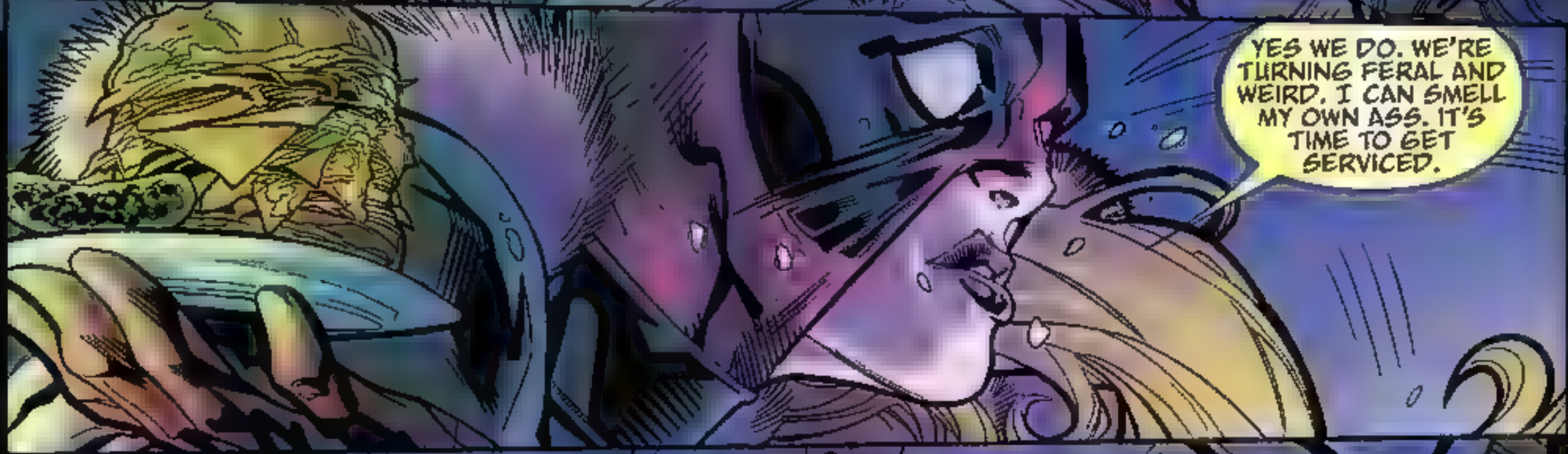


DAMN, WE SCREWED THE POOCH ON THIS ONE. NO PHONE, NO COMPUTER...

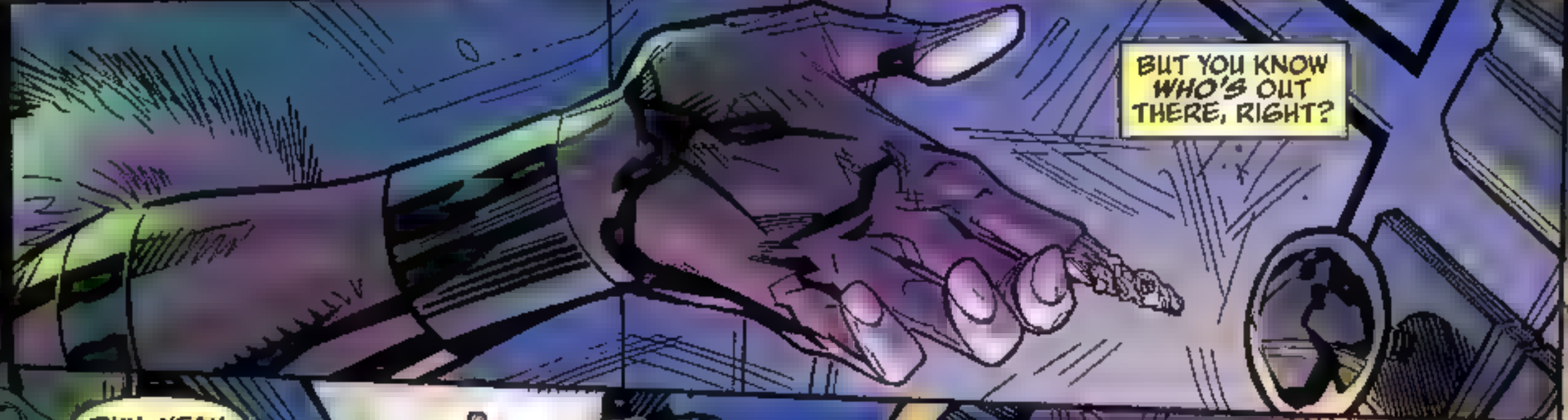
Hiss... Computers hate us.

MOUNTAIN'S JUST GONNA HAVE TO GO TO MOHAMMED ON THIS ONE. MAMA NEEDS HER STORIES.

WAIT. NO. STOP. THERE ARE OTHER WAYS. YOU **DON'T** HAVE TO DO THIS.



YES WE DO. WE'RE TURNING FERAL AND WEIRD. I CAN SMELL MY OWN ASS. IT'S TIME TO GET SERVICED.



BUT YOU KNOW **WHO'S** OUT THERE, RIGHT?



DUH. YEAH, I KNOW **WHO'S** OUT THERE.



PEOPLE.

THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE TELEVISED

Writer: Mary M. Choi Art: Ken Kashig

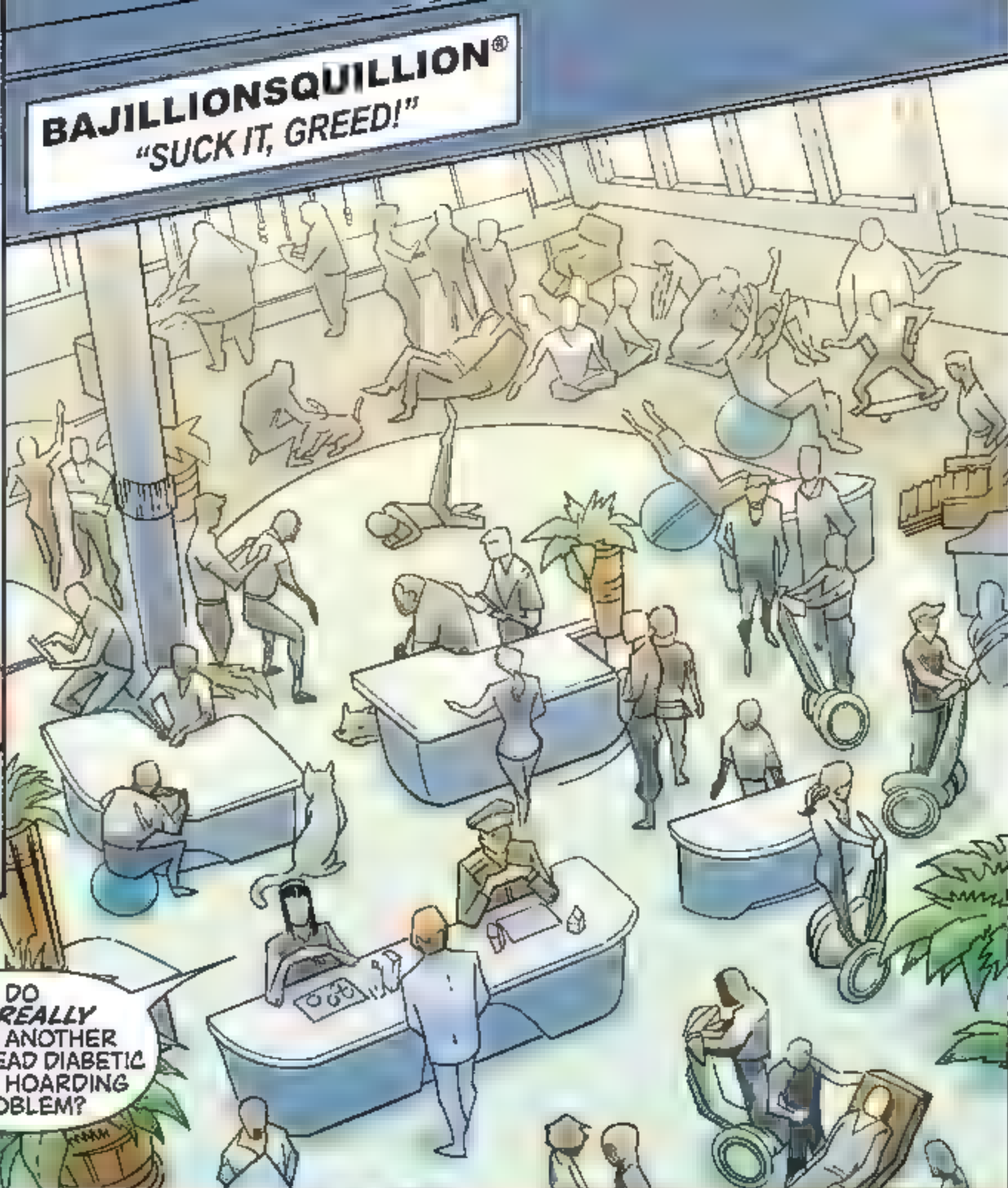
MEANWHILE, IN
THE HYPOALLERGENIC,
WIND-FUELED CAFETERIA
OF A MULTINATIONAL
TECHNOLOGY COMPANY
AND COPYRIGHT HOLDER
OF THE HIGH FIVE...



ALL KLINGON
PRINCESSES, ALL
DAY. SHINY INBRED
FACES.

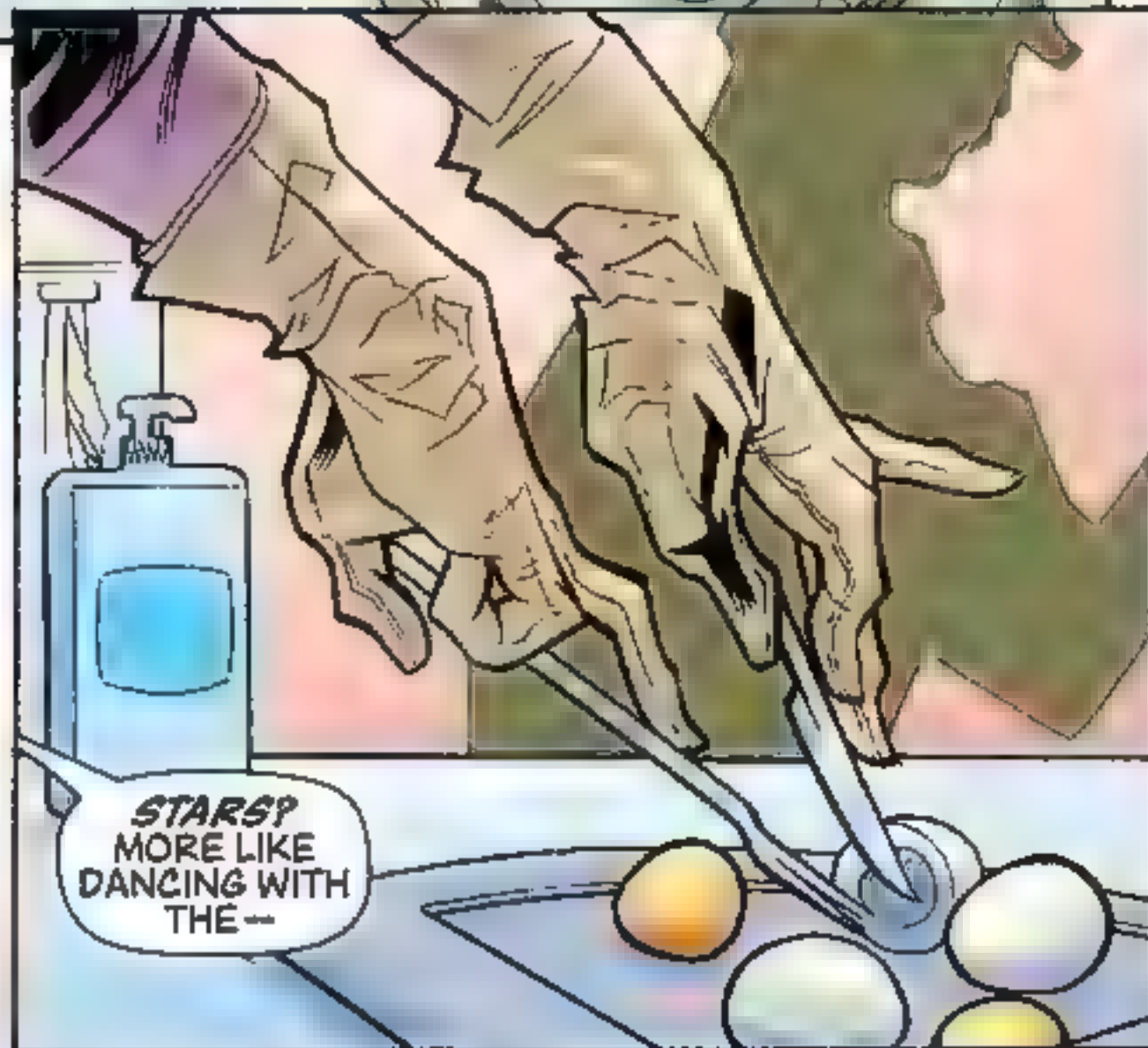
DO
WE *REALLY*
NEED ANOTHER
CRACKHEAD DIABETIC
WITH A HOARDING
PROBLEM?

BAJILLIONSQUILLION®
"SUCK IT, GREED!"



AND *WHY*
DO THEY WANT TO
TANGO WITH E-GRADE
HOLLYWOOD MANWHORES?
COULD GOUGE MY EYES
OUT WITH A SPORK.
GOOD RIDDANCE.

Shoshanna Einhorn,
37, adopted heiress to a
media fortune, journalist,
bloodless harpy.

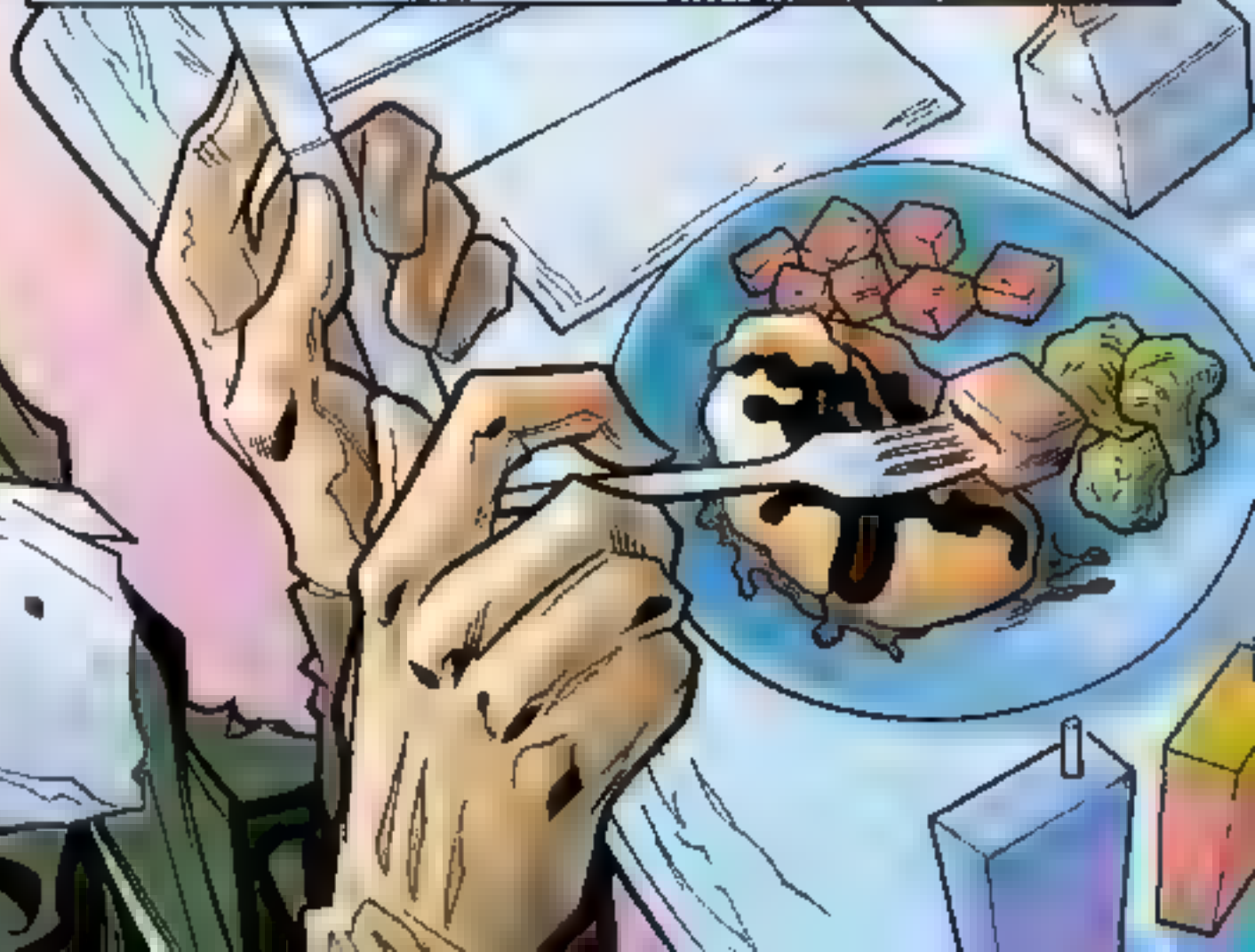


STARS?
MORE LIKE
DANCING WITH
THE—

WELL
GULP! IT'S
UN-AMERICAN TO
WATCH FOOTBALL ON
A *COMPUTER*
SCREEN.

IT'S
UNNATURAL.

Arnold Prior, 63, retired admiral,
U.S. Senator, insists on wearing
his uniform all the time. Like,
even when washing his R.V.

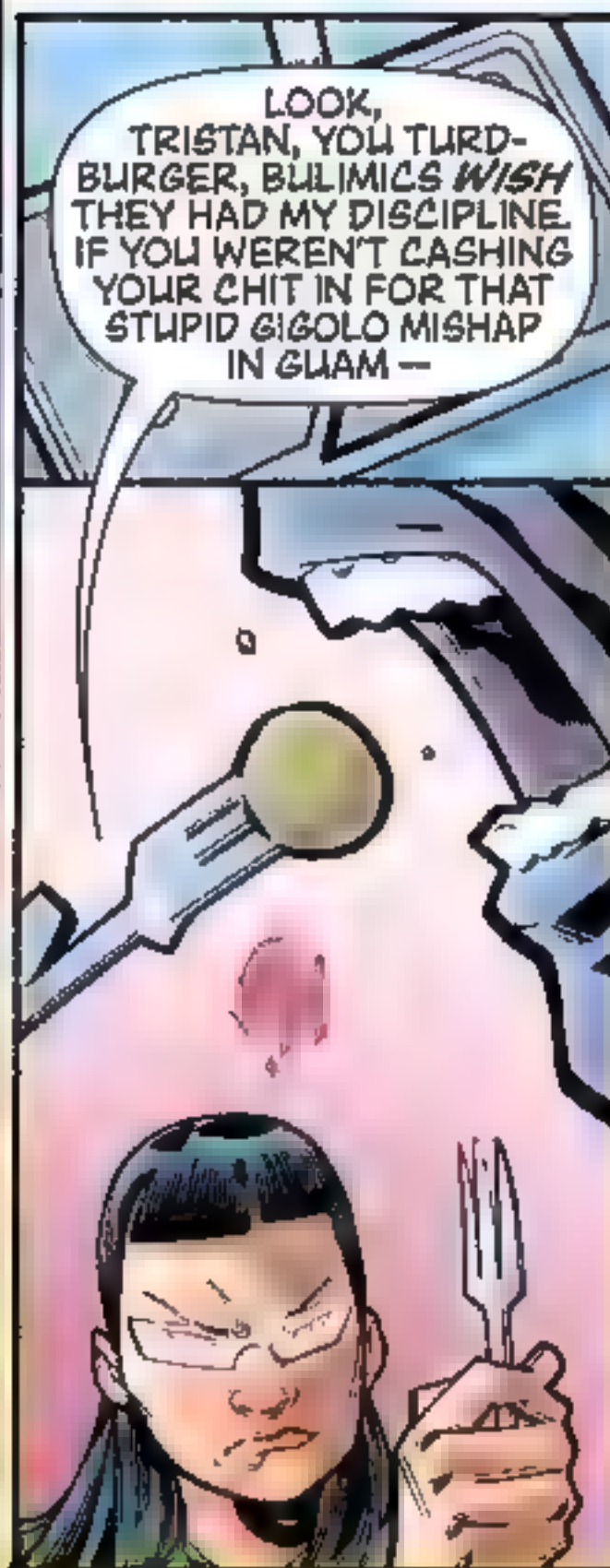




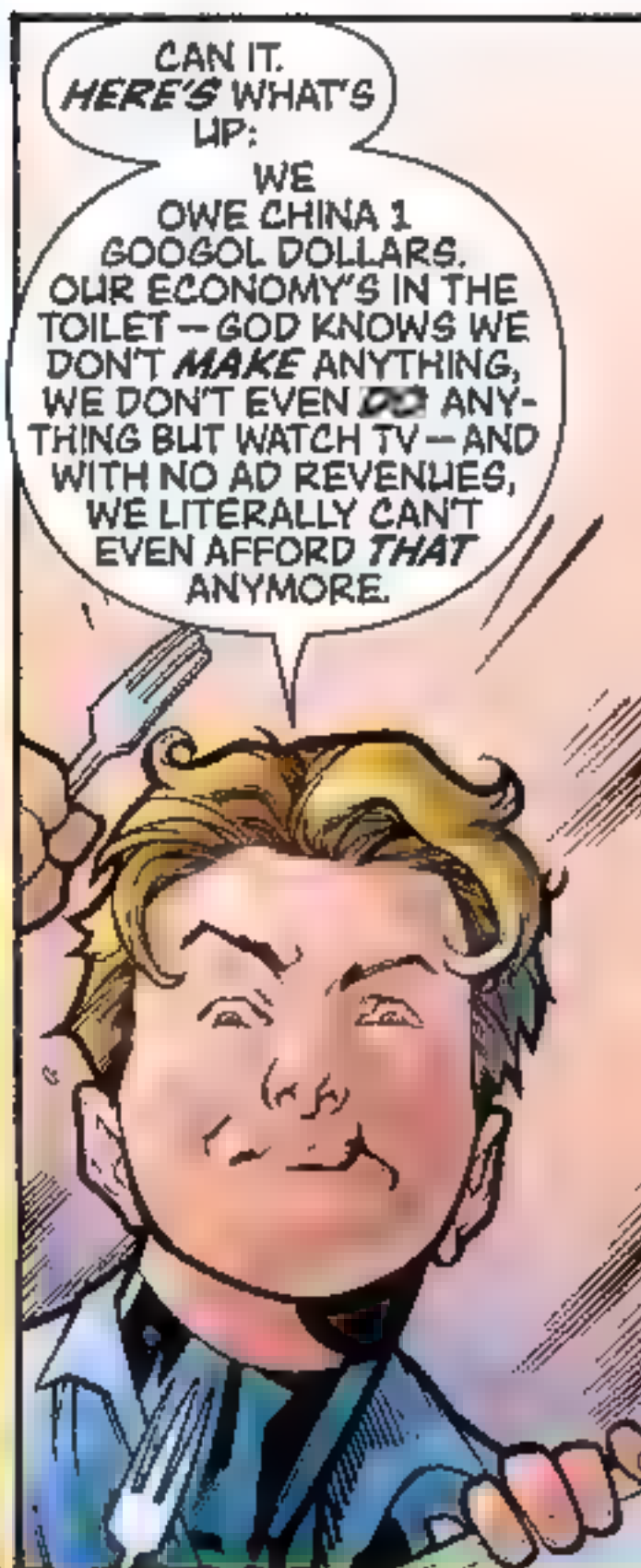
DON'T CRY OVER SPILT MILK, ARNOLD. THE BOOB TUBE'S DONE. DUNZO. NO MAS.

AND GOD, SHOSHANNA, WHY BOTHER WHEN YOU'RE JUST GOING TO PUKE IT UP?

Tristan Sheen, 22, founded Bajillion Squillion Corp. at 15, graduated from M.I.T. at 17. You get the picture.

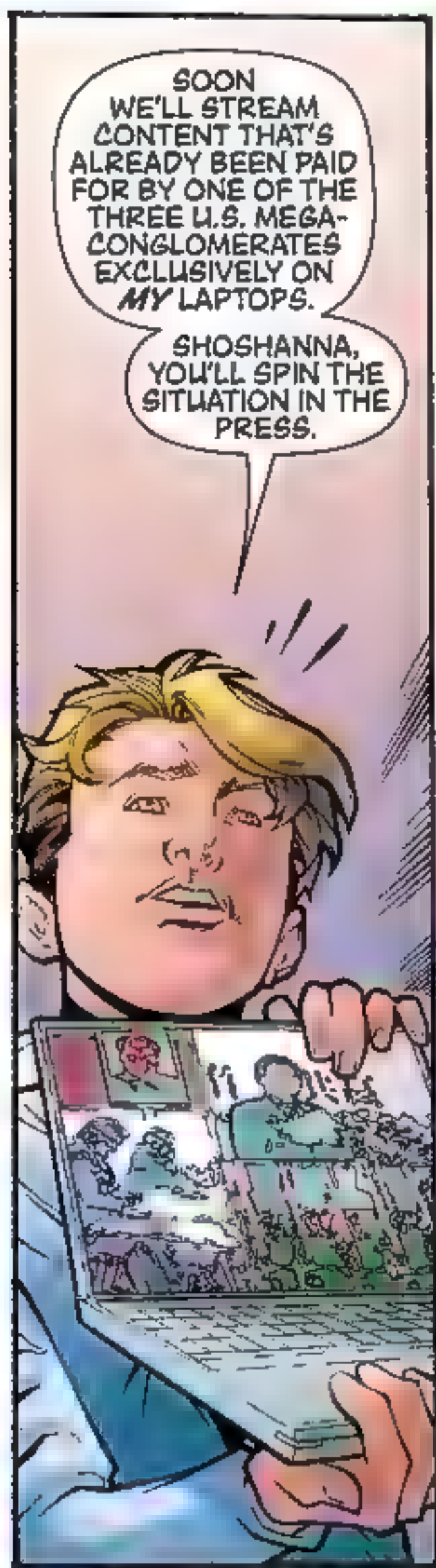


LOOK, TRISTAN, YOU TURD-BURGER, BULIMICS WISH THEY HAD MY DISCIPLINE. IF YOU WEREN'T CASHING YOUR CHIT IN FOR THAT STUPID GIGOLO MISHAP IN GUAM —



CAN IT. HERE'S WHAT'S UP:

WE OWE CHINA 1 GOOGOL DOLLARS. OUR ECONOMY'S IN THE TOILET — GOD KNOWS WE DON'T **MAKE** ANYTHING, WE DON'T EVEN **DO** ANYTHING BUT WATCH TV — AND WITH NO AD REVENUES, WE LITERALLY CAN'T EVEN AFFORD **THAT** ANYMORE.



SOON WE'LL STREAM CONTENT THAT'S ALREADY BEEN PAID FOR BY ONE OF THE THREE U.S. MEGA-CONGLOMERATES EXCLUSIVELY ON **MY** LAPTOPS.

SHOSHANNA, YOU'LL SPIN THE SITUATION IN THE PRESS.



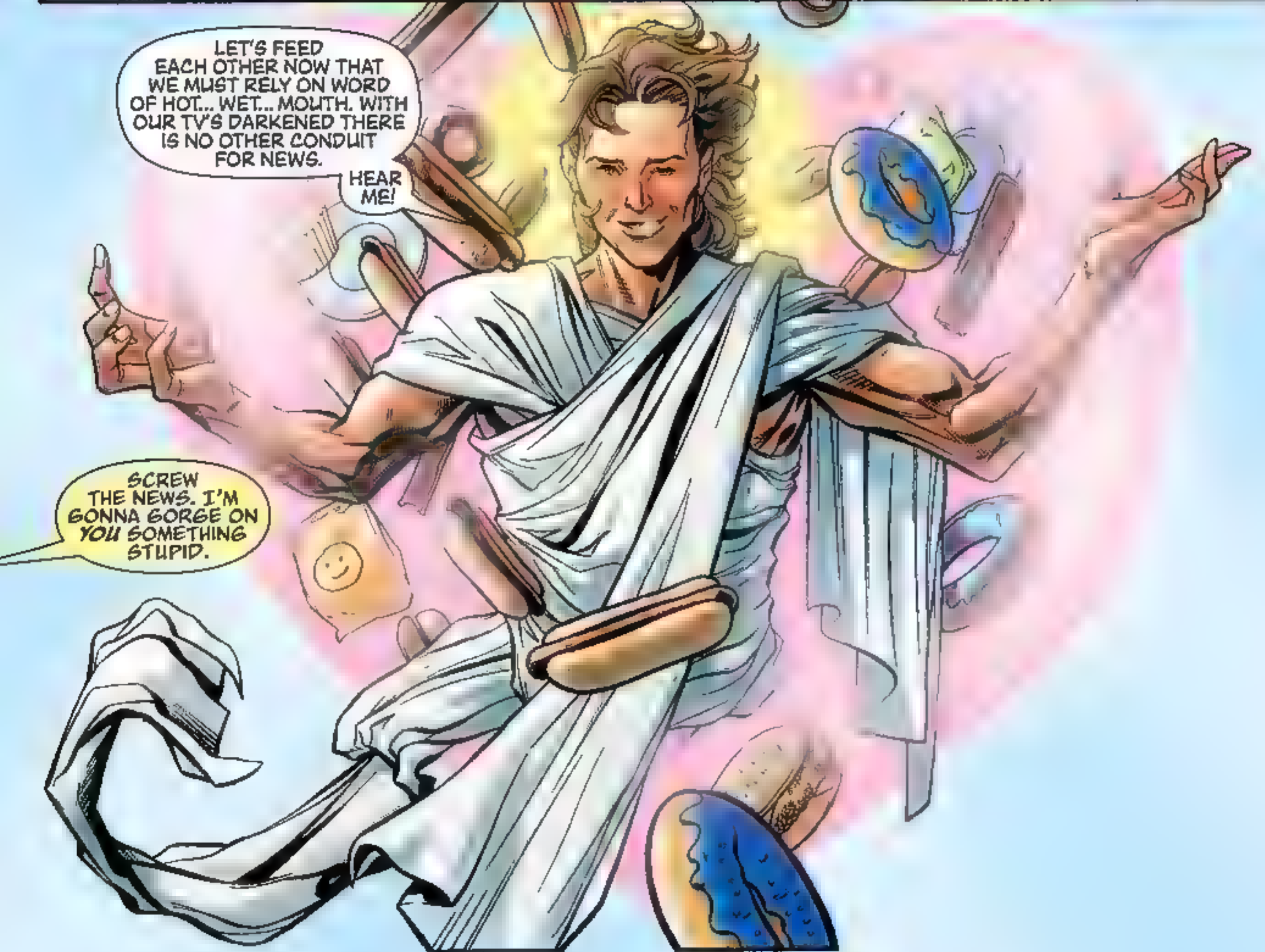
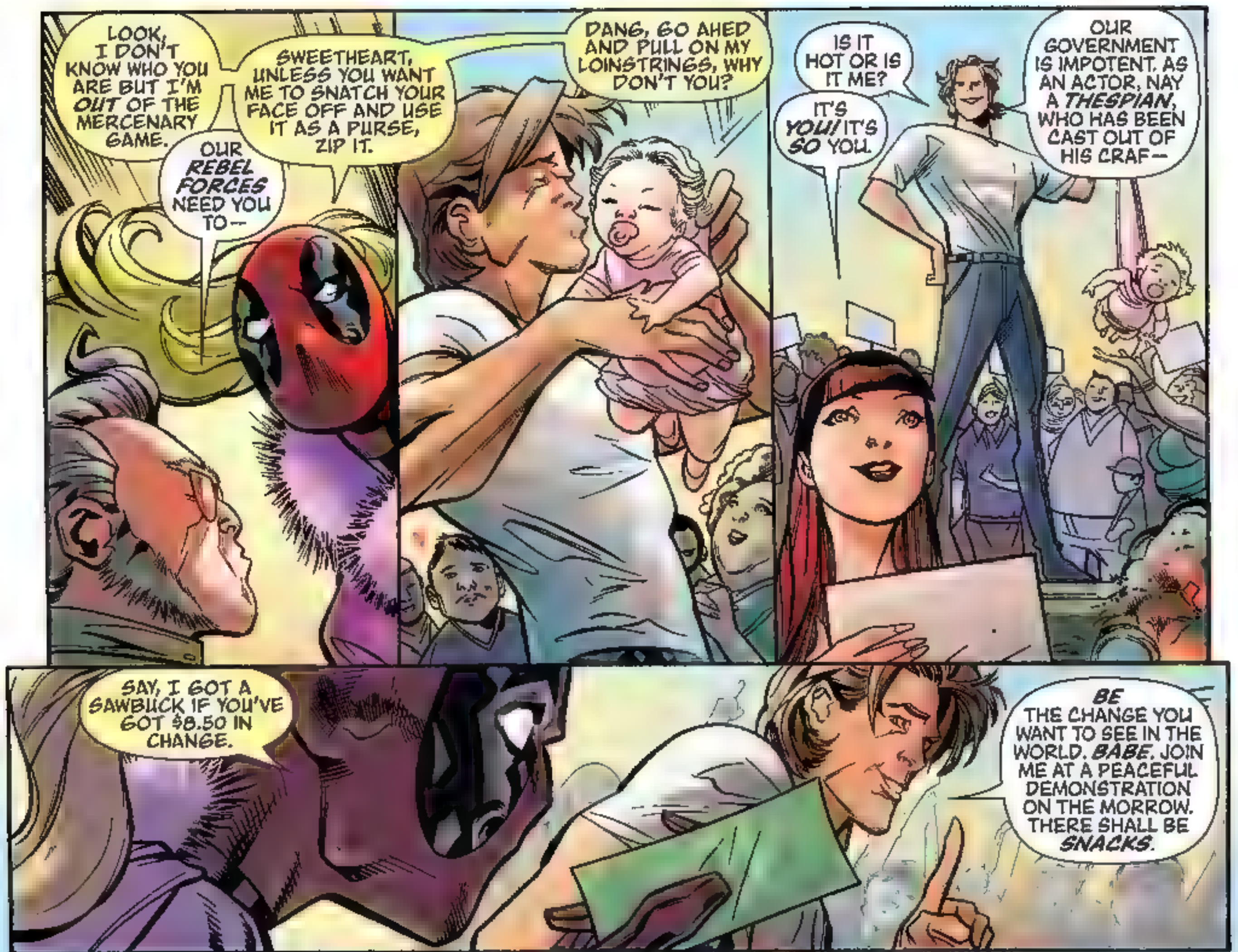
AND ARNOLD, I'LL ADD **FOOD PORN** TO THE "COMMUNICATIONS DECENCY ACT," AS WE AGREED. I KNOW THAT FATTY-FODDER WREAKS HAVOC ON YOUR HEALTHCARE COSTS.

BUT IN EXCHANGE, I EXPECT YOUR **BEST MAN** ON THIS.



HARK, ARE MY AWESOMELY WINGED EARS BURNIN'?

DON'T FRET, COMPUTER BOY. IT DOESN'T GET **BETTER** THAN **ME**.



THE NEXT DAY.
AT THE RALLY.
NOONISH.

Tech Today Already Obsolete

CYBERSECURITY CZAR SEZ TERRORIZM!



By Shoshanna Einhorn

The week's catastrophic events that have blotted out the nation's most revered digital eyes, the television set, are said to be the result of a splinter cell of genius hackers.

Cybersecurity Czar and former CEO of Number Corp®, Tristan Sheen, a tow-headed 22-year-old with dimples, announced that the fleet-fingered tribesman who have wreaked havoc upon our country's cable mainframes have fled to live in those Osama caves. "They are thought to be cunning and ruthless in hand-to-hand combat."

It is further reported that they are driving diesel jeeps that are super, extra harmful to the environment despite the rest of us making such effort.



Continued page 20

Former CEO Tristan S

Back Page Exclusive:

"I slept with Iron Man."
Does he live up to his name?



UGH, SNAP. MUH BAD.

FIVE-SECOND RULE?

PERSECURIT TERRORIZM

By Shoshanna Einhorn

The week's catastrophic events that have blotted out the nation's most revered digital eyes, the television set, are said to be the result of a splinter cell of genius hackers.

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Continued page 20

Former CEO T

Back Page Exclu

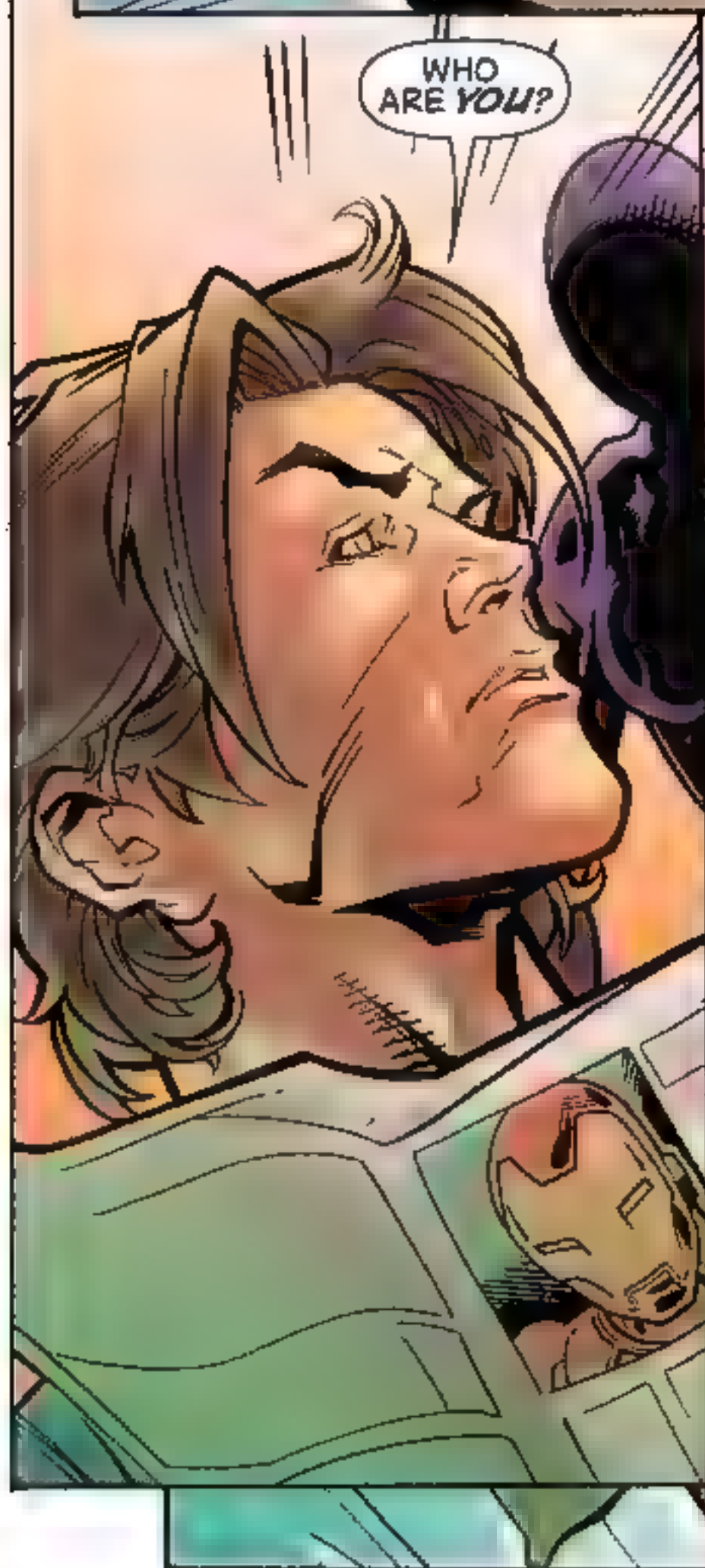
"I slept with

WHO ARE YOU?

A REMORSELESS,
NEAR-INVINCIBLE
KILLING MACHINE.

WHAT?

UUUUH,
ANYONE YOU
WANT ME TO
BE?





DAY 7 OF THE CHE FEY "CHANNELS WE CAN BELIEVE IN" SPEAKING TOUR. SLOGAN: "YES WE TELEVISION."

I CUT IT SINCE YOUR LAST PROTEST. YOU LIKE?

I FIND SHORT HAIR UGLY ON GIRLS, BUT YOU ARE AMAZING.

GULP? YOU KNOW WHAT'S AMAZING? THIS COOZIE. IT'S EXPENSIVE AND LIMITED-RELEASE.

BLUUUUURRRP

TWO HUNDRED A PLATE IN THIS ECONOMY. YOU GUYS, I'M SO HUMBLD BY THIS TURN-OUT.

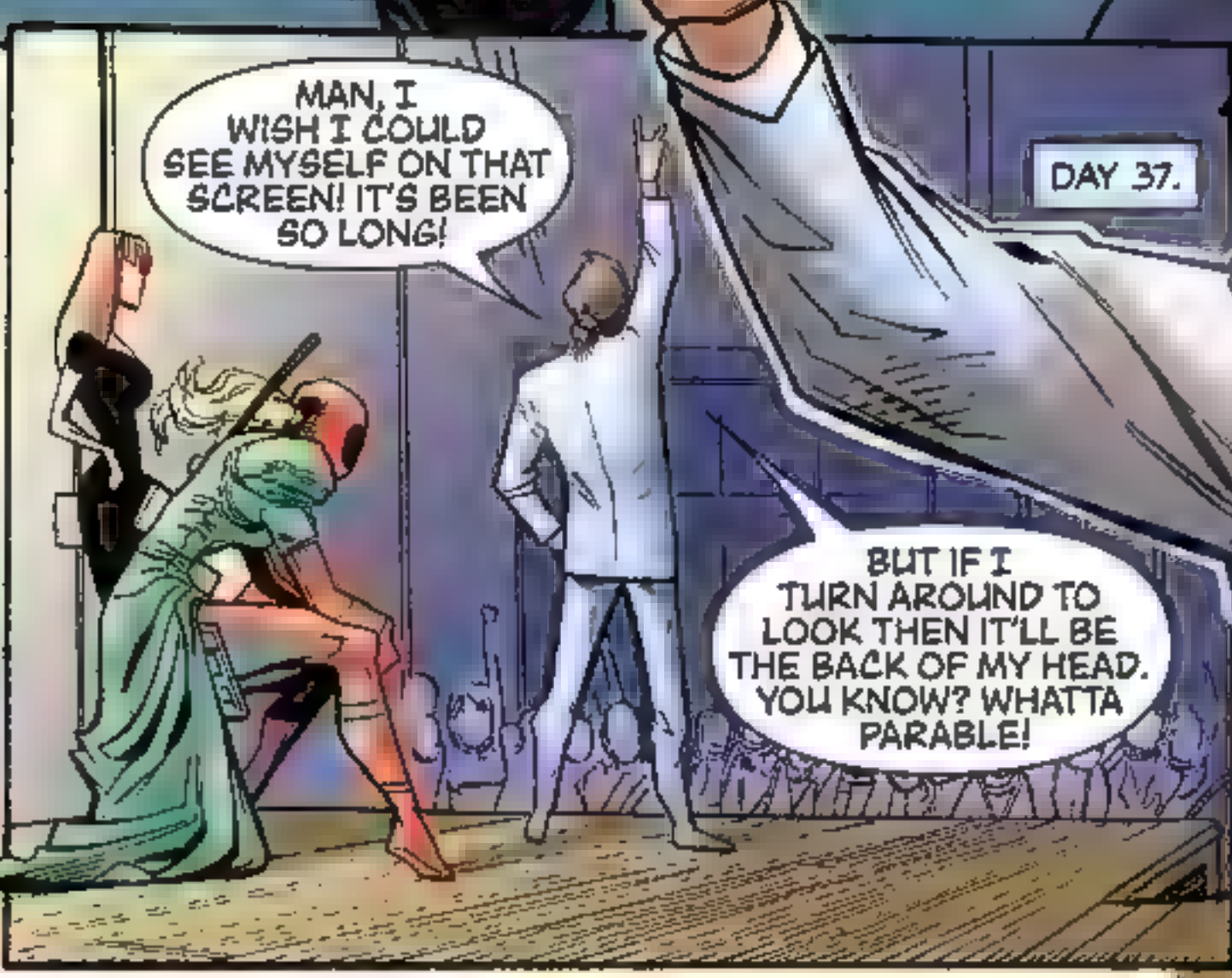
I AM LITERALLY THE MOST HUMBLE PERSON IN THE WORLD. THANK YOU FOR JOINING ME.

WE ARE IN THE EYE OF A HURRICANE. A HURRICANE OF CHANGE! AND TELEVISION!



DAY 13.

DAY 33.



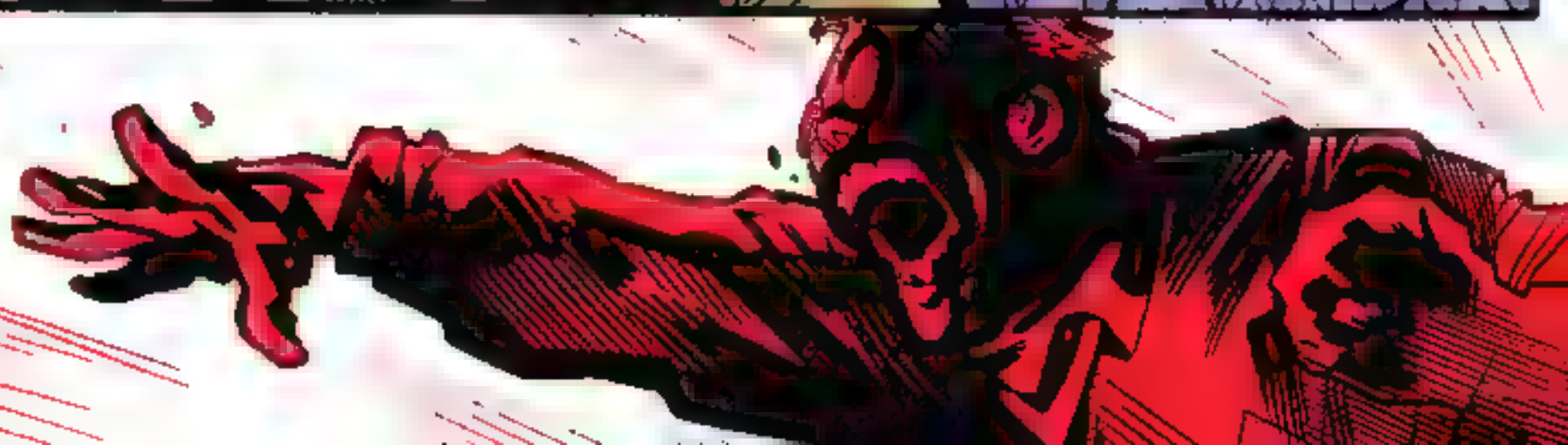
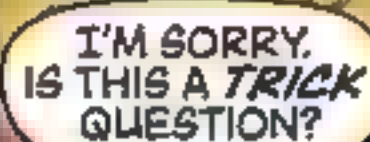
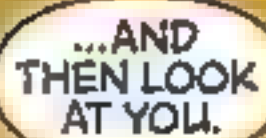
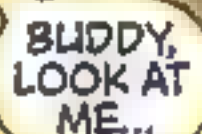
MAN, I WISH I COULD SEE MYSELF ON THAT SCREEN! IT'S BEEN SO LONG!

DAY 37.

BUT IF I TURN AROUND TO LOOK THEN IT'LL BE THE BACK OF MY HEAD. YOU KNOW? WHATTA PARABLE!



WOW! OK, WHO'S GOT QUESTIONS? CHANNELS WE CAN BELIEVE IN! YEEEEEAH!







HOLY COW! WE SMITHEREENED HIM.

Yeah, but, it was kinda depressing His sweater vest was sad.

THE UGLIES ARE NEVER HAPPY.

WAIT, AREN'T WE AN UGLY?



HE DOESN'T SEEM TO THINK SO.

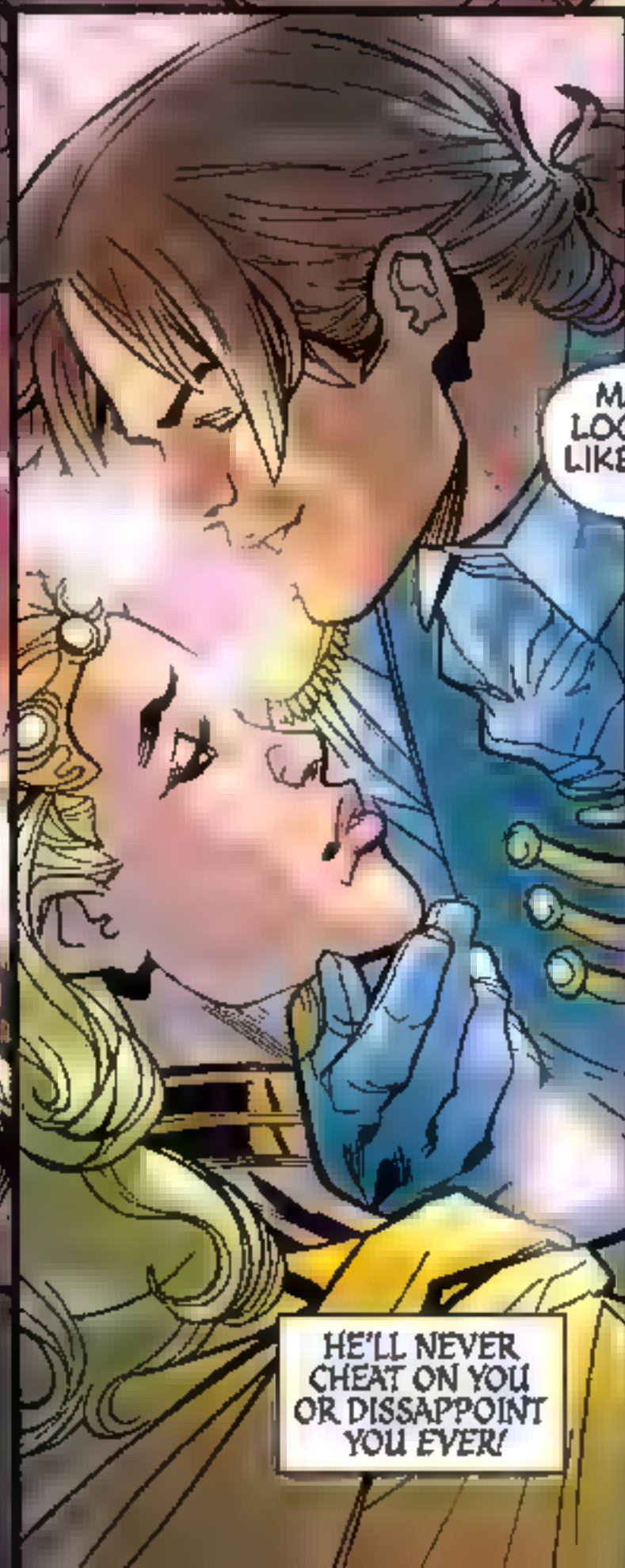
Ooh, here's our chance!

DUMP YOUR NASTY GIRLFRIEND AND GO STEADY WITH ME? PLEASE?

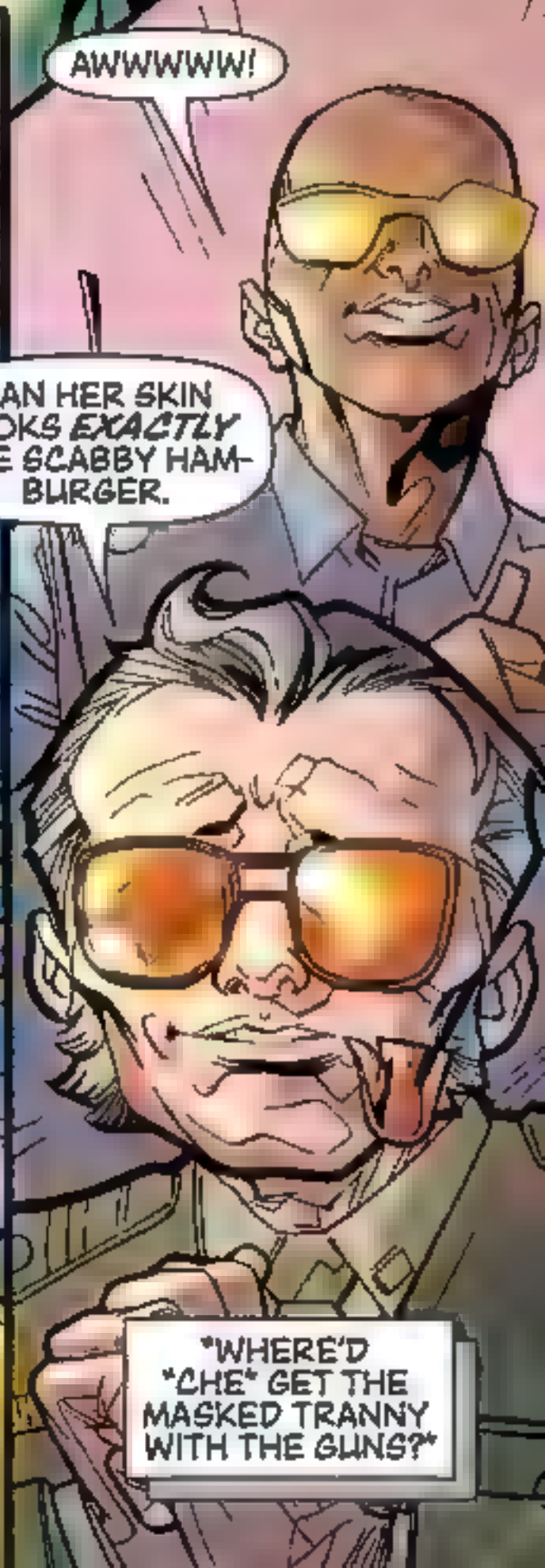


SUPER-SHERO!

YOU GO GIRL.



HE'LL NEVER CHEAT ON YOU OR DISSAPPOINT YOU EVER!



AWWWWW!

MAN HER SKIN LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE SCABBY HAMBURGER.

*WHERE'D *CHE* GET THE MASKED TRANNY WITH THE GUNS?*



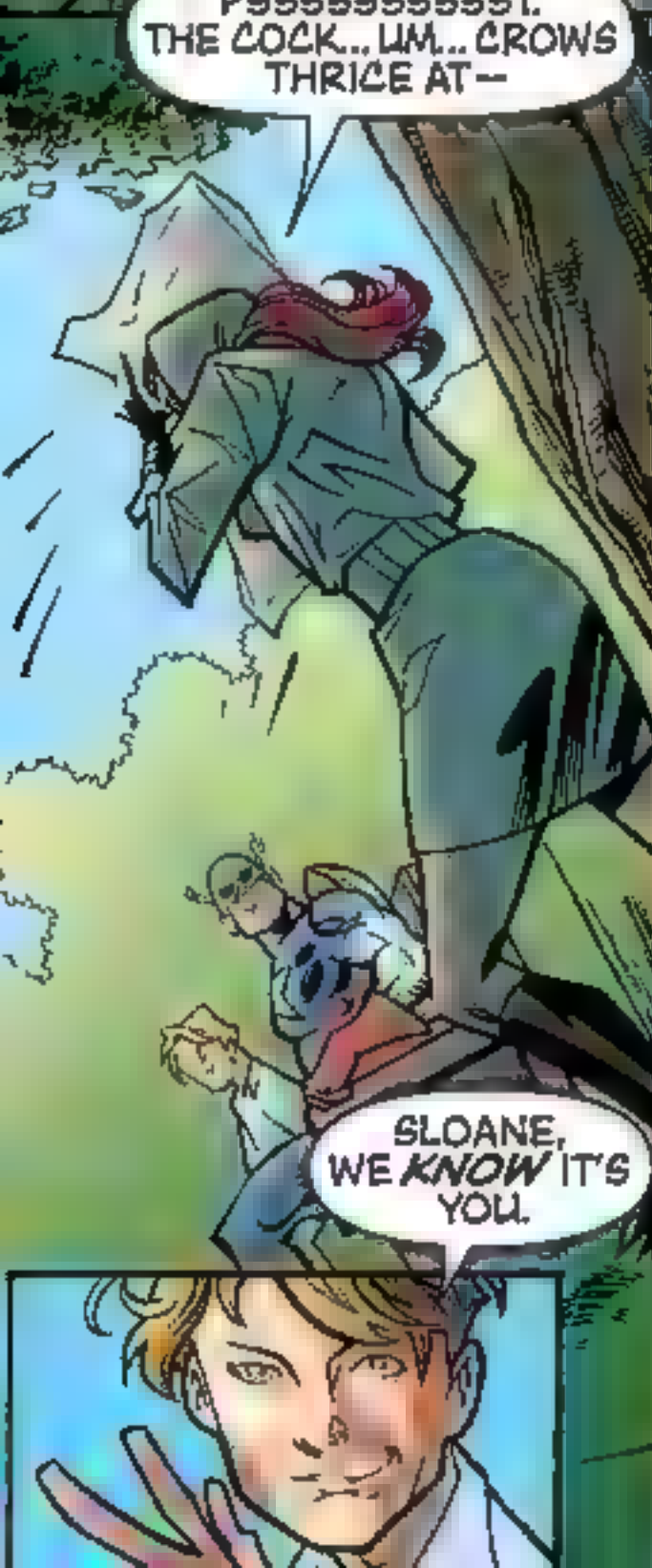
BRING HIM IN. HE'S NOT FOLLOWING PROTOCOL.

NO CAN DO. WE CAN'T DIVERT RESOURCES NOW JUST TO TRAIL A HARMLESS ROGUE. CHARLES RANDOLPH HAS SWAYED 134 MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN AND ONE WANDA WILSON...



FINE. AT LEAST I HAVE MY SLEEPER AGENT.

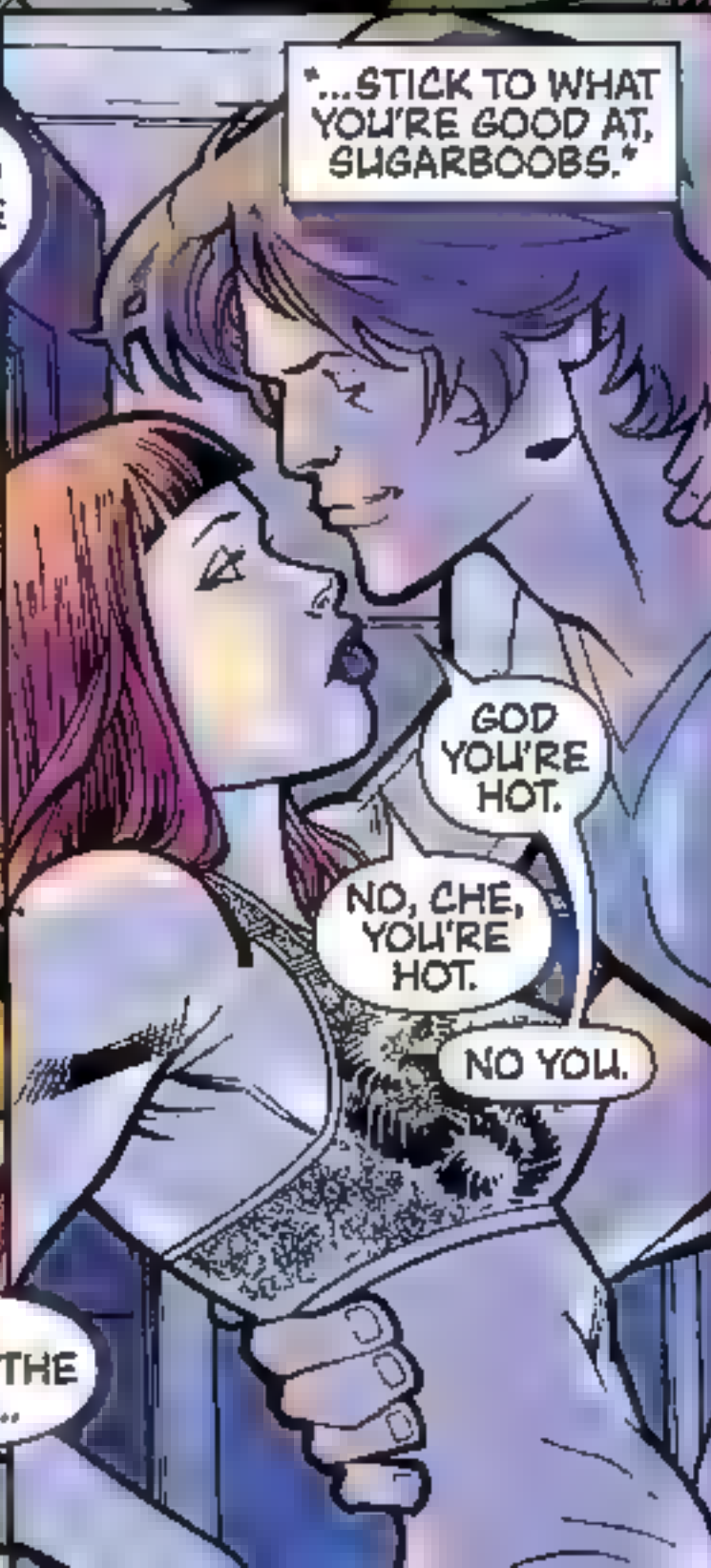
JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE *SLEEPING* WITH HER DOESN'T MAKE HER A—



PSSSSSSSSSST. THE COCK...UM... CROWS THRICE AT—



BUT I WANTED TO DO THE *CODE*!



...STICK TO WHAT YOU'RE GOOD AT, SUGARBOOBS.

GOD YOU'RE HOT.

NO, CHE, YOU'RE HOT.

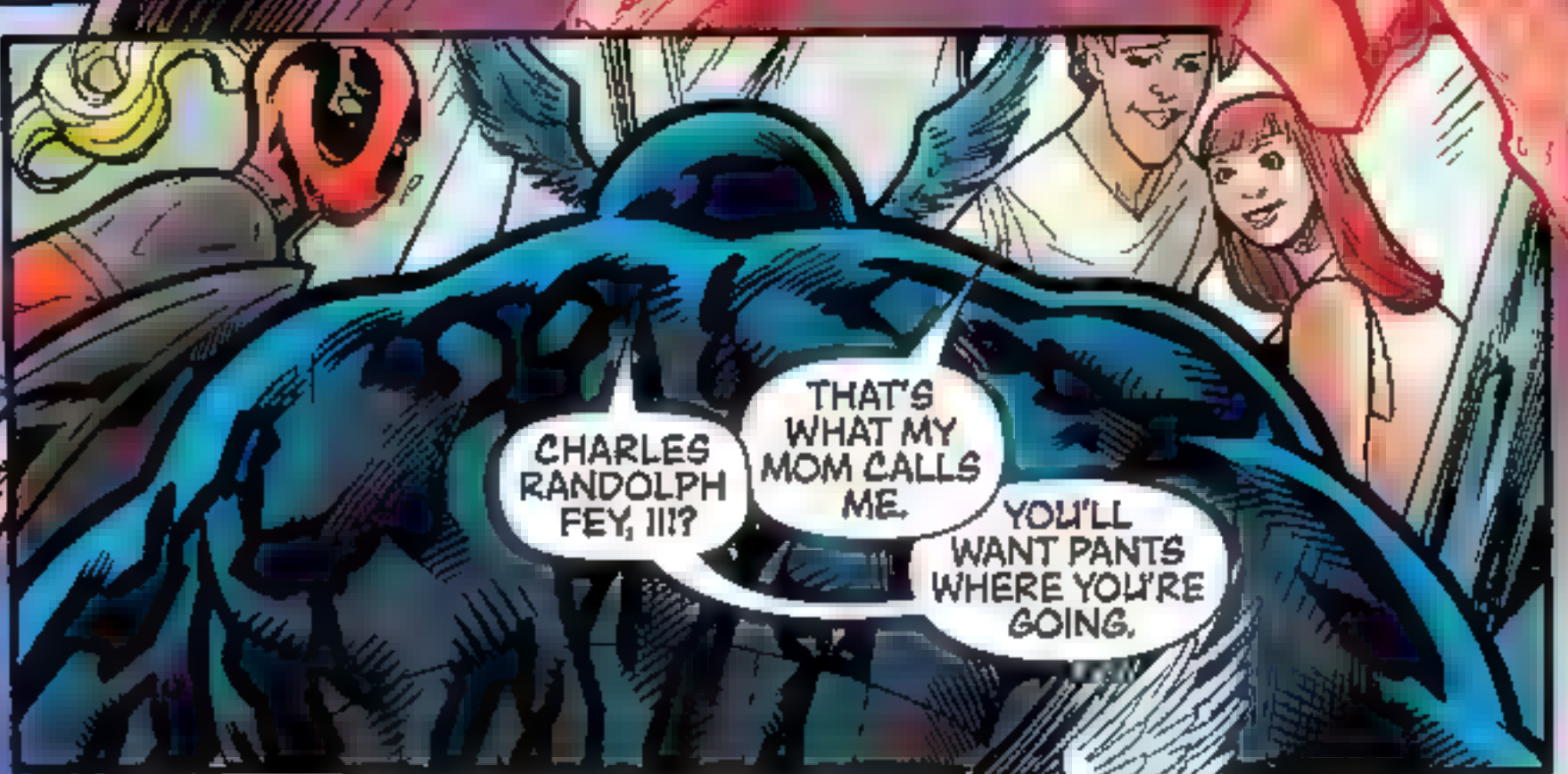
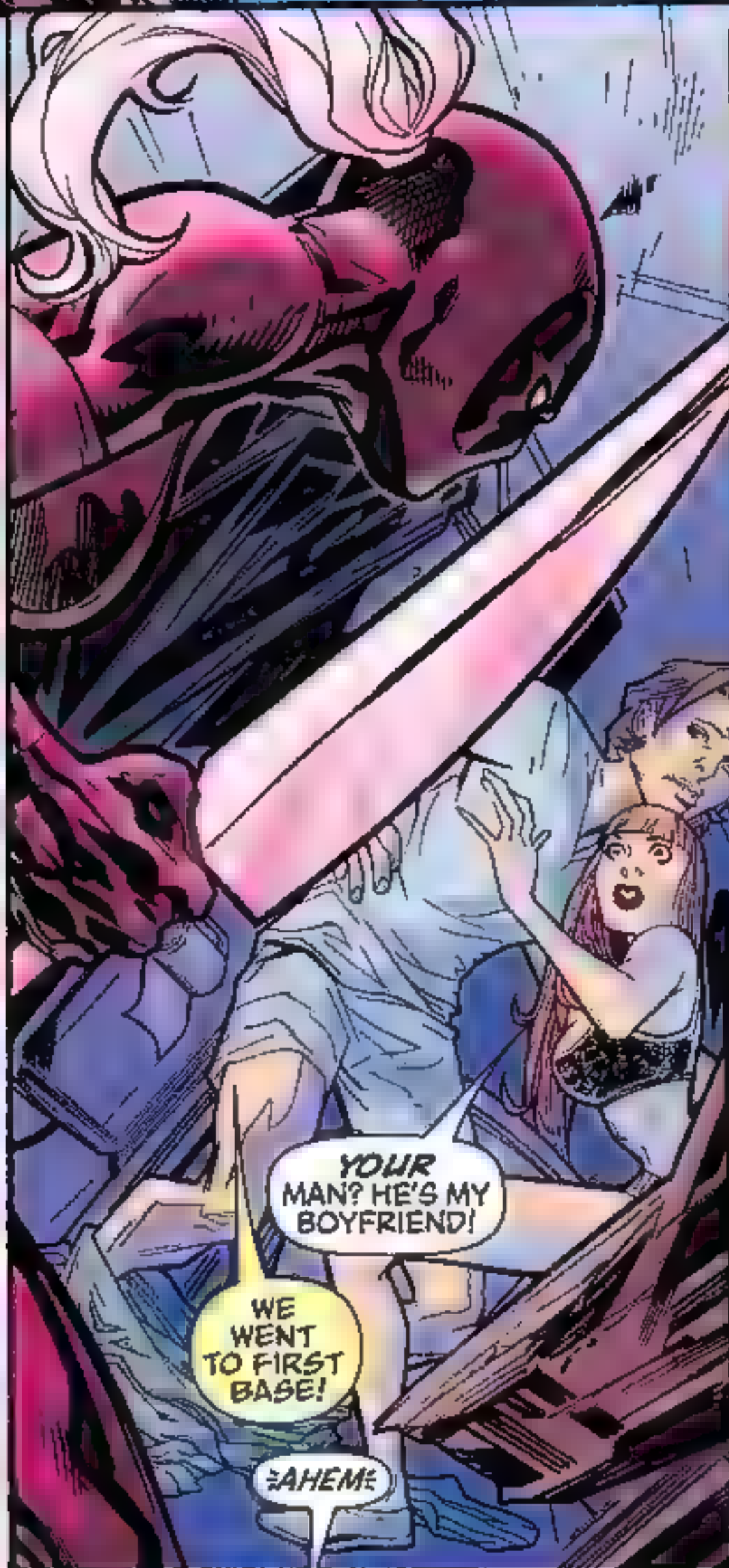
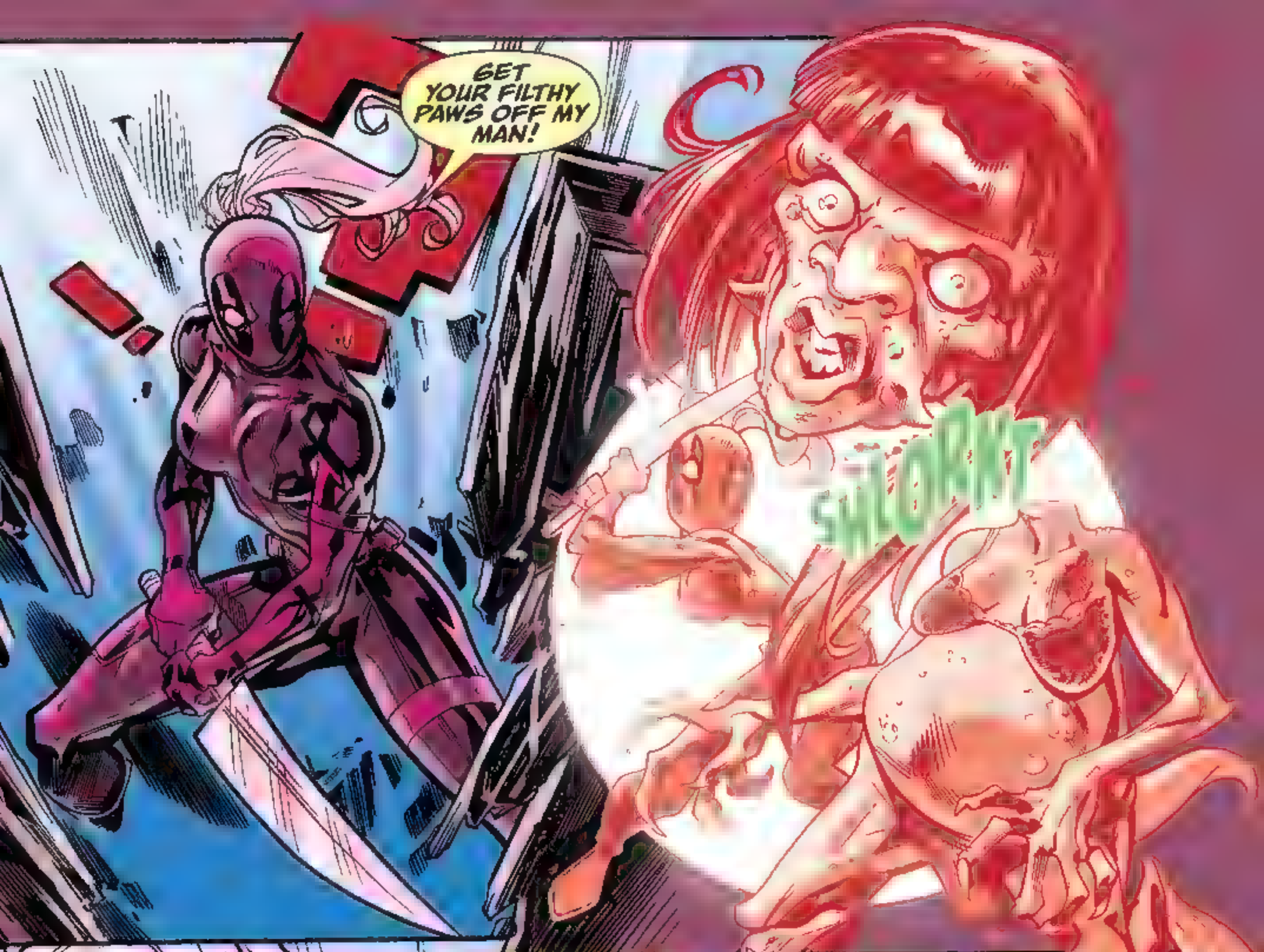
NO YOU.

YOU SUCK AT THE CODE...



GCHPZIKT

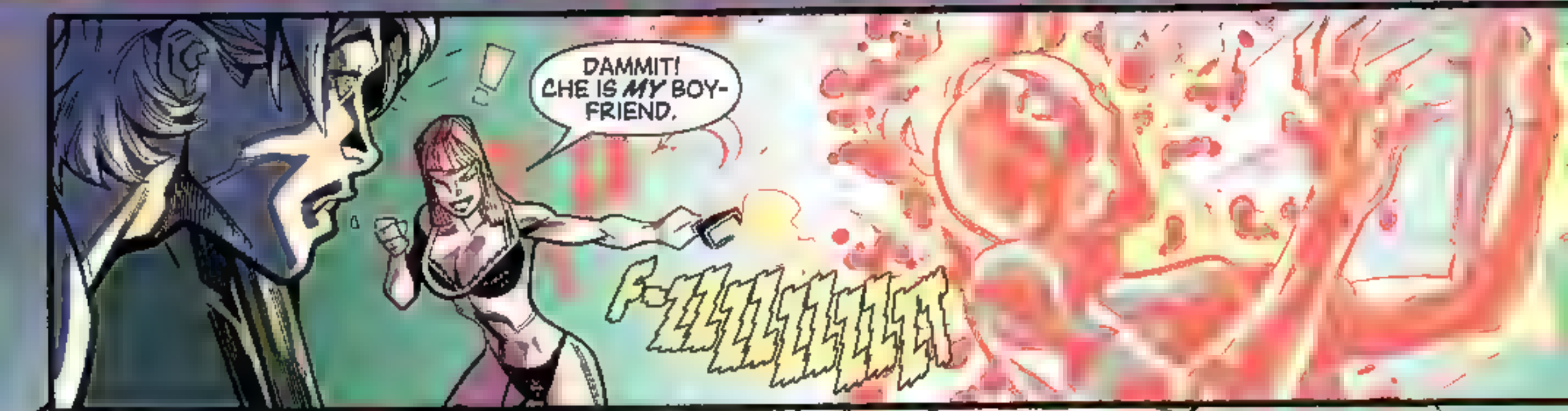
SLOANE, WE KNOW IT'S YOU.





OH HELL NO, AMERICA! CHE AND I ARE EMBROILED IN A SPAT OF LOVERS! AND WE HAVE AN ANIMAL MAGNETISM THAT LETS ME LEAVE MY VIBRANIUM AT HOME, KNOWMSAYIN'?

YOU GOTTA BE CRAZY TO THINK I'M GONNA LET YOU JUST--



DAMMIT! CHE IS MY BOY-FRIEND.

FZZZZZZZZ



WHO! RUTHLESS.

THESE GIRLS AND THEIR ABJECT LACK OF CAMARADERIE.

CHARLES, I'M TAKING YOU INTO CUSTODY. HOME-
LAND SECURITY'S DETERMINED YOU AN ENEMY.

ME A TERRORIST?
WHY WOULD I BE A TERRORIST WHEN TERRORISTS TOOK OUT TV AND I WANT TV BACK?



LOOK AT ME. YOUR LEG IS MY FORE-ARM.

YOUR SECURITY DETAIL GOT TAKEN OUT BY A 100-POUND BEFRECKLED GIRL.

YOU, SIR, ARE COMING IN.

ONE HOUR LATER IN AN INBOUND CALLING CENTER COMMANDEERED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FOR DETAINEES, A.K.A. "GITMO DOS," LOCATED IN QUEENS, NEW YORK.

NICE SUIT,
"CHE."



SCREW
YOU, TRIST.

YOU
KNOW CHAZ,
I LIKED YOUR OLD
CHIN BETTER. YOU
WERE SUCH A
PATHETIC LOSER
WHEN I FOUND
YOU...

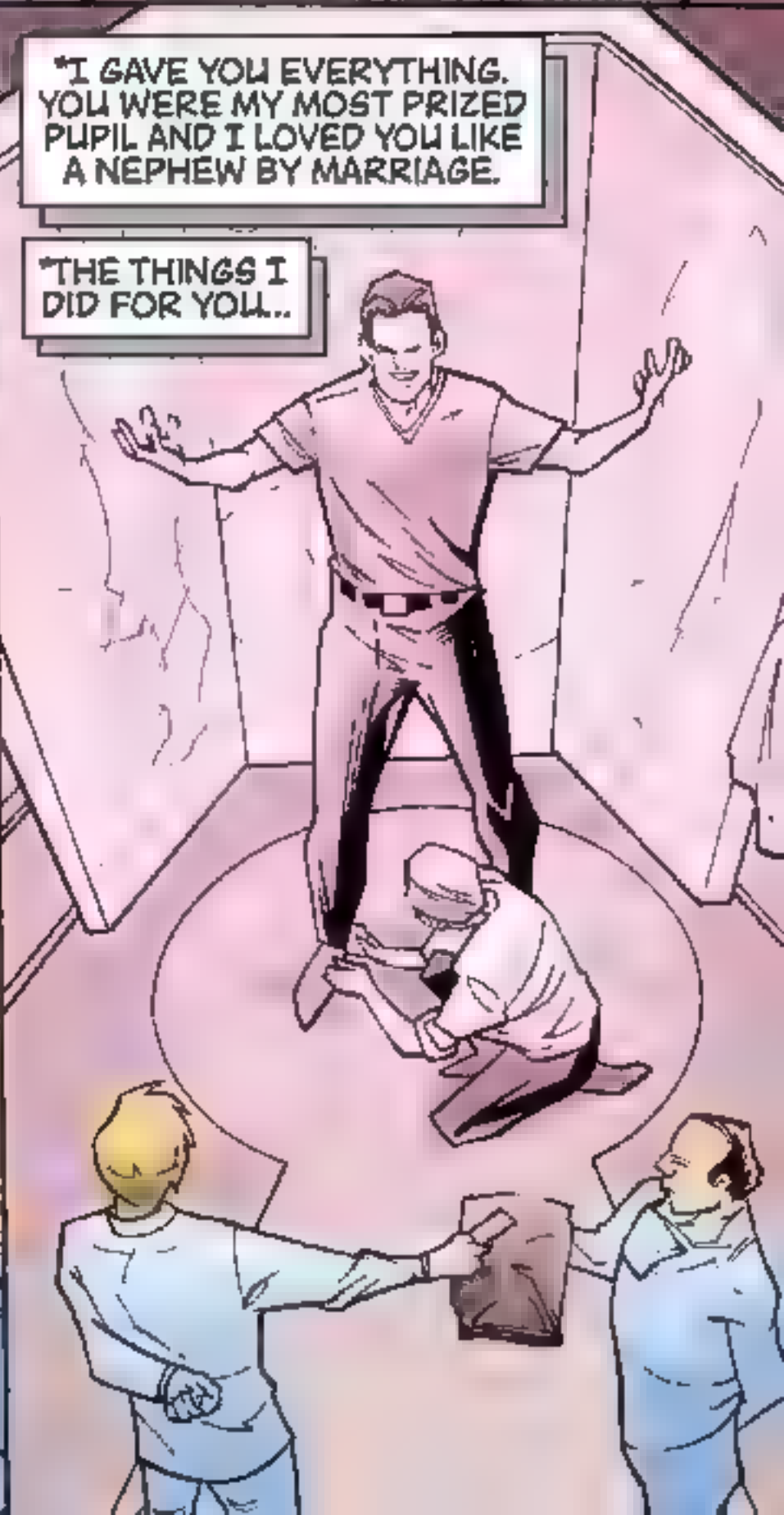


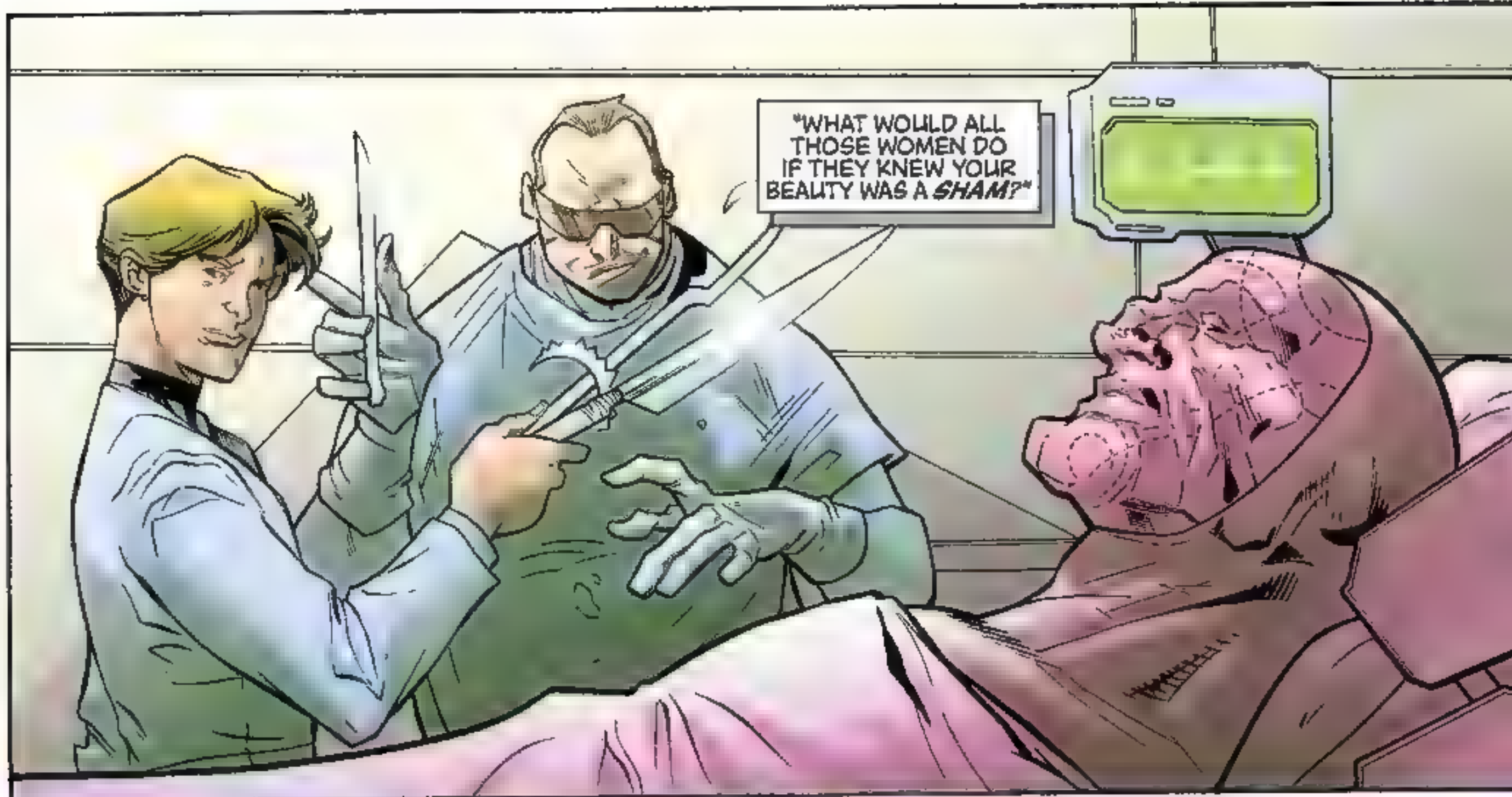
*...SERIOUSLY,
WHO IS MORE
PRETERNATURALLY
GREASY THAN
YOU, CHARLES?

"I SHOWED
YOU THE WAY."

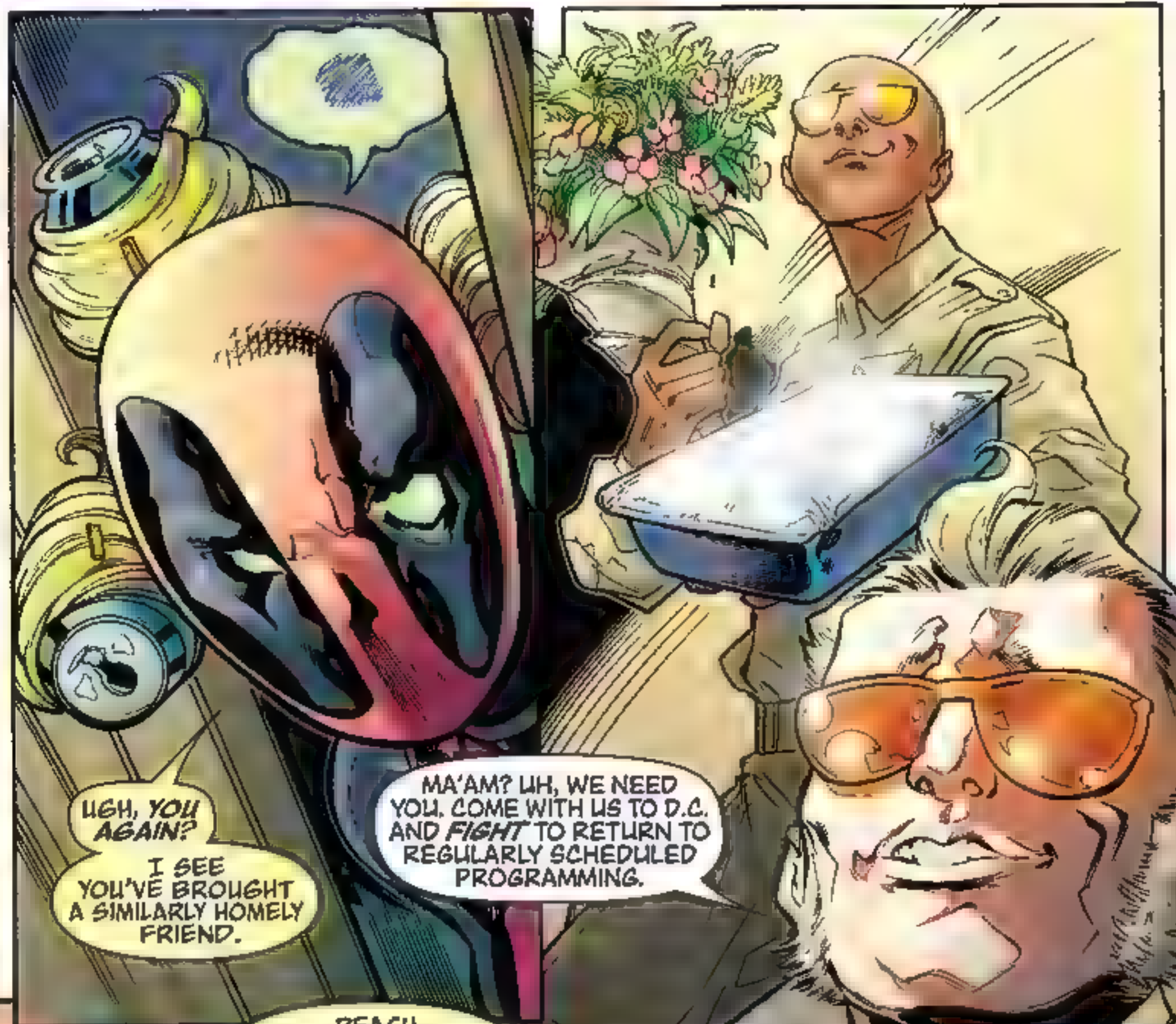
"I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING.
YOU WERE MY MOST PRIZED
PUPIL AND I LOVED YOU LIKE
A NEPHEW BY MARRIAGE."

"THE THINGS I
DID FOR YOU..."





"WHAT WOULD ALL THOSE WOMEN DO IF THEY KNEW YOUR BEAUTY WAS A *SHAM*?"



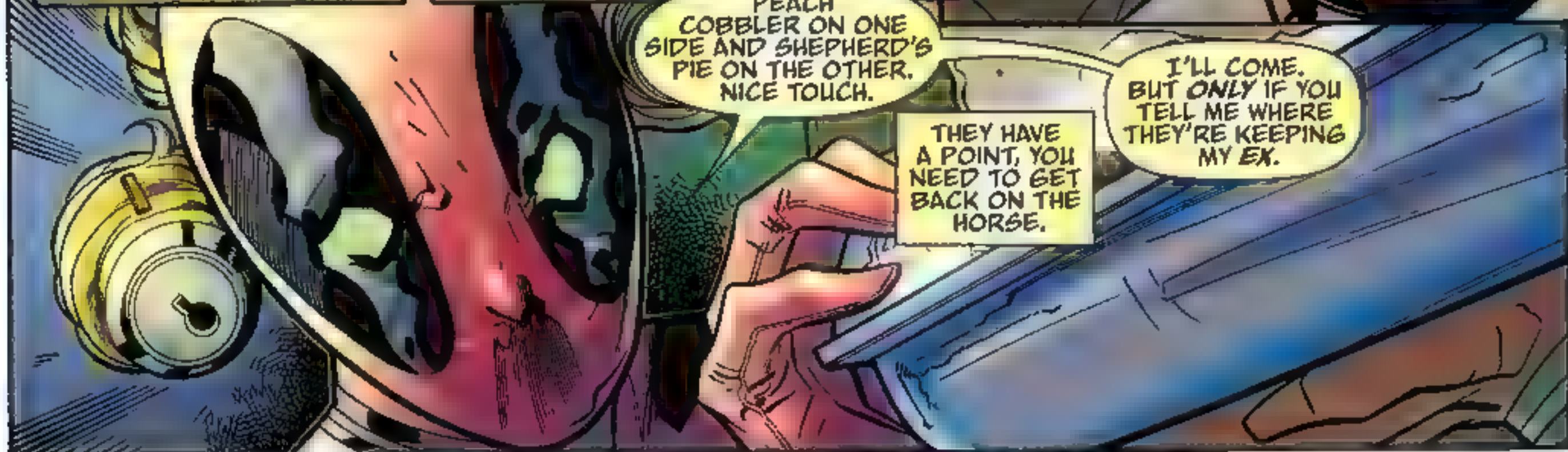
UGH, YOU AGAIN?
I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT A SIMILARLY HOMELY FRIEND.

MA'AM? UH, WE NEED YOU. COME WITH US TO D.C. AND *FIGHT* TO RETURN TO REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMMING.

PEACH COBBLER ON ONE SIDE AND SHEPHERD'S PIE ON THE OTHER. NICE TOUCH.

THEY HAVE A POINT, YOU NEED TO GET BACK ON THE HORSE.

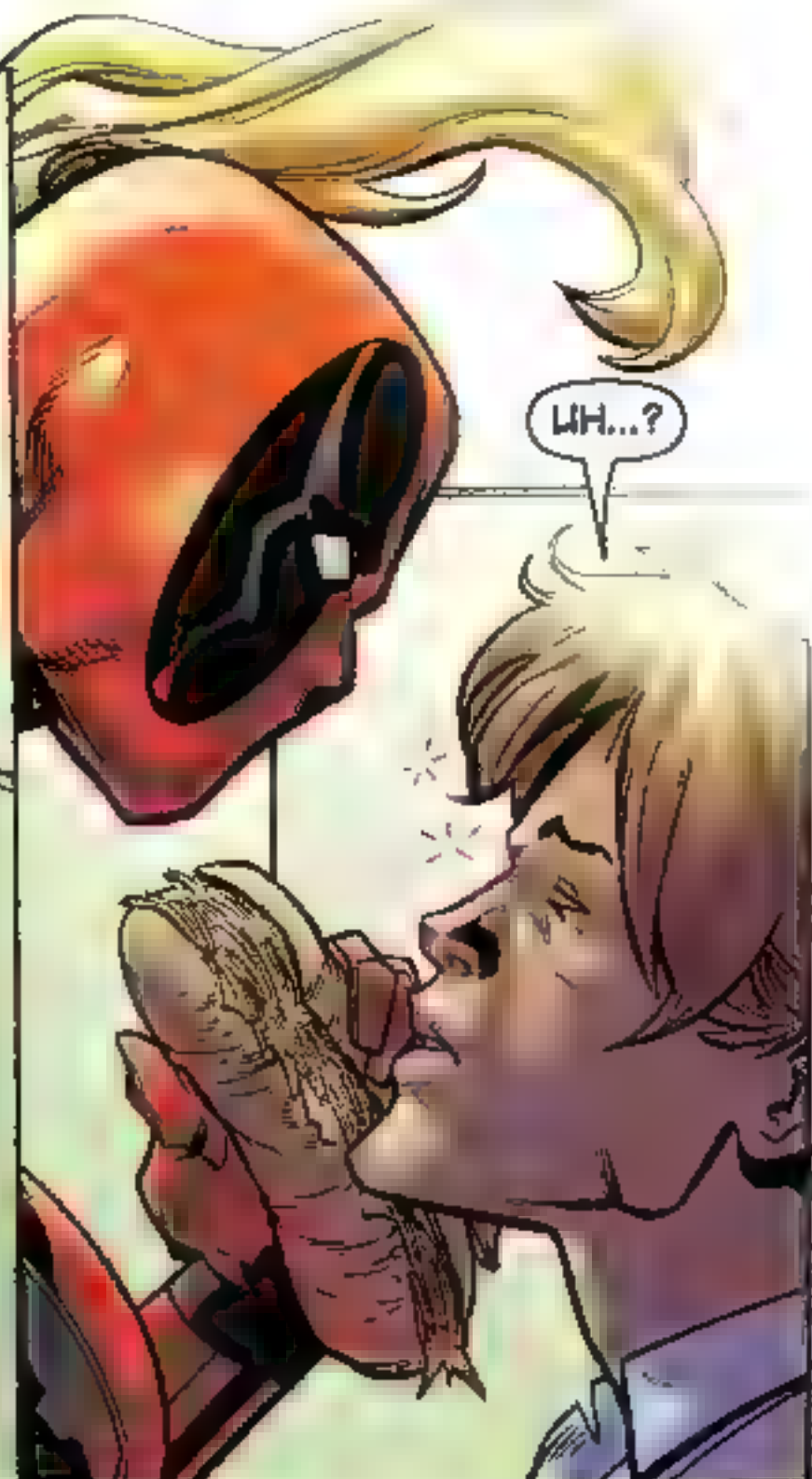
I'LL COME. BUT *ONLY* IF YOU TELL ME WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING MY EX.





THREE-QUARTERS
OF A CASSEROLE AND
57 MINUTES LATER...

NICE DIGG,
BABY. MISS
ME?

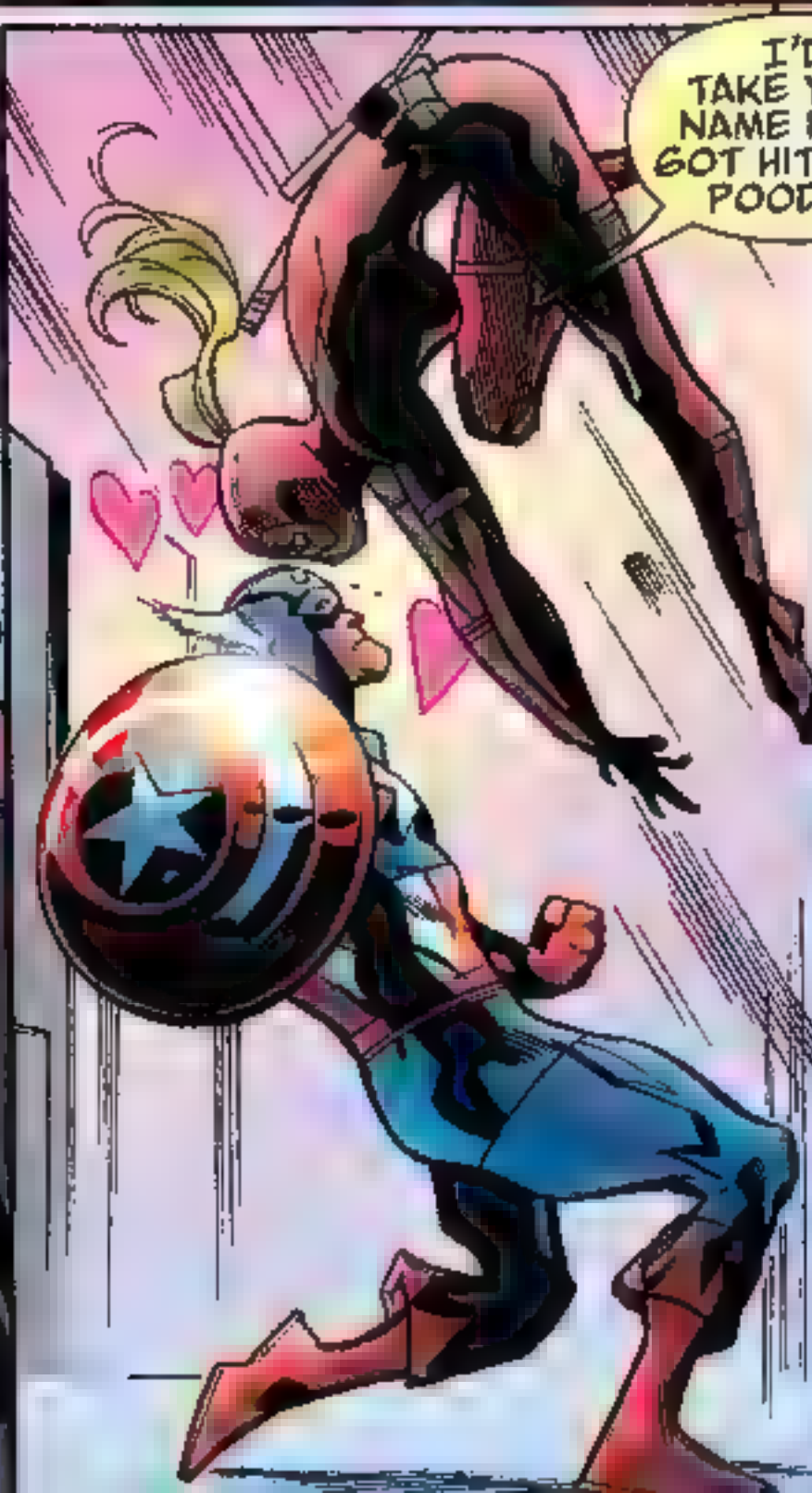
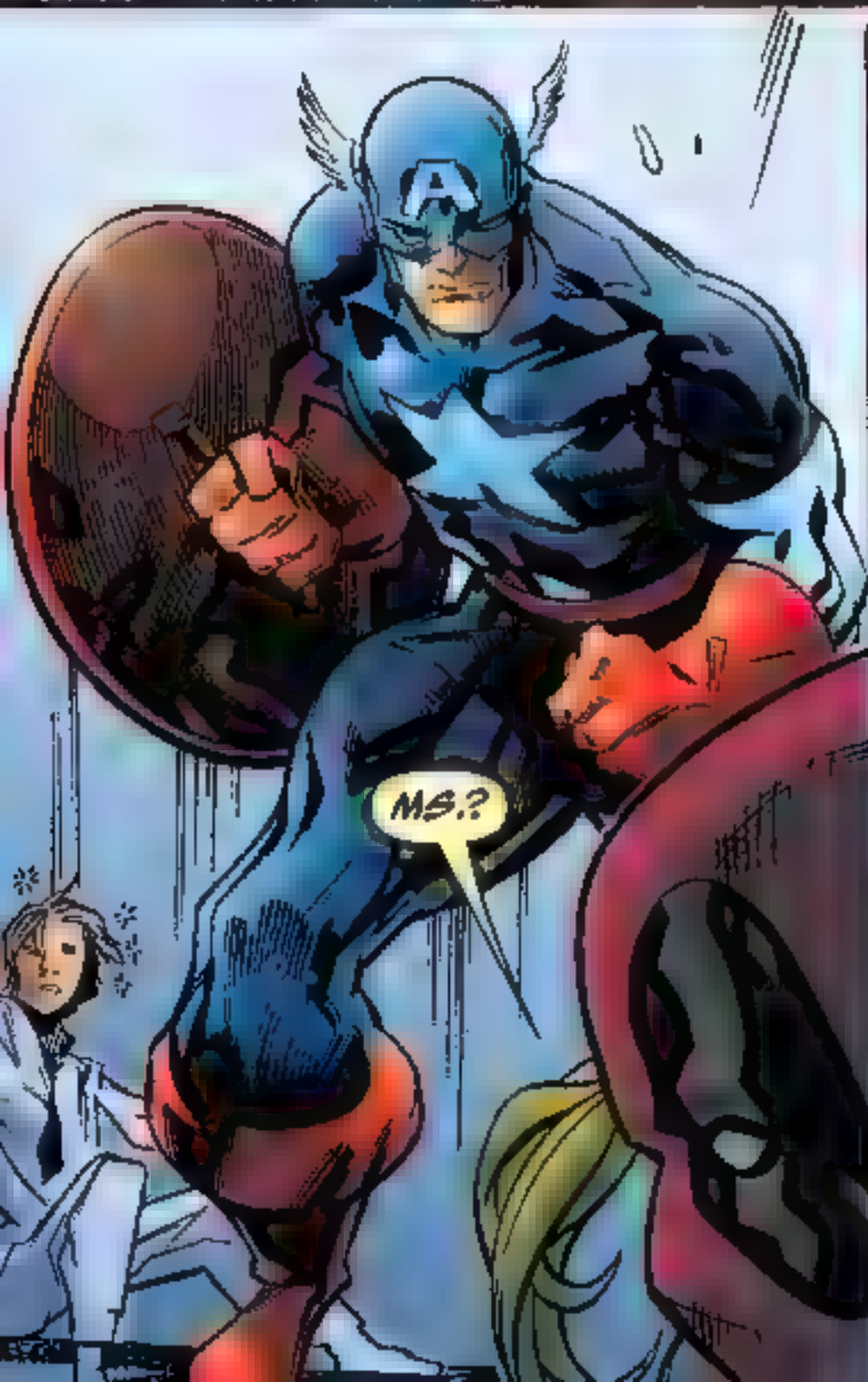
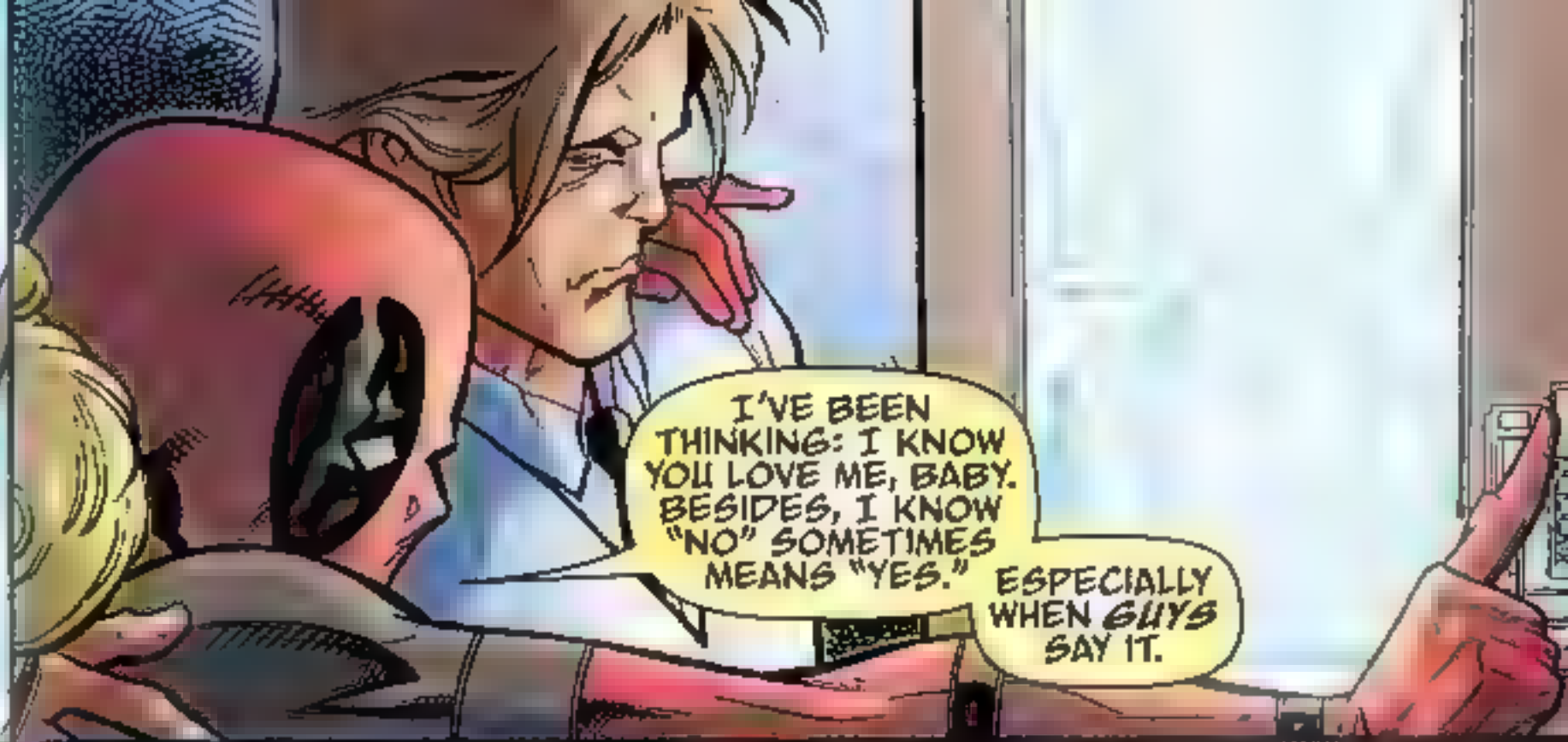
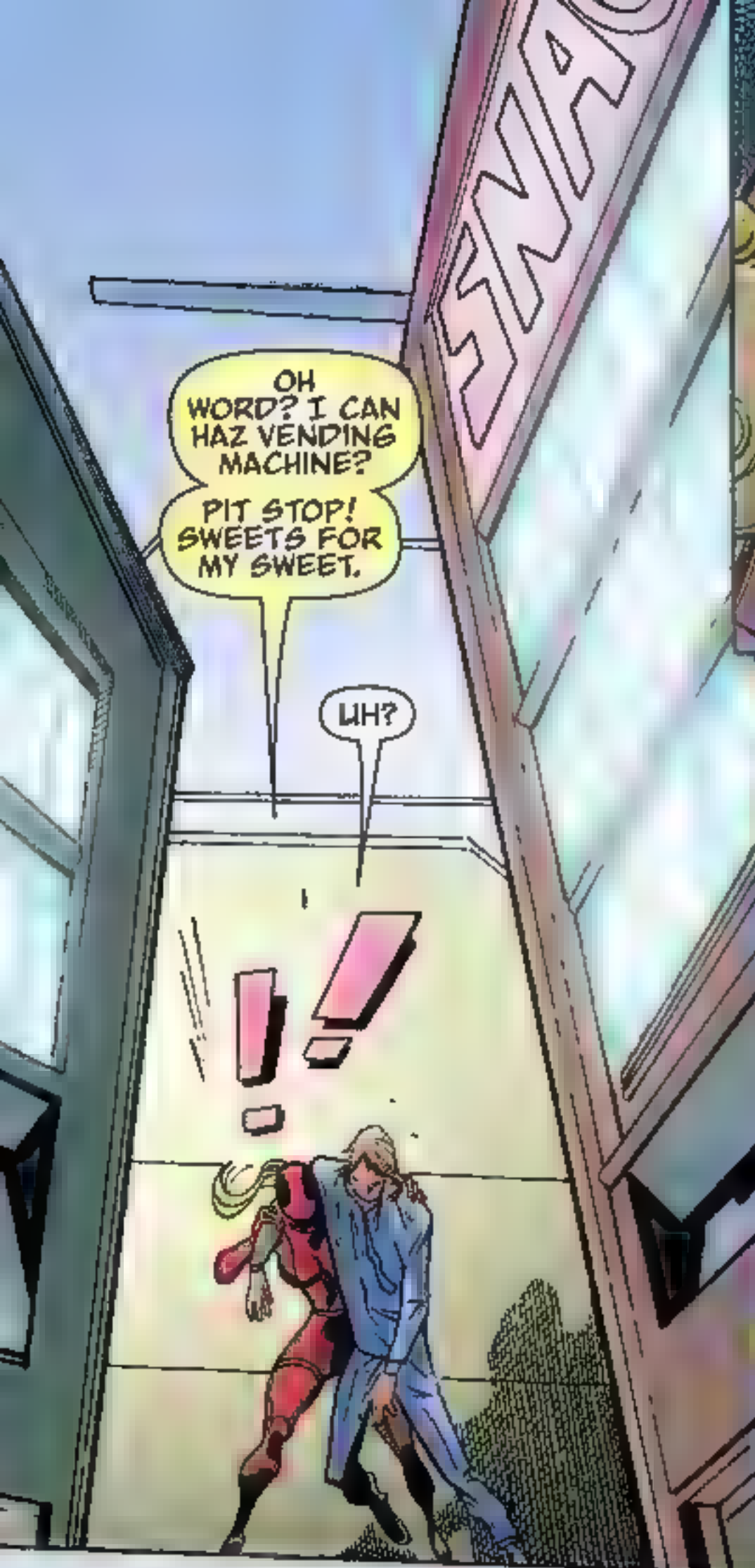


UH...?



DID YOU
KNOW WE'RE
IN QUEENS? I'VE
NEVER EVEN BEEN
HERE BEFORE.
PEOPLE SEEM
NICE...

ISN'T IT
SOOOO APROPOS
THAT SPIDER-MAN
LIVES HERE?





I DEPLORE BEATING WOMEN.



SP-TOO!

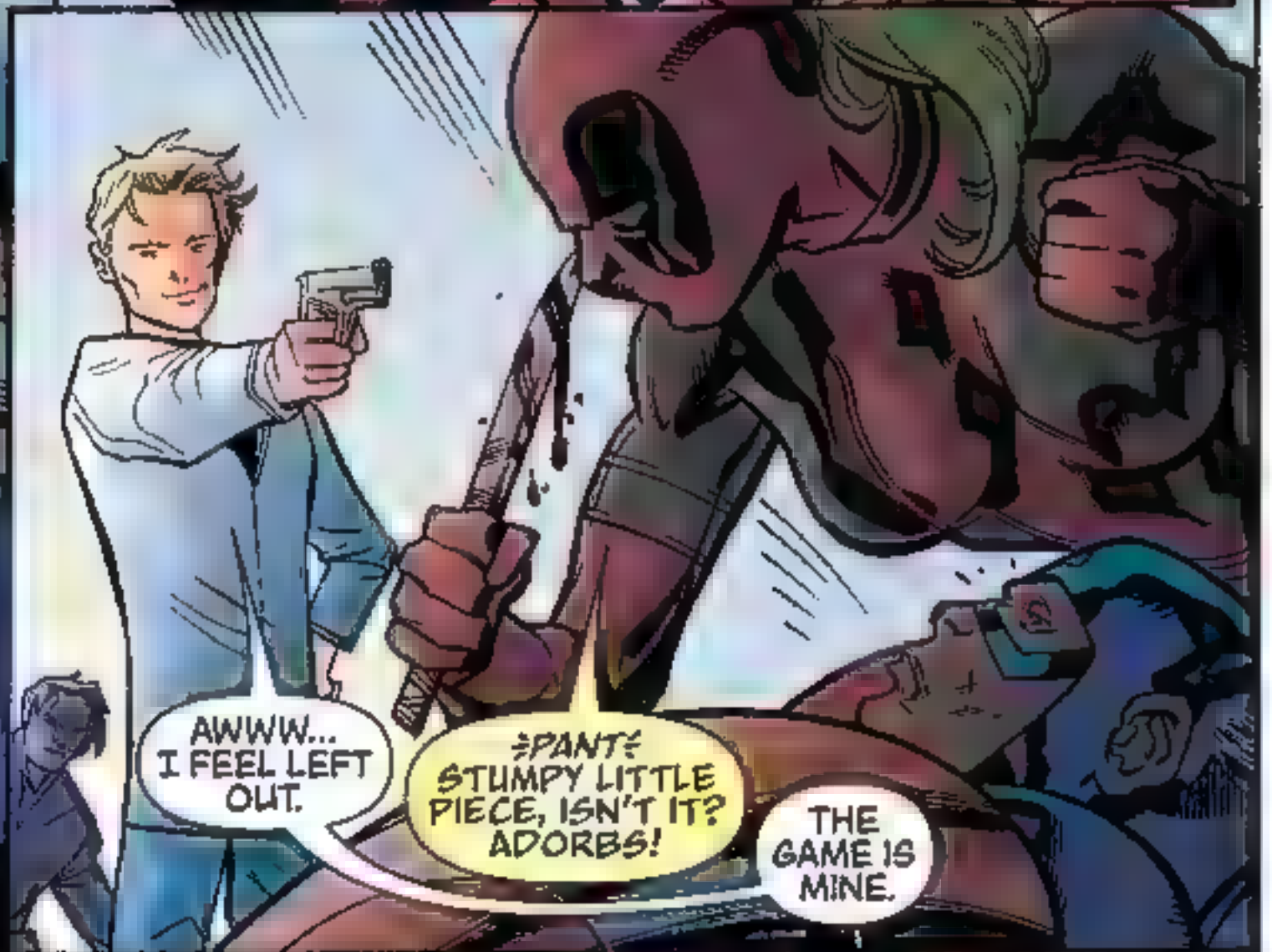
MMM... FLAVOR CRYSTALS.



AT LEAST YOU'RE DOING YOUR OWN DIRTY WORK. THIS TIME.

WHUMP

NO REALLY, THIS PAINS ME. KILLS ME DEAD.





SHMOOPIE,
WHAT DID YOU
DO?

GLURGLE

AND
THEY SAY
CHIVALRY IS
DEAD.

SO
THIS IS
LOVE.

GLUG

YOU BIG
MARTYR. I TOLD
YOU I WAS NEAR-
INVINCIBLE. A GUN-
SHOT IS LIKE A WEE
LITTLE MOSQUITO
BITE TO ME.

GLUG

SHHHH
LET'S JUST ENJOY
THIS.
IT'S WAY
BETTER THAN
TV.



ONE LAST,
BEAUTIFUL
TONGUE
DOWN.

END

ATTENTION!

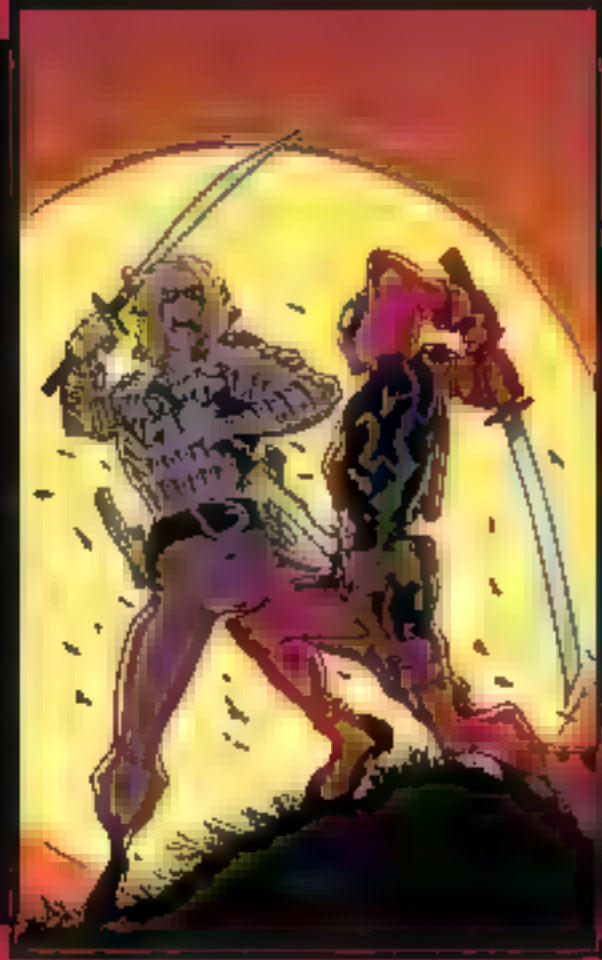


DEADPOOL CORPS #4

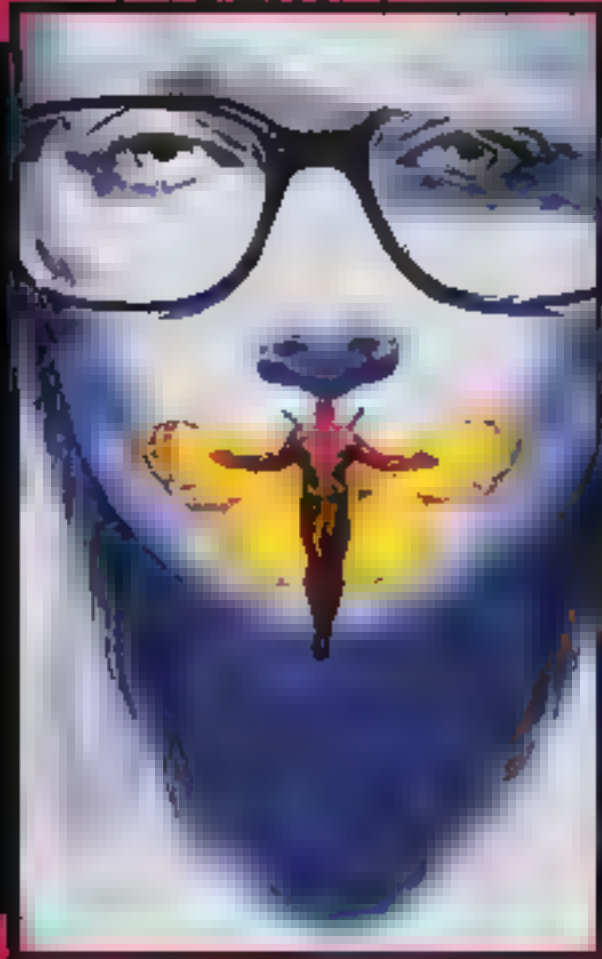
GET THESE!



DEADPOOL
#25



DEADPOOL TEAM-UP
#891



DEADPOOL MERC WITH A MOUTH
#13

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WOMEN
of
MARVEL
ONE-SHOT
1

SPITFIRE™



CORNELL
CASAGRANDE
PETER

MARVEL

As a teenager Lady Jacqueline Falsworth served in Britain's Home Guard during the Second World War, while her father fought for Britain as the hero Union Jack. During a visit from the American super hero team The Invaders, Jacqueline was bitten by the vampire Baron Blood. Rushed to the hospital, she received an emergency blood transfusion from the Human Torch, which, combined with the vampire venom, gave her superhuman speed. She used her new powers to save the Human Torch almost immediately, and continued to fight for the Allied forces as the super hero Spitfire.

Falsworth continued to fight alongside her brother, the second Union Jack, after the war, until her powers began to fade, prompting her retirement.

Years later, she was critically injured in a battle with her old ally, Namor. She received another blood transfusion from the original Human Torch and regained full use of her powers, even as her body reverted to that of a teen. With her powers returned, Lady Jacqueline once again took up the mantle of Spitfire.

During the Skrull invasion, Jacqueline was recruited to the British Secret Service agency MI:13. She discovered that she had developed vampiric traits, including fangs and regenerative powers, but she had no desire to drink blood. However, when Blade the vampire hunter assisted the team, he tried to kill her before she could prove that she could control her powers. Spitfire forgave him, and invited him to join MI:13 with a kiss, signaling the beginning of their romantic relationship.

Together they fought off an assault on Britain by Dracula and his Vampire Nation, further cementing their relationship. Today, Jacqueline works for MI:13, using her speed and her vampiric abilities to defend Britain and the world as...



SPITFIRE

SIX WEEKS AGO, A
COUNTRY HOUSE IN KENT

MS.
BERTRAM-HAYES?
PETE WISDOM. BIT
THE WORSE FOR
WEAR. SORRY.

THIS IS
LADY JACQUELINE
FALSWORTH.

YOU KNOW,
SPITFIRE, FROM
THE WAR?

I'M HER
BOSS NOW.
YEAH, BOGGLES
ME TOO.

OH, YOU
WANTED AN
ANSWER?

A BUREAUCRAT
AND A NOVICE
VAMPIRE.

MY DEAR, YOU HAVE TO BE A
LOT MORE EXCITING THAN
THAT TO INTEREST ME.

SHE'S A VAMPIRE. AS WELL AS
A COMPLETE COW.

SO ARE TWO
OR THREE HERE, JAC.
THIS IS THE ENGLISH
ARISTOCRACY.

THIS LOT
LEFT DRACULA'S
SIDE WHEN THEY COULD.
WE'RE GIVING THEM THE
BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

DOESN'T MEAN SHE'S
THE ONE SELLING SECRETS
TO MYS-TECH.

WISDOM TO
BRADDOCK. EITHER
BRADDOCK. HELLO?

PROBABLY
SNOGGING. WHY ARE
ALL MY OFFICERS IN
COUPLES NOW?

MUST BE
SOMETHING IN
THE WATER,
DEAR.

Spitfire

in:

"LIVING IN THE RUINS"

AUD CORNELL
JESSICA CASAGLIA
PETER
LUCCHESI
PRODUCTION
ALAN

"HUNTING,"
YOU CALL IT.

IS THAT
TO MAKE IT
SOUND MORE
EXCITING?

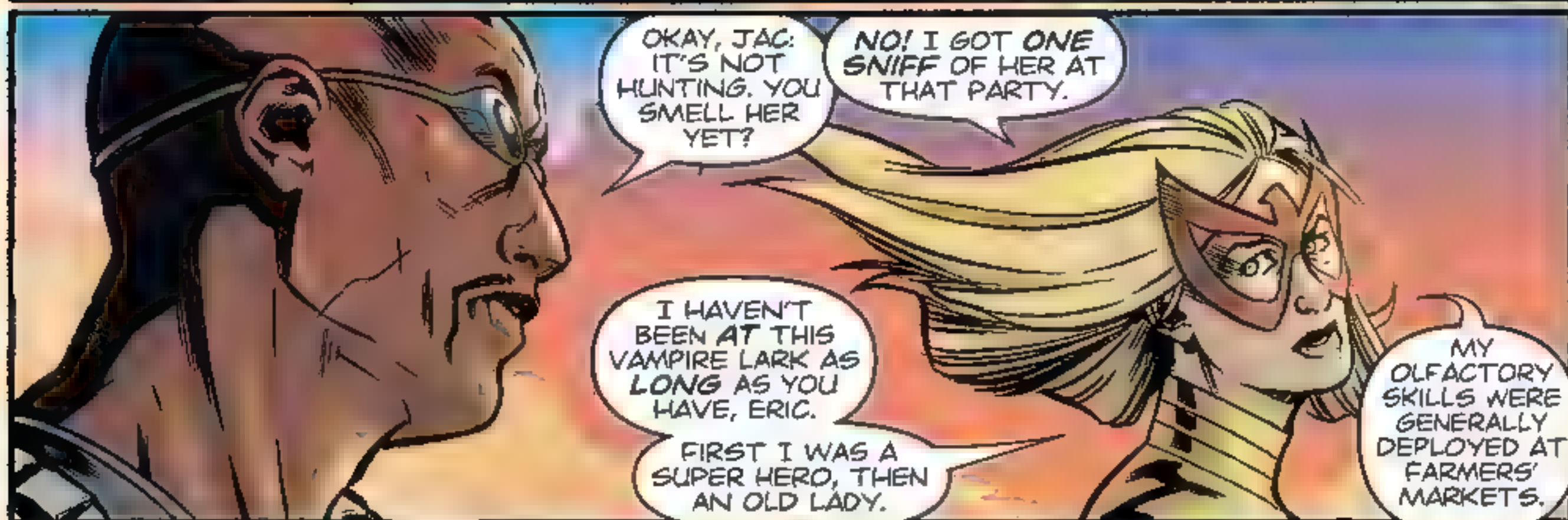




WHAT?

ONLY I'D
CALL IT "SEEKING
TARGET ON
ASSIGNMENT."

I
STOPPED
HUNTING
IN 1938.
IT
UPSET DADDY
TERRIBLY.



OKAY, JAG:
IT'S NOT
HUNTING. YOU
SMELL HER
YET?

NO! I GOT ONE
SNIFF OF HER AT
THAT PARTY.

I HAVEN'T
BEEN AT THIS
VAMPIRE LARK AS
LONG AS YOU
HAVE, ERIC.

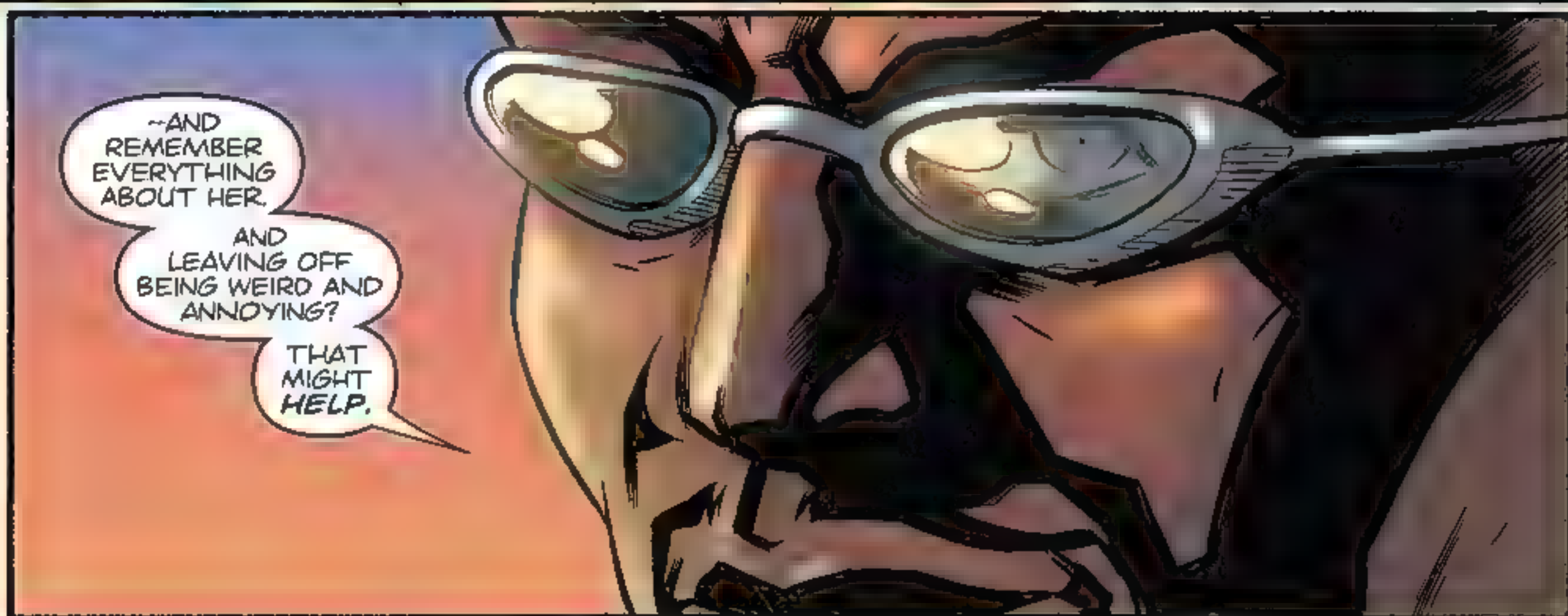
FIRST I WAS A
SUPER HERO, THEN
AN OLD LADY.

MY
OLFACTORY
SKILLS WERE
GENERALLY
DEPLOYED AT
FARMERS'
MARKETS.



JUST
LET YOUR
SENSES REACH
OUT--

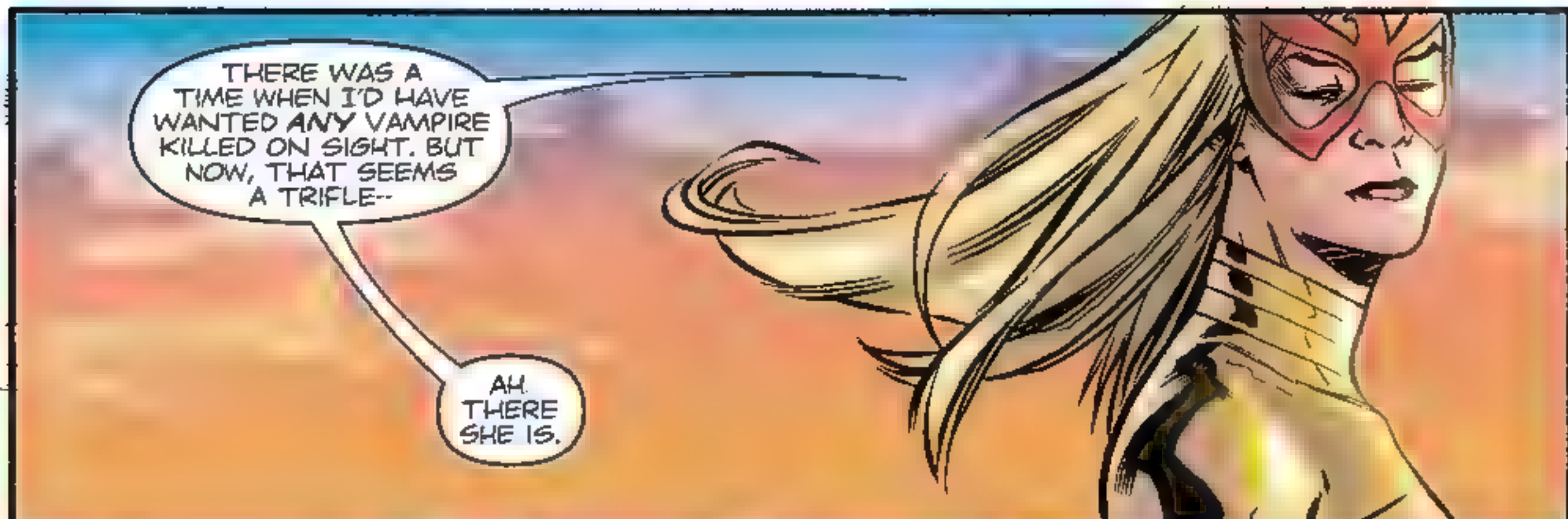
GOSH, IS
THERE A TEXT-
BOOK? "BLADE
THE VAMPIRE
SLAYER FOR
DUMMIES?"



--AND
REMEMBER
EVERYTHING
ABOUT HER.

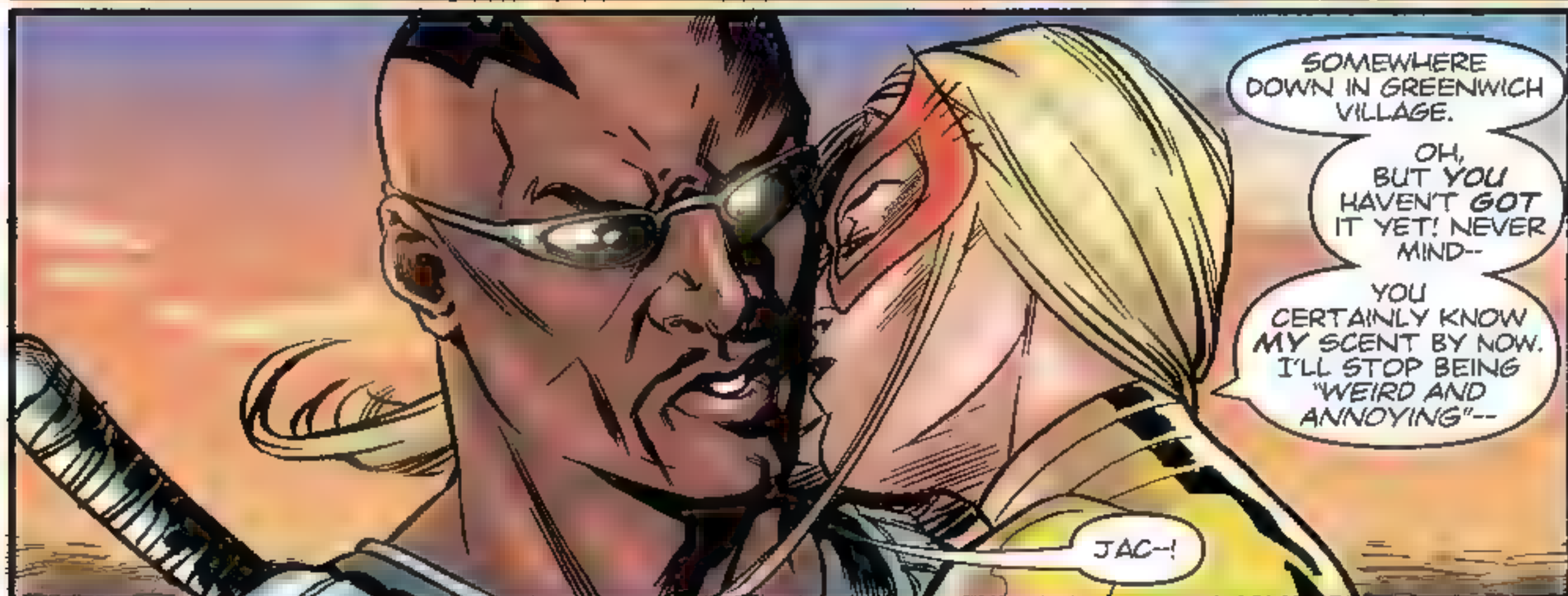
AND
LEAVING OFF
BEING WEIRD AND
ANNOYING?

THAT
MIGHT
HELP.



THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I'D HAVE WANTED ANY VAMPIRE KILLED ON SIGHT. BUT NOW, THAT SEEMS A TRIFLE--

AH. THERE SHE IS.



SOMEWHERE DOWN IN GREENWICH VILLAGE.

OH, BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT YET! NEVER MIND--

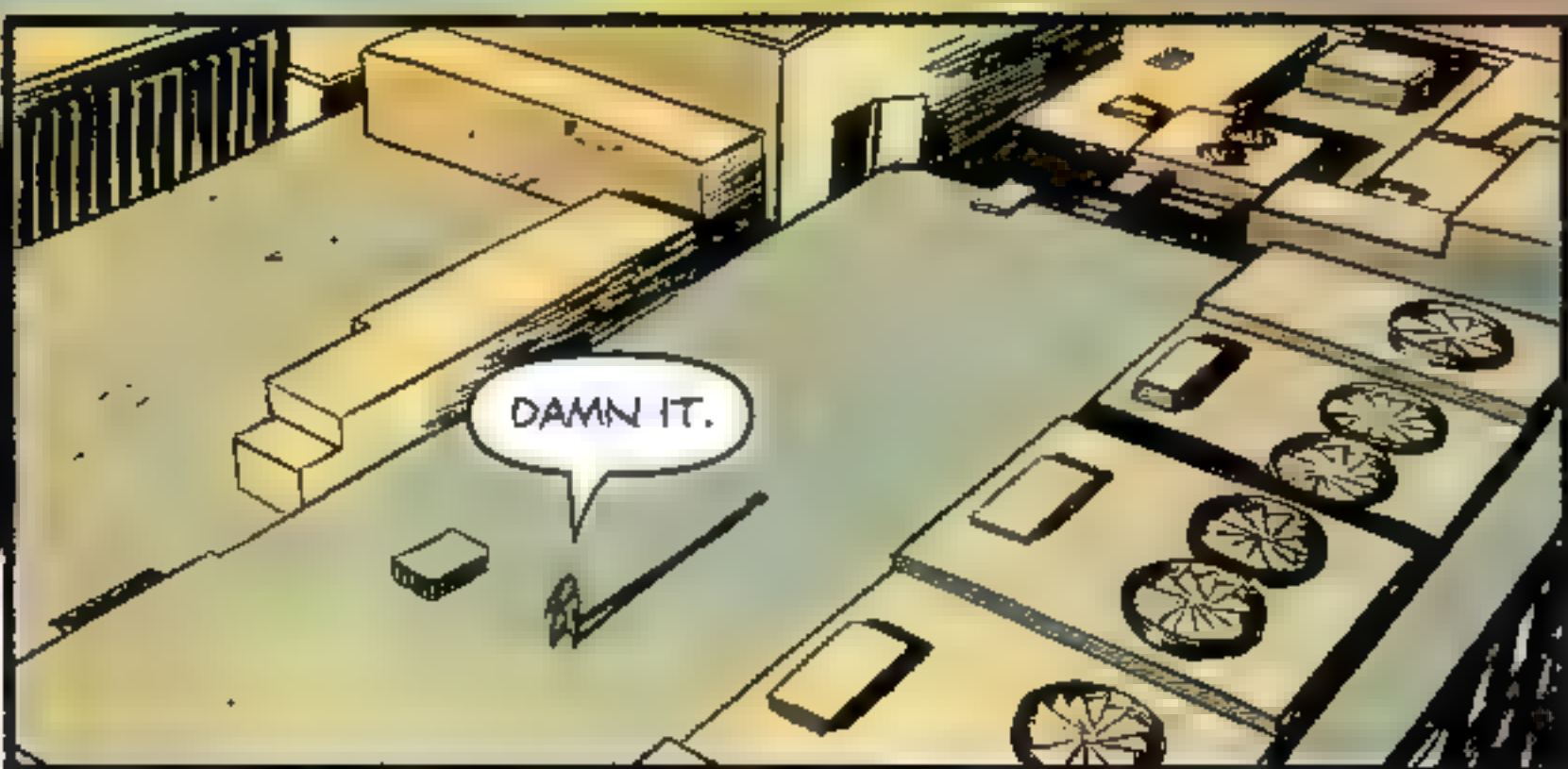
YOU CERTAINLY KNOW MY SCENT BY NOW. I'LL STOP BEING "WEIRD AND ANNOYING"--

JAC--!



--AND GET OUT OF YOUR WAY, SHALL I?

JAC!



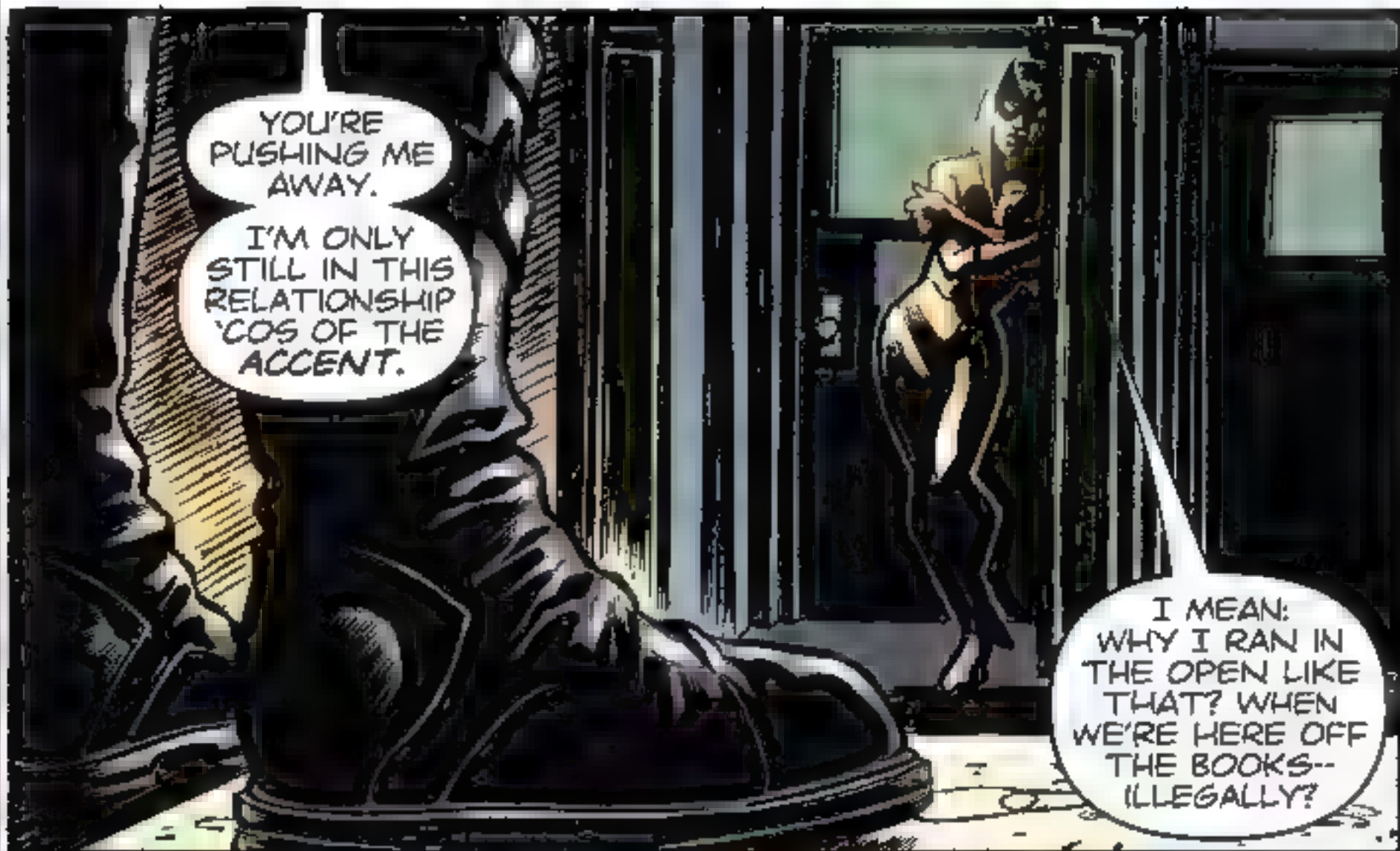
DAMN IT.





WELL, I REALLY ENJOYED THAT WALK.

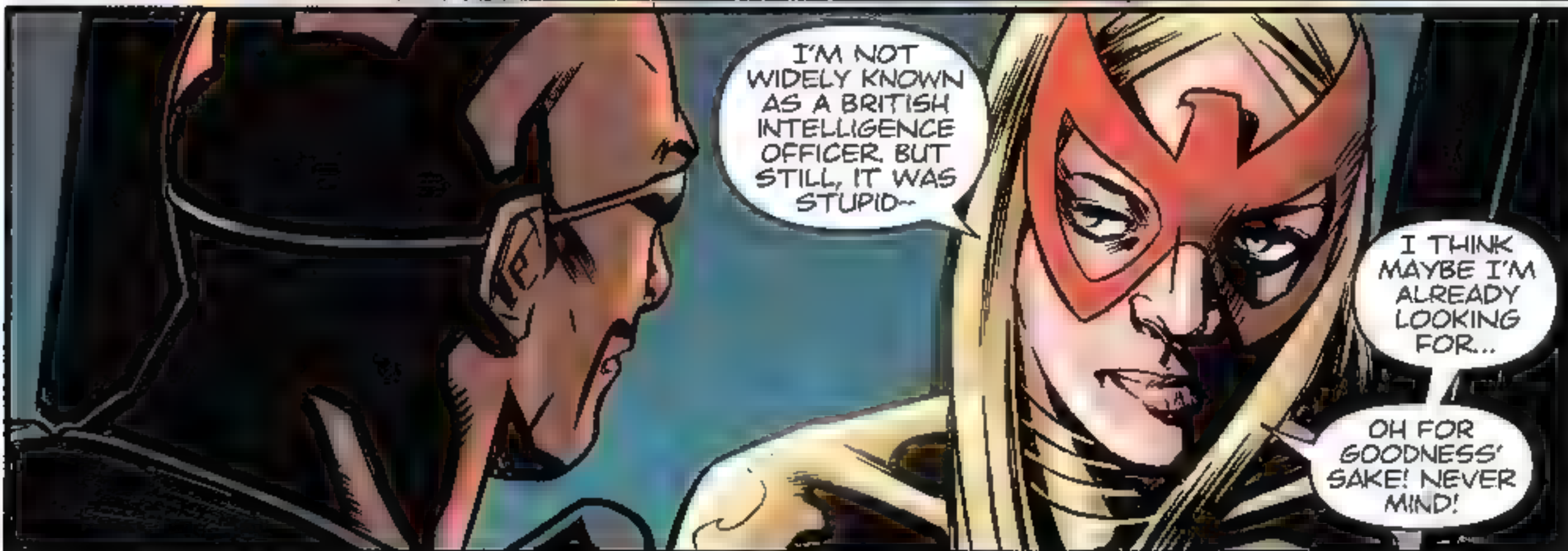
DO YOU KNOW WHY I DID THAT?



YOU'RE PUSHING ME AWAY.

I'M ONLY STILL IN THIS RELATIONSHIP 'COS OF THE ACCENT.

I MEAN: WHY I RAN IN THE OPEN LIKE THAT? WHEN WE'RE HERE OFF THE BOOKS-- ILLEGALLY?



I'M NOT WIDELY KNOWN AS A BRITISH INTELLIGENCE OFFICER BUT STILL, IT WAS STUPID--

I THINK MAYBE I'M ALREADY LOOKING FOR...

OH FOR GOODNESS' SAKE! NEVER MIND!



THERE'S A CLUB DOWN HERE.

HAYES' SCENT LEADS BACK AND FORTH. AND I AM NOT PUSHING YOU AWAY.

IS THIS ONE OF THOSE STIFF UPPER LIP THINGS? 'COS I'M JUST BAFFLED NOW.

LET'S GET ON, SHALL WE?



THE LADY JAC I... LIKE... SHE'S KIND OF... JOLLY? IN A BATTLE-HARDENED, MONTY-PYTHON-I-SEEM-TO-HAVE-HAD-MY-ARM-HACKED-OFF, OH-DEAR-MUSTN'T-COMPLAIN KIND OF WAY?

OH, SORRY, I MUST TRY NOT TO BE THE SLIGHTEST BIT BROODING OR STOIC.

GREAT. THAT'D BE GOOD.

..!

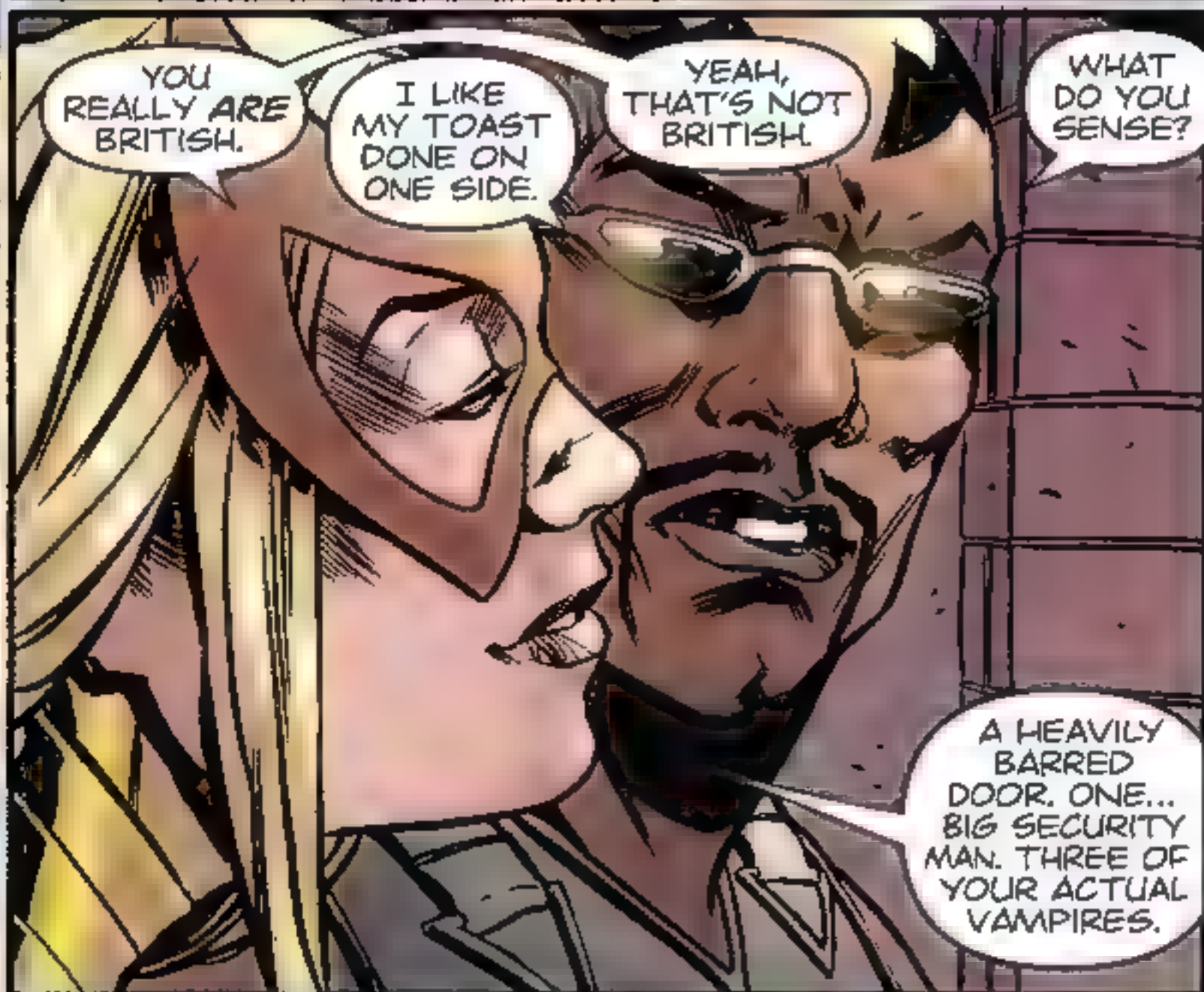


LISTEN, ANYBODY WHO SAW YOUR RUN--

--WILL JUST THINK THERE ARE MORE SUPER HEROES IN TOWN, ESPECIALLY WITH THE REST OF OUR UNIT AT STEVE ROGERS' RECEPTION TODAY.*

NO HARM DONE. WHY ASK WHY?

IN AGE OF HEROES #1 (Editor)



YOU REALLY ARE BRITISH.

I LIKE MY TOAST DONE ON ONE SIDE.

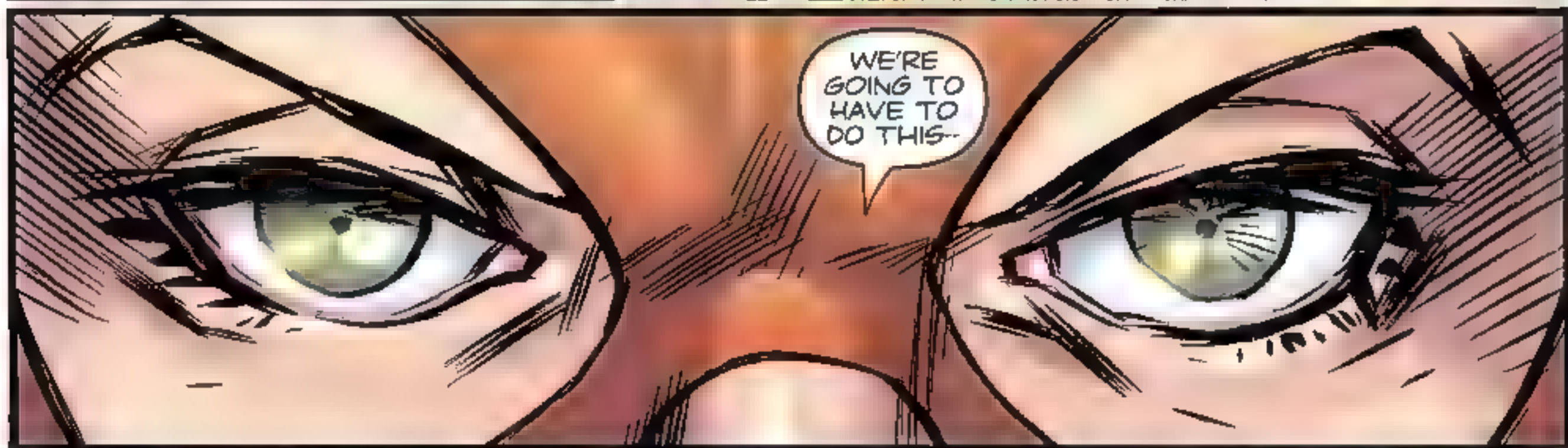
YEAH, THAT'S NOT BRITISH.

WHAT DO YOU SENSE?

A HEAVILY BARRED DOOR. ONE... BIG SECURITY MAN. THREE OF YOUR ACTUAL VAMPIRES.



ONE OF THOSE PLACES YOU CALL AHEAD TO GET IN. SO--

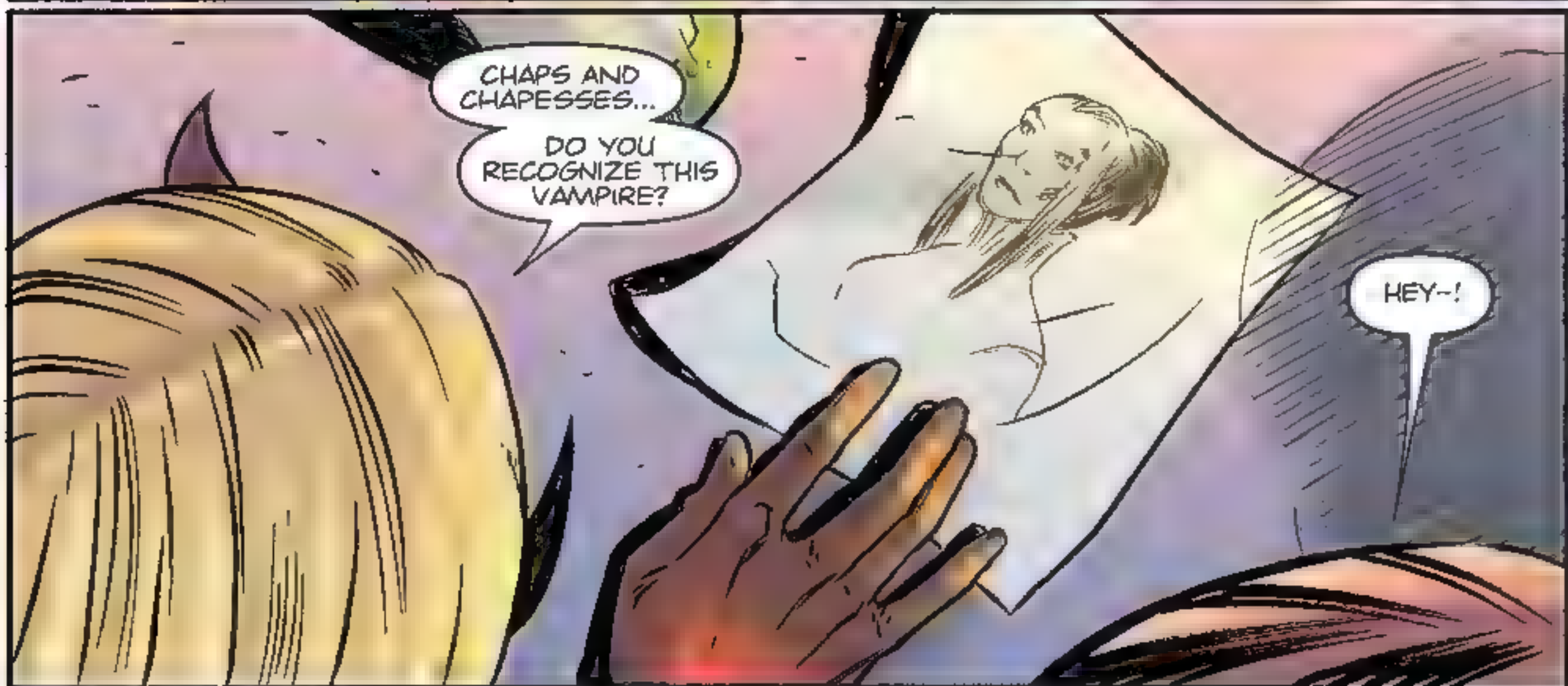
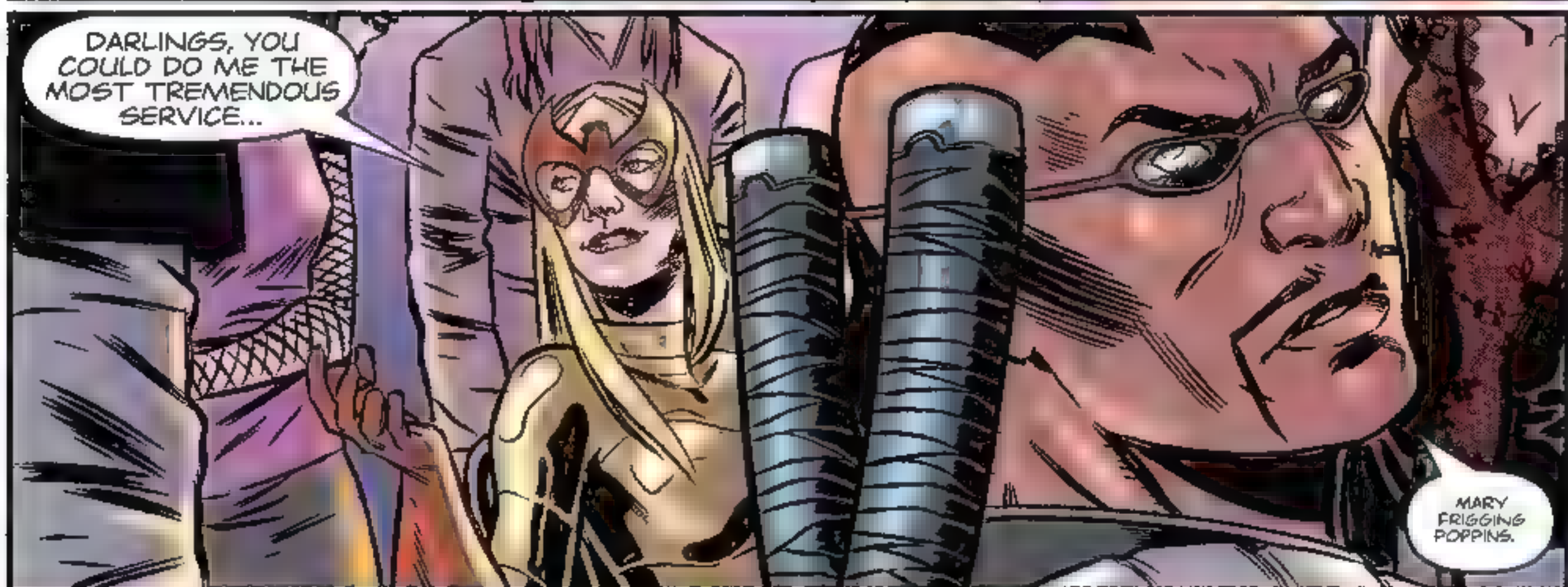


WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO THIS--



--OLD
SCHOOL!

GOODNESS,
I'VE REALLY PICKED
UP YOUR SPEECH
HABITS.





I DON'T WANT
TO RAT HER
OUT OR--
TOO LATE.
DECIDE.

SHE
COMES HERE ALL
THE TIME. SHE'S
GREAT.

SHE'S
KIND OF...



"LIKE
YOU."

FOUR WEEKS AGO.

TCH.
OLD ADOLF.
KIND TO HIS
DOGS, I
SUPPOSE.

BUT
ME, A NAZI?!
DARLING--



I SPIED
FOR THEM, BACK
IN THE DAY.

LIKE
I'LL SPY
FOR ANYONE
NOW.

BUT
SIGNING
UP WITH
THEM--



THAT WOULD
IMPLY THERE WAS
SOMETHING IN THIS
WORLD WORTH
BELONGING
TO.



I GUESS
I DID THINK SPYING
FOR THE NAZIS
SOUNDED KIND OF...
RACIST?

BUT IT WAS
A LONG TIME AGO,
RIGHT? AND SHE WAS
SO COOL. WE FOLLOWED
HER HOME ONCE, TO
SEE WHAT HER PLACE
WAS LIKE.

WE LIKE
HER FOR...
WELL--
THE
SAME REASON
WE LIKE YOU.

THE
SHEER
CAMP!



"CAMP,"
MY ARSE!



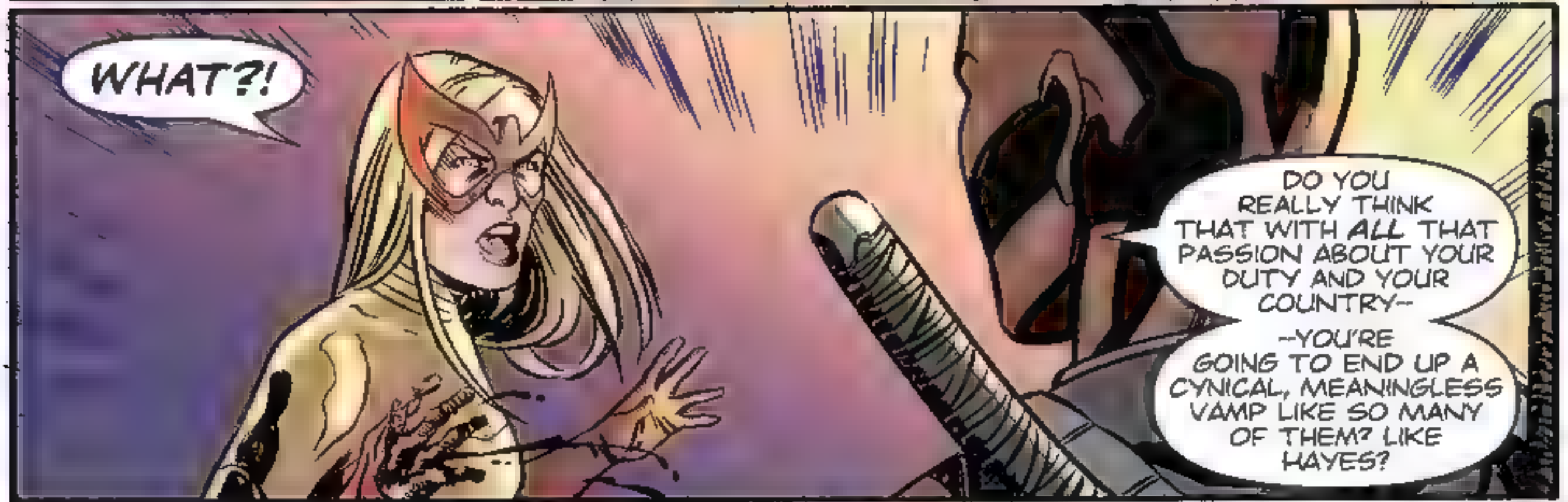
AND YOU
HELD THAT
IN THROUGH
ALL THOSE
GOODBYE
TOASTS.



NAZISM MAKES HER SUCH A CELEBRITY! AND
SHE'S STILL BETRAYING HER COUNTRY, AND
IT'S ALL SO ENTERTAINING!

LITTLE
\$\$\$&@ LIKE THAT!
FORGET WHAT MY
GENERATION--!

HEH.
YOU SO DO
NOT NEED TO
WORRY.



WHAT?!

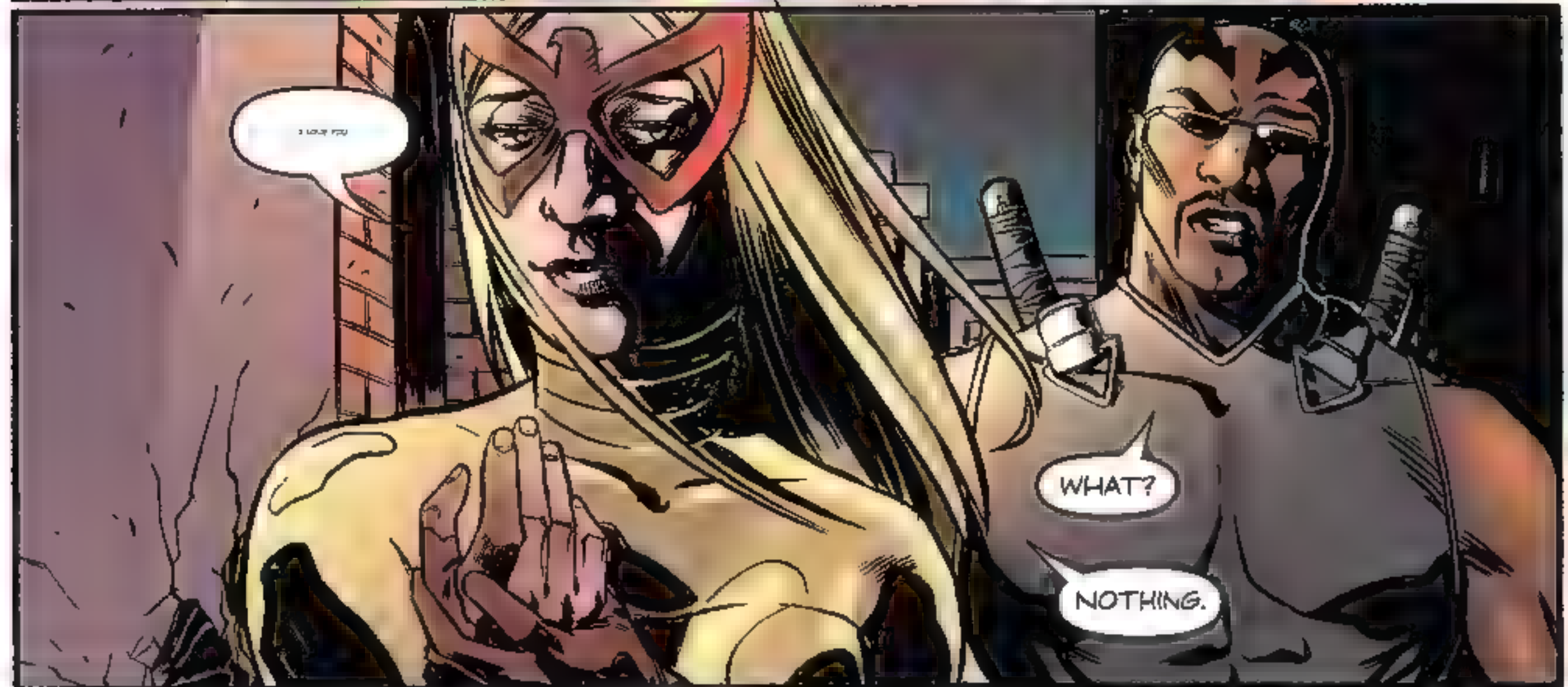
DO YOU
REALLY THINK
THAT WITH ALL THAT
PASSION ABOUT YOUR
DUTY AND YOUR
COUNTRY--

--YOU'RE
GOING TO END UP A
CYNICAL, MEANINGLESS
VAMP LIKE SO MANY
OF THEM? LIKE
HAYES?



NOT
EVER,
GIRL.

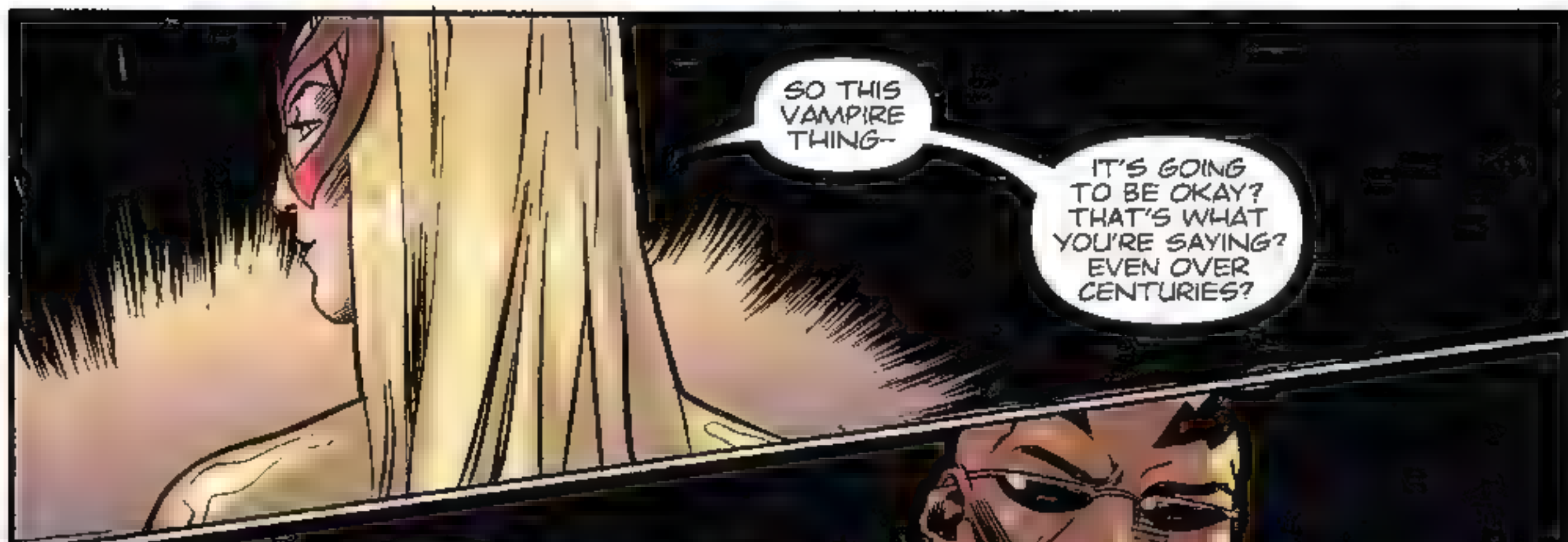
NOT
EVER.



I LOVE YOU

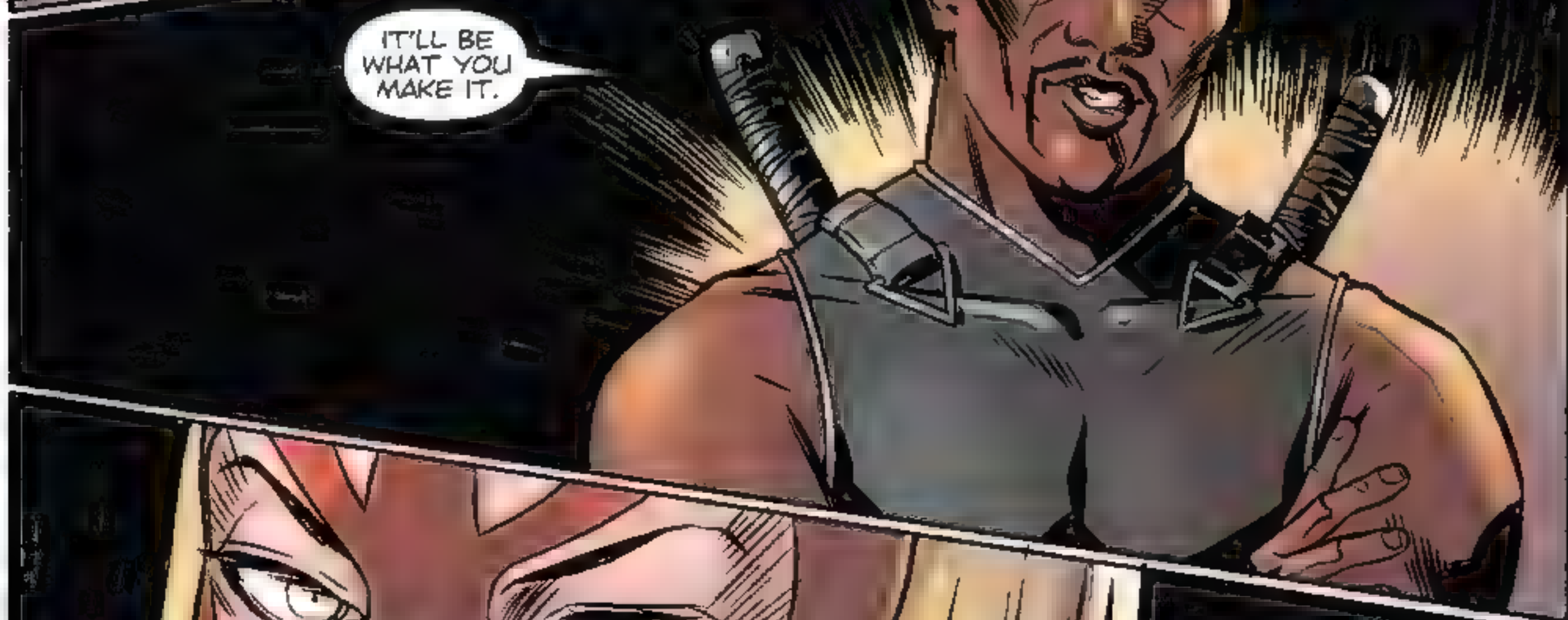
WHAT?

NOTHING.

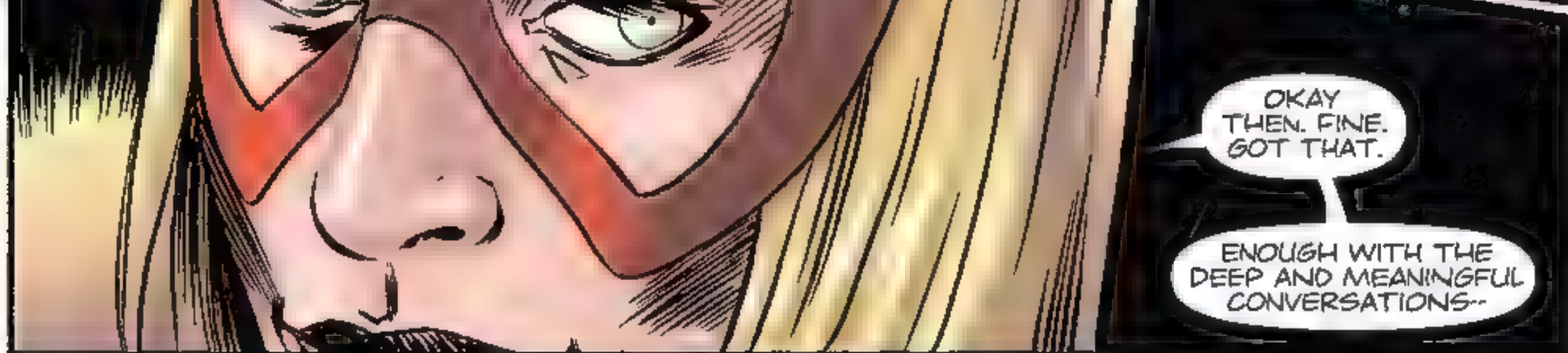


SO THIS
VAMPIRE
THING--

IT'S GOING
TO BE OKAY?
THAT'S WHAT
YOU'RE SAYING?
EVEN OVER
CENTURIES?



IT'LL BE
WHAT YOU
MAKE IT.

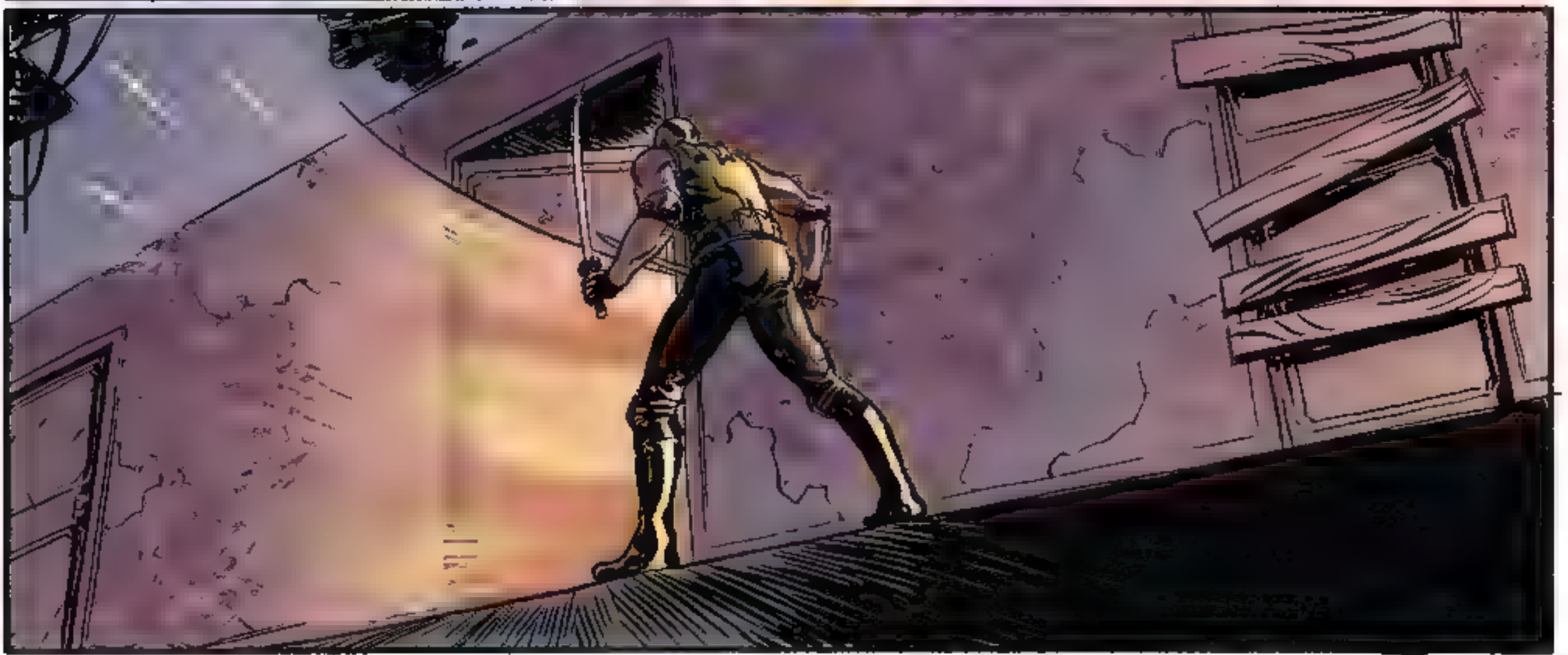
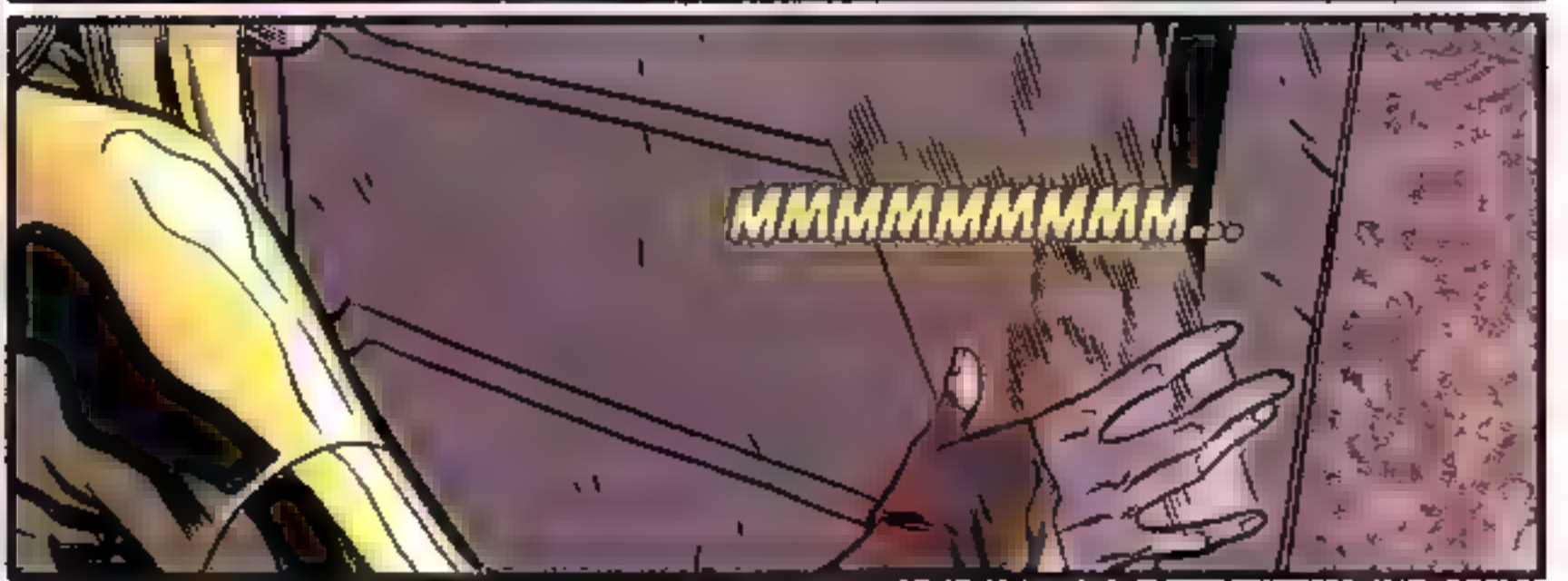
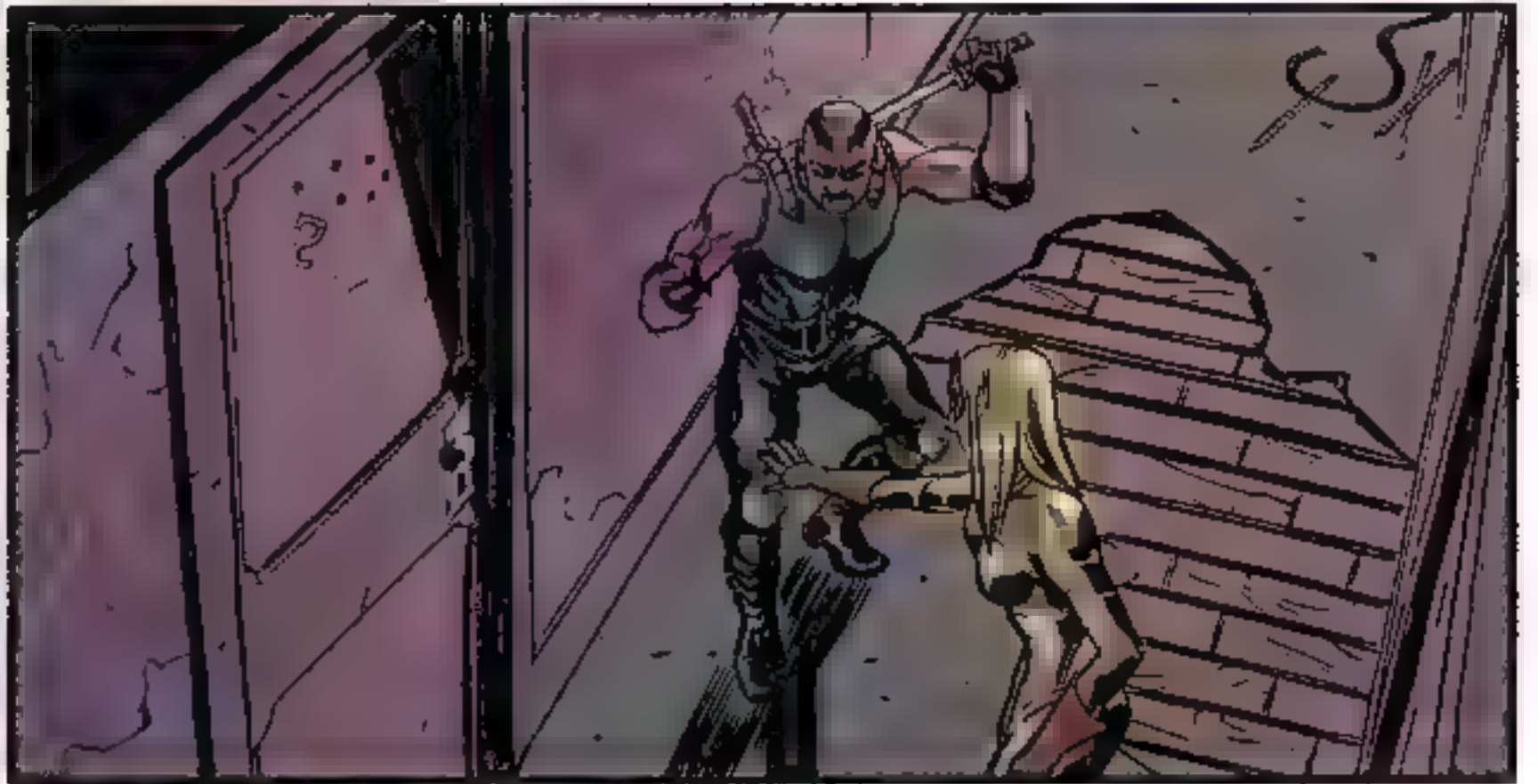
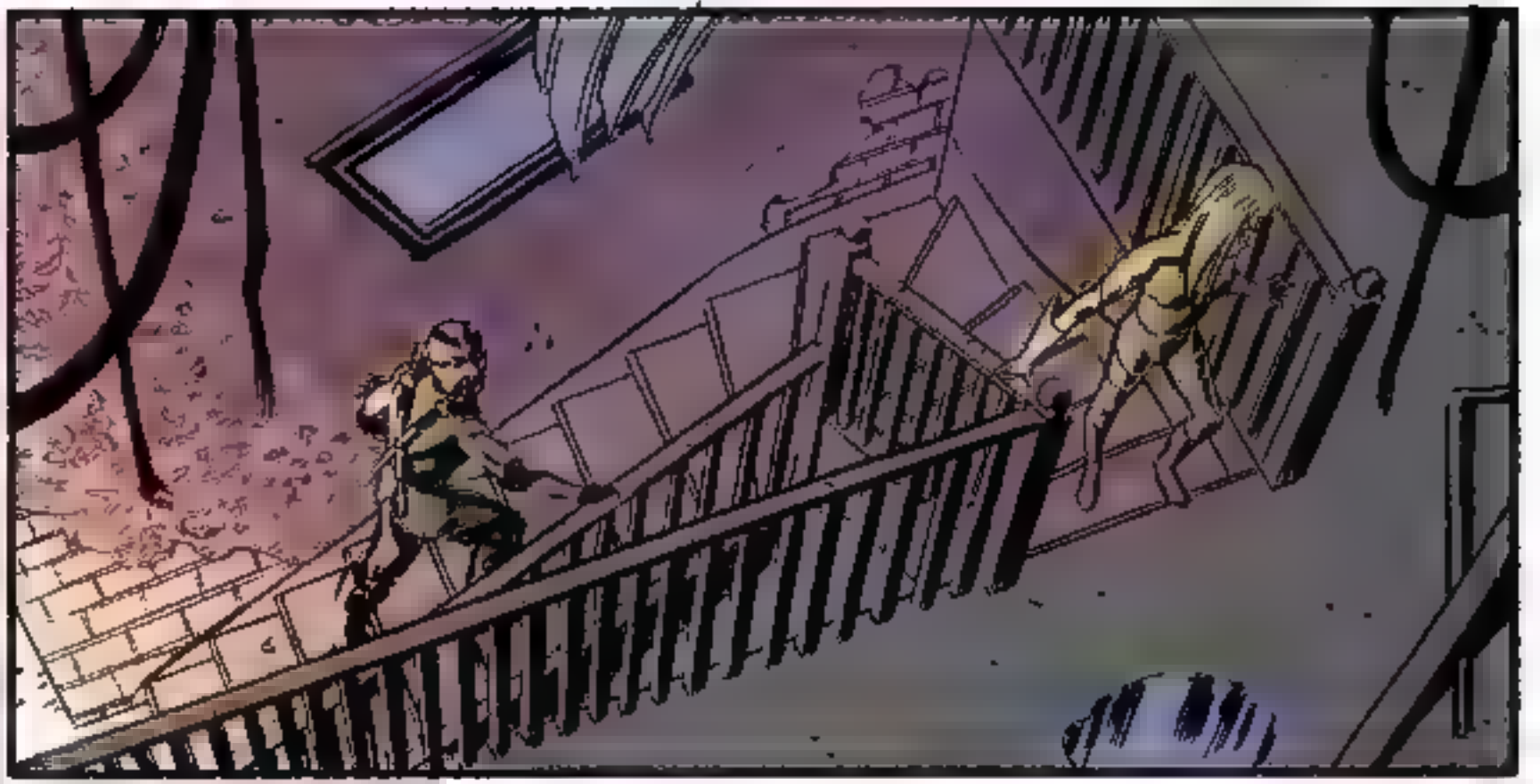
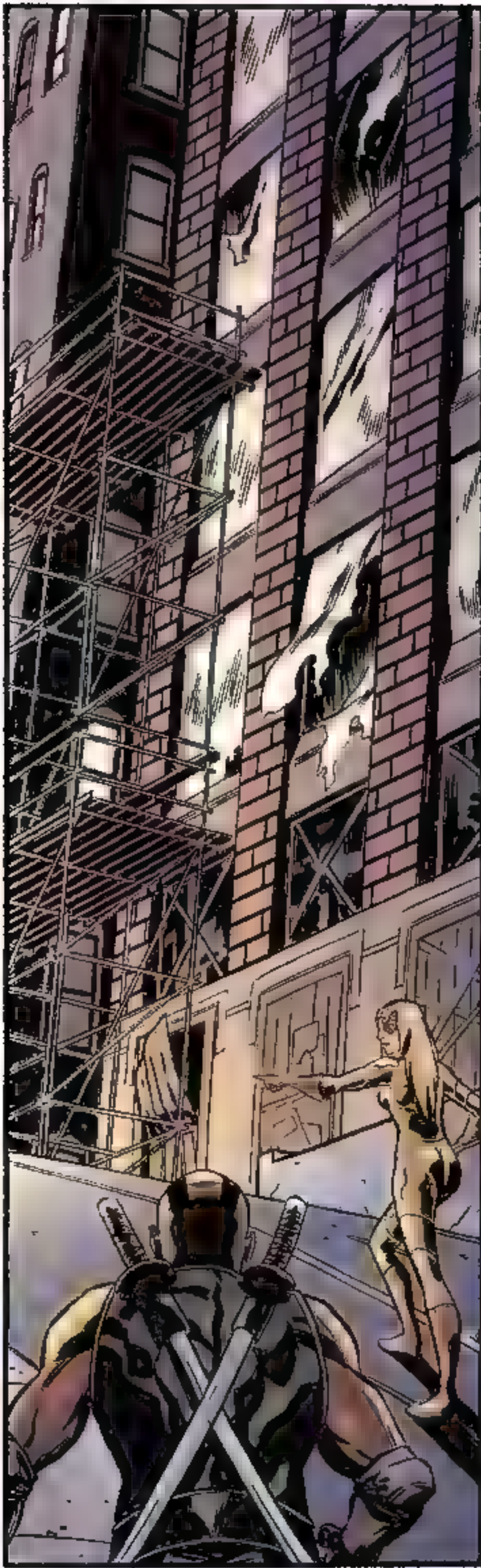


OKAY
THEN. FINE.
GOT THAT.

ENOUGH WITH THE
DEEP AND MEANINGFUL
CONVERSATIONS--



LET'S GO
HUNTING.





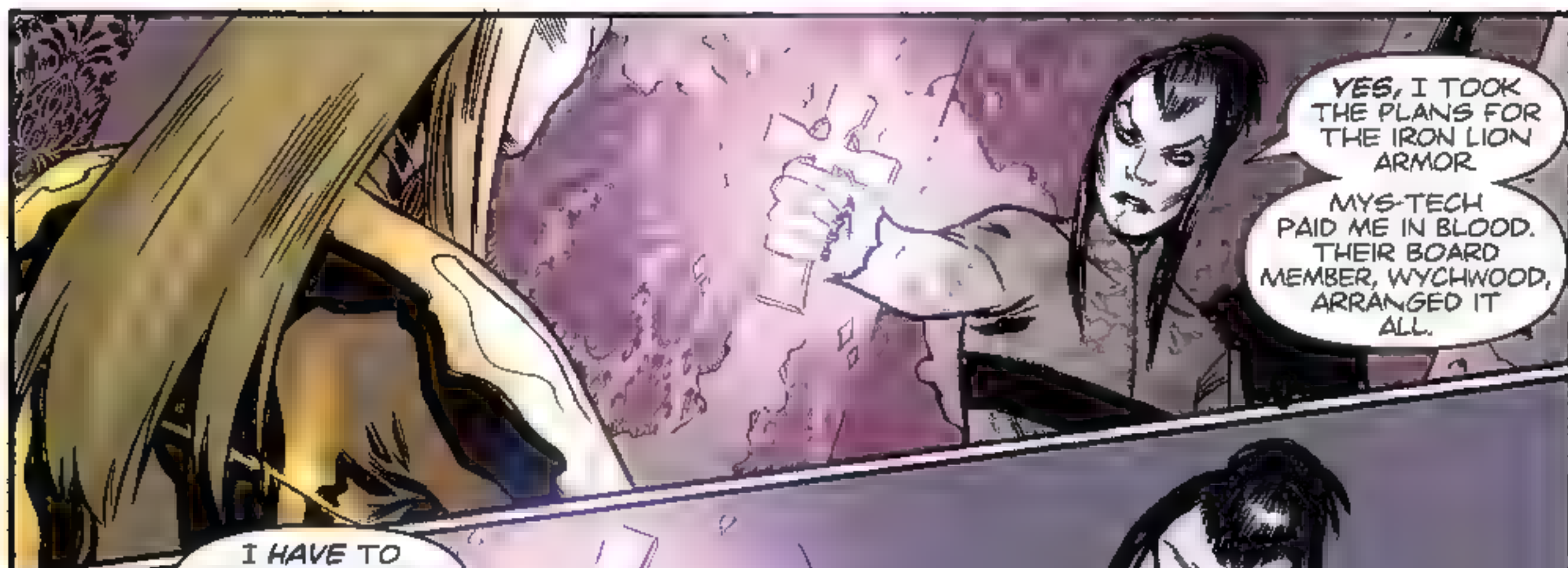
WAIT.
WHAT'S-?

VAERGHUUH!

ERIC!

BUT I
MUST SAY, I'M
SURPRISED THEY
SENT THE
NOVICE.

THE
DAYWALKER
WON'T BOTHER
US NOW.
I'VE BEEN
EXPECTING
SOMEONE FROM
M13 TO COME
AFTER ME-



YES, I TOOK
THE PLANS FOR
THE IRON LION
ARMOR

MYS-TECH
PAID ME IN BLOOD.
THEIR BOARD
MEMBER, WYCHWOOD,
ARRANGED IT
ALL.

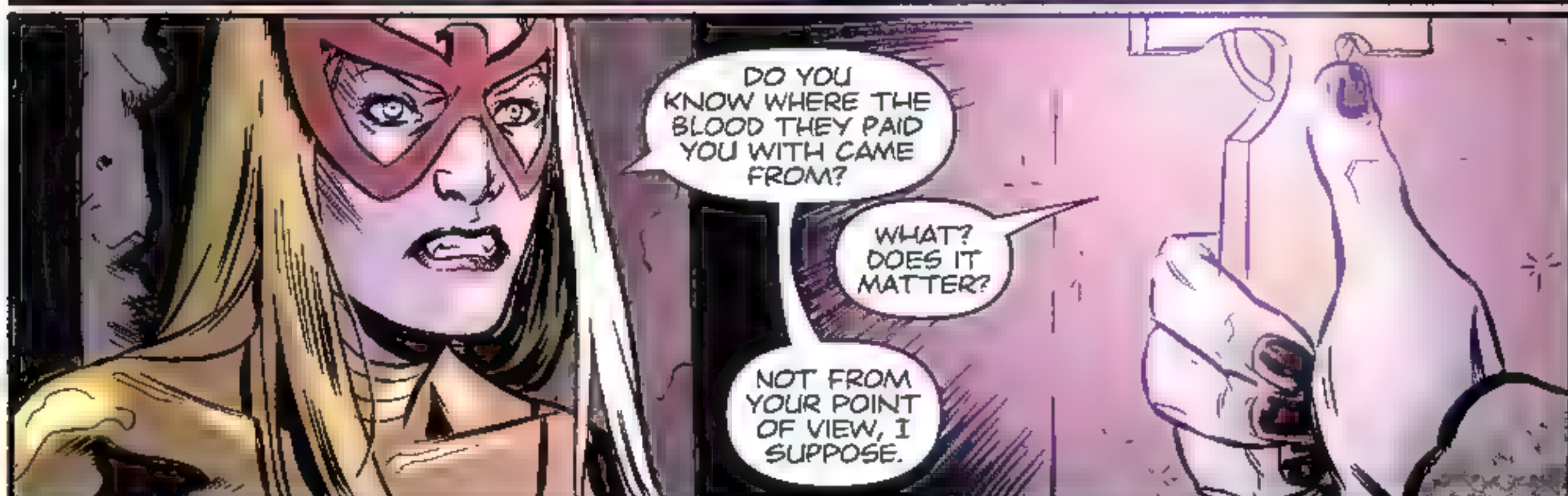


I HAVE TO
TAKE SUCH RISKS,
TO KEEP MYSELF
ENTERTAINED.

THEY'RE JUST...
GAMES. LADY JACQUELINE,
ALL THE PEOPLE I'VE LOST,
MY WHOLE FAMILY--

I SAY
"NOVICE"...BECAUSE
YOU'LL ONLY JUST BE
STARTING TO REALIZE...
WHAT LIVING THIS
LONG IS LIKE.

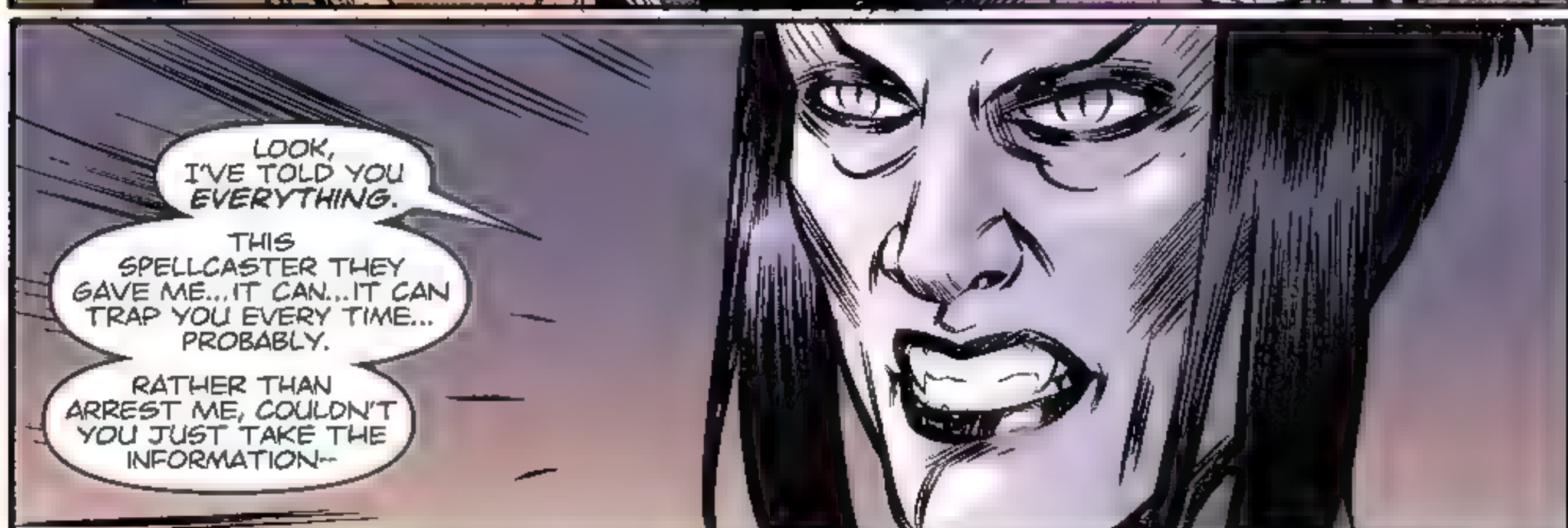
WHAT THE
WEIGHT OF ALL
THIS MEANINGLESS...
HISTORY...WILL DO
TO YOU.



DO YOU
KNOW WHERE THE
BLOOD THEY PAID
YOU WITH CAME
FROM?

WHAT?
DOES IT
MATTER?

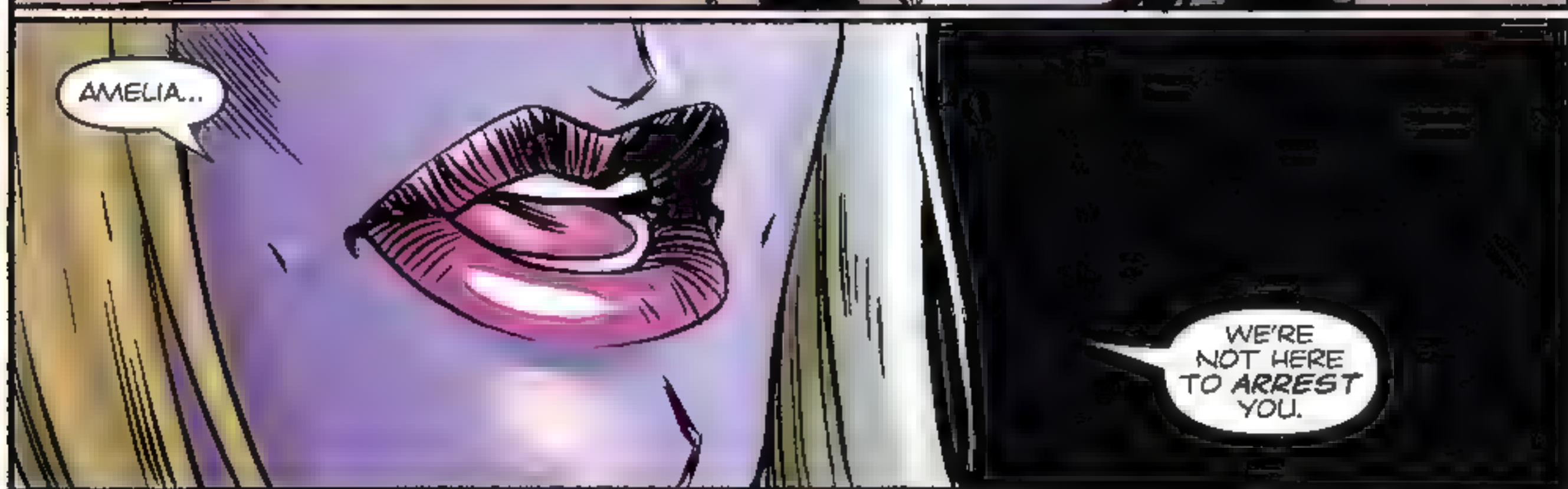
NOT FROM
YOUR POINT
OF VIEW, I
SUPPOSE.



LOOK,
I'VE TOLD YOU
EVERYTHING.

THIS
SPELLCASTER THEY
GAVE ME...IT CAN...IT CAN
TRAP YOU EVERY TIME...
PROBABLY.

RATHER THAN
ARREST ME, COULDN'T
YOU JUST TAKE THE
INFORMATION--



AMELIA...

WE'RE
NOT HERE
TO ARREST
YOU.



JUST
BECAUSE I NEED
EXCITEMENT!

JUST BECAUSE
I CHOOSE THE
WRONG SIDES!

I COULD
HAVE WORKED
FOR THEM!
I COULD HAVE
BEEN YOU!

IF
ONLY THEY'D
TRUSTED ME, THE
MEANINGLESS
SWINE--!

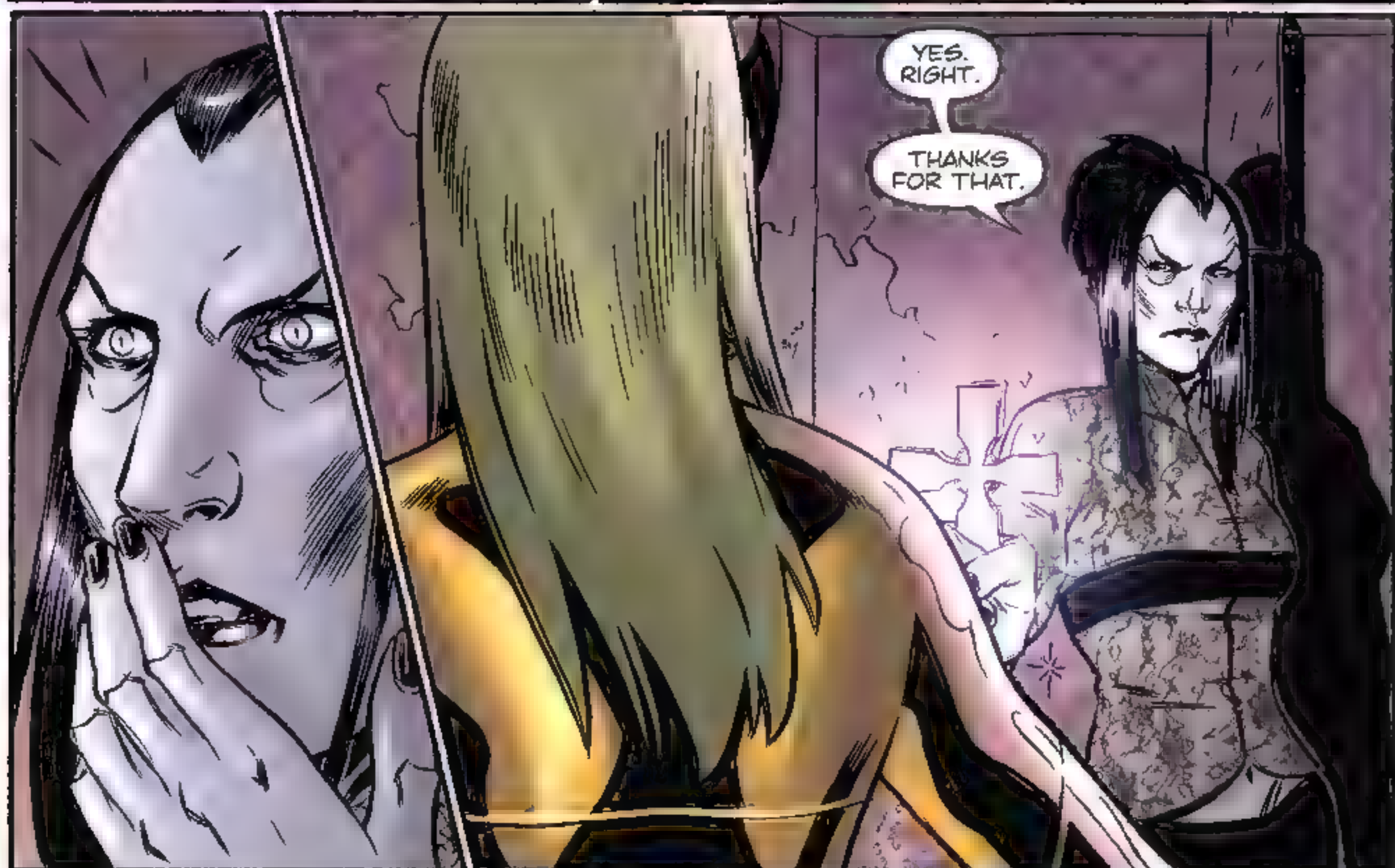
AMELIA--!

WE'RE
FROM THE SAME
BACKGROUND.

THE SAME
THINGS HAVE
HAPPENED TO US.
AND I'D WANT
SOMEONE TO SAY
THIS TO ME.

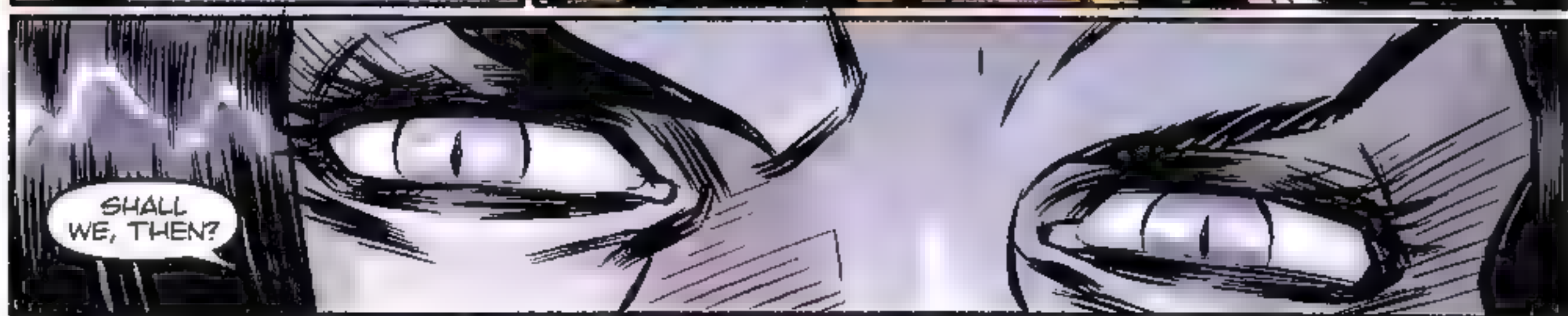
DO
YOU WANT
YOUR LAST
WORDS TO BE AN
INCOHERENT
RANT?

YOU'RE
IN DANGER
OF BECOMING
TIRESOME.

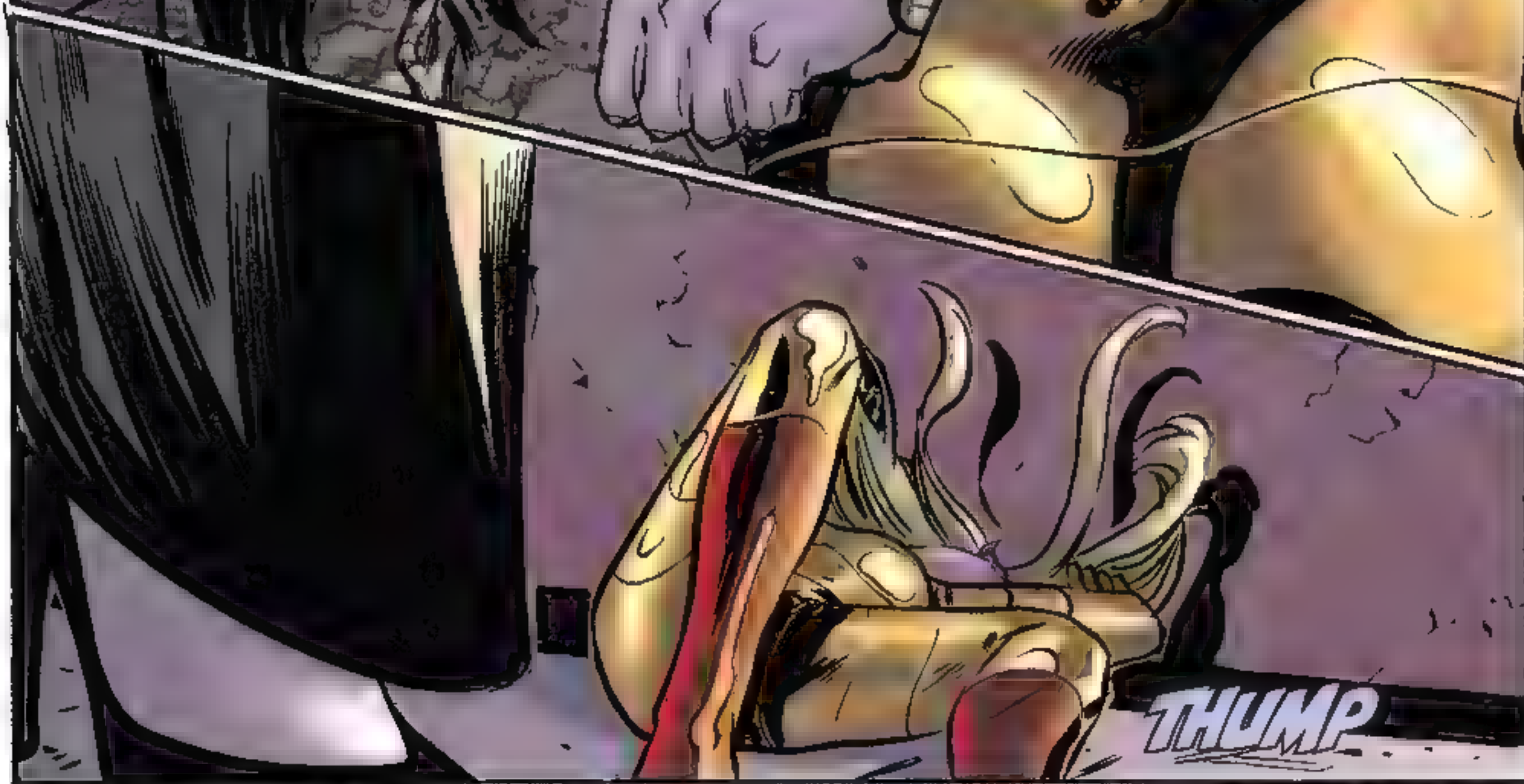
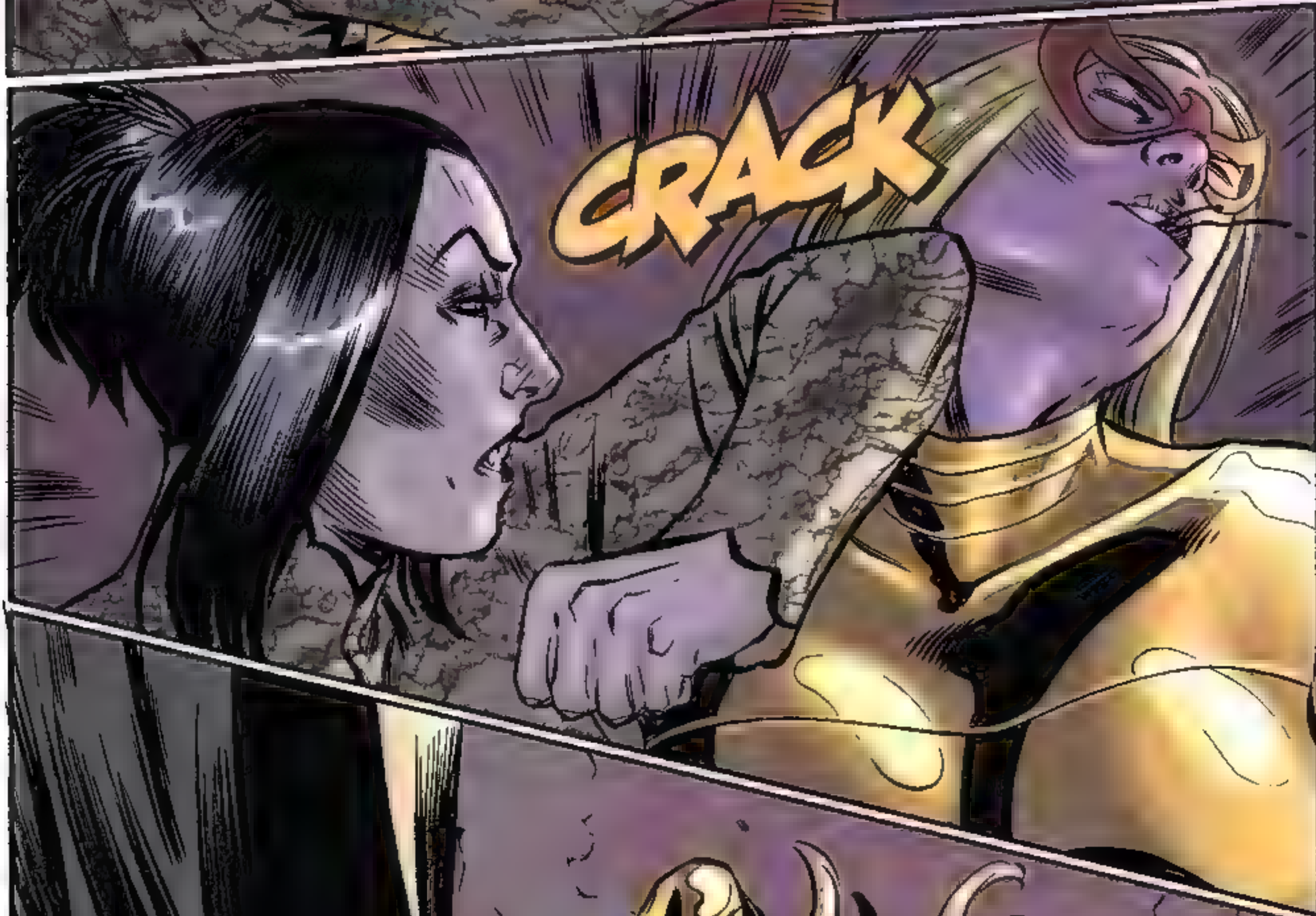
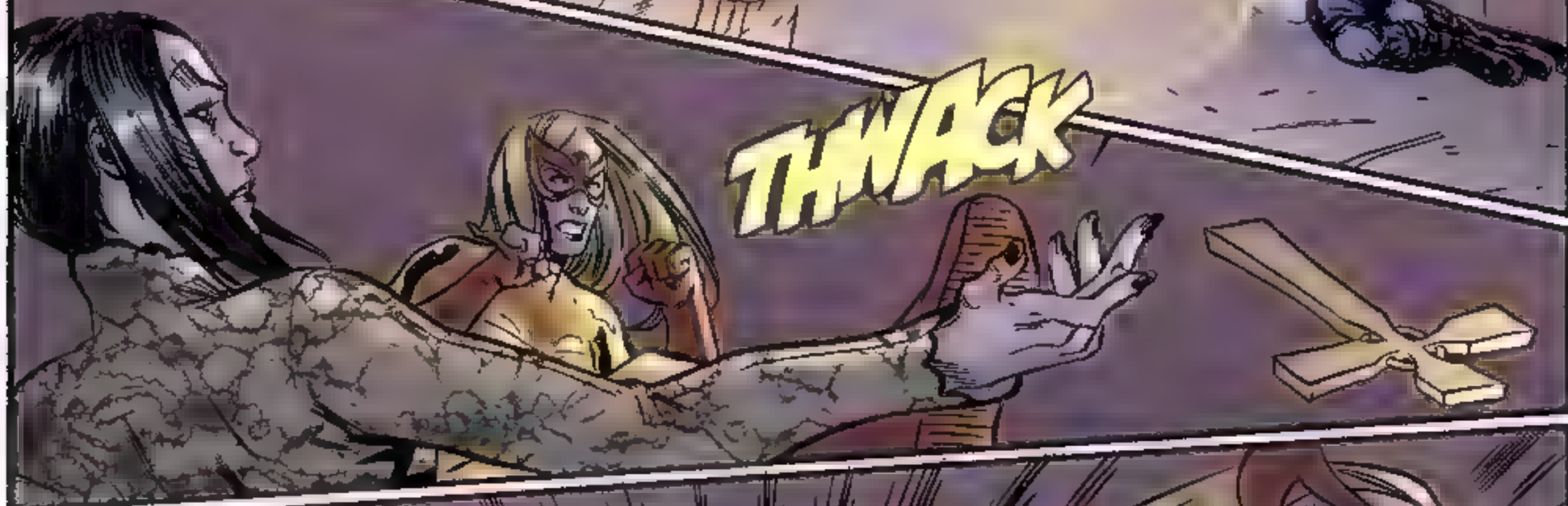
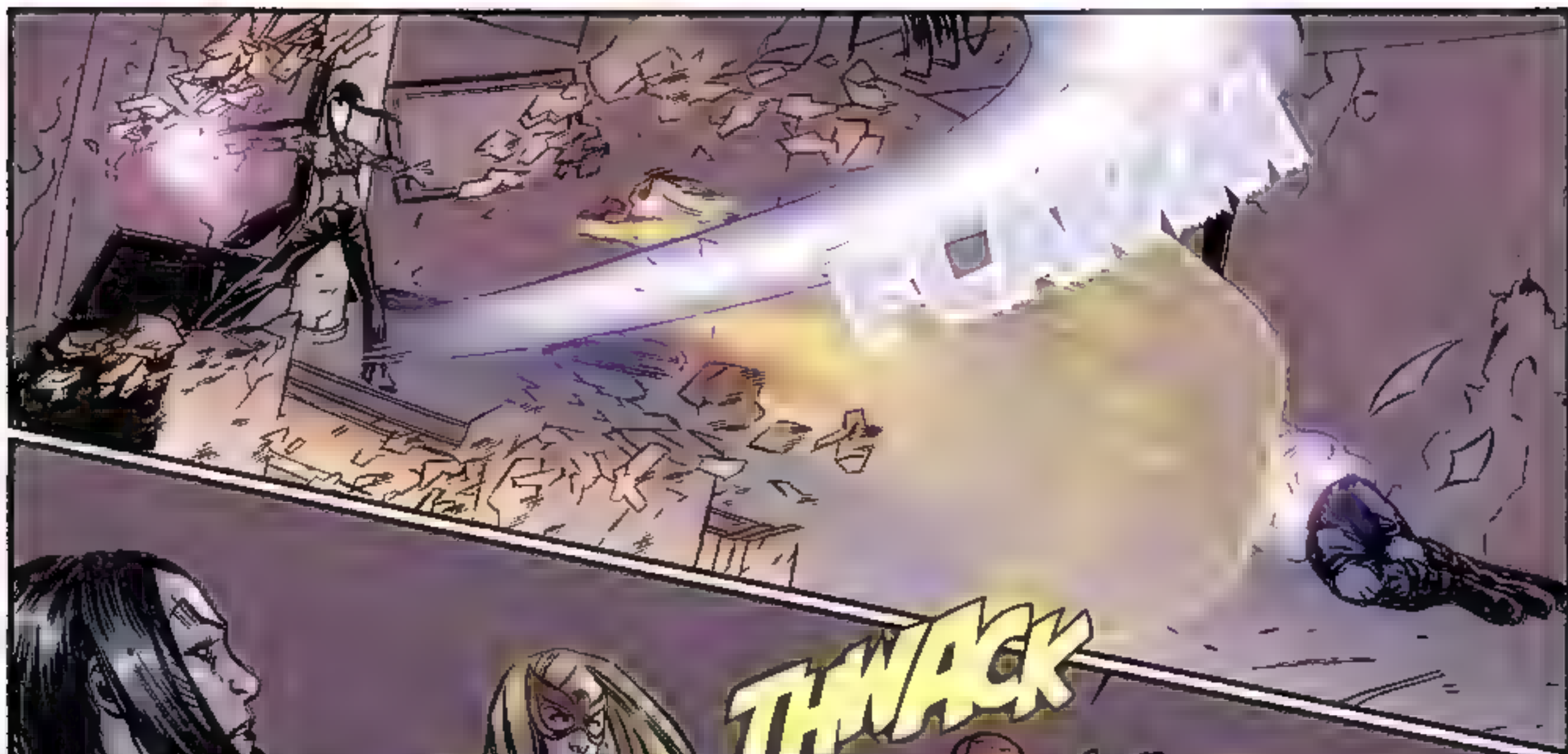


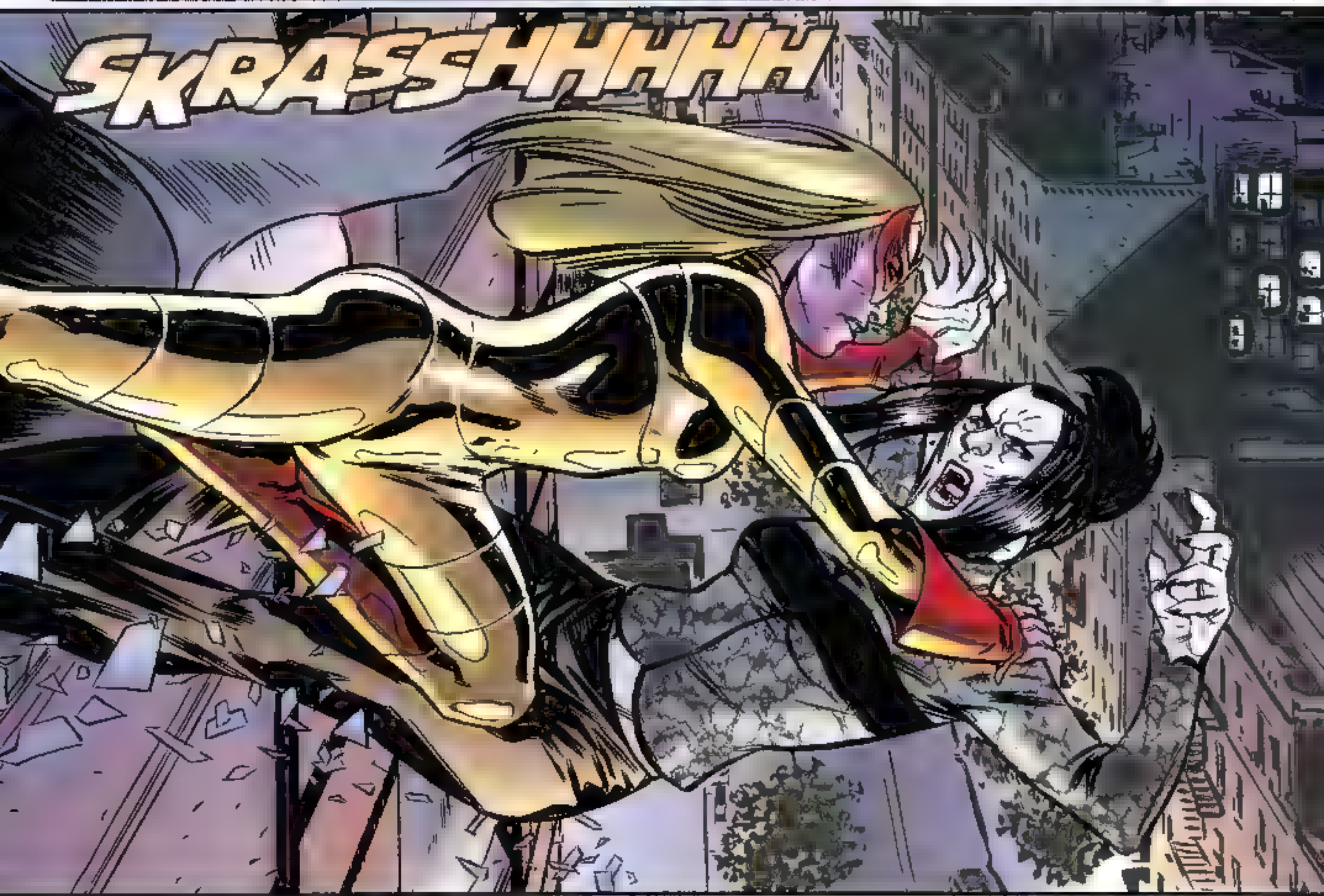
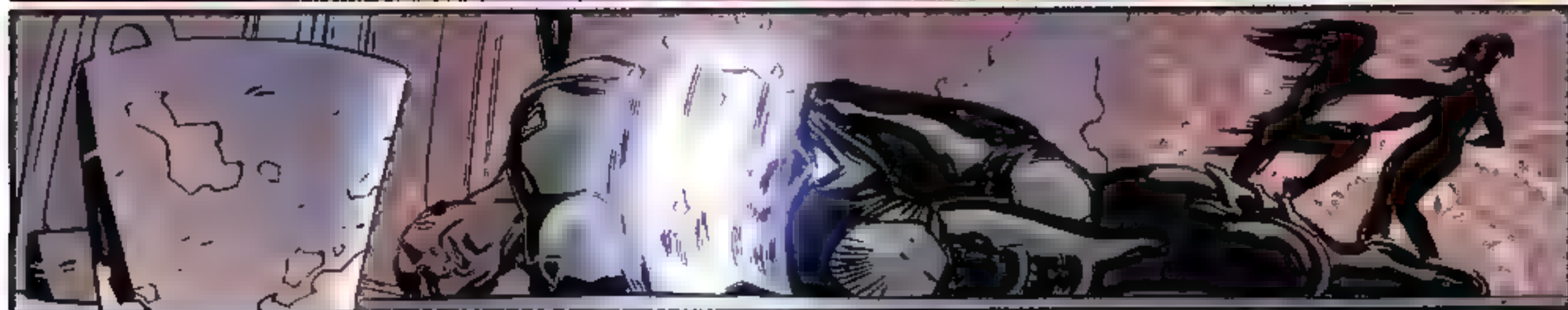
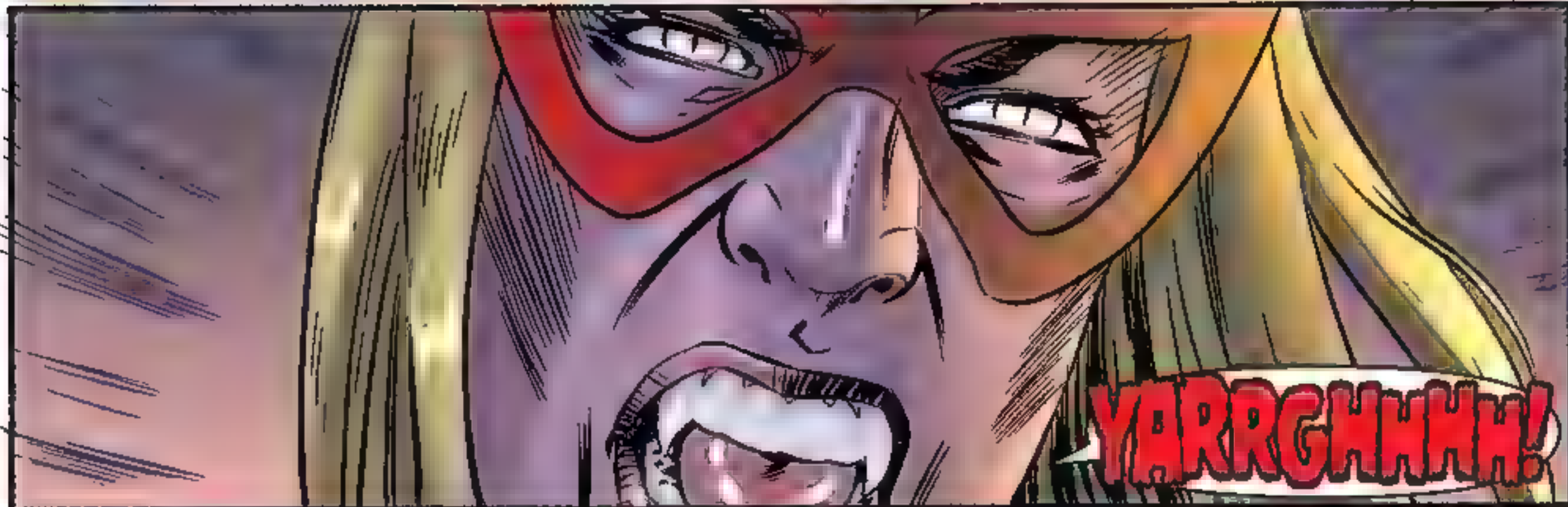
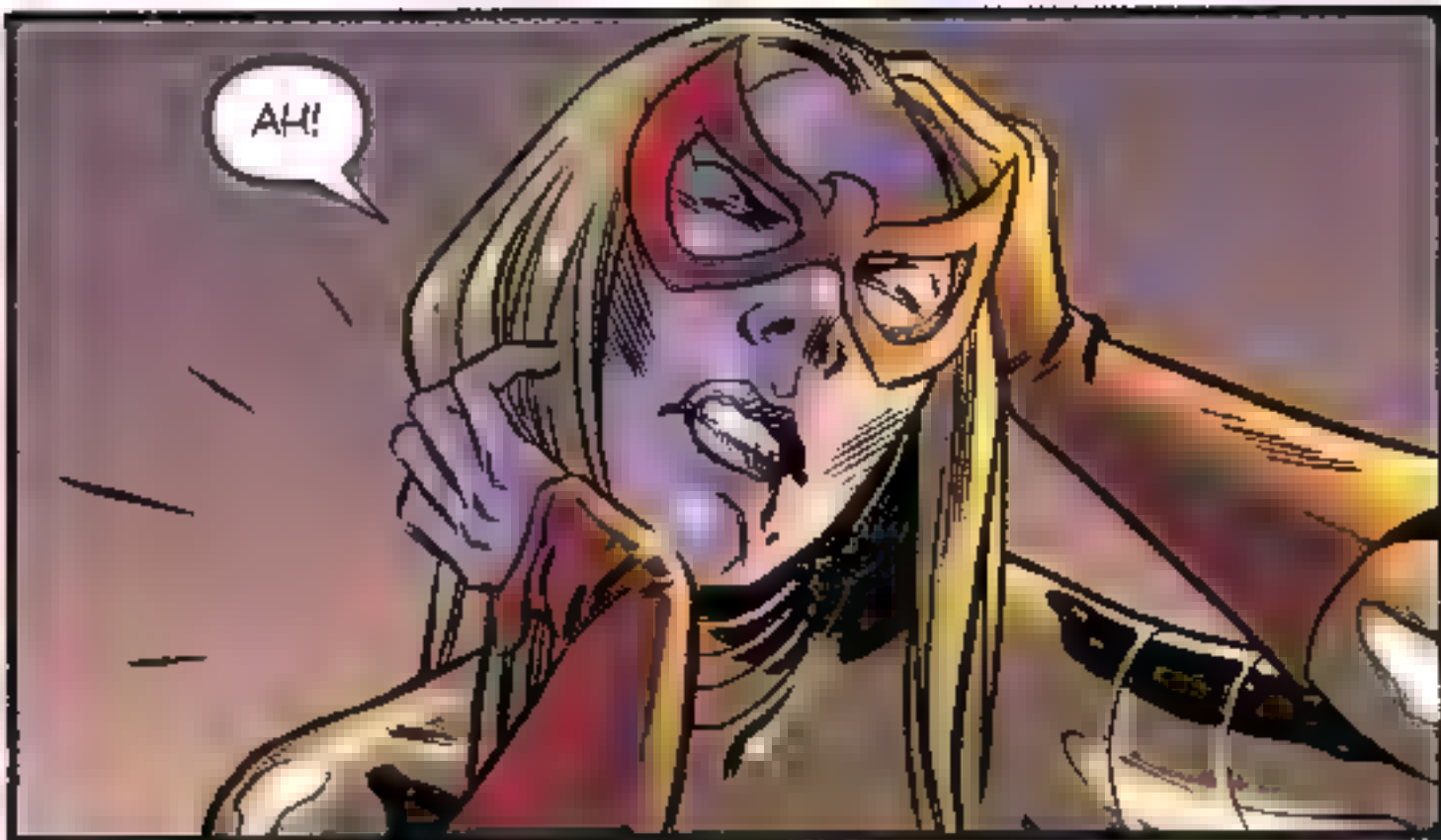
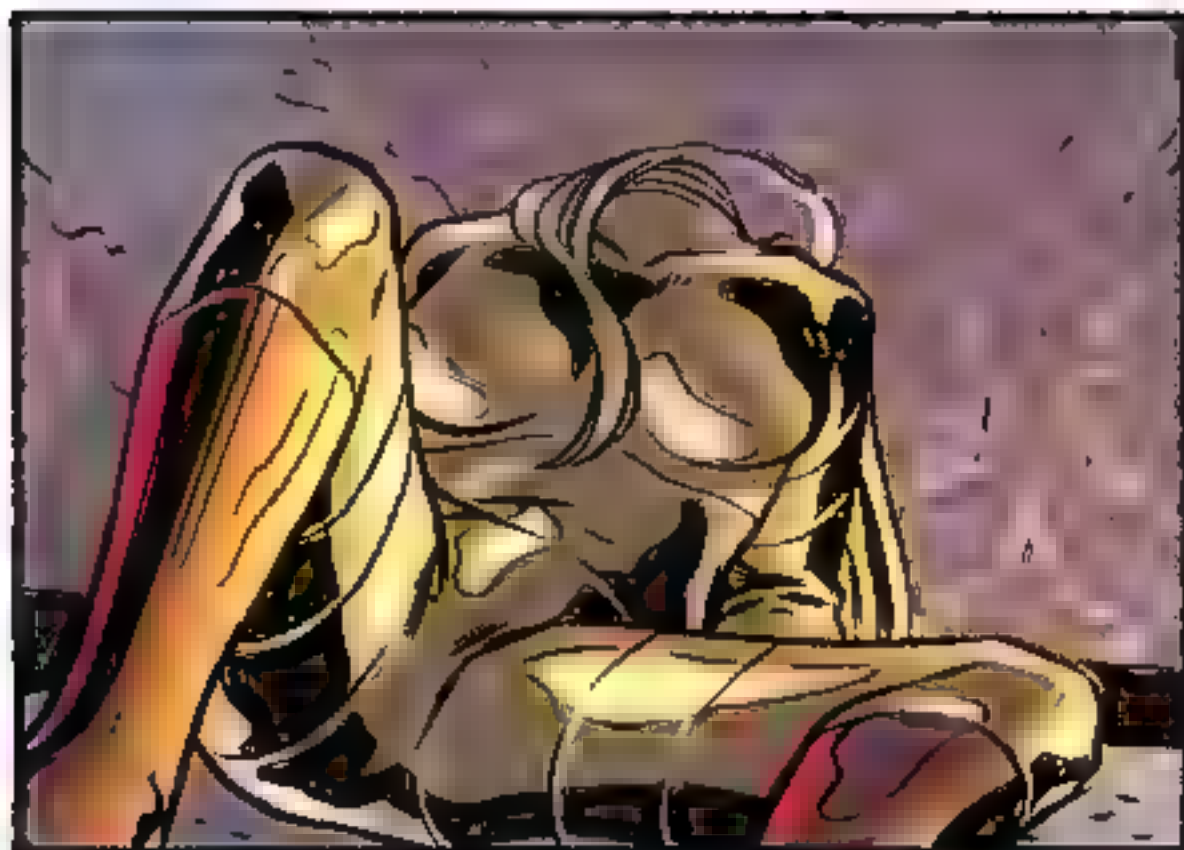
YES.
RIGHT.

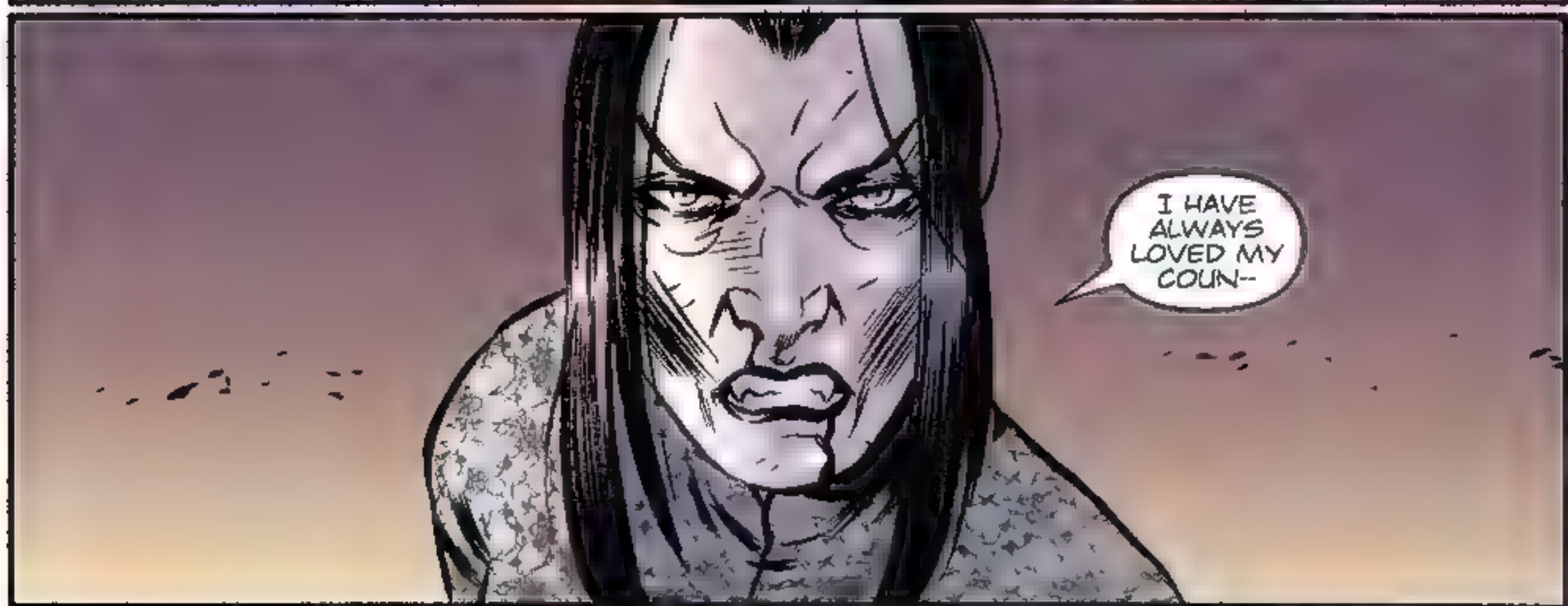
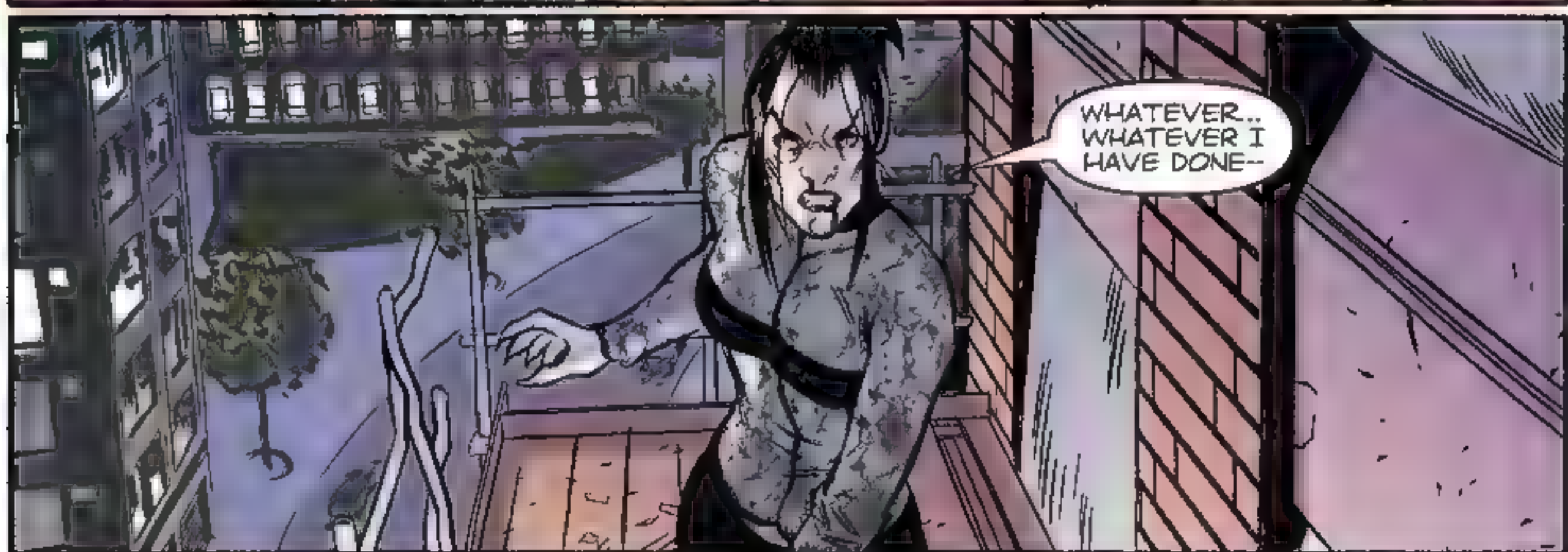
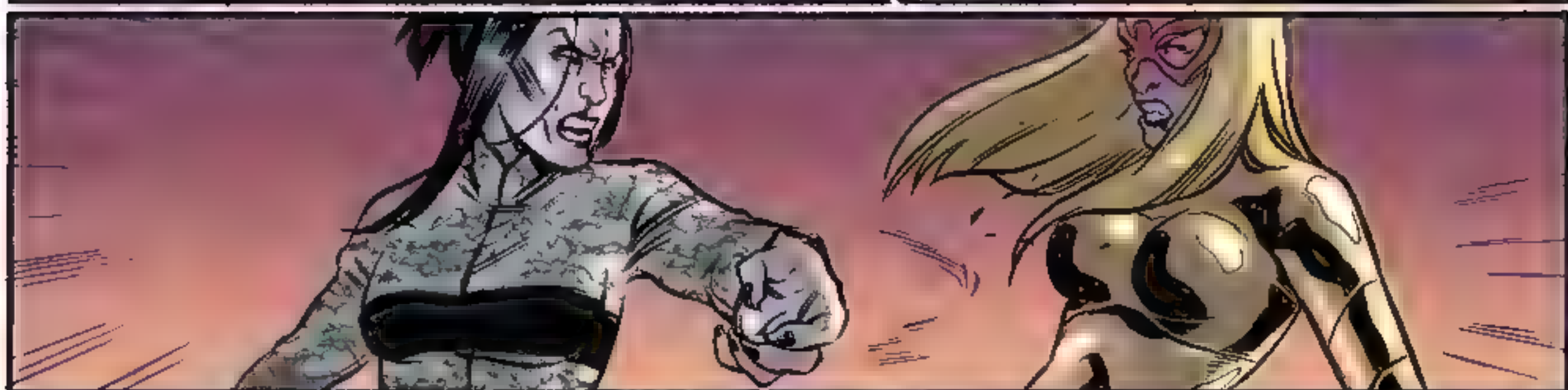
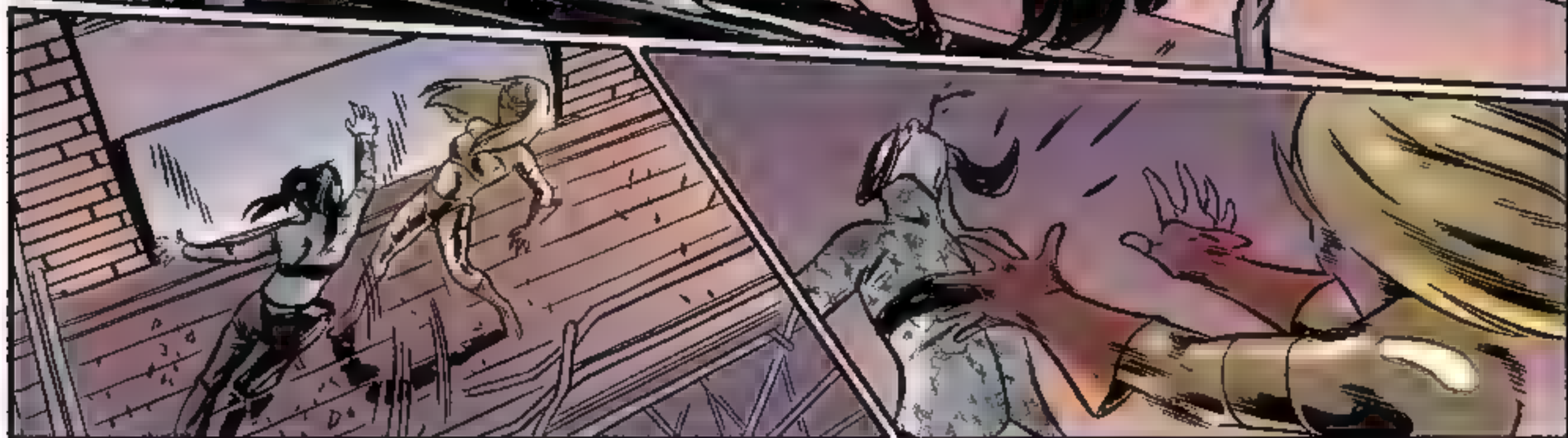
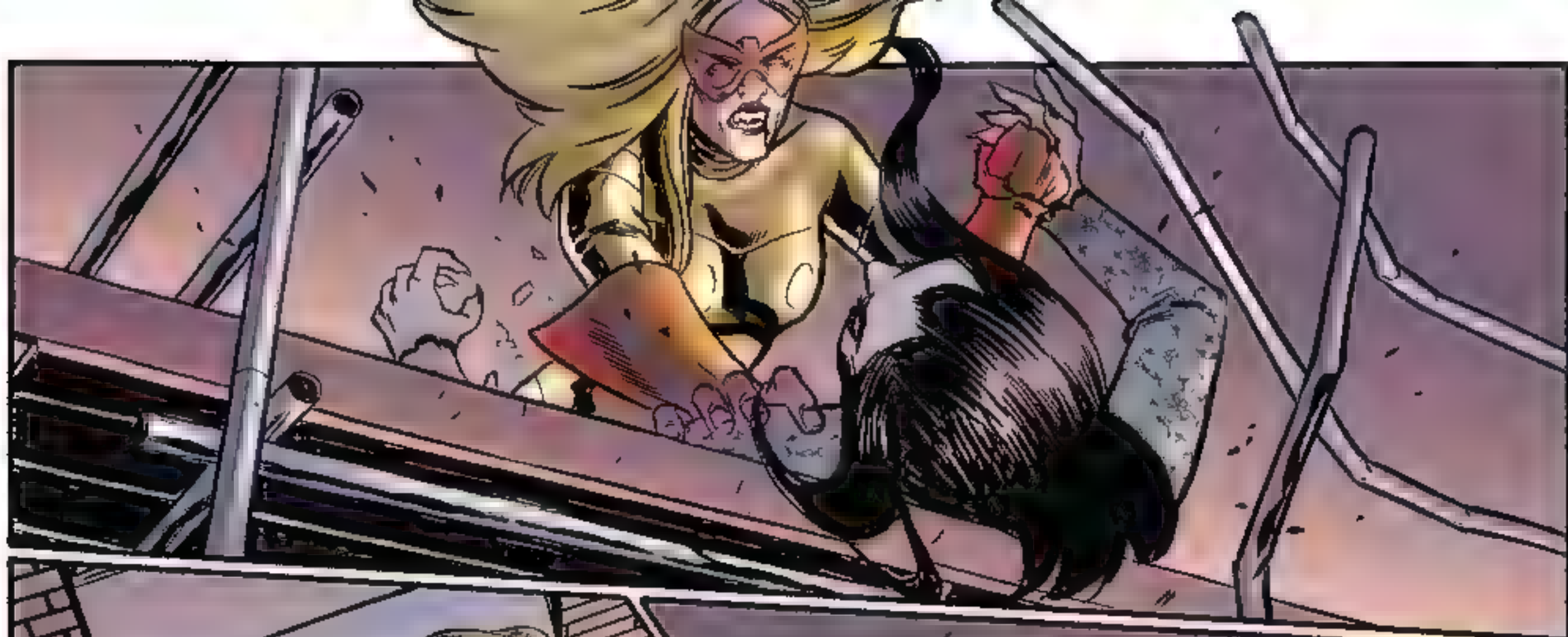
THANKS
FOR THAT.

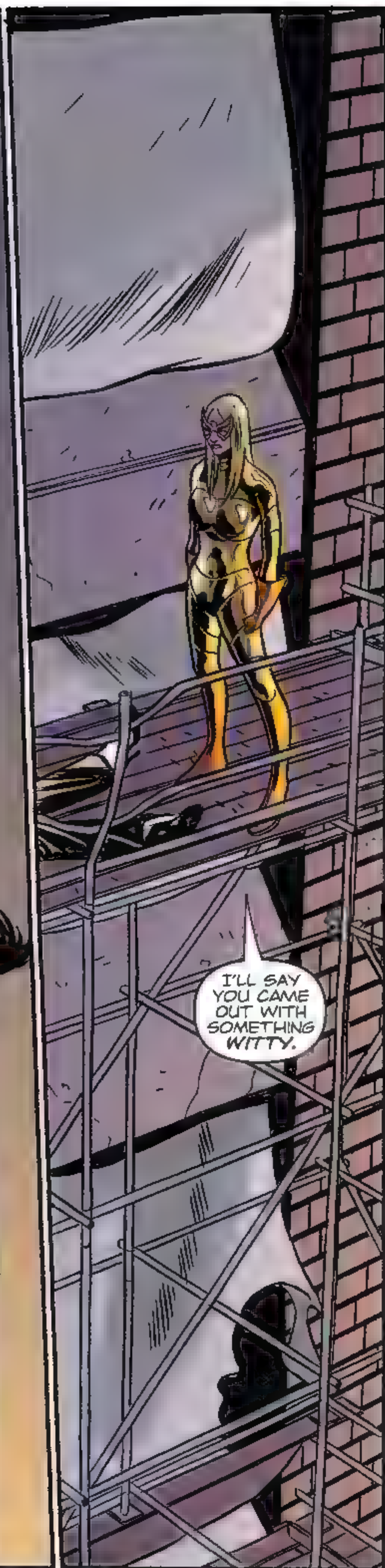
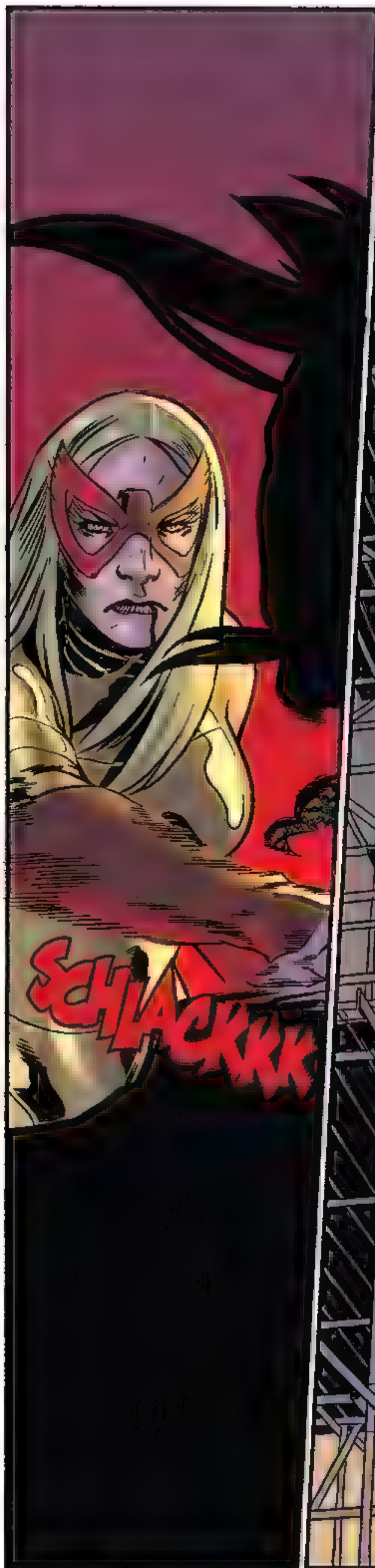


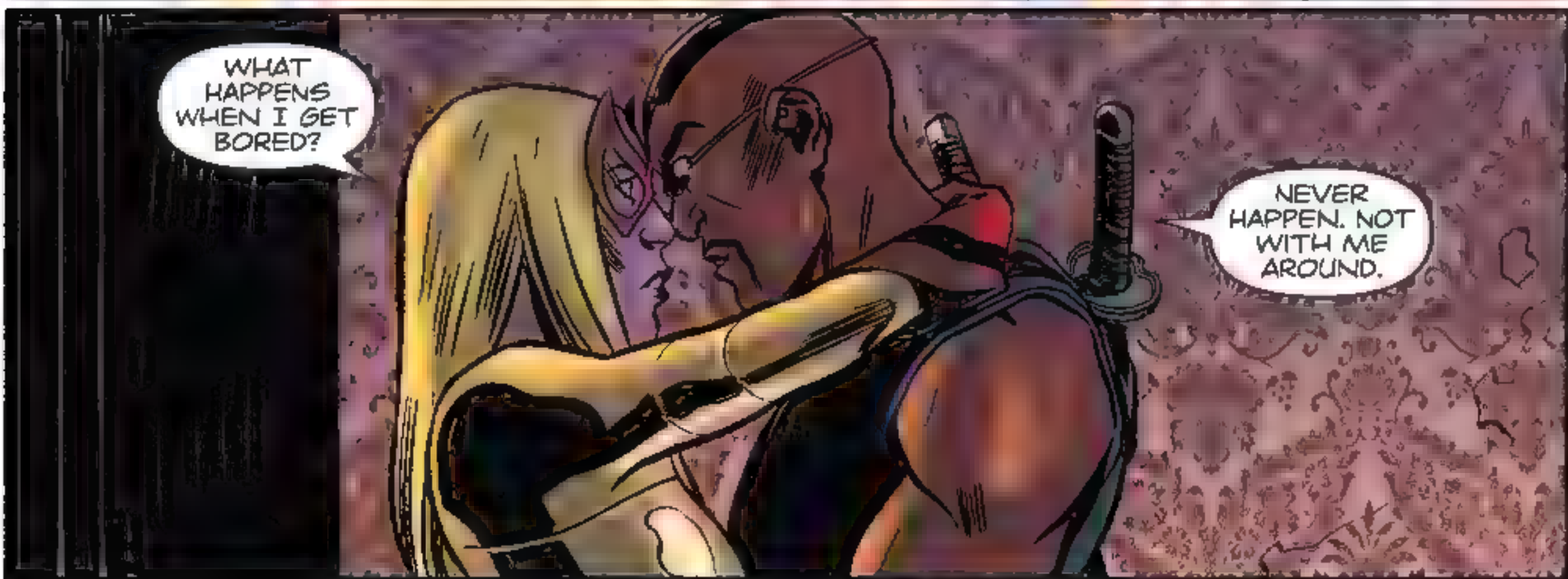
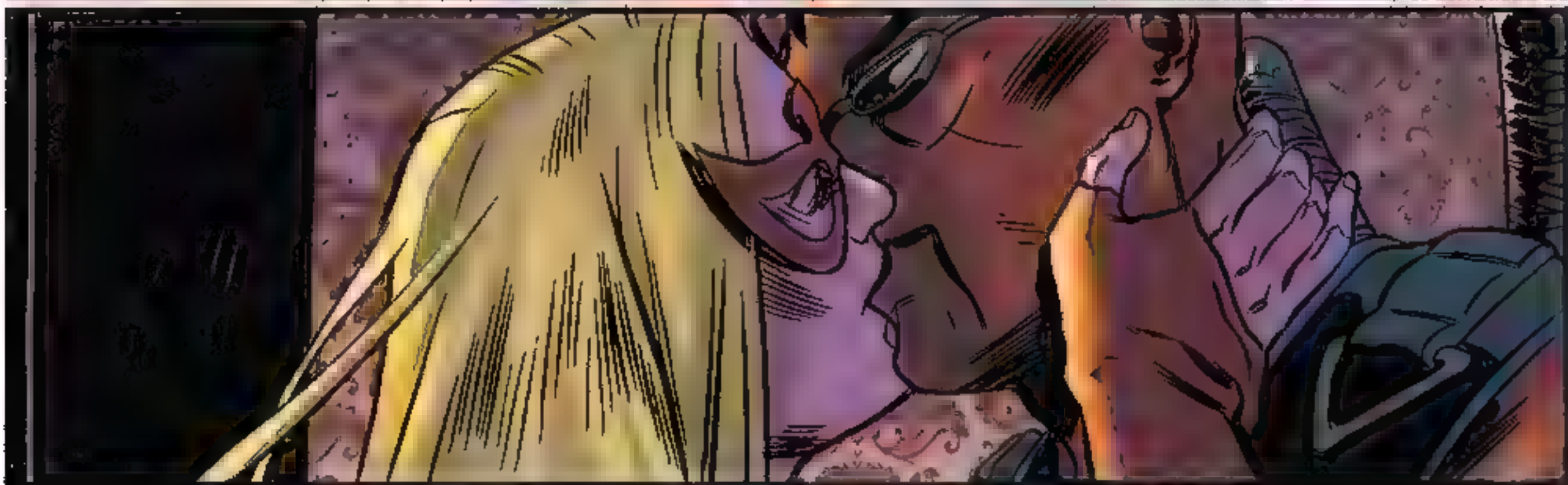
SHALL
WE, THEN?











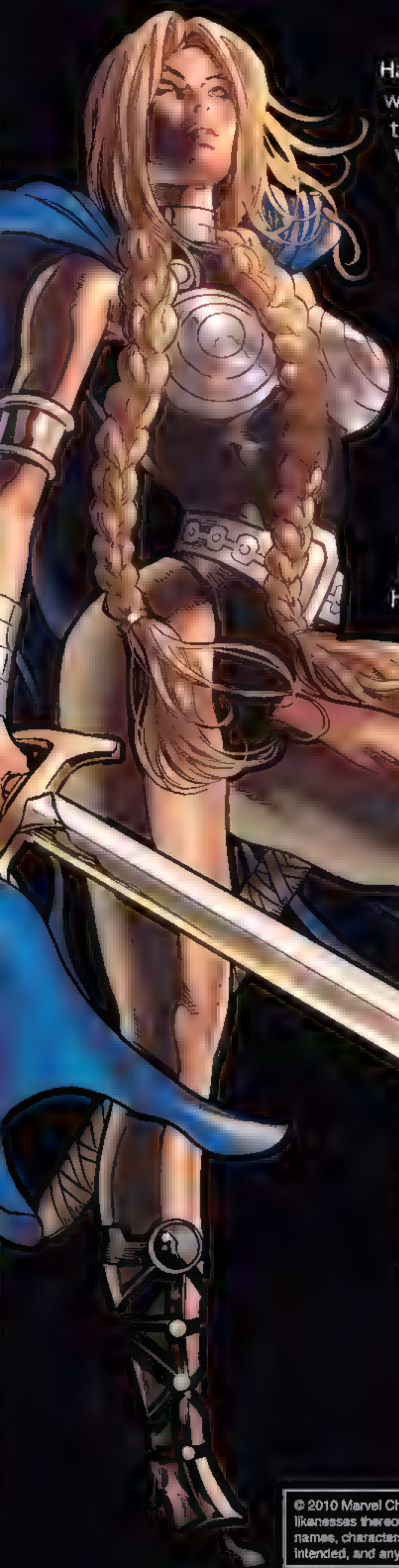
VALKYRIE



BRIAN
ANACLETO

GLASS
WINSLADE
GANDINI

WOMEN
of
MARVEL
ONE-SHOT
1



Hand-picked by Odin to lead the Valkyrior—a band of female warriors who lead worthy souls to Valhalla—Brunnhilde served as the original Valkyrie of Asgard. Because of a sacred pact, the Valkyrior were only allowed to claim fallen Asgardians, and with their nearly unending life spans, she was left with very little responsibility in Asgard.

Looking for adventure, Brunnhilde was tempted by Amora the Enchantress. Yet when she realized the Enchantress was leading her on the wrong path, Amora trapped her soul and took control of her power. Because of this the role of Valkyrie has been filled by different personalities until Brunnhilde finally reclaimed the mantle. Feeling detached from Asgard, Brunnhilde decided to journey to Midgard and fight alongside its heroes.

Brunnhilde's life ended when Loki destroyed Asgard during Ragnarok. Recently, Brunnhilde returned and fought alongside her fellow Avengers...but what events brought her back to life?



THIS IS WHO
I WAS.

NO...
DON'T!

TRAGIC OPERA

BRYAN J.L. GLASS - writer

PHIL WINSLADE - artist

VERONICA GANDINI - colorist

DAVE LANPHEAR - letterer

Rachel Pinnelas - asst. editor
Bill Rosemann - editor

Joe Quesada - editor-in-chief

Dan Buckley - publisher

Alan Fine - executive producer

AND HOW
I DIED.

THIS STORY TAKES PLACE BETWEEN THE EVENTS OF
AVENGERS DISASSEMBLED AND SECRET INVASION.

AW,
COME ON...
THIS HAS ALL
BEEN A MISTAKE.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO
HIT YOU THAT
HARD.

I JUST
WANTED SOME OF
THAT ROOM SERVICE
YA OFFER. BUT IF YOU
AIN'T PLANNIN' TO SATISFY
THE CUSTOMER, YA
SHOULDN'T MAKE
SUCH A BIG DEAL
OUT OF IT.

T-THEY'RE
GOING TO SEND
SOMEONE!

S-SOMEONE
TO CHECK ON ME
WHEN I DON'T COME
BACK DOWN!

LISTEN,
LET ME HELP
YOU UP.

YOU OFFER
THE SERVICE
I EXPECT...
EVERYBODY'S
HAPPY.

I'LL EVEN
LEAVE YA A
NICE BIG
TIP.



GOTCHA!

DON'T
TOUCH
ME!

NOW
WHY'D YOU GO
AND DO A THING
LIKE THAT?



Ten minutes later...

WE
THINK SHE
FELL.

NO
RESPONSE.

GIMME
THE PADDLES,
JOE.

I
DON'T KNOW,
ZIGGY...

SKY'S
LOOKING
SCARY ALL OF
A SUDDEN.

I HAVE
TO TAKE THE
CHANCE.
C'MON,
PRETTY LADY...
COME BACK
TO US.

CLEAR.

YES, THIS
IS HOW I
DIED...

...and this
is how I
lived again.

BOOM

ZACK



WHAT...?

YOU...

YOU WERE DEAD.



EASY THERE. WE GOTCHA..KEEP HER TALKING, ZIGGY.

DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR NAME?

BRU... BRUNNHILDE...

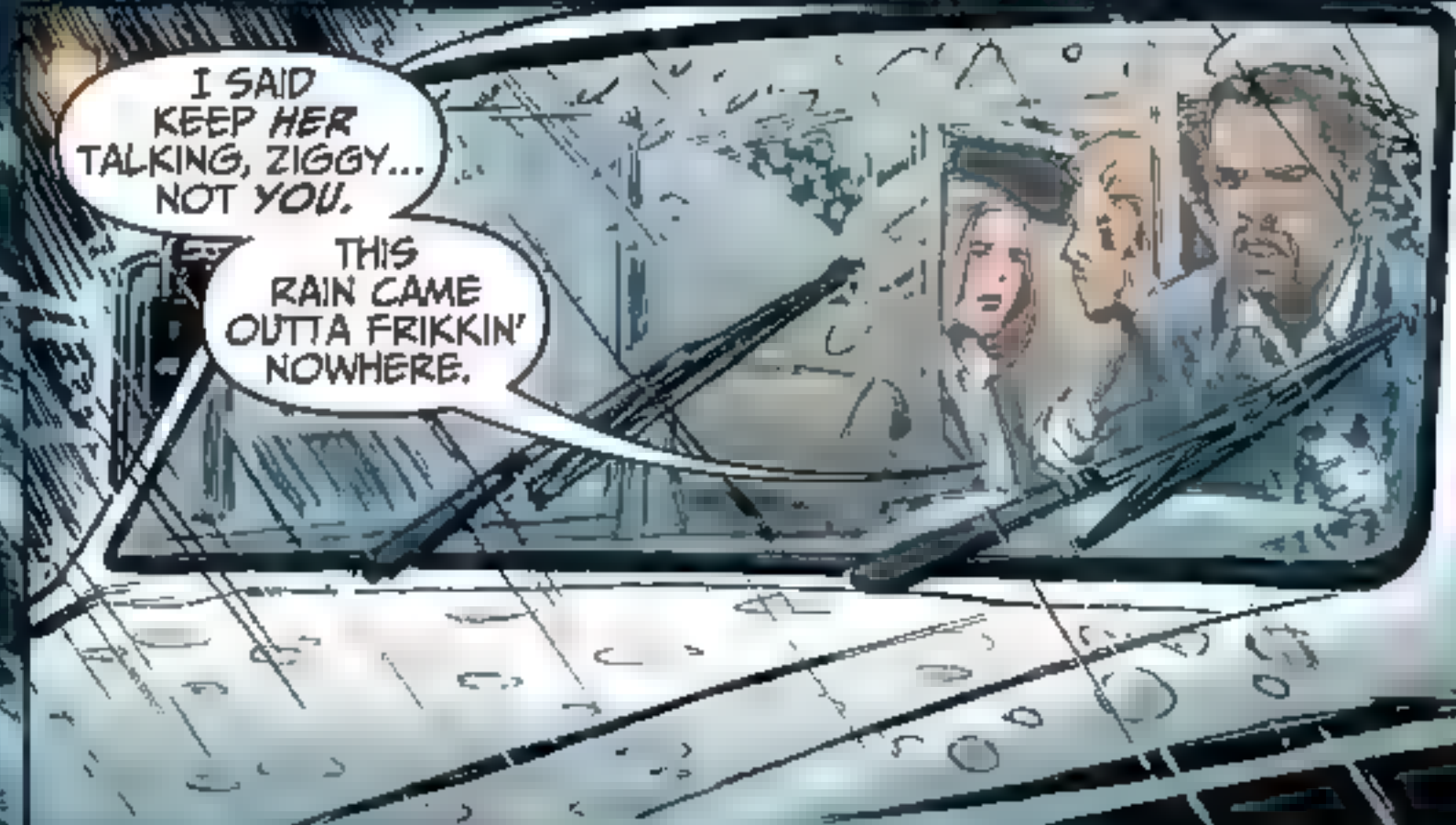


BROON
HILDA? LIKE
THE OLD COMIC
STRIP, OR THE
GAL IN THE
OPERA?

BRUNNHILDE. YOU
KNOW—WAGNER...
"KILL THE WABBIT"...
APOCALYPSE
NOW...?

THE
HORN-HELMED
CLICHE THAT
RUINED A
THOUSAND
OPERAS.

WHO...?



I SAID
KEEP HER
TALKING, ZIGGY...
NOT YOU.

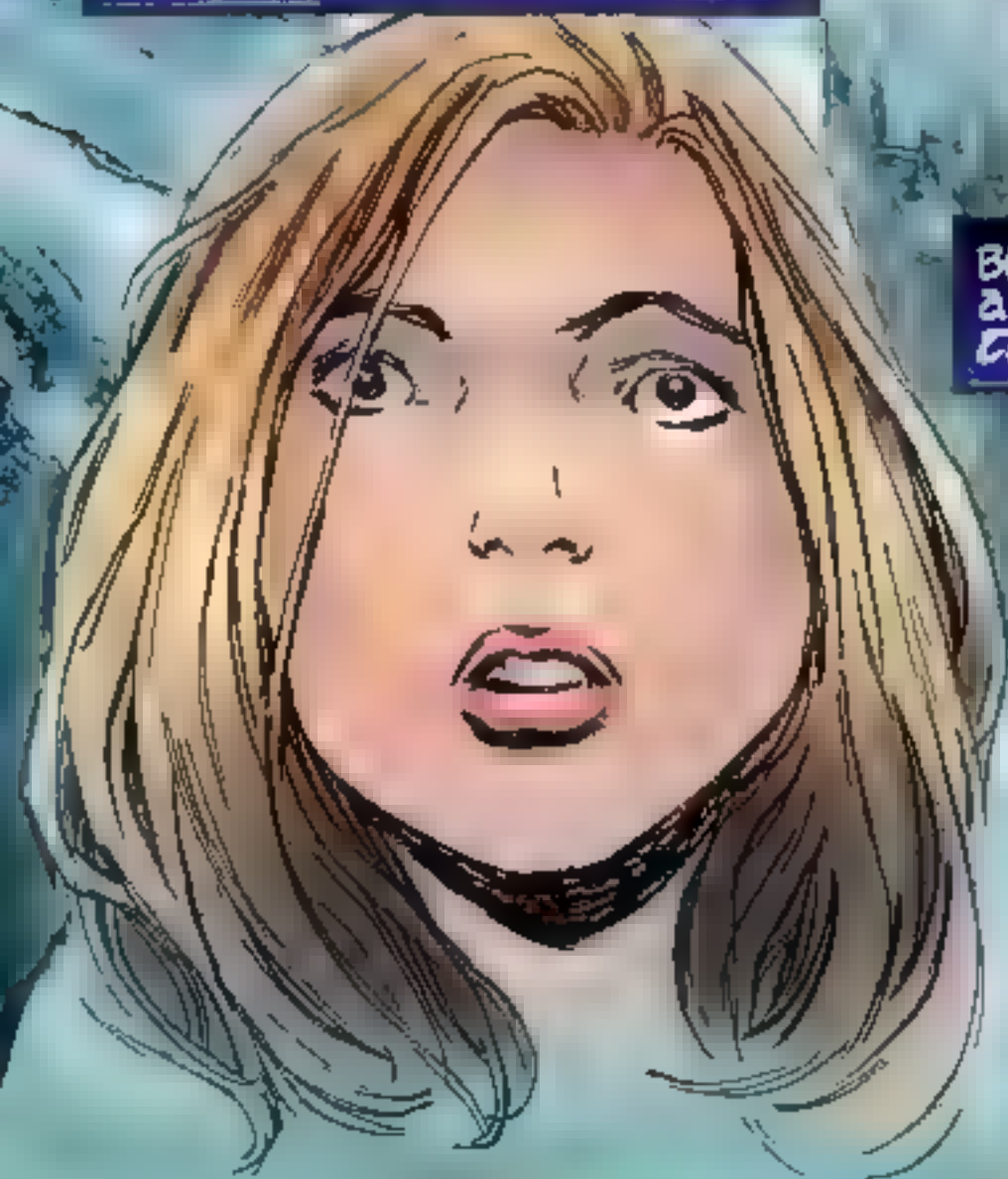
THIS
RAIN CAME
OUTTA FRIKKIN'
NOWHERE.



HEY, JOE...
I CAN'T FIND ANY
INJURIES ON THIS
WOMAN...

NOT SO
MUCH AS A
SCRATCH.

I HEAR THEIR TWO VOICES BLEND
TOGETHER...INDISTINCT...
LIKE WIND IN THE TREES.



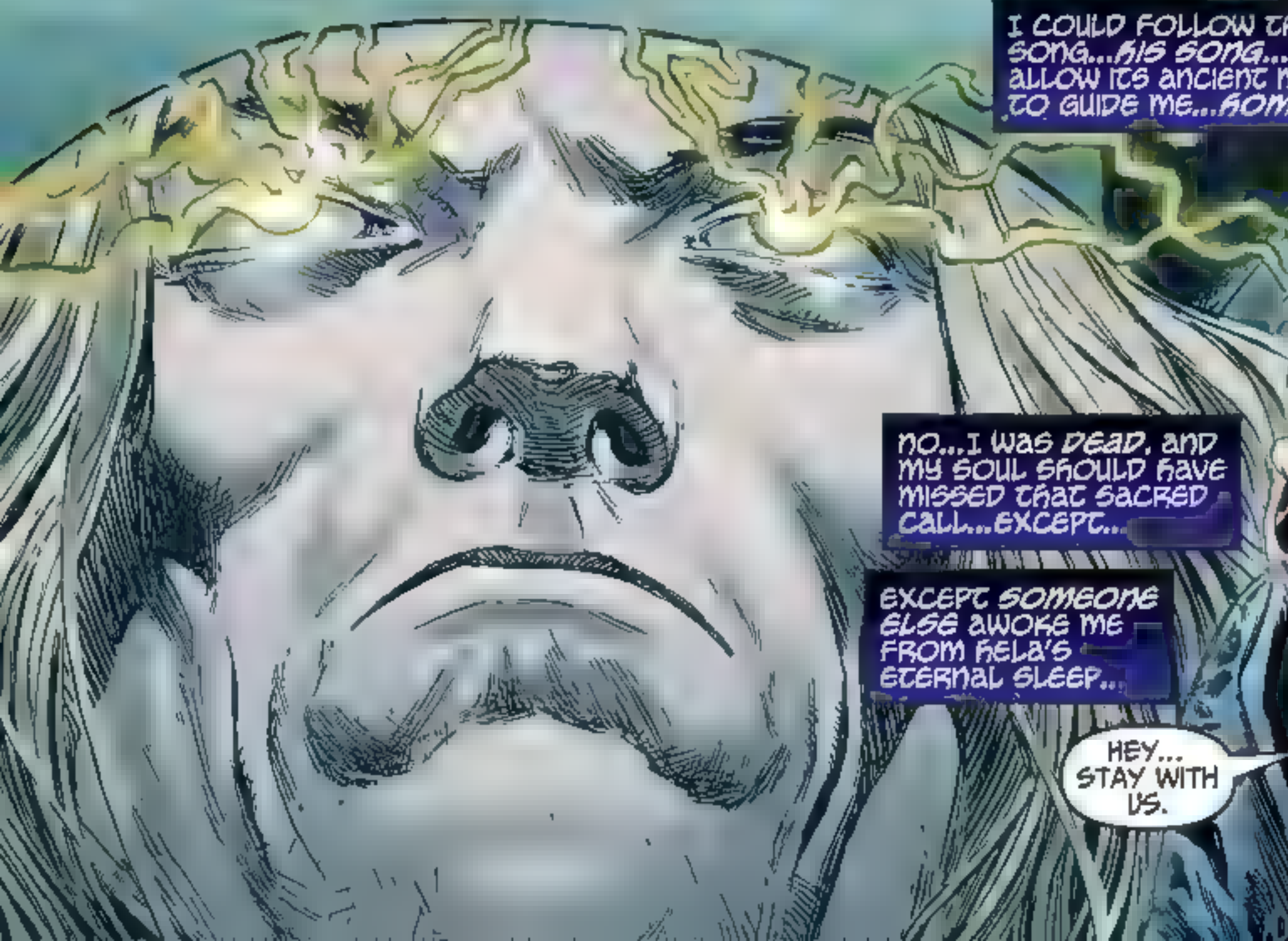
BUT UNDERNEATH...
A SONG...CALLING
TO ME...
ASGARD.

I SEE IT...FLOATING ABOVE
THE HEARTLAND OF A NEW
WORLD AS IF IT BELONGS
THERE...AND SOMEHOW, IT
FEELS RIGHT...



THIS IS HIS
HANDIWORK...
SON OF THE
ALL-FATHER...
THOR...

I COULD FOLLOW THAT
SONG...HIS SONG...AND
ALLOW ITS ANCIENT MELODY
TO GUIDE ME...HOME?



NO...I WAS DEAD, AND
MY SOUL SHOULD HAVE
MISSED THAT SACRED
CALL...EXCEPT...

EXCEPT SOMEONE
ELSE AWOK ME
FROM HELA'S
ETERNAL SLEEP...

HEY...
STAY WITH
US.



and then I remember that
someone killed me!

KAT SLANK

HEY!
WHERE ARE
YOU--?

Several blocks later...

What am
I doing?

I know this
blade...it
has a name.

BUT WHERE
DID IT COME
FROM? WHAT
WAS I GOING
TO DO?

RETAIATE?
AVENGE?
DEFEND?

React. That
is what I do.
That is all I
have ever
done.

NO
MORE.

I have a name.
I am BRUNNILDE...
I am...

I...I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS.

VAGUE MEMORIES,
FROM A LIFE I DO
NOT RECOGNIZE OR
EVEN UNDERSTAND
RETURN ME TO THE
SCENE OF MY DEATH.

V-VALERIE...?

YES.
VALERIE.
WHO WAS
SHE?

CLICK

WHY
DID SHE
DIE?

WAAH--!
Y-YOU WORK
HERE... I MEAN, YOU'VE
WORKED HERE,
N-NIGHTSHIFT, FOR...
TH-THREE YEARS.

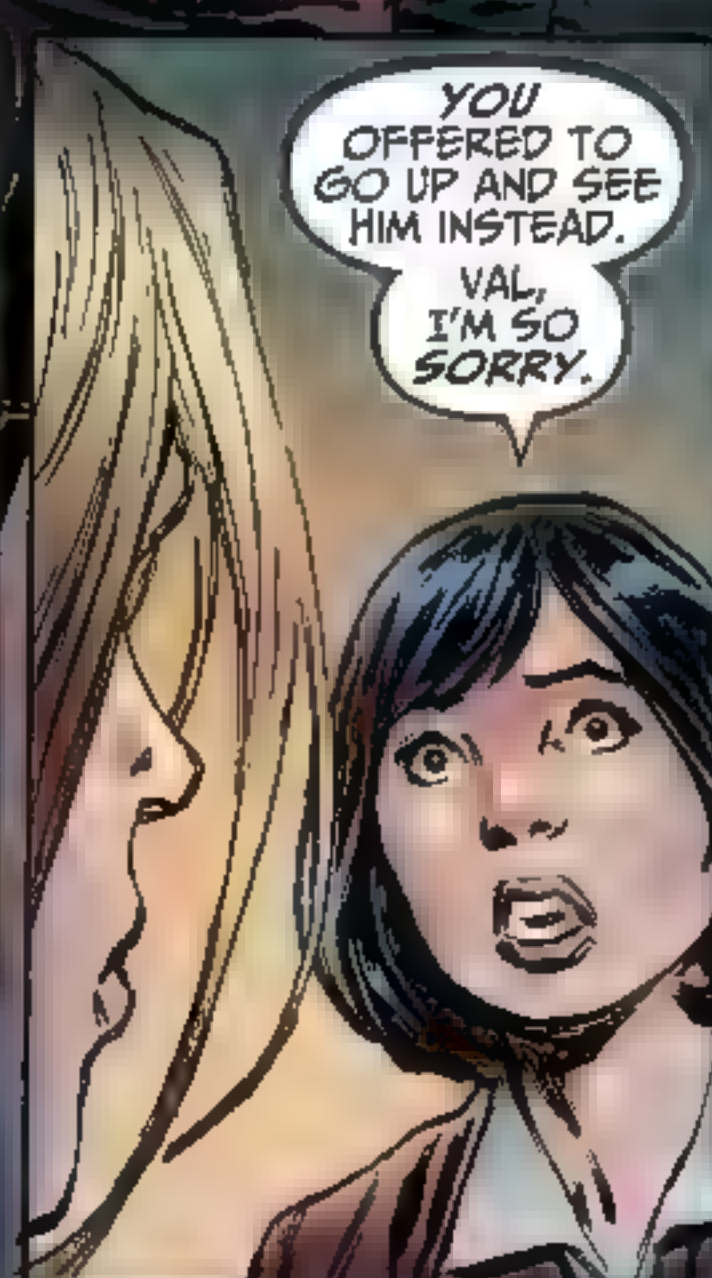
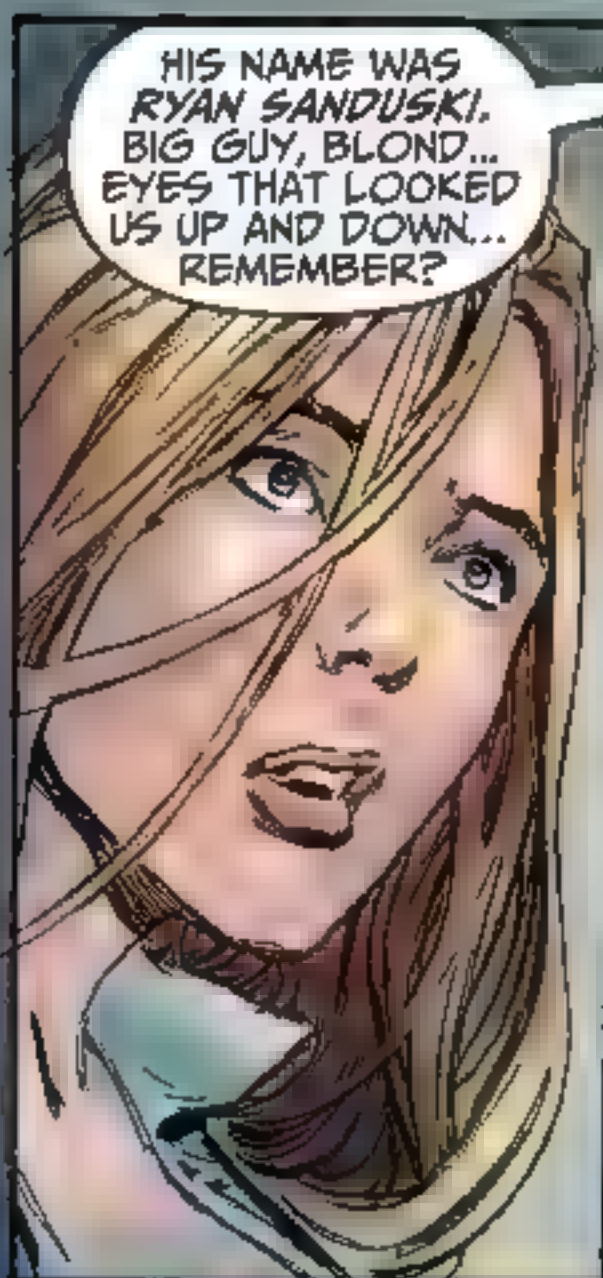
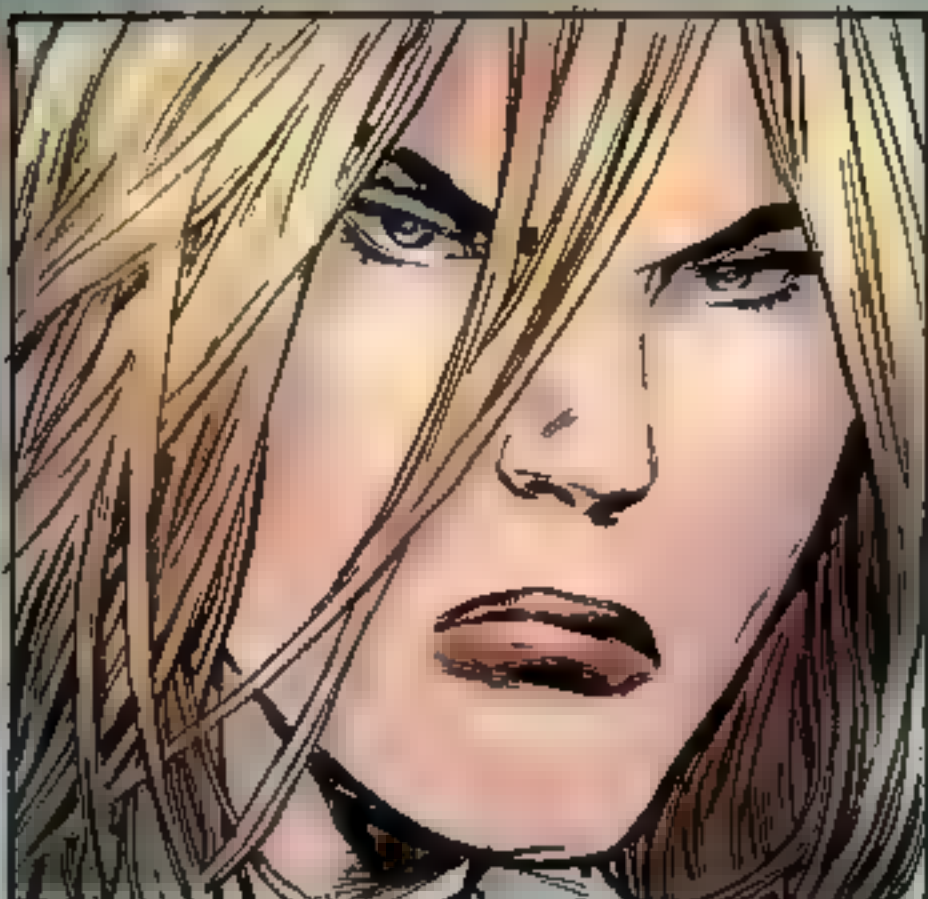
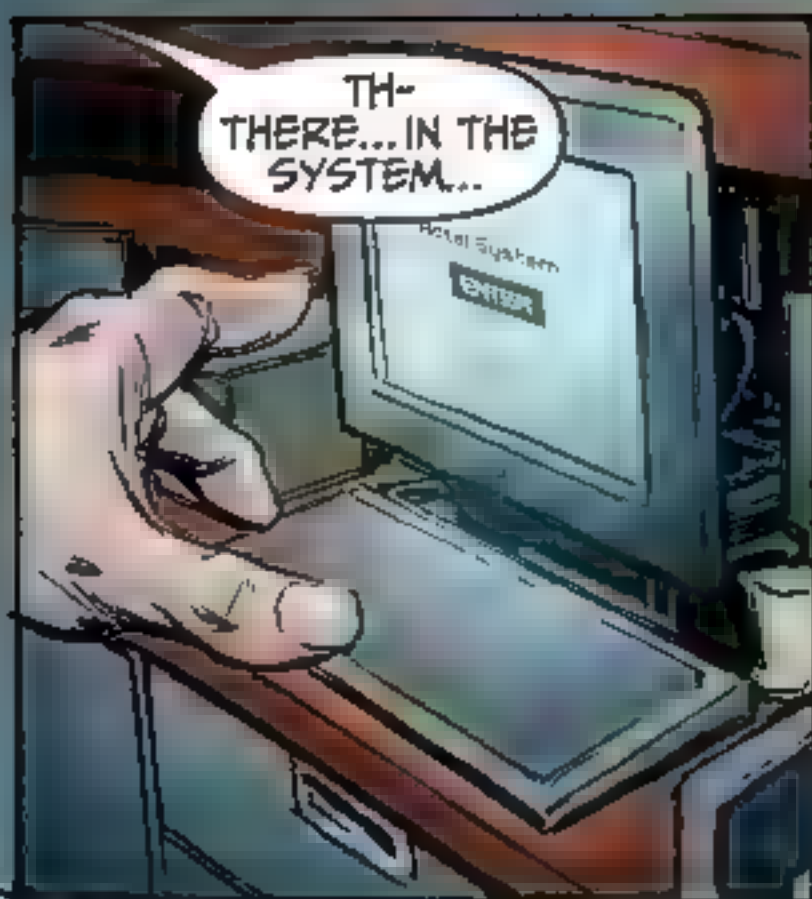
VAL,
I THOUGHT
WE WERE
FRIENDS!

HOW
DID SHE
DIE?!

EARLIER
TONIGHT... R-ROOM
REQUEST... WHEN
YOU DIDN'T COME
DOWN... I S-SENT
SOMEONE
UP...

R-ROOM WAS
TRASHED... F-FOUND
YOU OUT B-BACK...
C-CALLED FOR AN
AMBULANCE... ALL--
THAT'S ALL I KNOW...
P-PLEASE...

WHO
WAS IN THE
ROOM WITH HER?
GIVE ME A
NAME!





ALL RIGHT,
MA'AM,
LET'S TAKE IT
EASY.
PUT
DOWN THE
WEAPON AND
LET'S TALK...
OKAY?



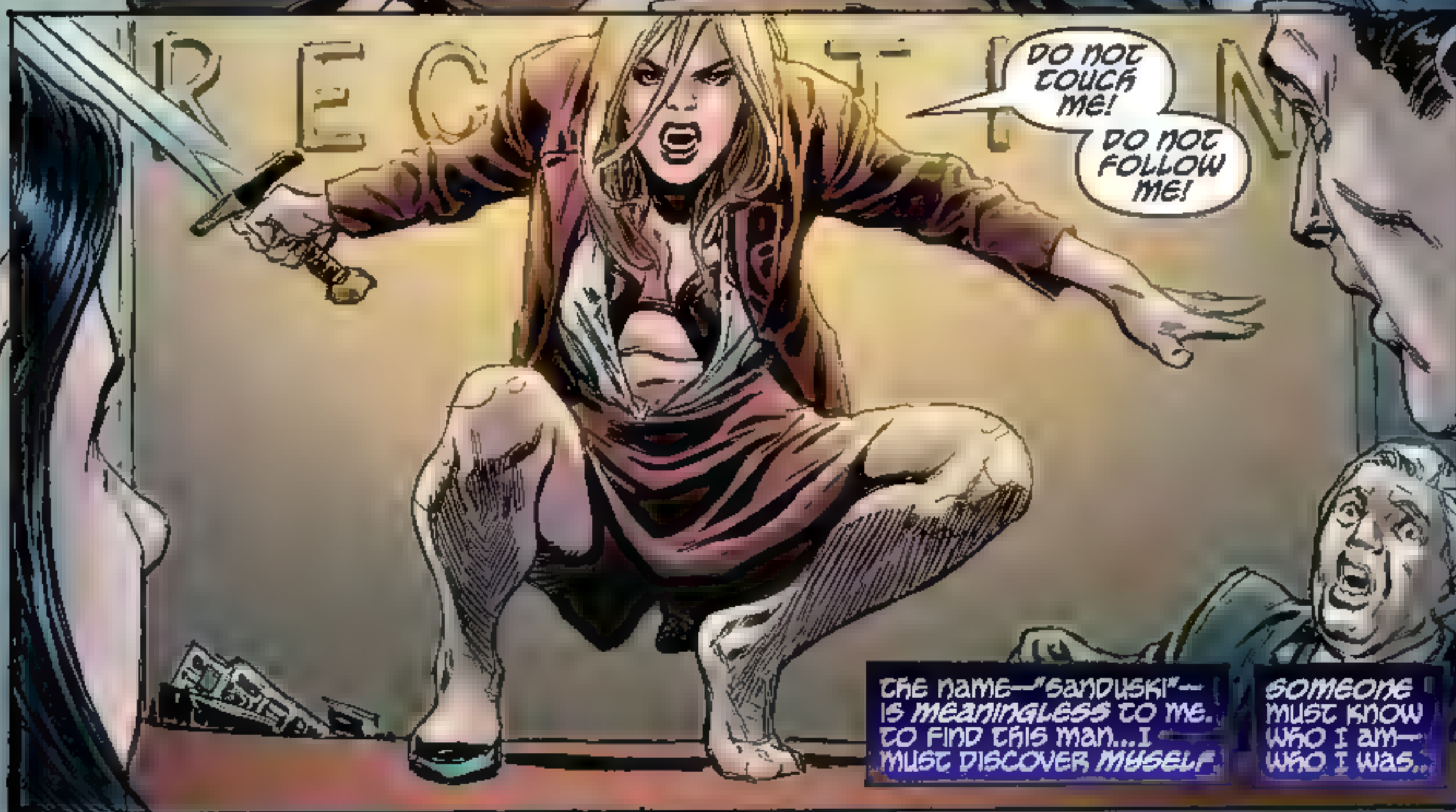
THAT'S IT.
JUST HAND IT
TO ME...

I CALLED
THEM BACK. I'M
SORRY. I DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT ELSE
TO DO.



SHANG

TAKE
YOUR HANDS
OFF ME!



DO NOT
TOUCH
ME!

DO NOT
FOLLOW
ME!

THE NAME—"SANDUSKI"—
IS MEANINGLESS TO ME.
TO FIND THIS MAN...I
MUST DISCOVER MYSELF

SOMEONE
MUST KNOW
WHO I AM—
WHO I WAS..

...WHO I'M SUPPOSED TO BE.

OMG-- AREN'T YOU DEAD?

Cresskill, N.J.

Home of Janet van Dyne, a.k.a. the Wasp.

I... I LIVE...

OF COURSE. IT'S NOT LIKE YOU WERE ONE OF THE ACTUAL ASGARDIANS.

DID YOU WALK ALL THE WAY FROM MANHATTAN? WHERE'S YOUR HORSE? DIDN'T YOU TAKE A CAB?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

GIMME A MOMENT TO FRESHEN UP. I'LL BJZZ YOU IN, AND THEN WE CAN CATCH UP ON ALL OUR GIRL-TALK...

SOME FRAGMENT OF MEMORY LED ME HERE... SOMETHING FAMILIAR...

...BUT WHY DO I DOUBT THE WISDOM OF THIS CHOICE?

AND **TA-DAHH...** HERE'S MY LATEST COSTUME!

THIS ONE'S GETTING ME ON THE COVER OF VOGUE... THEN I'M TALKING TO MY AGENT ABOUT HAVING IT KICK OFF MY NEW ATHLETIC LINE.

AND, VAL, I LOVE YOU LIKE A SIS... BUT YOU SHOULD REALLY LET ME UPDATE YOUR WHOLE LOOK.

VALERIE IS DEAD. I AM BRUNNHAIDE... YET I FEAR...

I DO NOT KNOW WHO THAT IS.

THOR AWOKE
OUR SOULS FROM THE SLUMBER
OF RAGNAROK...I KNOW THAT NOW.
BUT FOR HOW LONG DID WE SLEEP...?
HOW MANY LIVES HAVE I LIVED...?
HOW MANY LIVES HAVE LIVED
IN ME...?

WHY NOT
RETURN TO ASGARD? THOR'S
BACK. I'M SURE THEY COULD
CONJURE UP SOME MOJO THAT
WILL HELP YOU FILL IN THE
MISSING PIECES.

I cannot.

I HEAR
YOU, ASGARD'S
IN OKLAHOMA NOW--
ONE BIG FASHION
DON'T!

NO...
ODIN BANISHED ME.
THAT I REMEMBER.
I MAY NEVER RETURN
TO THE HALLS OF
VALHALLA.

THAT WAS
A LONG TIME
AGO. I'M SURE
THOR WOULD BE
THRILLED TO SEE
YOU, VAL.

I TOLD
YOU...VALERIE
IS DEAD.

YOU'VE
CHANGED LIVES
ABOUT AS OFTEN
AS I'VE CHANGED
MY OUTFIT.

I CAN'T TELL
YOU WHO YOU ARE.
YOU'VE GOT YOUR
MEMORIES INTACT,
BUT IT'S LIKE THEY'RE
JUST FACTS TO YOU. SO
FORGET THE GODS,
SACRED DUTY,
CURSES...

YOUR
WHOLE LIFE HAS
BEEN LIKE THIS ONE
LONG TRAGIC OPERA.
BUT GETTING OFF THAT
BIG REVOLVING STAGE
IS GOING TO BE UP TO
YOU. FOLLOW YOUR
HEART.

FORGIVE MY
BLUNTNESS, JAN,
BUT WHY DO I NOT
REMEMBER YOU AS A
POSITIVE EXAMPLE OF
FOLLOWING ONE'S
HEART?

I BELIEVED
IN HANK UNTIL I COULDN'T
BELIEVE IN HIM ANY MORE.
AND THAT'S WHEN I *CHOSE* TO
GET OFF THAT PARTICULAR
MERRY-GO-ROUND.

I FINALLY
CONVINCED MY
HEART OF WHAT
MY HEAD KNEW
ALL ALONG.

I MAY
BE SLOW,
BRU, BUT I'M NOT
STUPID...I'M
HONEST.

THE BEST
ADVICE THAT I CAN
GIVE YOU IS TO BE
HONEST WITH
YOURSELF.

HOW DOES SUCH A
SEEMINGLY FOOLISH
WOMAN PIERCE THE VERY
SOUL OF MY DILEMMA?

TWO MEN. ONE
TOOK MY LIFE.
THE OTHER
RESTORED
MY HEART SO
MY LORD
COULD AWAKEN
MY SOUL...

SIEGFRIED?
NO...ZIGGY. HE
CONVEYS THE
WOUNDED--THE
DYING--TO A
GREAT HALL
OF HEALING.

HE'S THE
ONE...



"...YOU WILL
TAKE US TO HIS
HOME—NOW!"

HE'S
UP ON THE
SEVENTH
FLOOR—
APARTMENT
710.



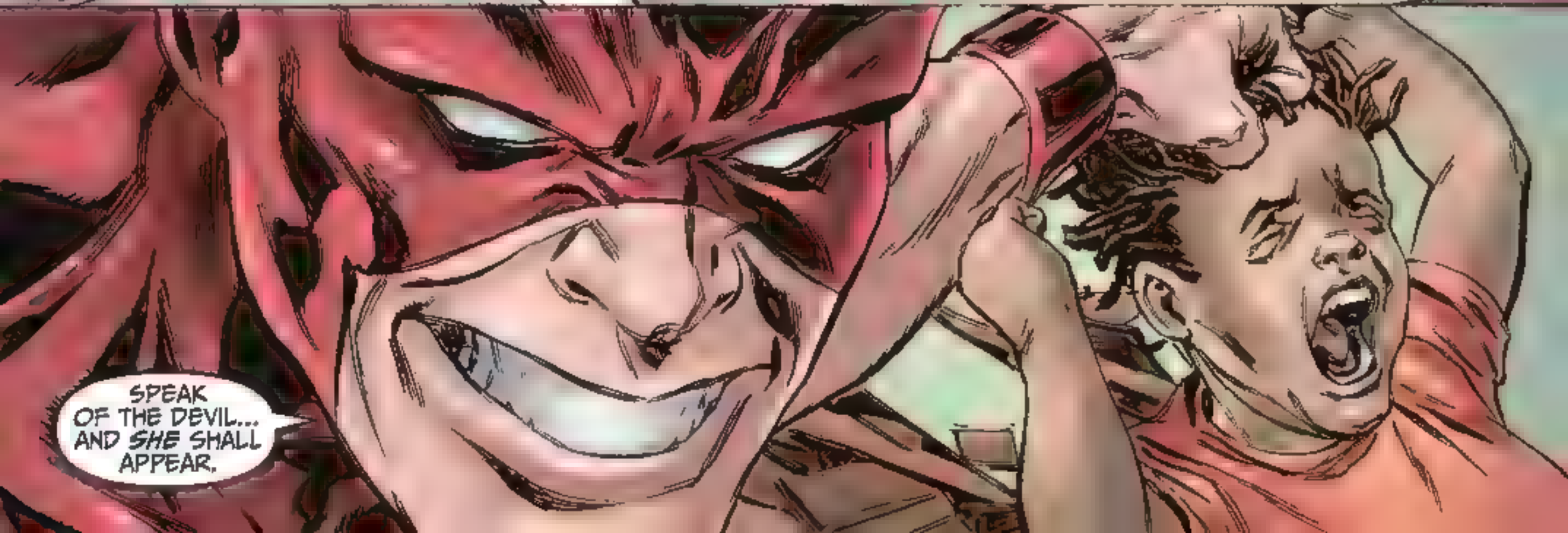
I PRAY TO
WHATEVER
GODS MAY
FEED A
WAYWARD
DAUGHTER.
GRANT THAT
I NOT BE
TOO LATE.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER,
YER GONNA TELL ME
WHAT I WANT TO KNOW,
MR. SIEGFRIED...

NOW WHAT HAPPENED TO
THAT PRETTY LITTLE BLOND
THING YOU PICKED UP FROM
THE HOTEL? AND DON'T TELL
ME AGAIN HOW SHE JUST LEAPT
UP AND RAN OUT THE BACK
O' YOUR VAN!

WAAAHAGHH

PILED RIVER!

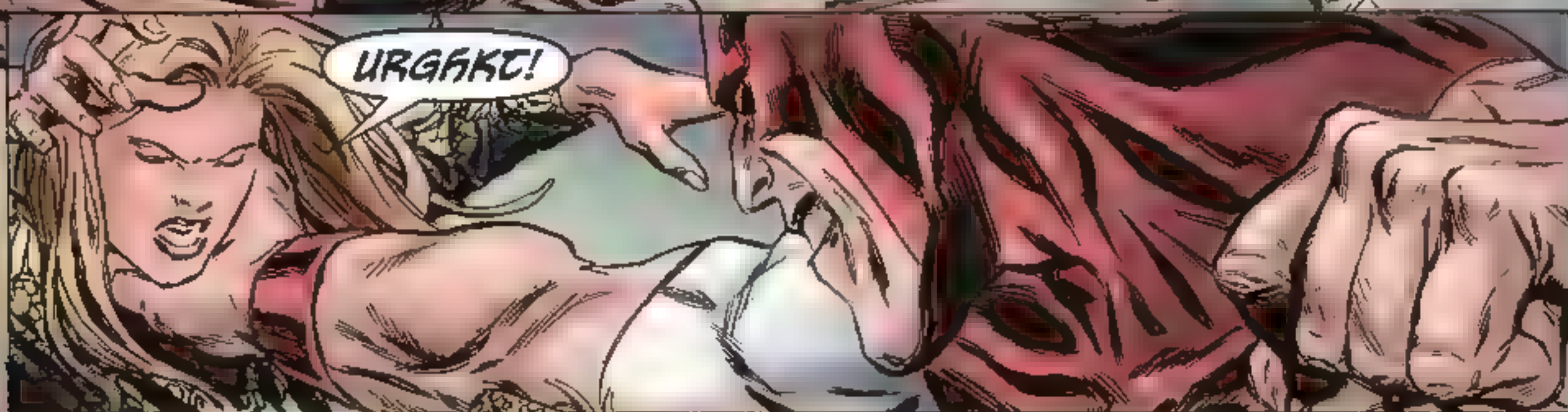


SPEAK
OF THE DEVIL...
AND SHE SHALL
APPEAR.



MY BABY!

V-VALERIE...?



URGHKT!



YOU SHOULD'A STAYED DEAD, LITTLE VALERIE...

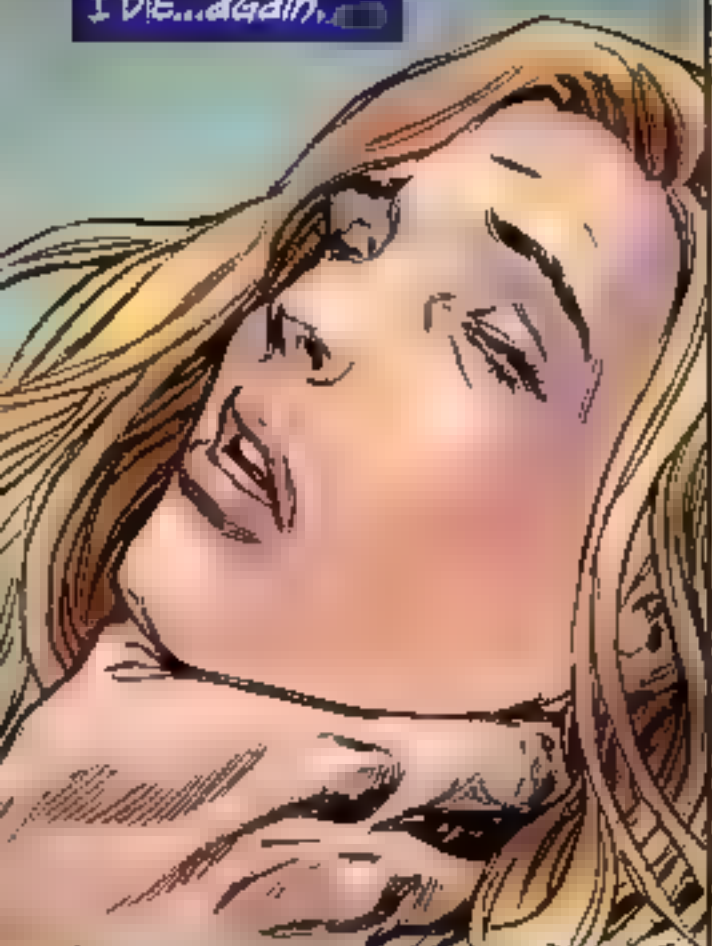


GURKT---

MAKING ME GO TO ALL THIS EXTRA EFFORT TO TIE UP ALL THESE LOOSE ENDS...

WHEN ALL I WANTED WAS A LITTLE DECENT SERVICE!

AND THIS IS HOW
I DIE...again.



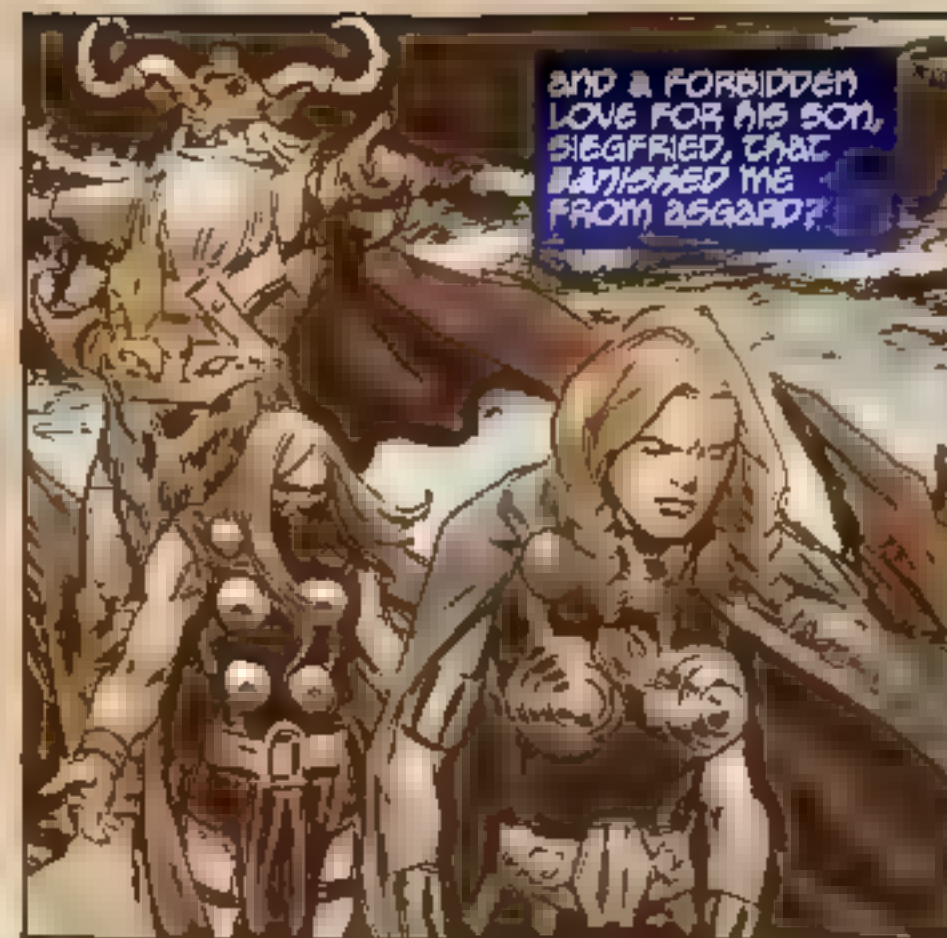
WHY DO I FIND
AN IRONY IN
THESE FINAL
MOMENTS?



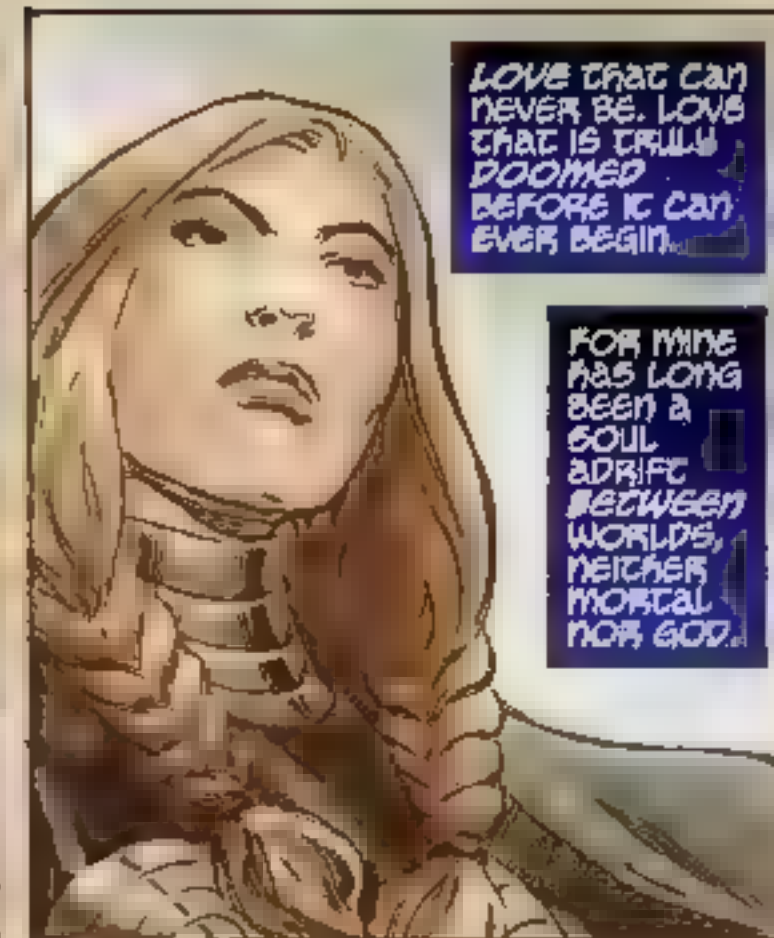
WAS IT NOT FOR THE LOVE
OF A MORTAL, THE WARRIOR
SIGMUND, THAT I DEFIED
MY LORD ODIN, ALL-FATHER
OF THE GODS?



AND A FORBIDDEN
LOVE FOR HIS SON,
SIEGFRIED, THAT
BANISHED ME
FROM ASGARD?



LOVE THAT CAN
NEVER BE. LOVE
THAT IS TRULY
DOOMED
BEFORE IT CAN
EVER BEGIN.



FOR MINE
HAS LONG
BEEN A
SOUL
ADRIFT
BETWEEN
WORLDS,
NEITHER
MORTAL
NOR GOD.

ESTRANGEMENT FROM
VALHALLA, LED TO MORE
TRAGIC AFFILIATIONS WITH
THE MORTALS OF MIDGARD.



YET HOW MUCH
OF THAT LIFE
WAS A LIE? WHAT
JANET VAN DYKE
WOULD DUB A
"SOAP OPERA
OF THE GODS"

AS MY SOUL WAS
IMPRISONED IN
NIFLHEIM FOR
CENTURIES, MY
BODY BECAME A
PLAYTHING FOR
AMORA THE
ENCHANTRESS.

A MERE SHELL
FOR WOMEN I
DO NOT KNOW,
YET WHOSE
EXPERIENCES
I SHARE.

SAMANTHA
PARRINGTON...

BARBARA
MORRIS...

A RAPID HISTORY
THAT EVEN I WHO LIVED
IT CAN SCARCELY
COMPREHEND.

BUT IT WAS
MY OWN
TRUE SELF
AT LAST,
CLEAR IN
MIND AND
PURE OF
BODY AND
SPIRIT, WHO
RETURNED
TO ASGARD
IN HER
DARKEST
HOUR...
RAGNAROK.

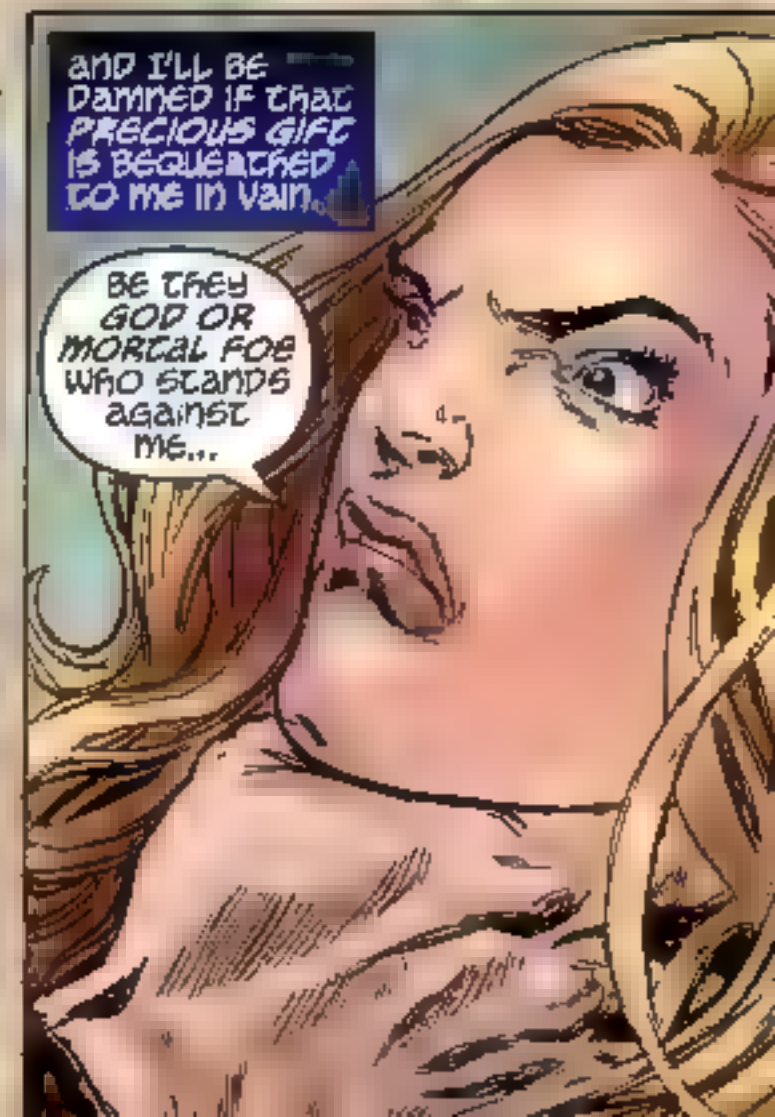
AND THIS DID
MY SAGA END.

UNTIL A LONE
SPARK BROUGHT
ME BACK FROM
HELA'S EMBRACE,
AND WIPE THE
SLATE OF MY
LIFE CLEAN.

GIVING ME ONE
CHANCE TO
BEGIN AGAIN.

AND I'LL BE
DAMNED IF THAT
PRECIOUS GIFT
IS BEQUEATHED
TO ME IN VAIN.

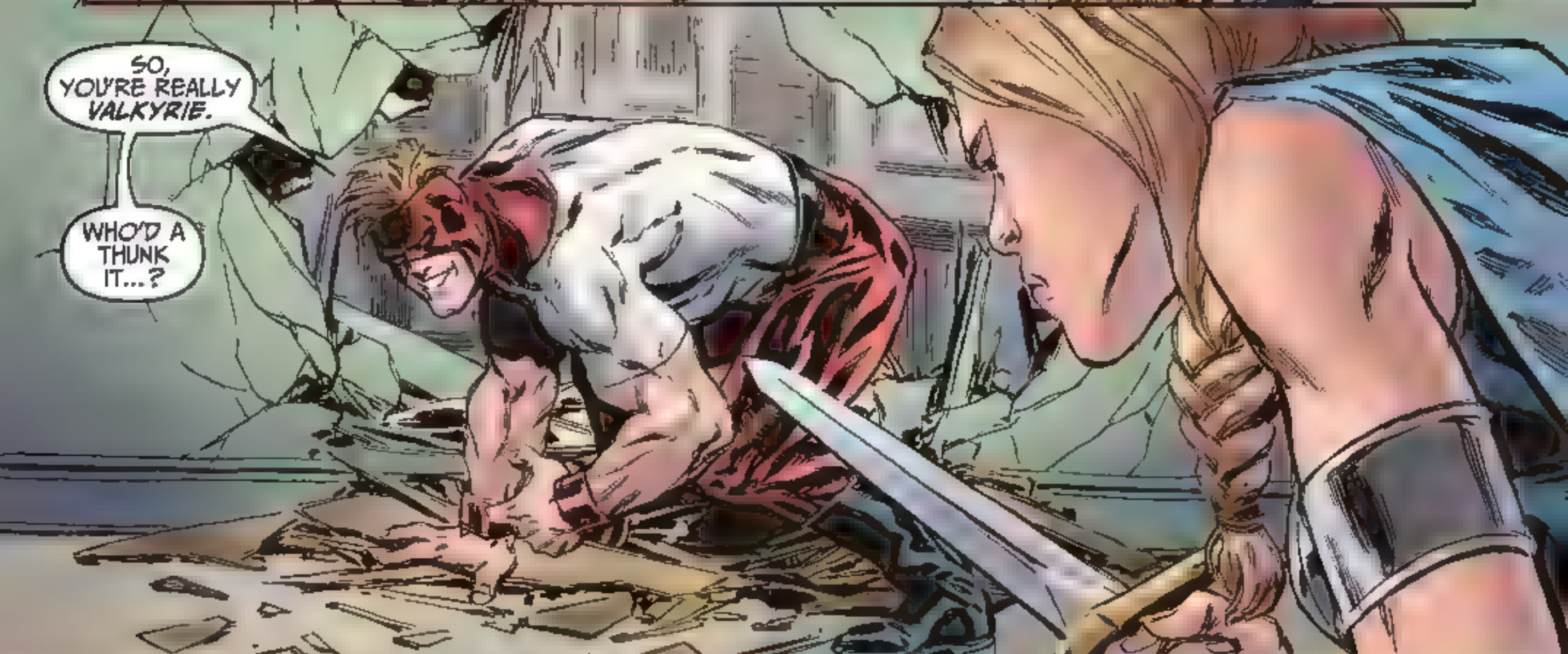
BE THEY
GOD OR
MORTAL FOE
WHO STANDS
AGAINST
ME...





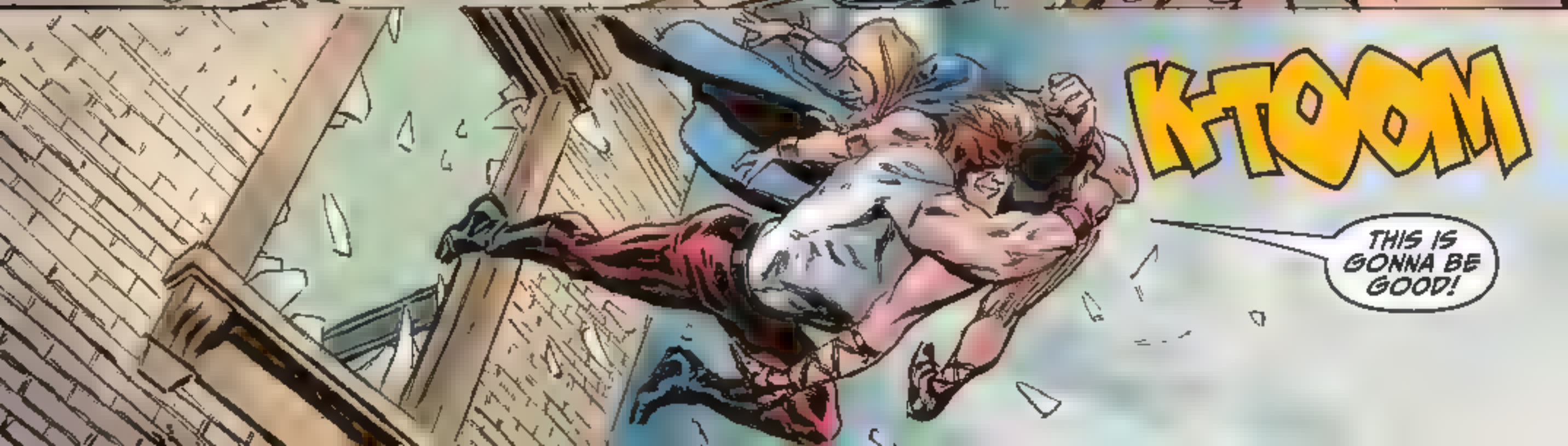
VALKYRIE IS NO ONE'S VICTIM!

WHAM



SO, YOU'RE REALLY VALKYRIE.

WHO'D A THUNK IT...?



K-TOOM

THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!



YOU ARE A MAD DOG, PILEDRIVER...

KLONG

...AND I WILL PUT YOU DOWN!

I MAY NOT HAVE THE WRECKING CREW BACKIN' ME UP... BUT YOU AIN'T GOT NO DEFENDERS ANYMORE!

AND WHAT'S WITH ALL THE ENVY...

KTANG

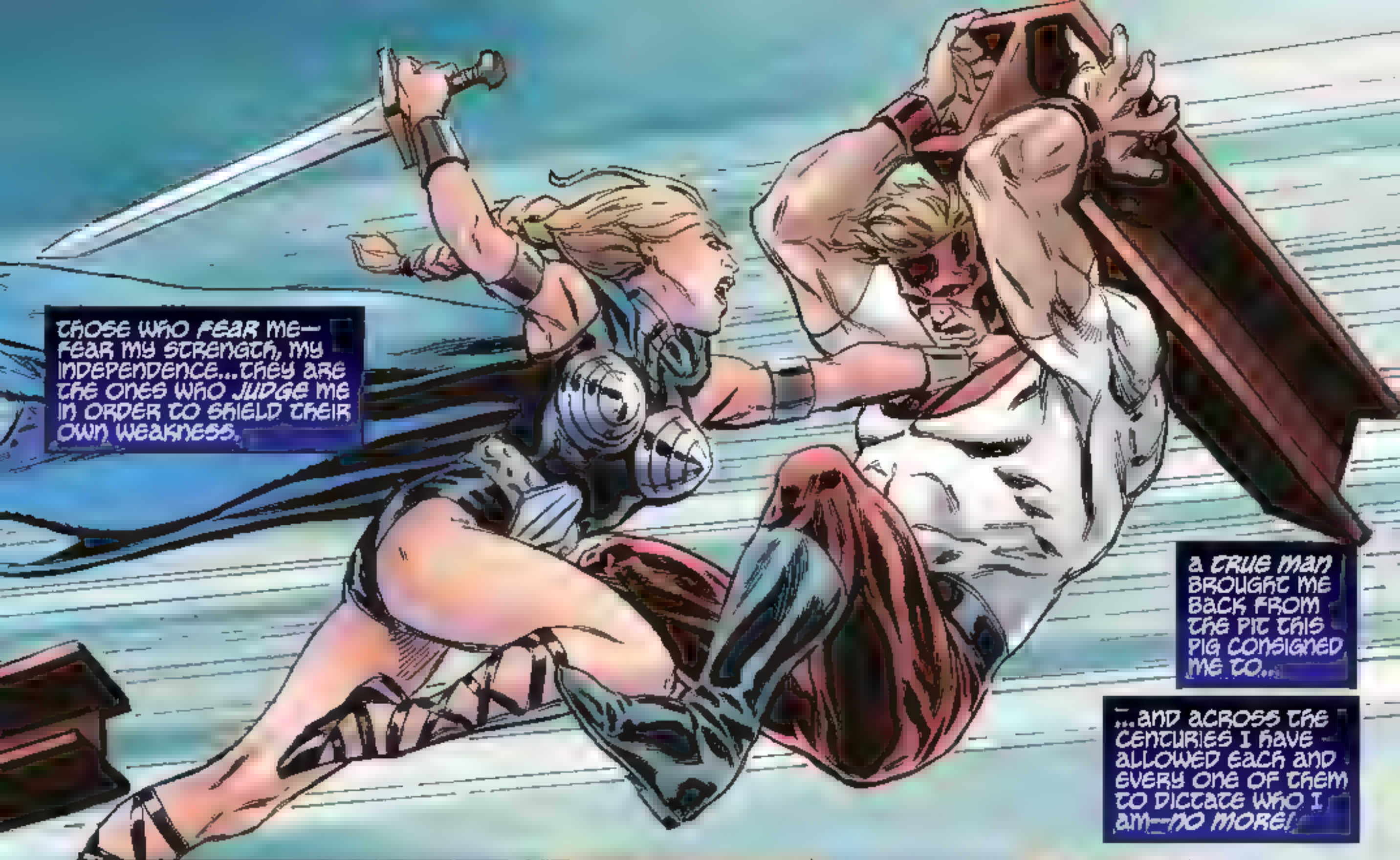
MY BIGGER STICK OUGHT'A EVEN THE ODDS!

HERE WE GO: A MAN WHO LOVES WOMEN... VERSUS A WOMAN WHO HATES MEN!

SHRANG

YOU KNOW NOTHING OF A WOMAN'S PASSION OR THE DESIRES OF HER HEART...

IF YOU WEREN'T SUCH A COLD-HEARTED HORSE WITCH... MAYBE I COULD'A SHOWN YA WHAT A REAL MAN IS!



THOSE WHO FEAR ME—
FEAR MY STRENGTH, MY
INDEPENDENCE...THEY ARE
THE ONES WHO JUDGE ME
IN ORDER TO SHIELD THEIR
OWN WEAKNESS.

A TRUE MAN
BROUGHT ME
BACK FROM
THE PIT THIS
PIG CONSIGNED
ME TO...

...AND ACROSS THE
CENTURIES I HAVE
ALLOWED EACH AND
EVERY ONE OF THEM
TO DICTATE WHO I
AM—NO MORE!

I AM NOT COLD AND ALOOF,
NOR AM I A HATER OF MEN...

I AM A WOMAN OF DEEP
LOYALTY...FAR BEYOND
THAT WHICH MOST MORTALS
OF THIS REALM COULD EVER
HOPE TO UNDERSTAND.

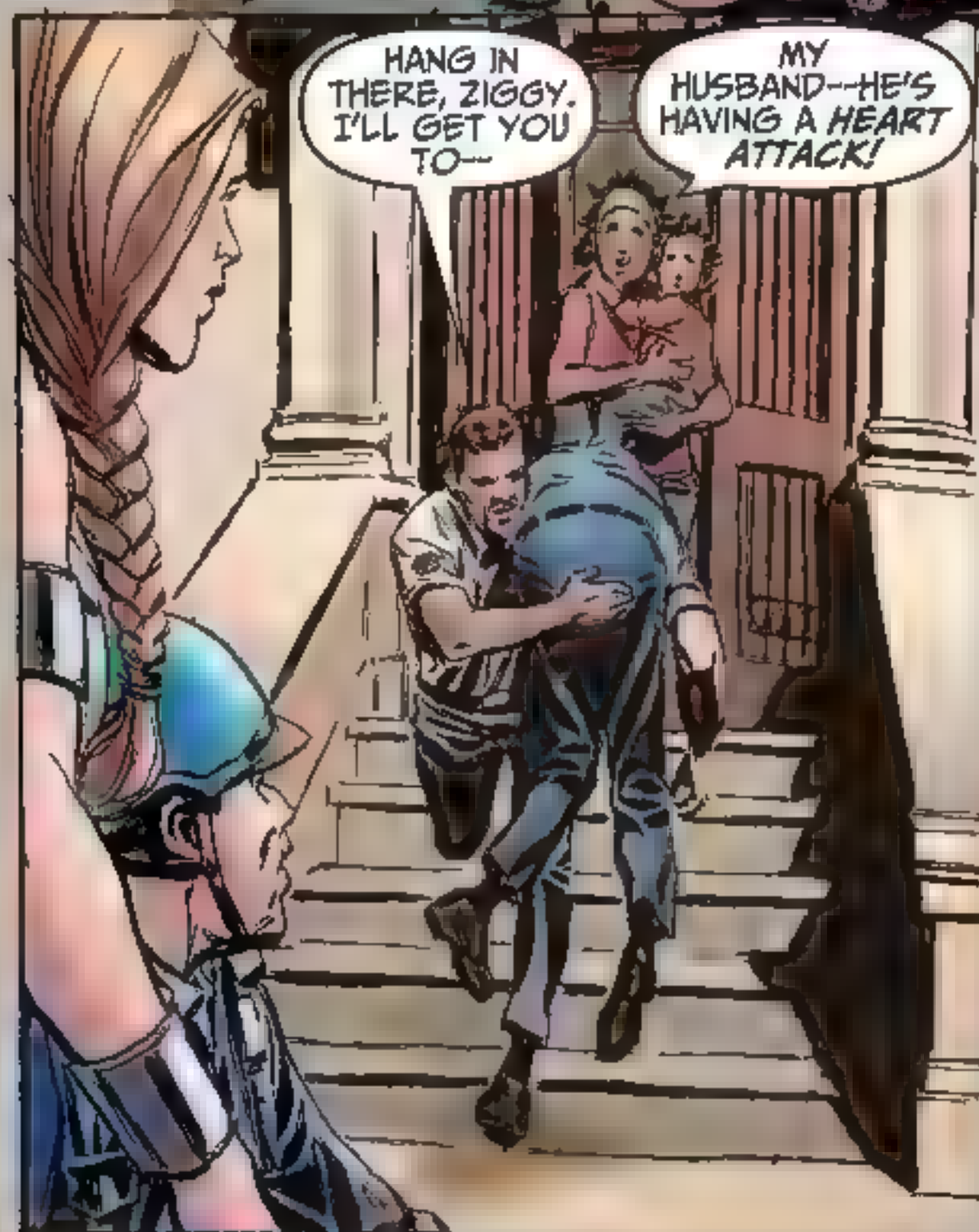
BUT I'LL NOT SOIL
DRAGONFANG'S BLADE WITH
THE BLOOD OF THIS WRETCH!

KARACK



and never again will I allow another to use my passion, or hold it against me.

THIS ONE'LL LIVE. MORE MERCY THAN HE DESERVES, IF YOU ASK ME.



HANG IN THERE, ZIGGY. I'LL GET YOU TO--

MY HUSBAND--HE'S HAVING A HEART ATTACK!

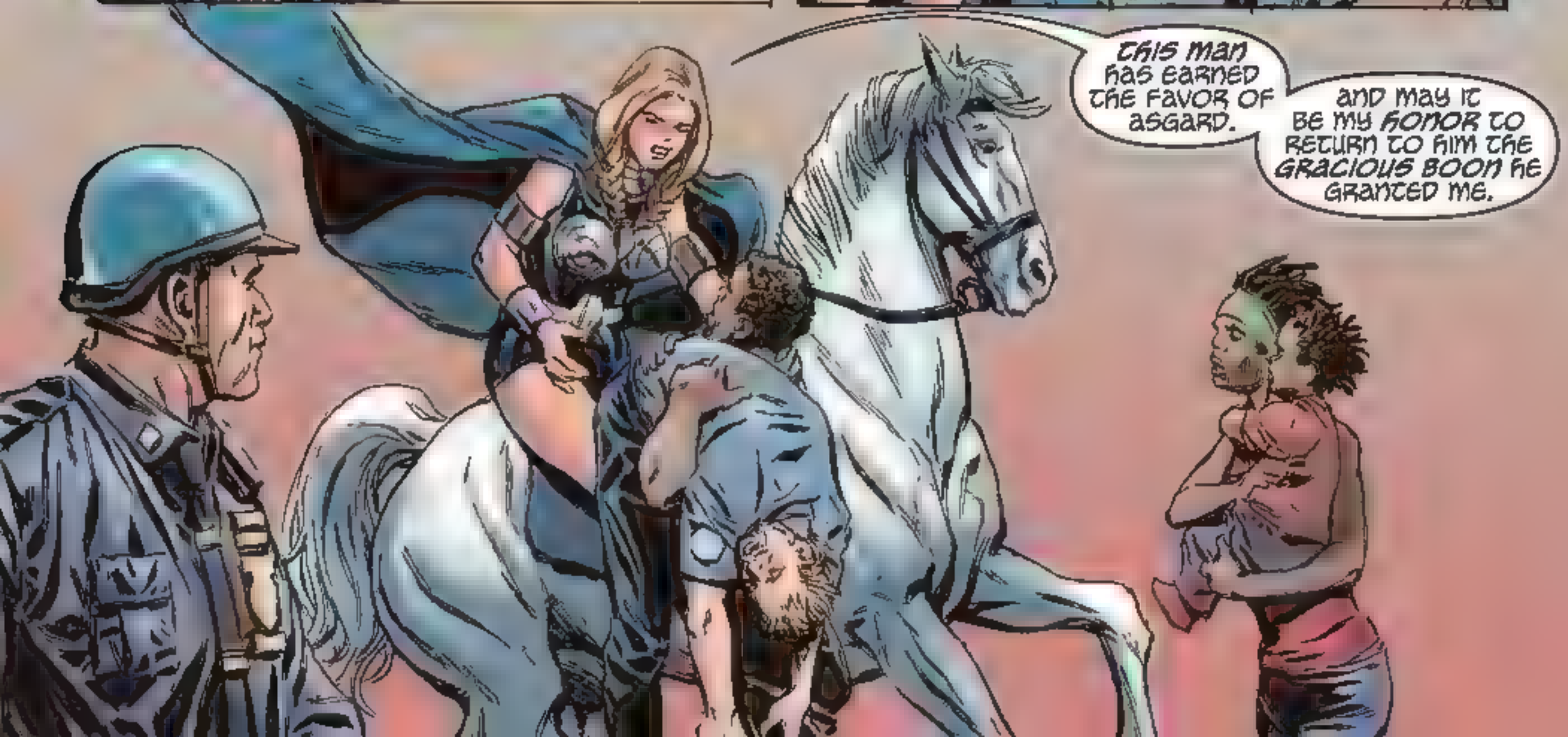
AN AMBULANCE IS ON THE WAY... BUT THERE'S BAD TRAFFIC BETWEEN HERE AND--

I'VE NEED OF YOUR VALIANT STEED.



THIS MAN HAS EARNED THE FAVOR OF ASGARD.

AND MAY IT BE MY HONOR TO RETURN TO HIM THE GRACIOUS BOON HE GRANTED ME.



AND THUS THE WHEELS OF FATE
BRING ME FULL CIRCLE...TO
CONVEY THIS NOBLE MAN TO A
PLACE OF HEALING AND REST.

HIS HEART MAY NOT BE MINE TO CLAIM...YET MY
DESTINY IS FAR MORE THAN WHAT WASP WOULD
DUB ME "TRAGIC OPERA." THE FUTURE IS MINE
TO CLAIM ON MY OWN TERMS AT LAST, TO LOVE
ANOTHER AND SEEK THEIR LOVE IN RETURN.



I'VE DEFENDED AND
AVENGED...FOUGHT THE
INCREDIBLE AND THE
MIGHTY...AND CARRIED
THE WORTHY TO THEIR
GREAT REWARD...

I AM VALKYRIOR...
BRUNNHILDE, SHIELD
MAIDEN OF ASGARD...

I AM VALKYRIE!

Follow her new adventures in

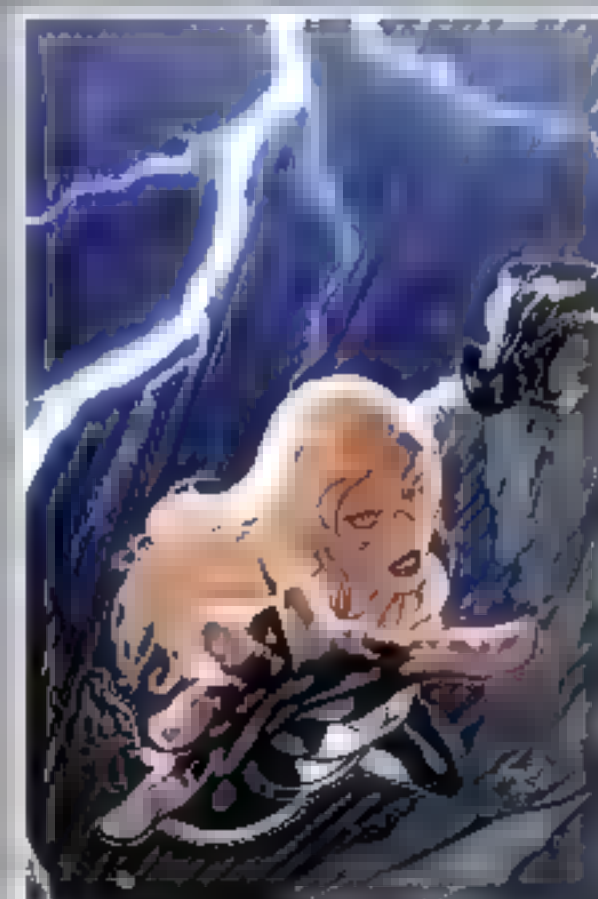
**SECRET
AVENGERS**

VALKYRIE'S ADVENTURES CONTINUE!



SECRET AVENGERS #6

WIDOW
WIDOW
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MARVEL
**LIMITED
SERIES**
1 OF 2

WOMEN *of* MARVEL



WOMEN *of* MARVEL

COVER

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Alan Fine

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C B. Cebulski, Ralph Macchio,
and Sana Amanat



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Attilan, years ago.

MEDUSA in THRONES

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Editor: Michael Horwitz • Consulting Editor: C.B. Cebulski
Editor in Chief: Joe Quesada • Publisher: Dan Buckley
Executive Producer: Alan Fine

NO, CRYSTAL, THAT
PIECE ONLY MOVES
DIAGONALLY—LIKE
THIS.

I DON'T
LIKE THIS GAME,
KARNAK. IT'S NO
FUN.

PFF.
I GUESS
YOU'RE TOO *LITTLE*
TO APPRECIATE A GAME
OF STRATEGY LIKE
BAK TAGA.

IT'S GOT NOTHING TO
DO WITH CRYSTAL BEING
LITTLE. I'M FOURTEEN
AND I *HATE* BAK
TAGA.

THAT'S
BECAUSE
YOU'RE STILL A
MENTAL *INFANT*,
MAXIMUS.

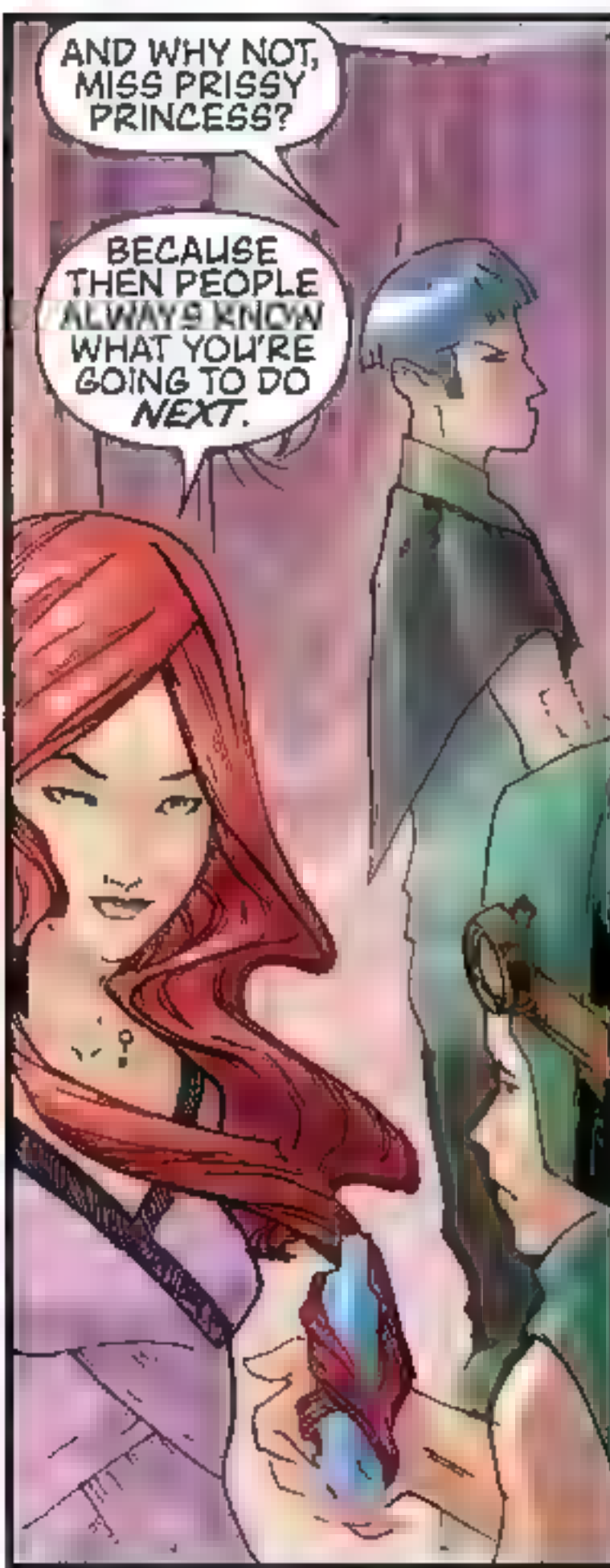
WILL YOU
THREE STOP
FIGHTING?

DOCTOR
NIAL WILL HEAR
YOU AND MAKE US GET
BACK TO OUR *STUDIES*.
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE
LEARNING THE HISTORY
OF *ATTILAN*.



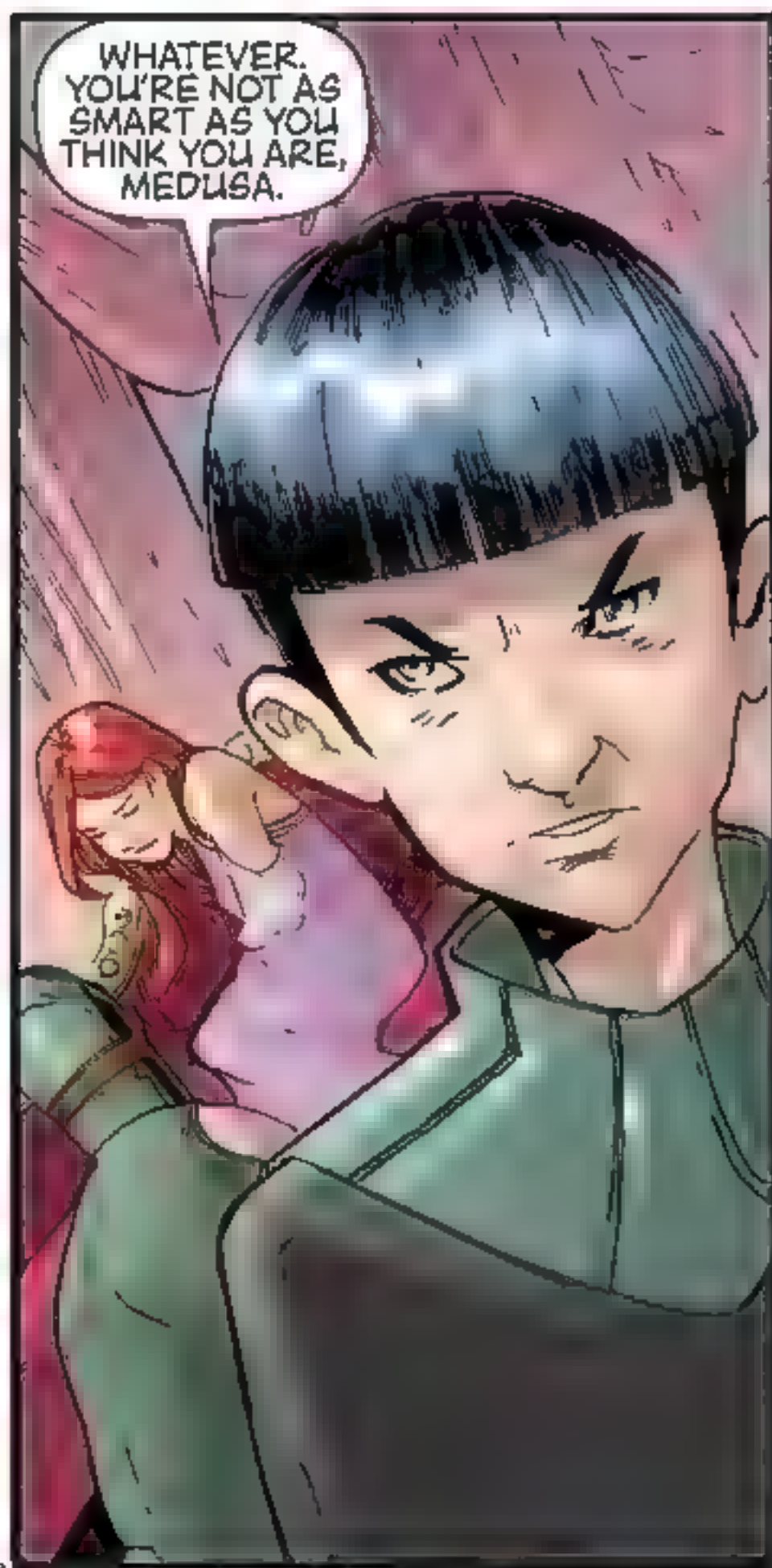
I HATE DOCTOR NIAL ALMOST AS MUCH AS I HATE BAK TAGA.

YES, WE *KNOW*. YOU SHOULDN'T TELL EVERYBODY WHAT YOU'RE *THINKING* ALL THE TIME.

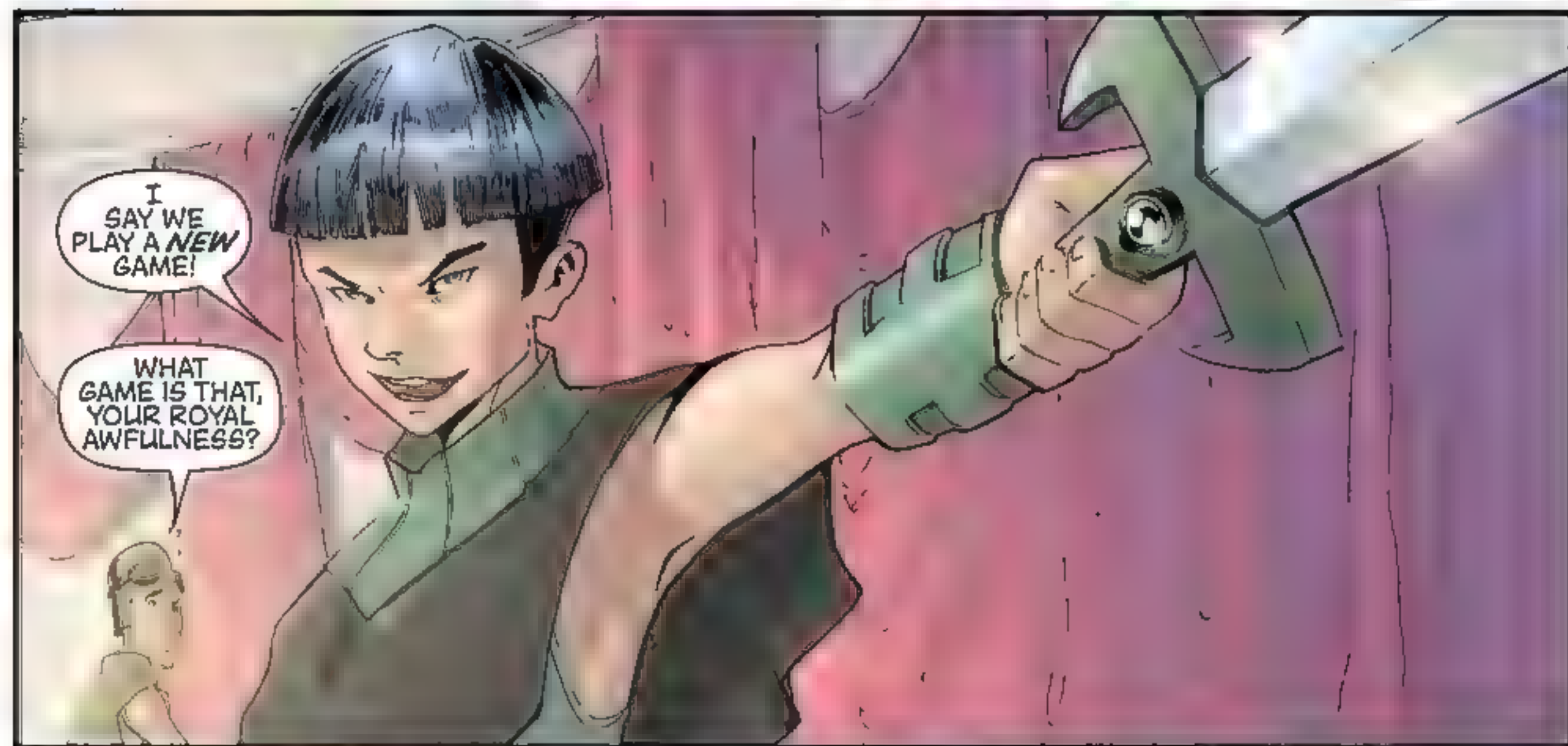


AND WHY NOT, MISS PRISSY PRINCESS?

BECAUSE THEN PEOPLE ALWAYS KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO *NEXT*.

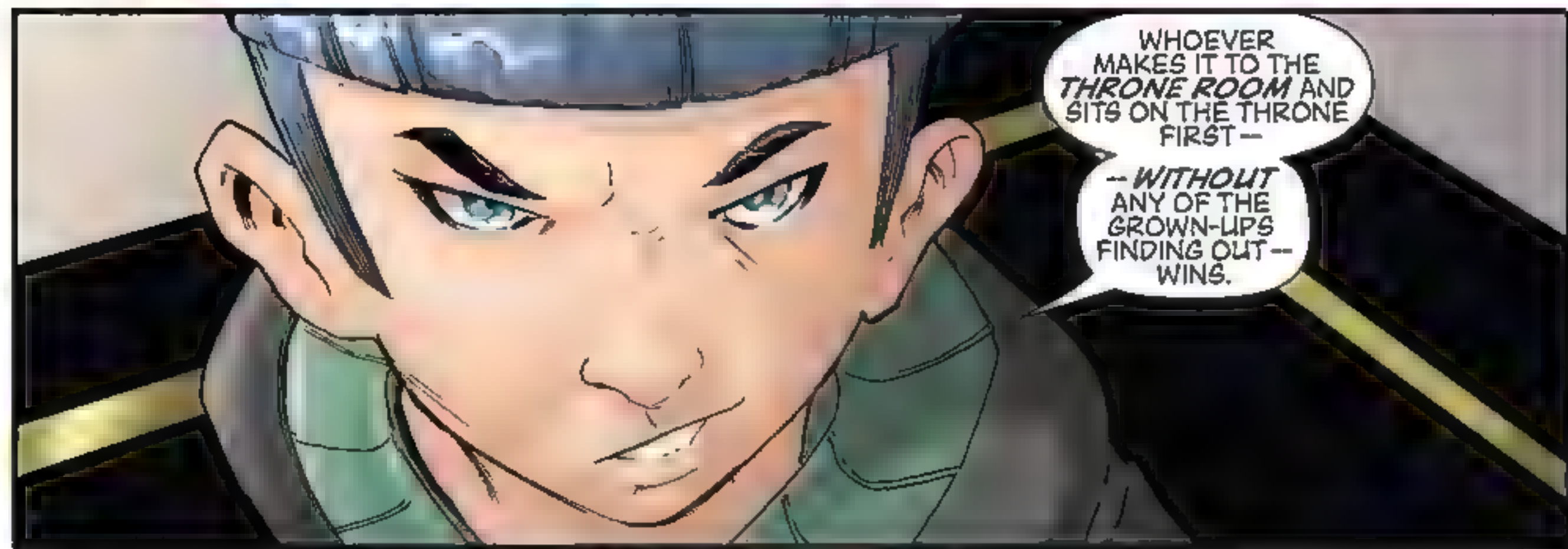


WHATEVER. YOU'RE NOT AS SMART AS YOU THINK YOU ARE, MEDUSA.



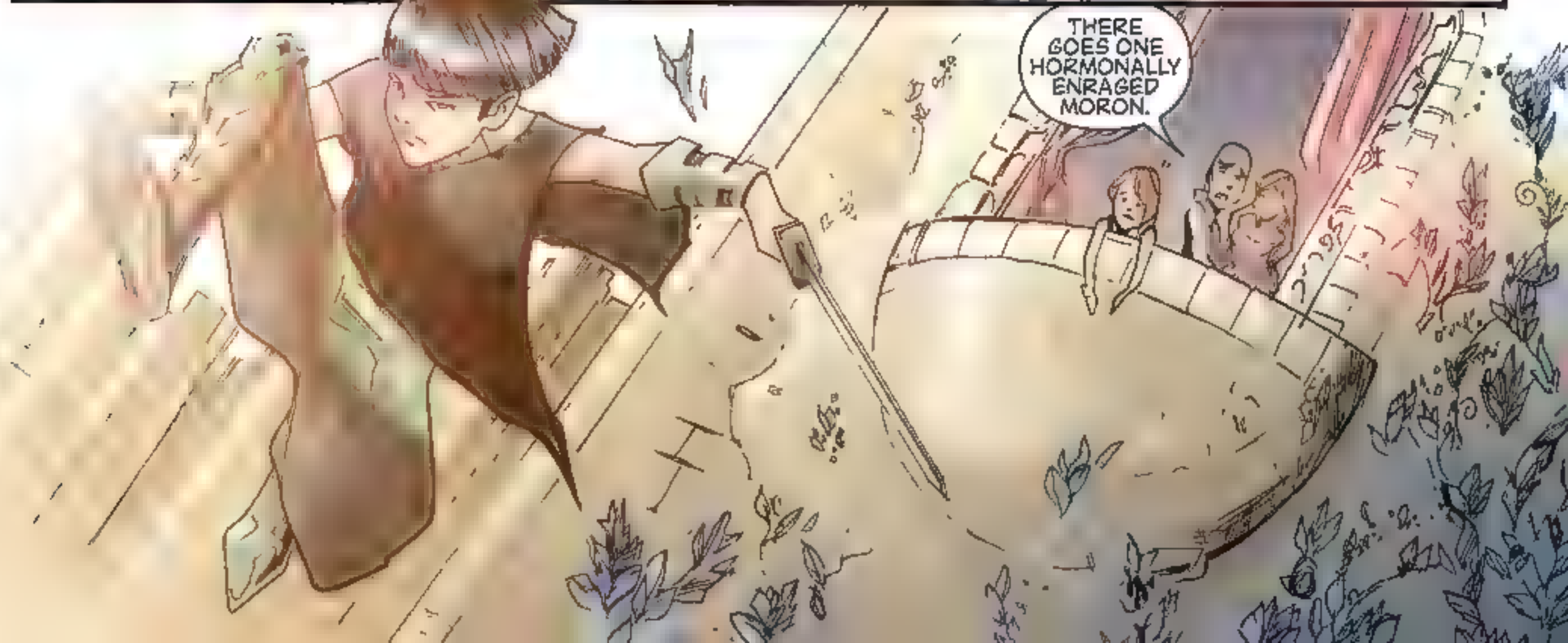
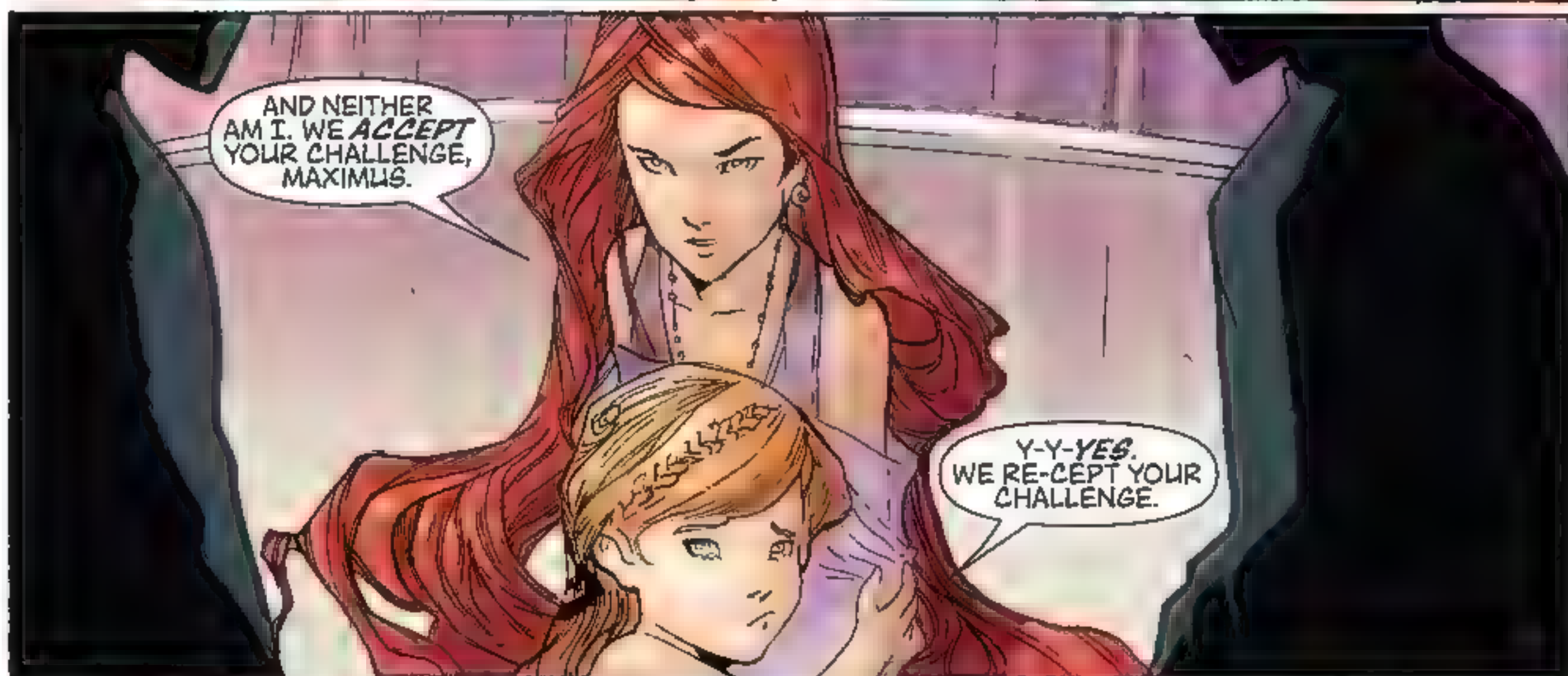
I SAY WE PLAY A *NEW* GAME!

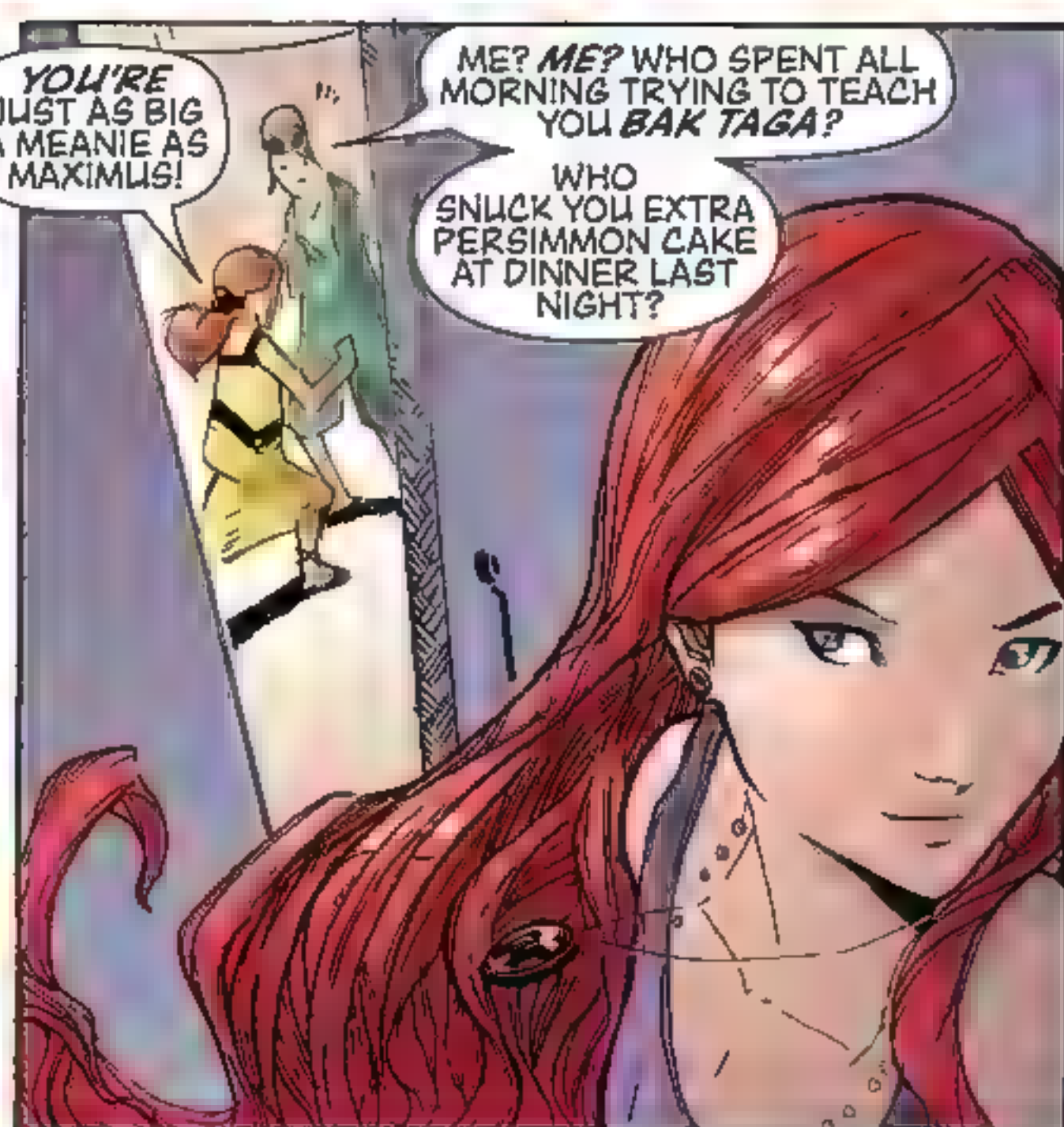
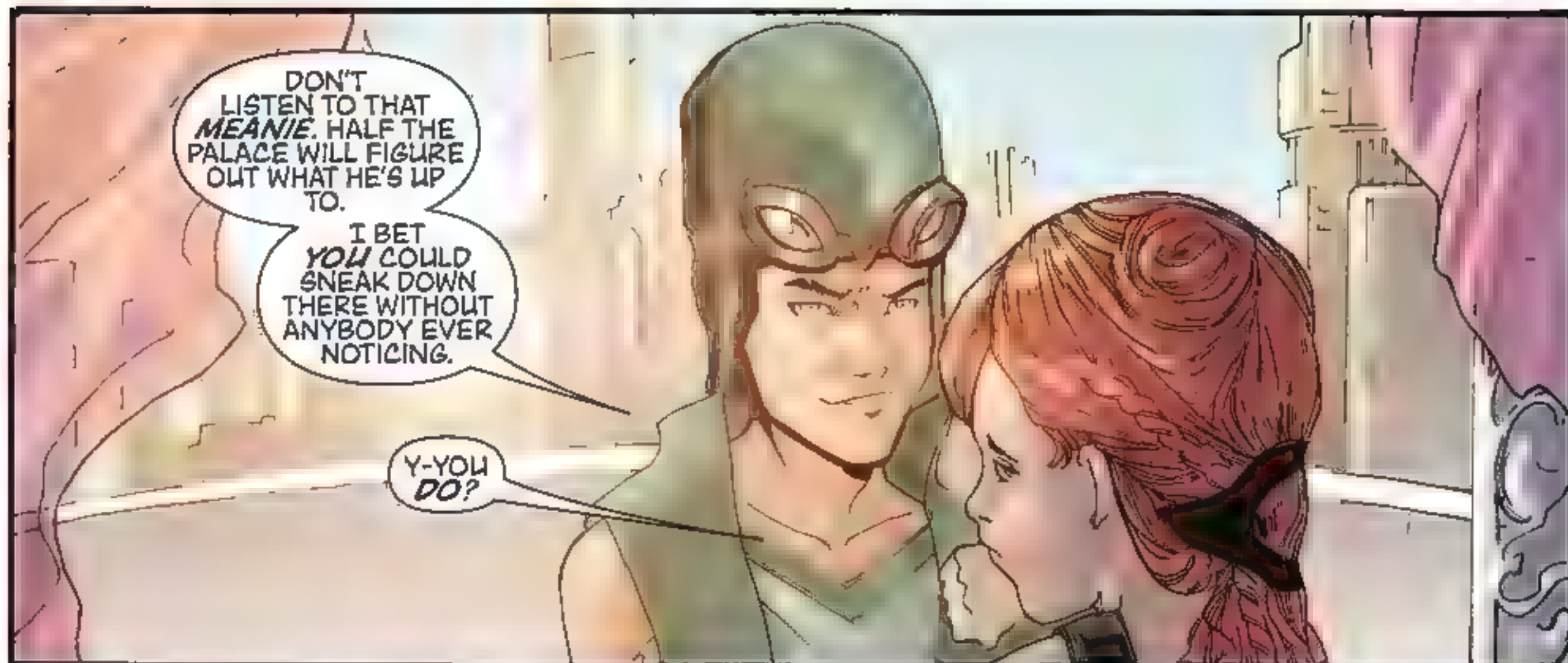
WHAT GAME IS THAT, YOUR ROYAL AWFULNESS?

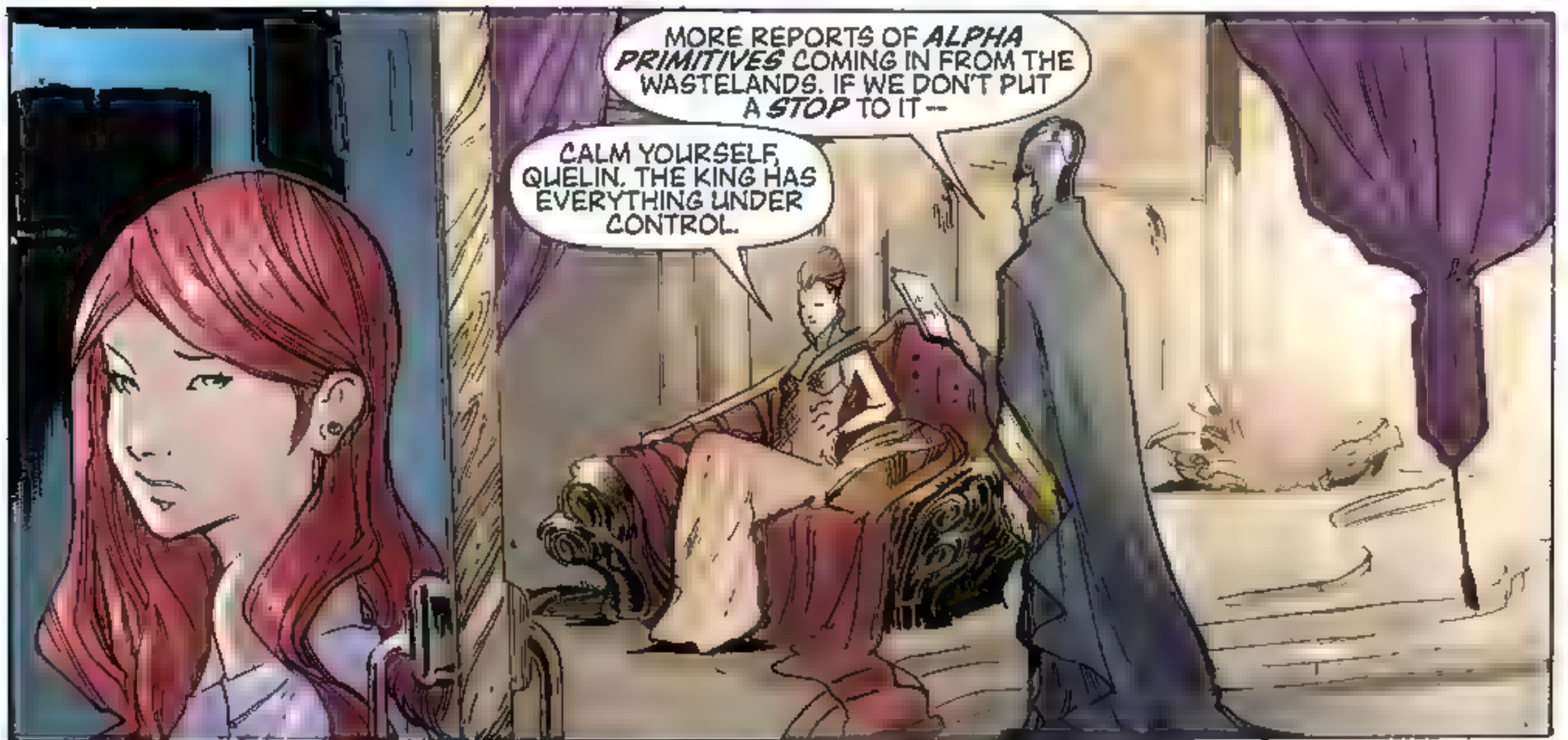
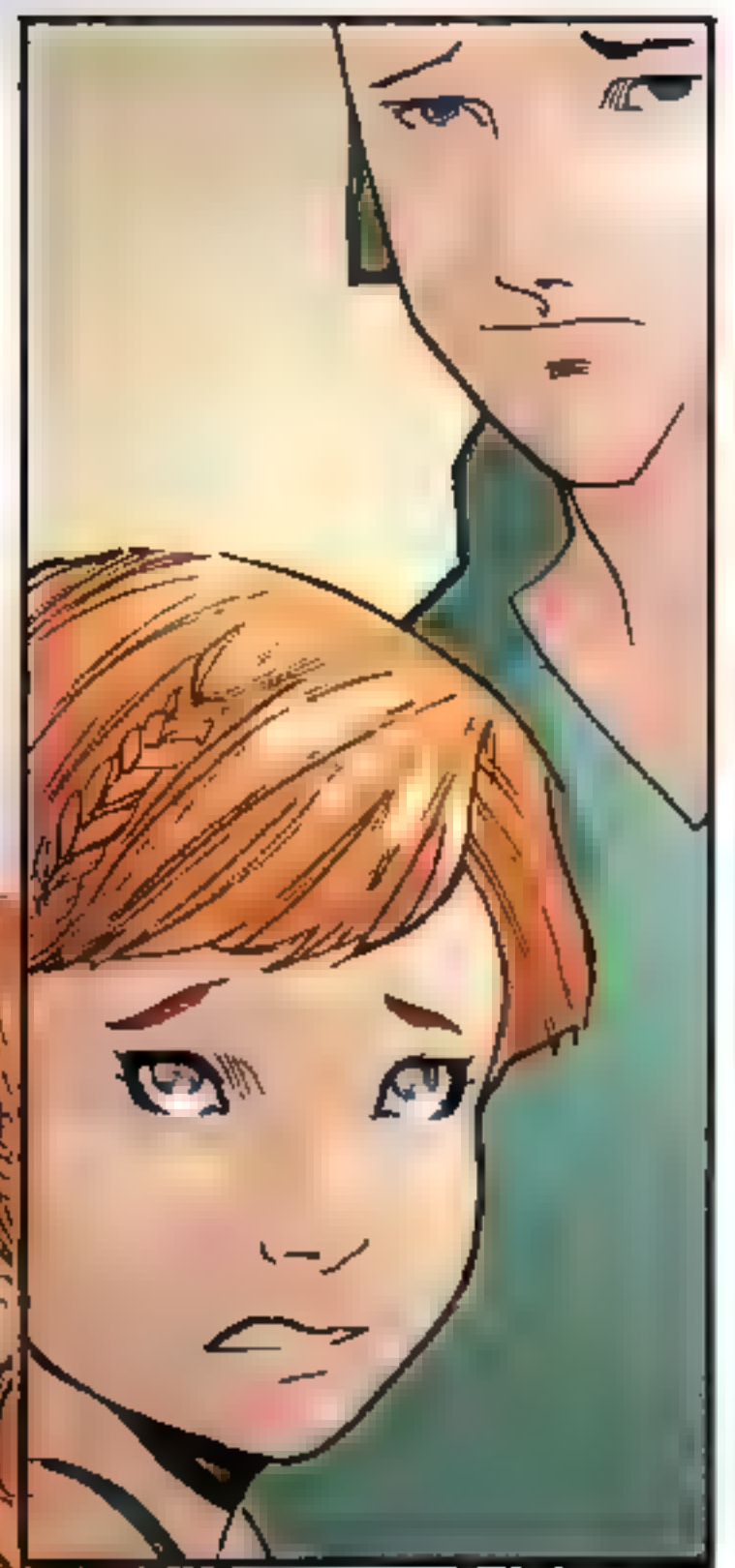
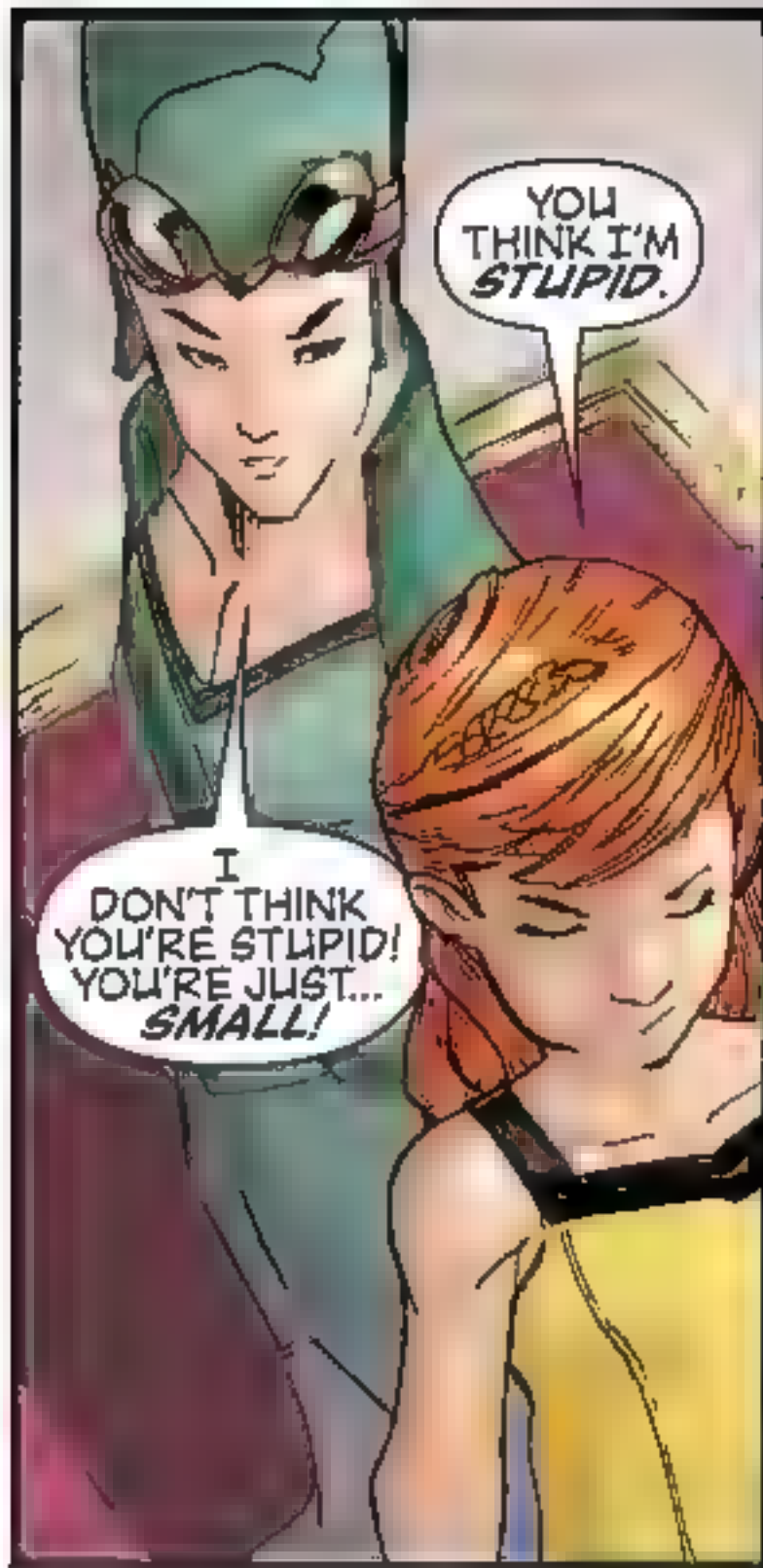


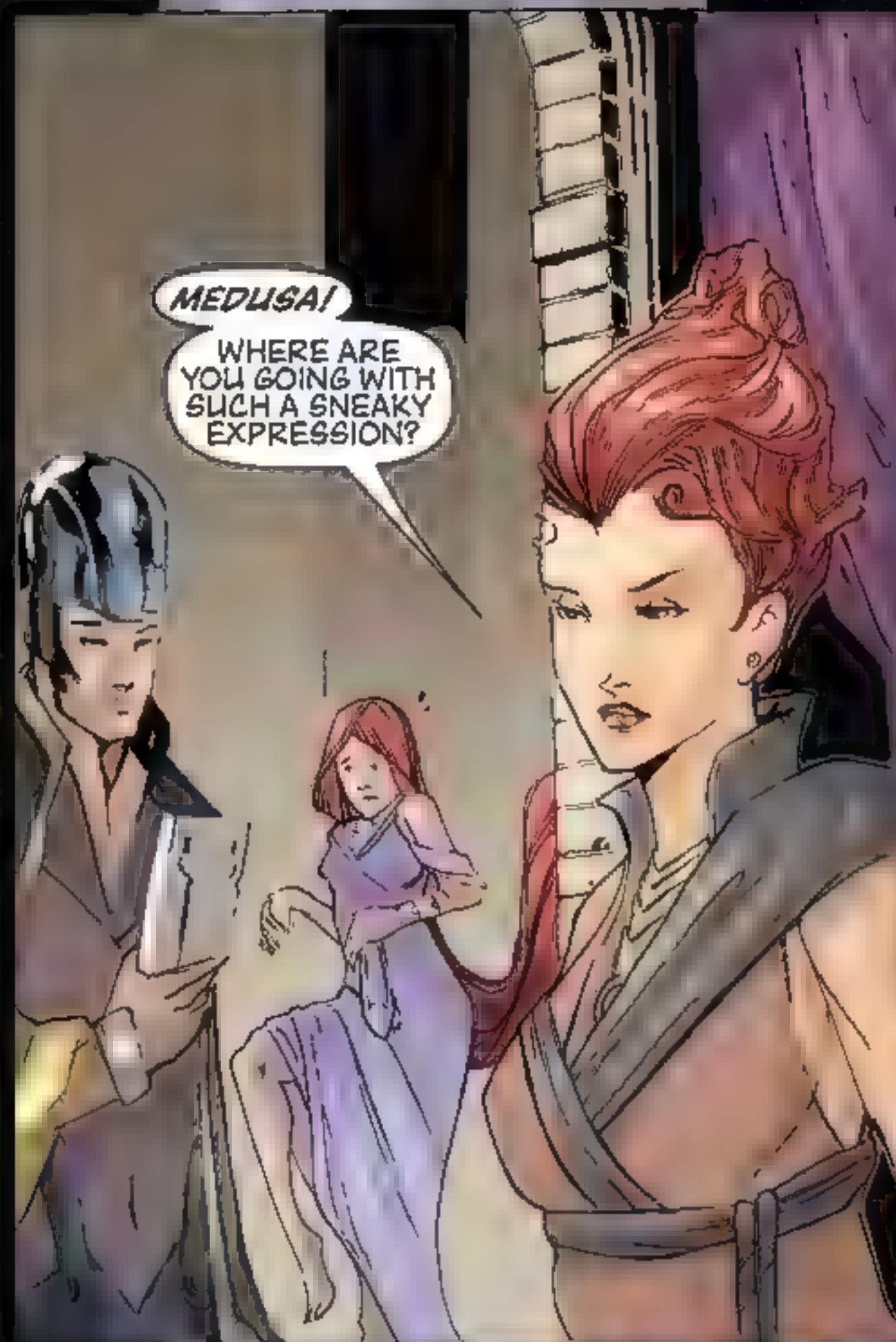
WHOEVER MAKES IT TO THE *THRONE ROOM* AND SITS ON THE THRONE FIRST —

-- *WITHOUT* ANY OF THE GROWN-UPS FINDING OUT -- WINS.



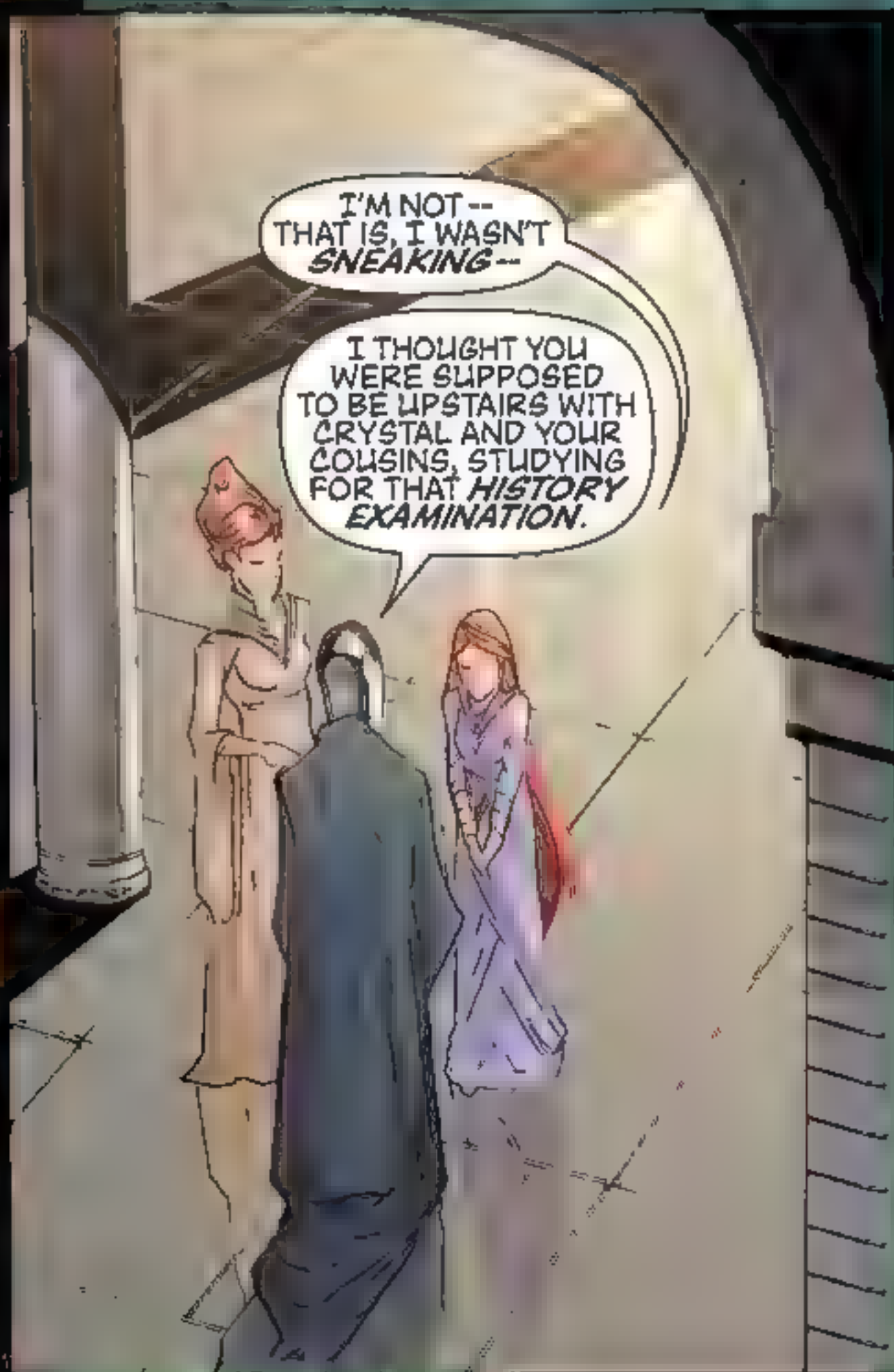






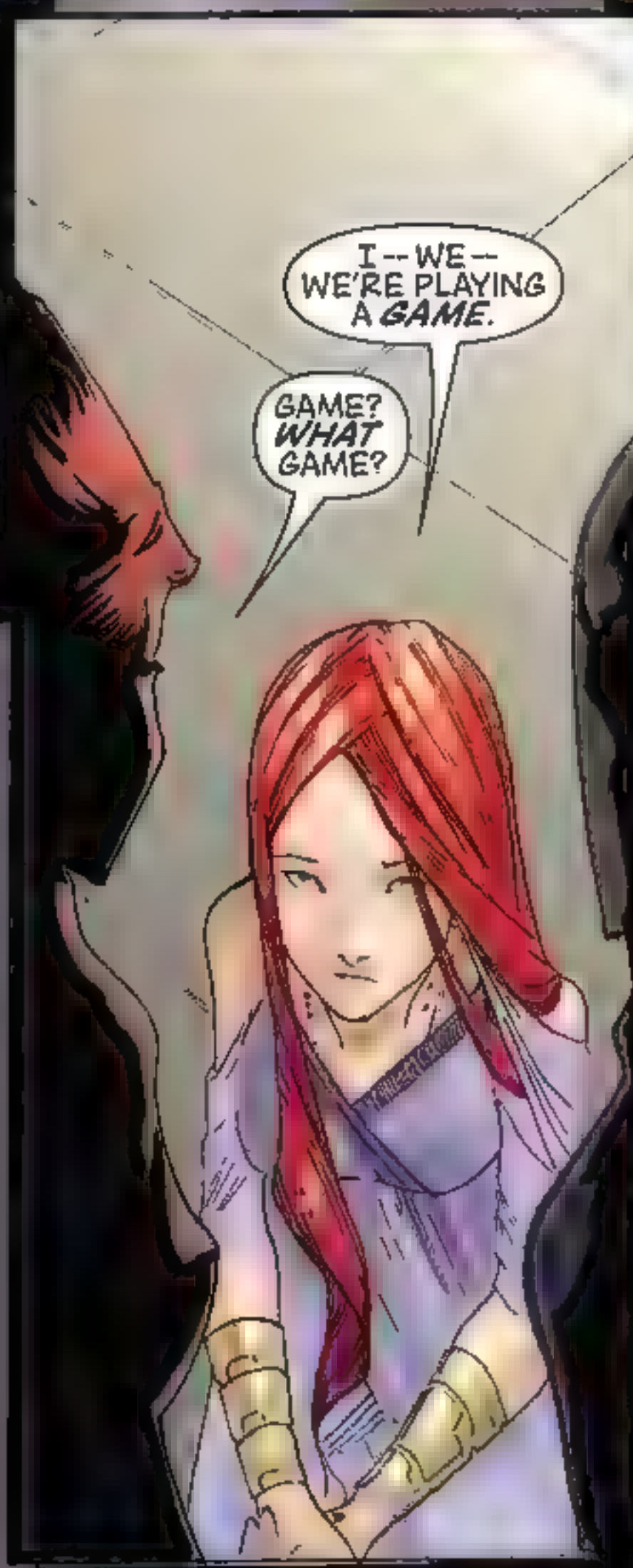
MEDUSA!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH SUCH A SNEAKY EXPRESSION?



I'M NOT -- THAT IS, I WASN'T *SNEAKING* --

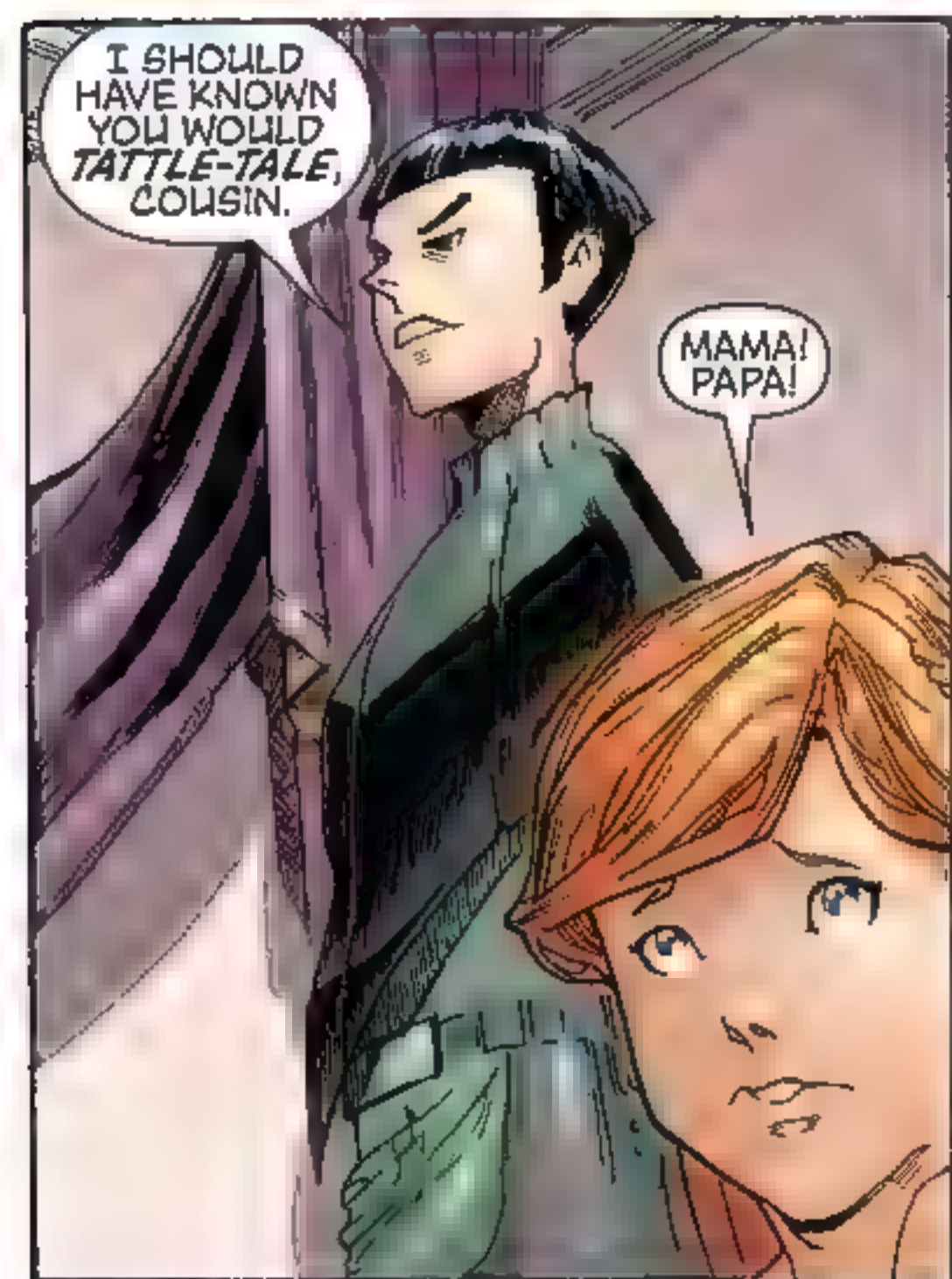
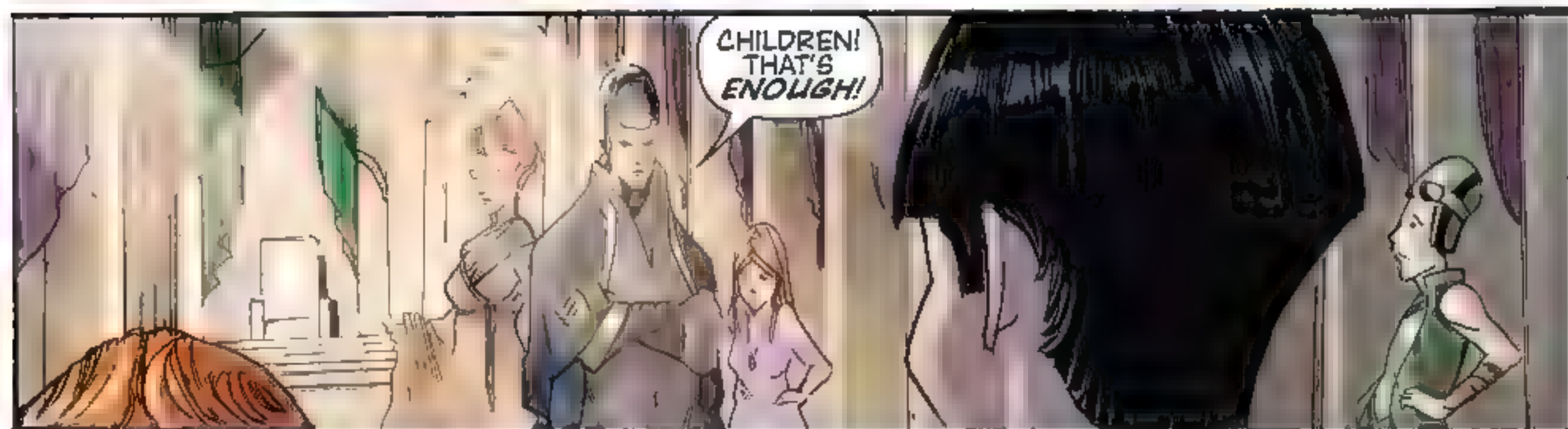
I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE UPSTAIRS WITH CRYSTAL AND YOUR COUSINS, STUDYING FOR THAT *HISTORY EXAMINATION*.

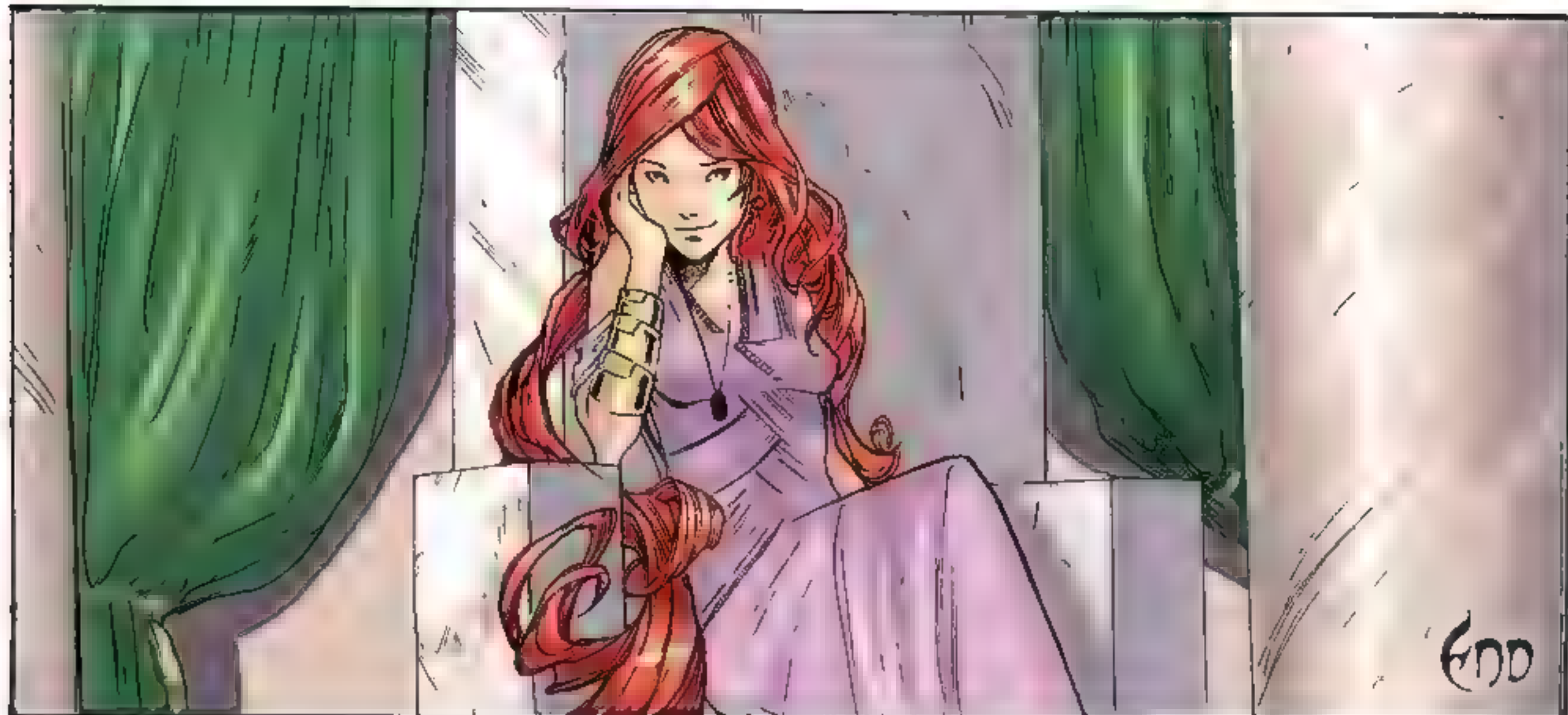
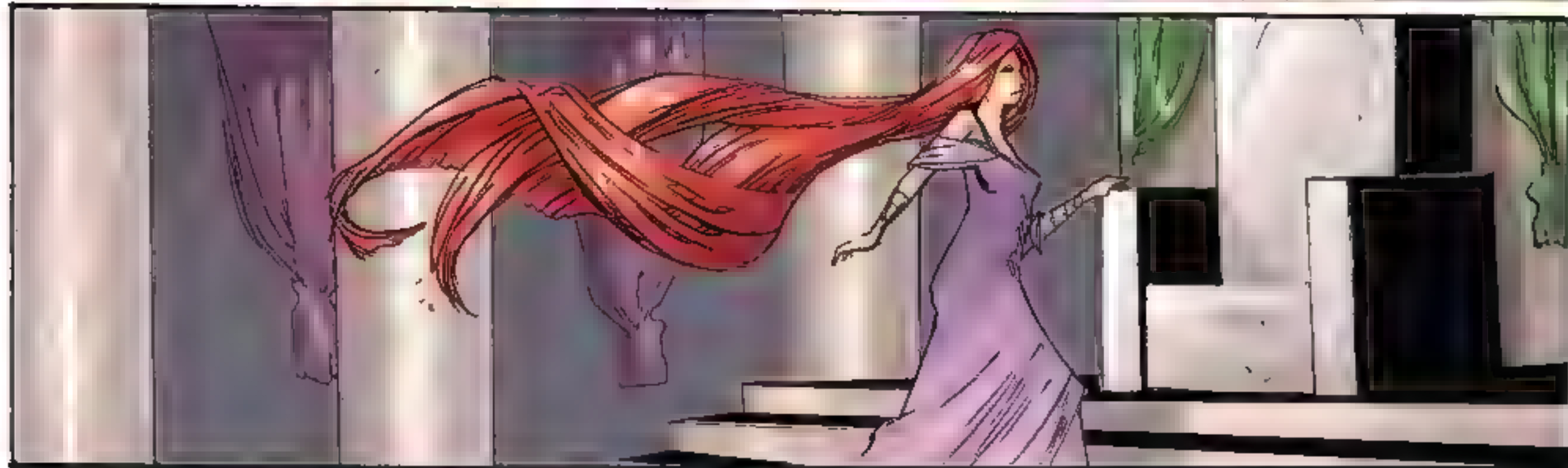
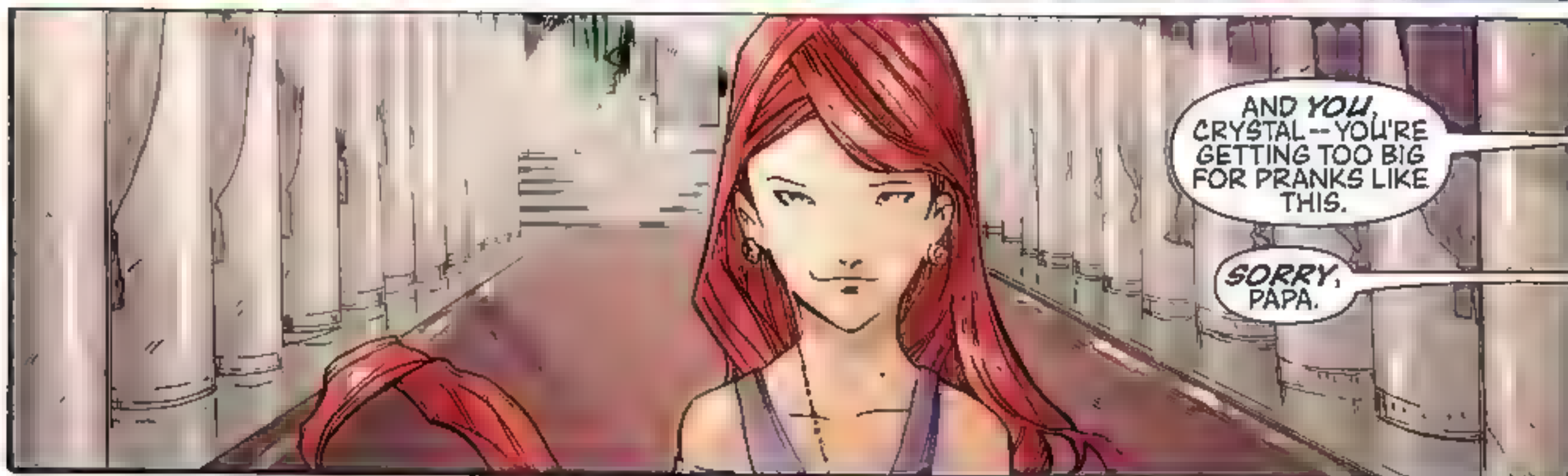


I -- WE -- WE'RE PLAYING A *GAME*.

GAME? *WHAT* GAME?







I WILL SAY, FOR
THE RECORD, THAT
I WAS TOTALLY
KICKING HER ASS.

UNTIL SHE STARTED
WITH THE MAGIC.

STUPID
MAGIC.

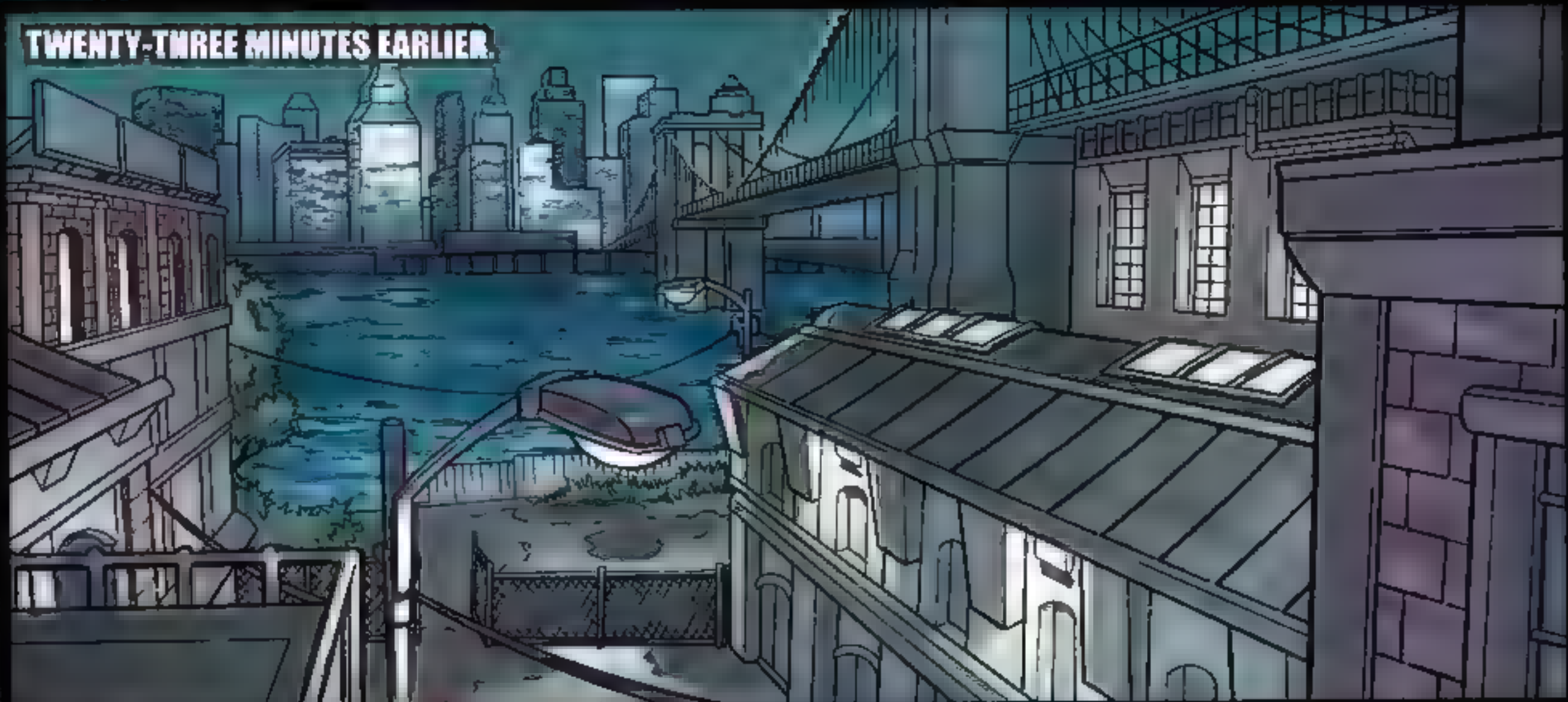
**BLACK CAT &
SATANA**

IN

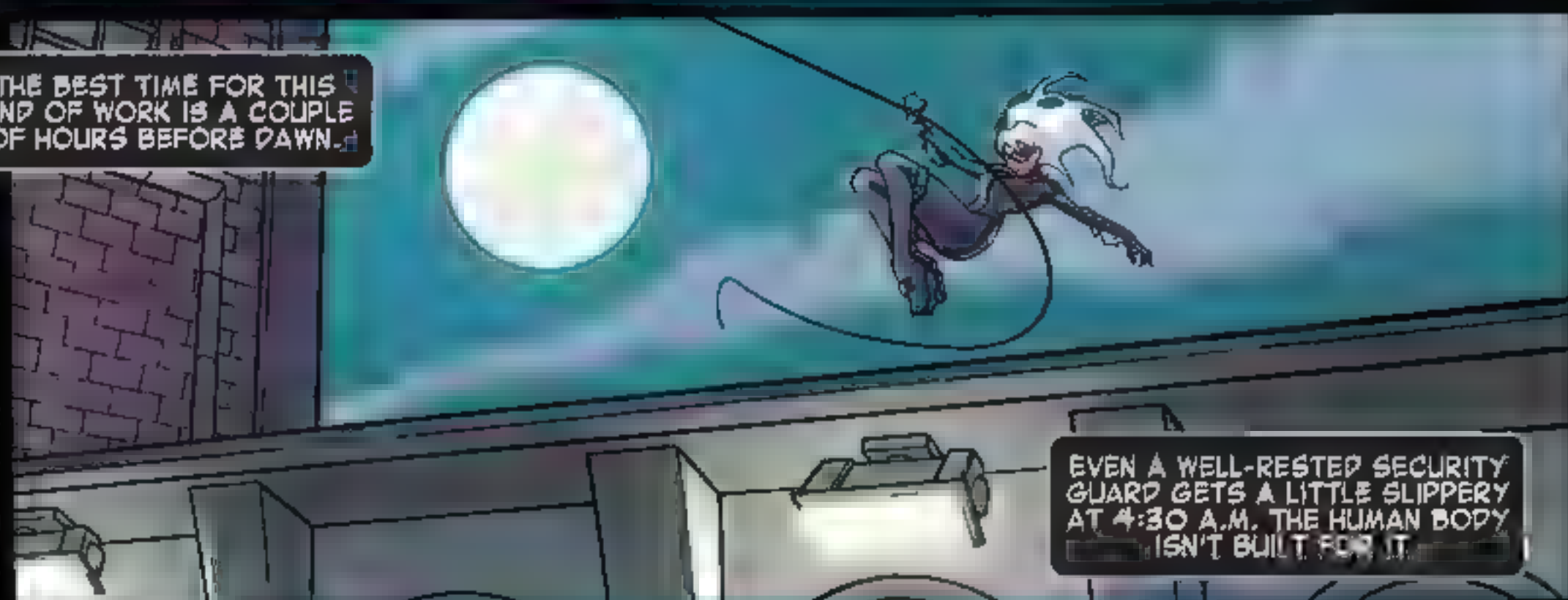
BLACK MAGIC WOMEN

WRITTEN BY MARC BERNARDIN PENCILED BY ROMINA MORANELLI
INKS BY JASON GORDER COLORS BY BETH SOTELLO LETTERS BY DAVE SHARPE
EDITS BY MICHAEL HORWITZ EDITOR IN CHIEF: JOE QUESADA PUBLISHER: DAN BUCKLEY EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ALAN FINE

TWENTY-THREE MINUTES EARLIER.



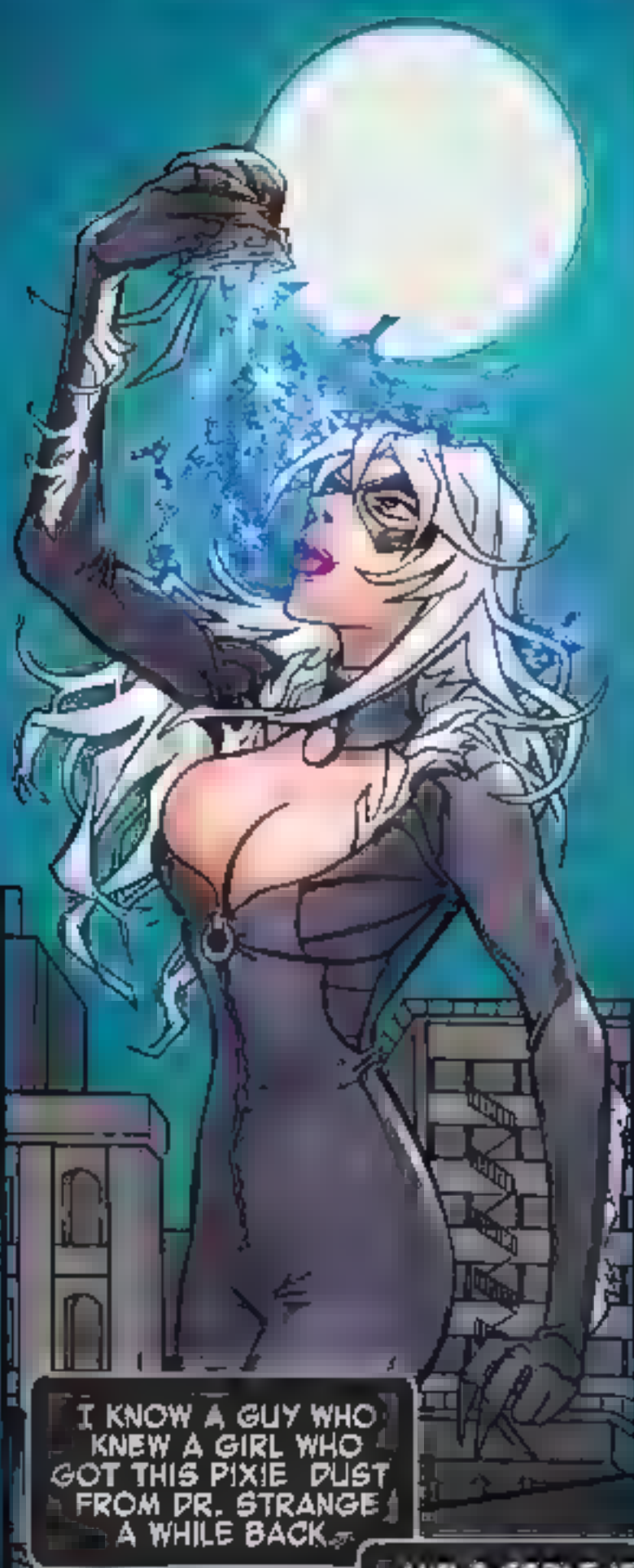
THE BEST TIME FOR THIS
KIND OF WORK IS A COUPLE
OF HOURS BEFORE DAWN.



EVEN A WELL-RESTED SECURITY
GUARD GETS A LITTLE SLIPPERY
AT 4:30 A.M. THE HUMAN BODY
ISN'T BUILT FOR IT.

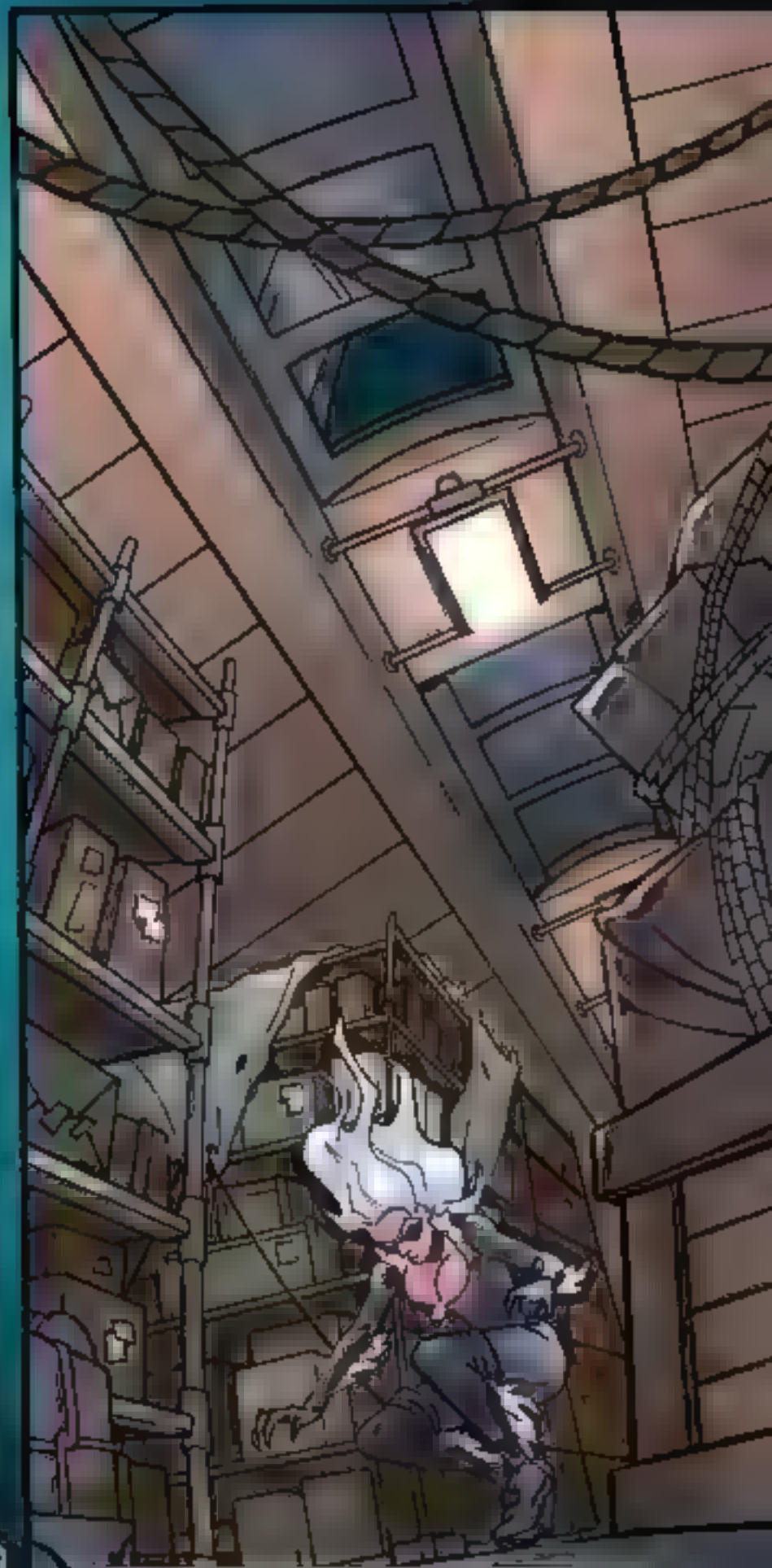
HOWEVER, IT'S ENTIRELY
POSSIBLE THAT THIS
PLACE ISN'T GUARDED
BY HUMAN BODIES.

THE PUNK WHO HIRED
ME DIDN'T SAY ANY-
THING ABOUT MAGIC.



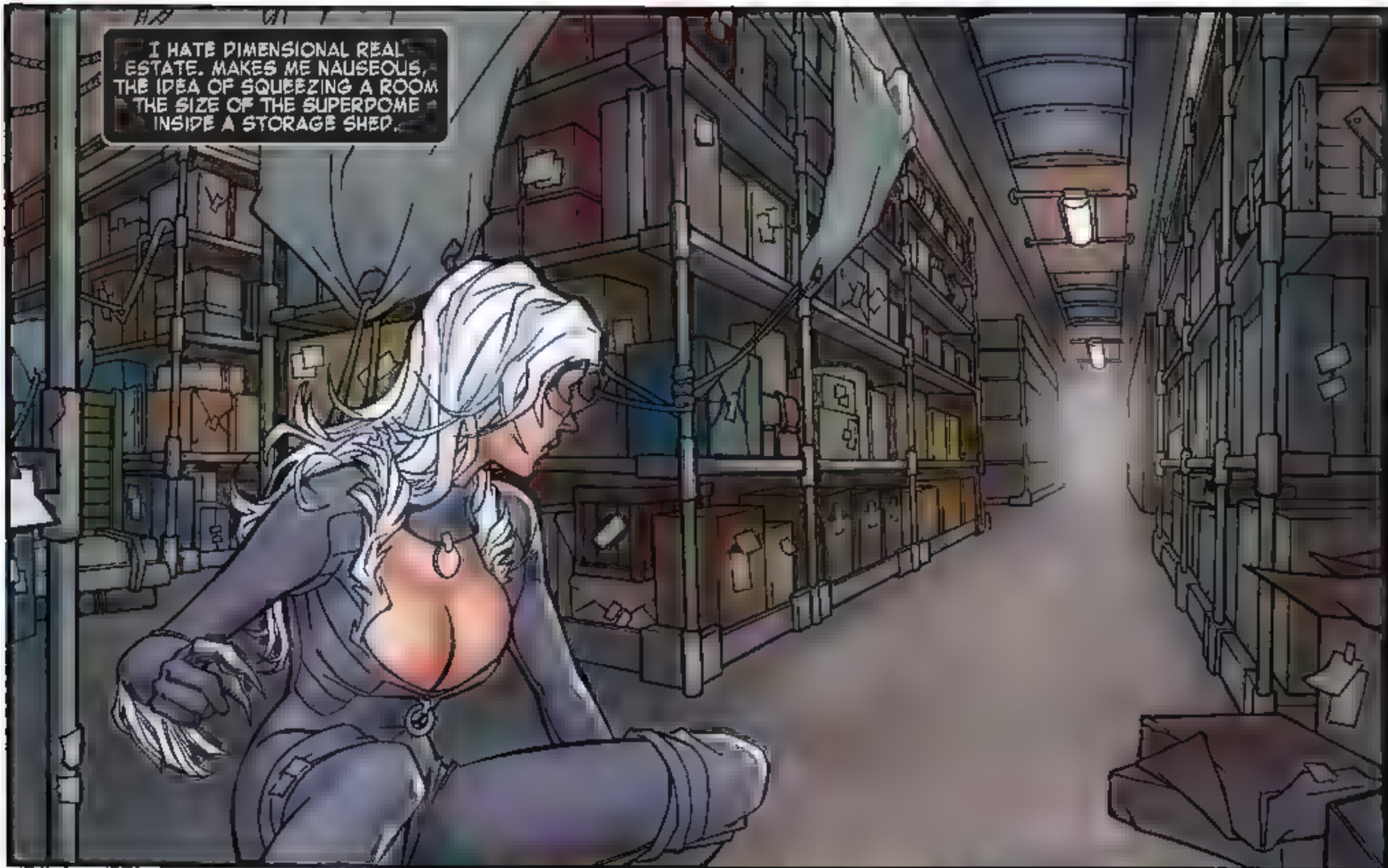
I KNOW A GUY WHO
KNEW A GIRL WHO
GOT THIS PIXIE DUST
FROM DR. STRANGE
A WHILE BACK.

AND I STOLE IT
FROM THAT GUY.

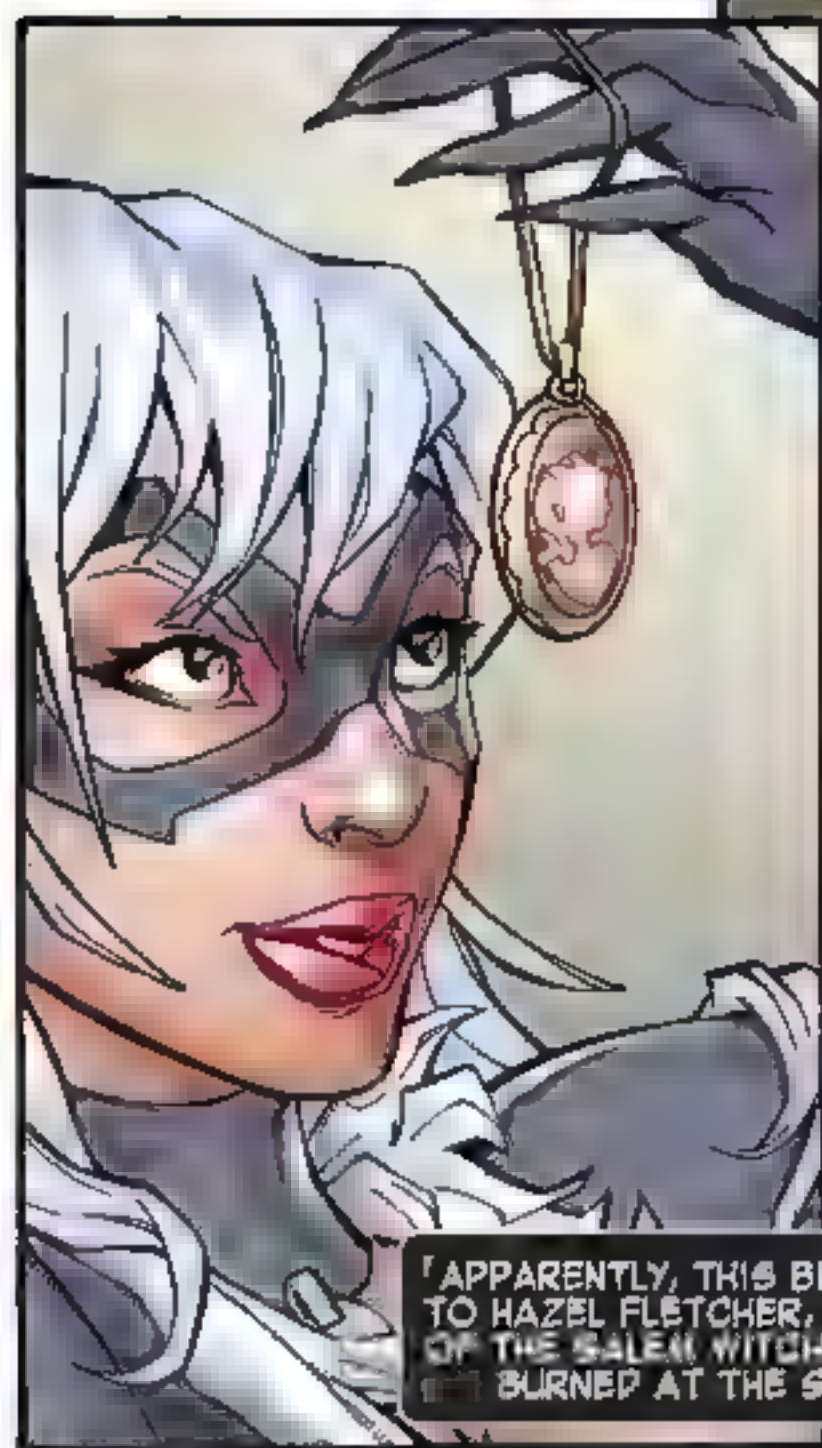


I KEEP IT IN MY ALL-PURPOSE
CRIME-COMMITTING KIT. SUPPOSED
TO MAKE ME IMPERVIOUS TO
LOW-LEVEL SPELLS. WE'LL SEE.

I HATE DIMENSIONAL REAL ESTATE. MAKES ME NAUSEOUS, THE IDEA OF SQUEEZING A ROOM THE SIZE OF THE SUPERDOME INSIDE A STORAGE SHED.



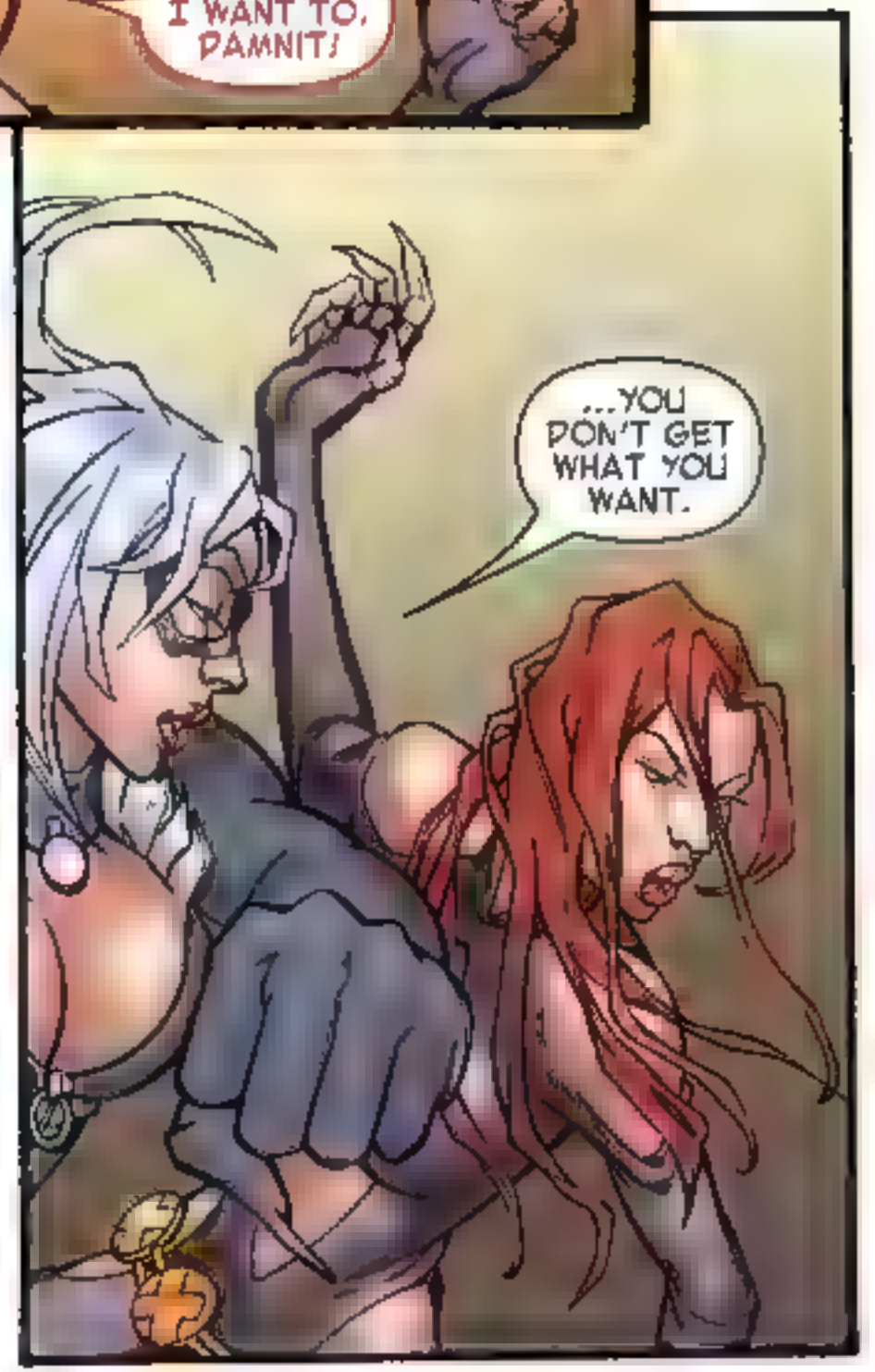
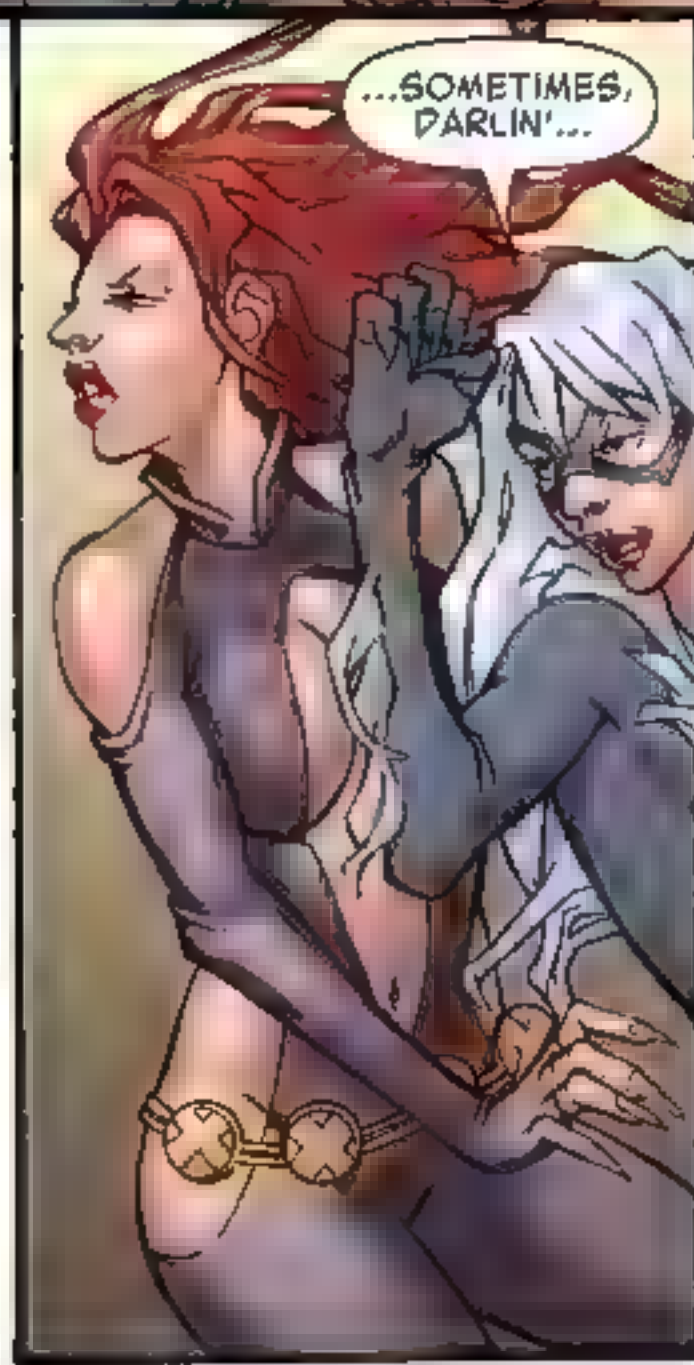
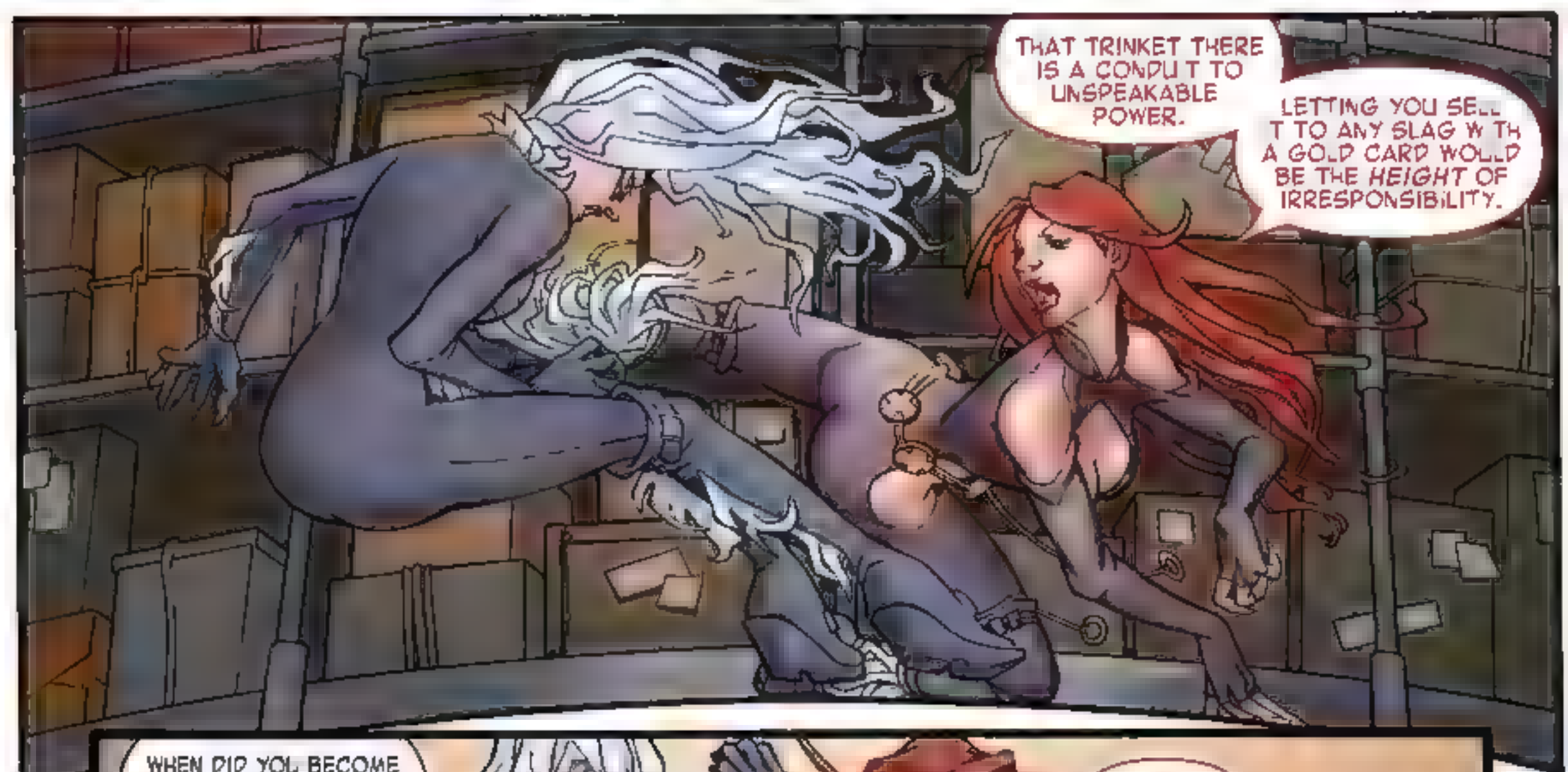
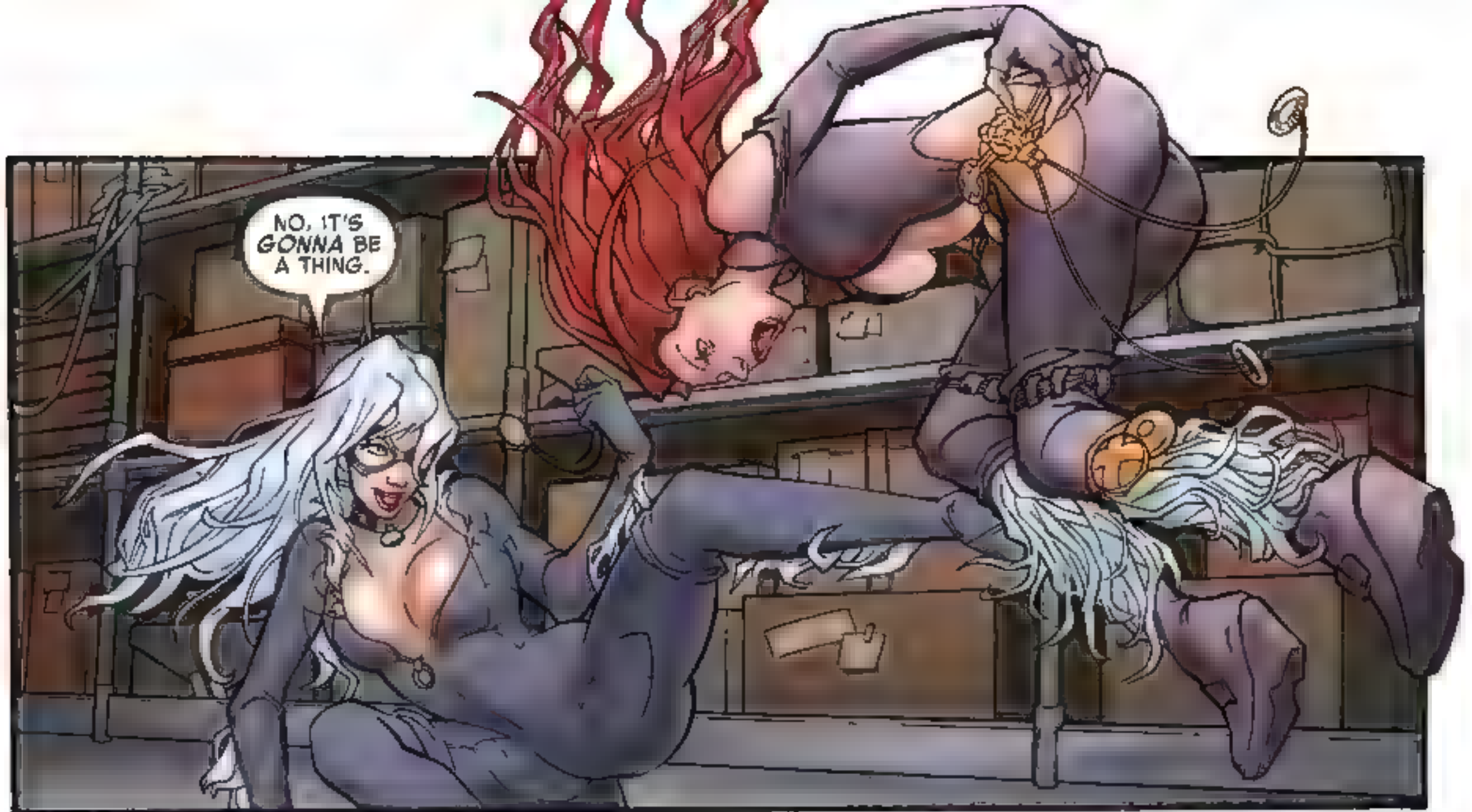
ALSO MAKES FINDING WHAT YOU'RE AFTER THAT MUCH HARDER.



APPARENTLY, THIS BELONGED TO HAZEL FLETCHER, THE LAST OF THE SALEM WITCHES TO BE BURNED AT THE STAKE.

LET'S NOT MAKE THIS A THING. JUST GIVE IT TO ME.





STUPID
MAGIC.

EITHER THAT PIXIE DUST
ISN'T WORTH A DAMN, OR THAT
BLAST SHOULD'VE KILLED ME.

AND SHE'S IMMUNE
TO MY BAD-LUCKY
CHARMS. CRAP.

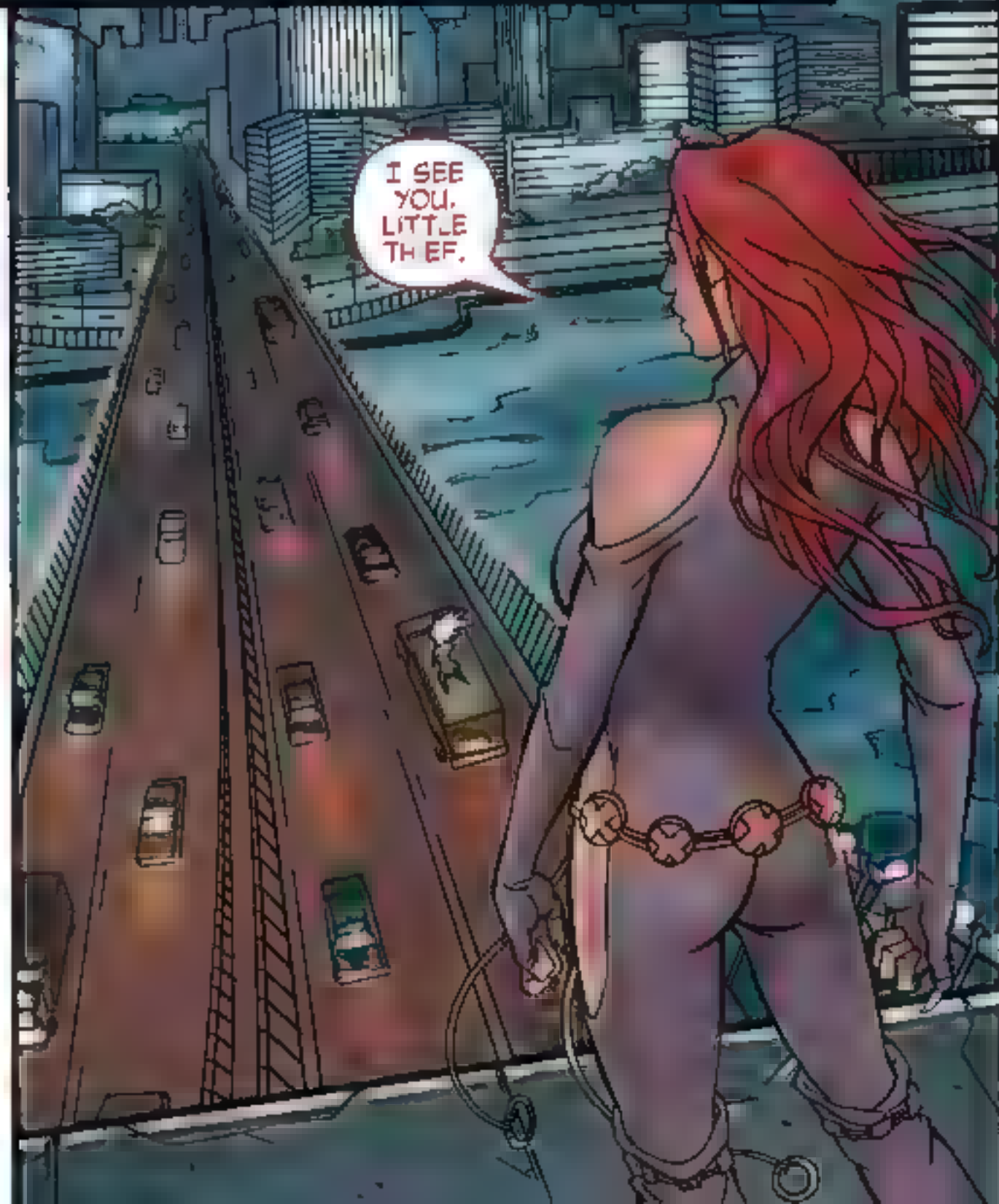
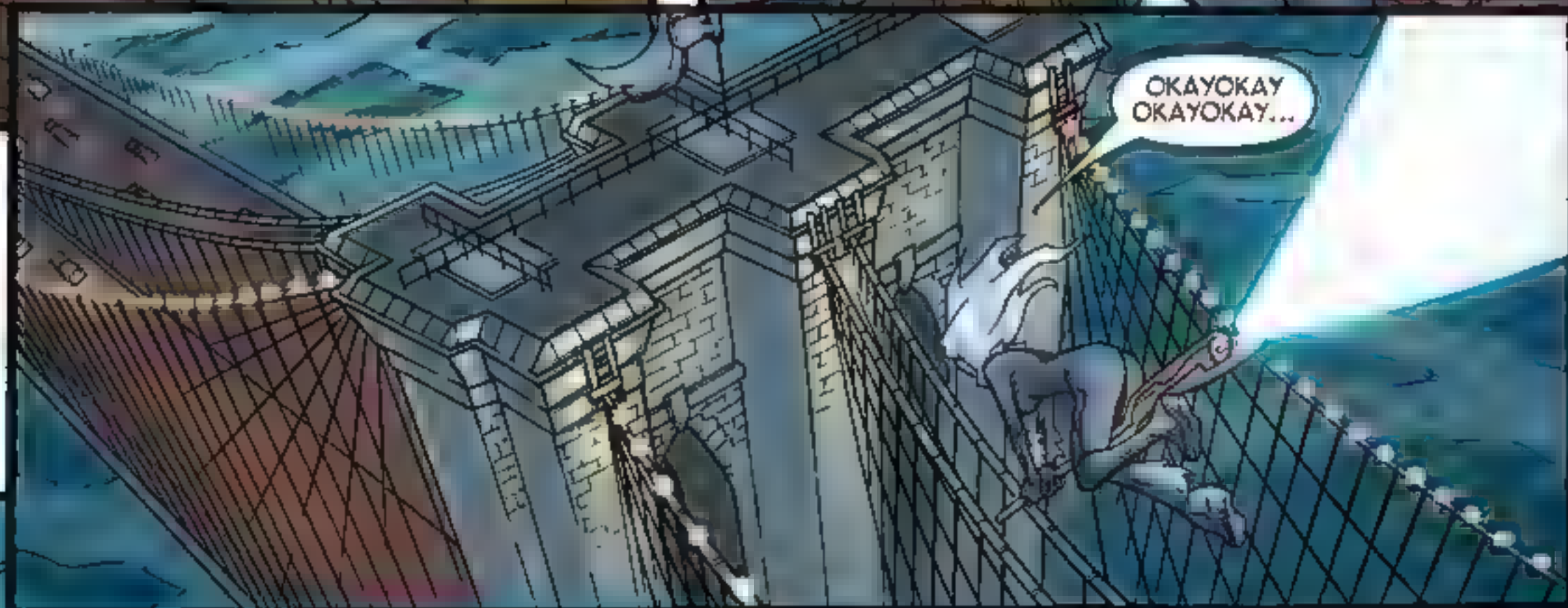
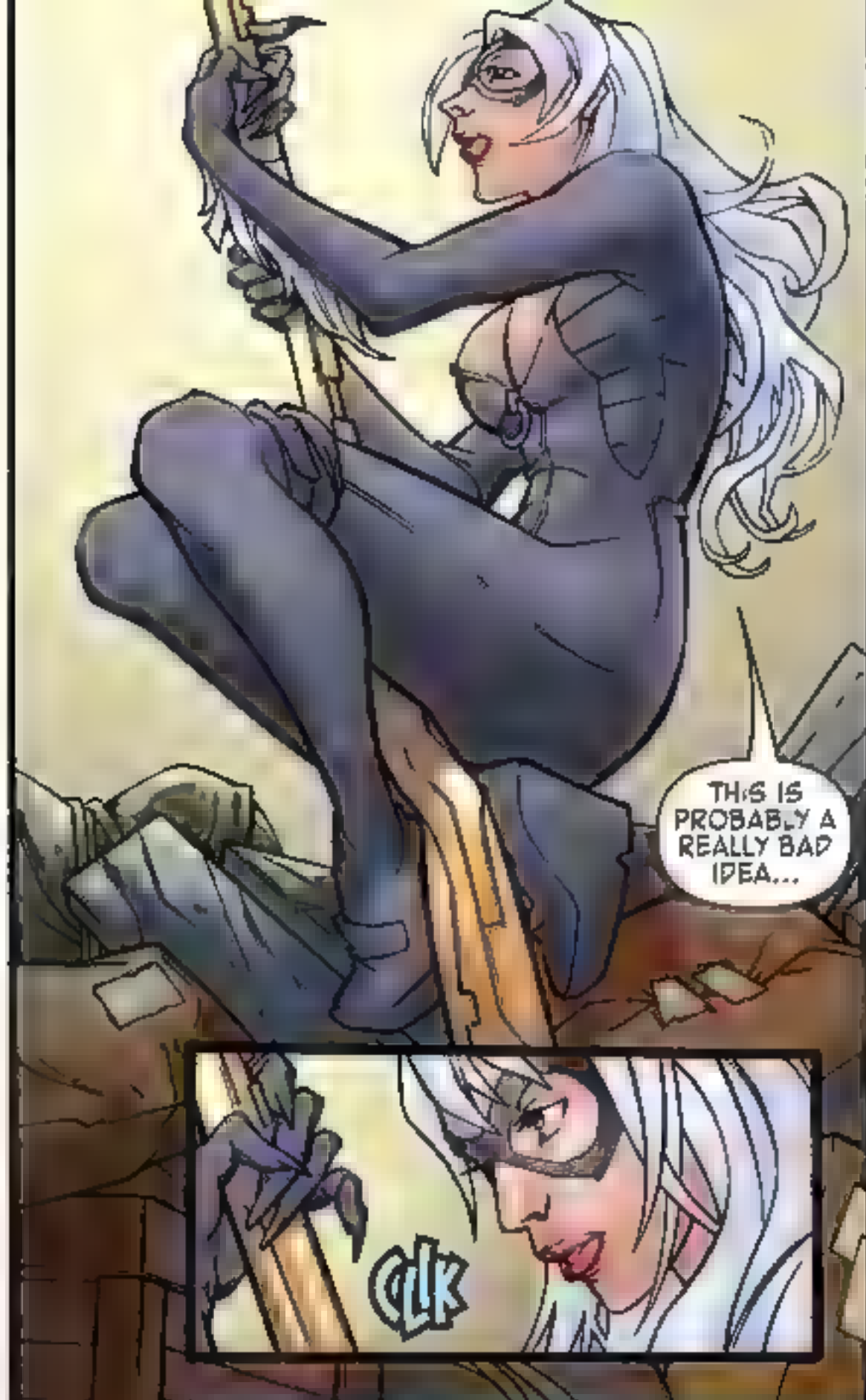
LISTEN
FELICIA. WE DON'T
HAVE TO DO THIS. BY
WHICH I MEAN TO SAY,
I DON'T HAVE TO
BRA SE YOU WITH
HELLF RE.

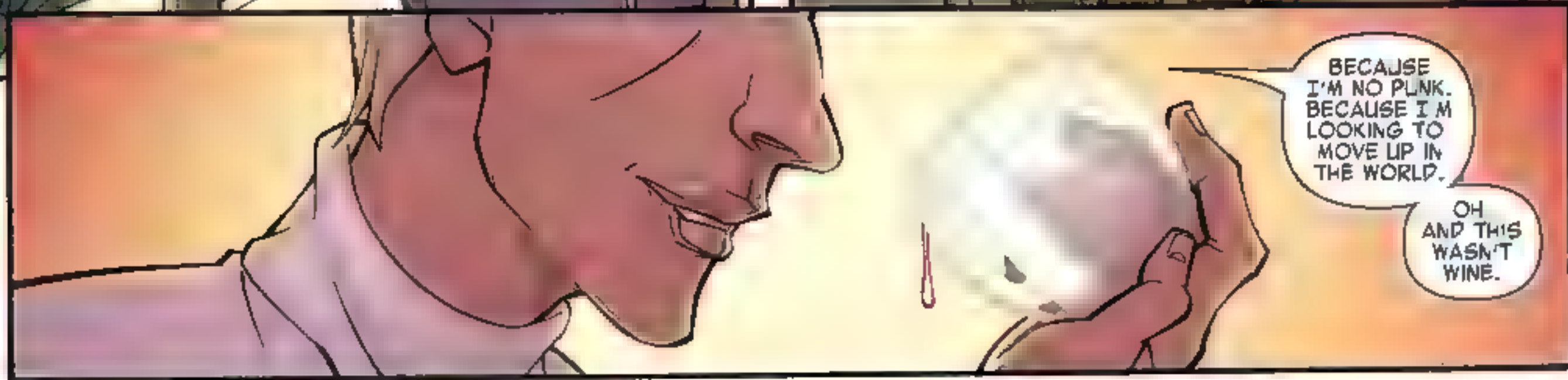
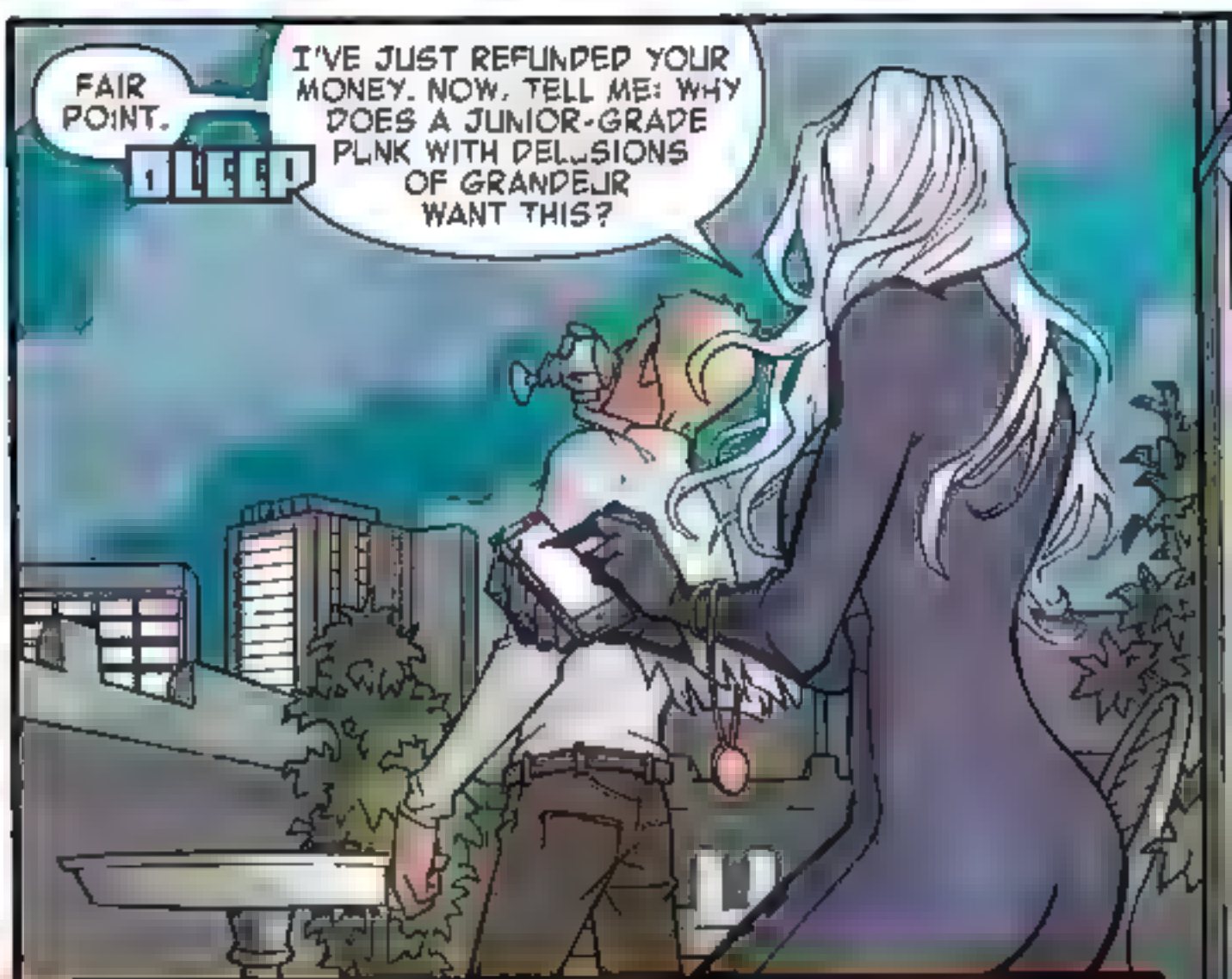
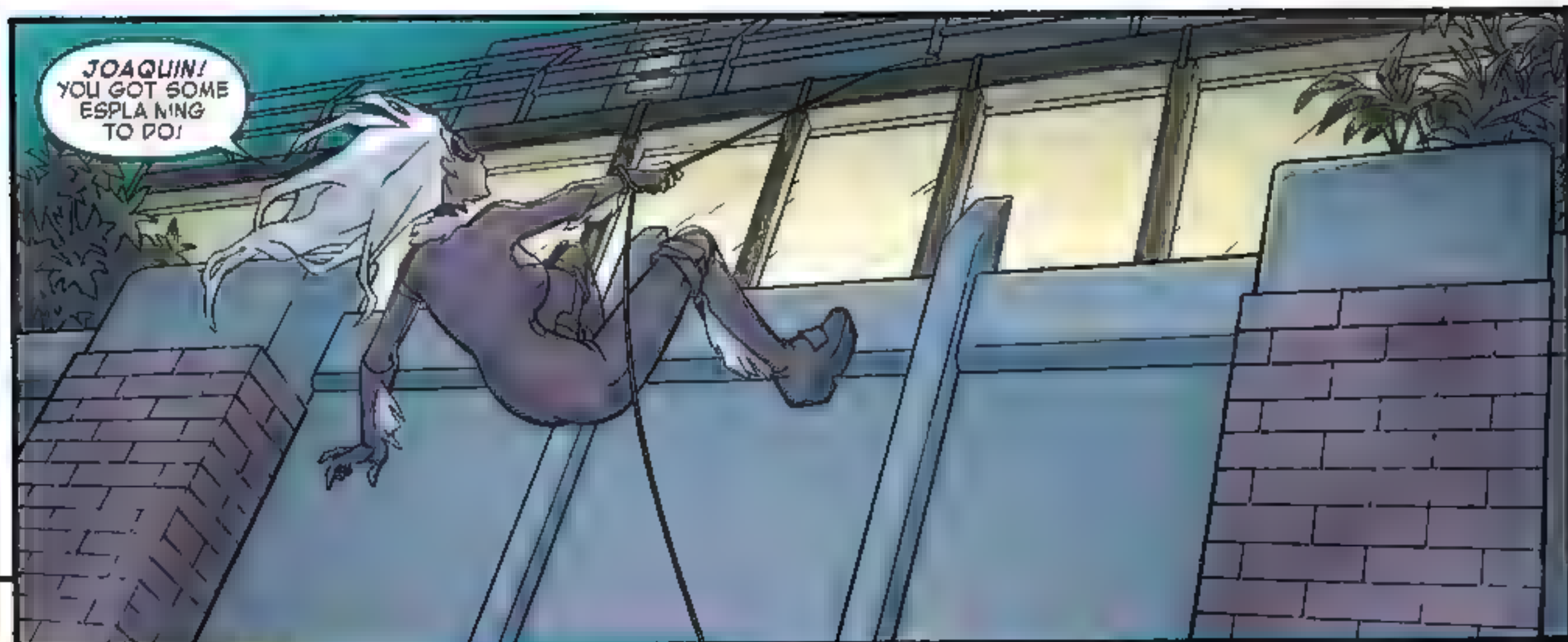
JUST
G VE ME
THE LOCKET
AND WE RE
DONE

CAN'T
DO THAT,
LUV.

click

I'D BE THE
LAUGHINGSTOCK
OF THE CRAZY-HOT
CAT BURGLAR
COMMUNITY. AND
THOSE BITCHES
CAN GOSSIP.

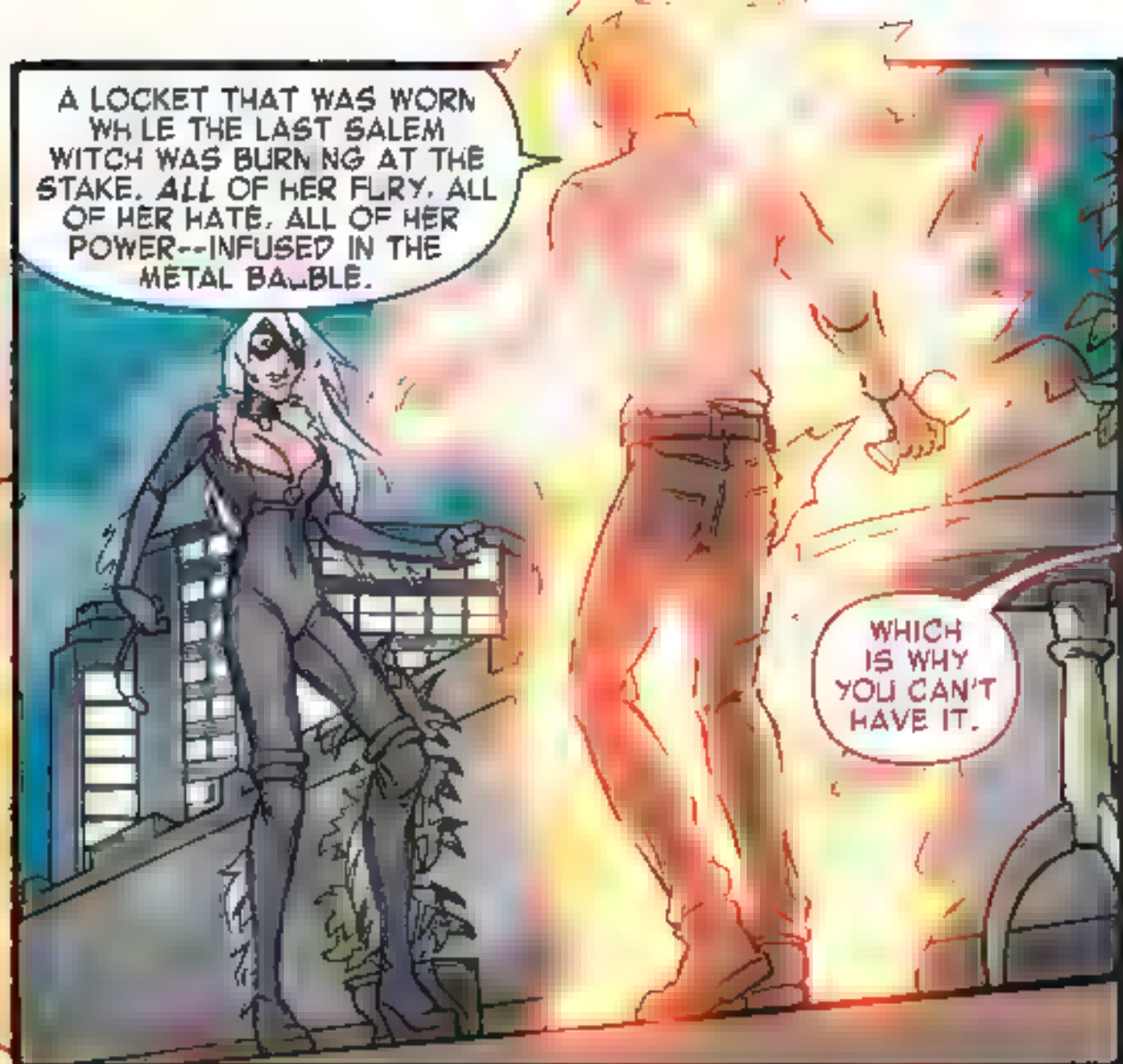






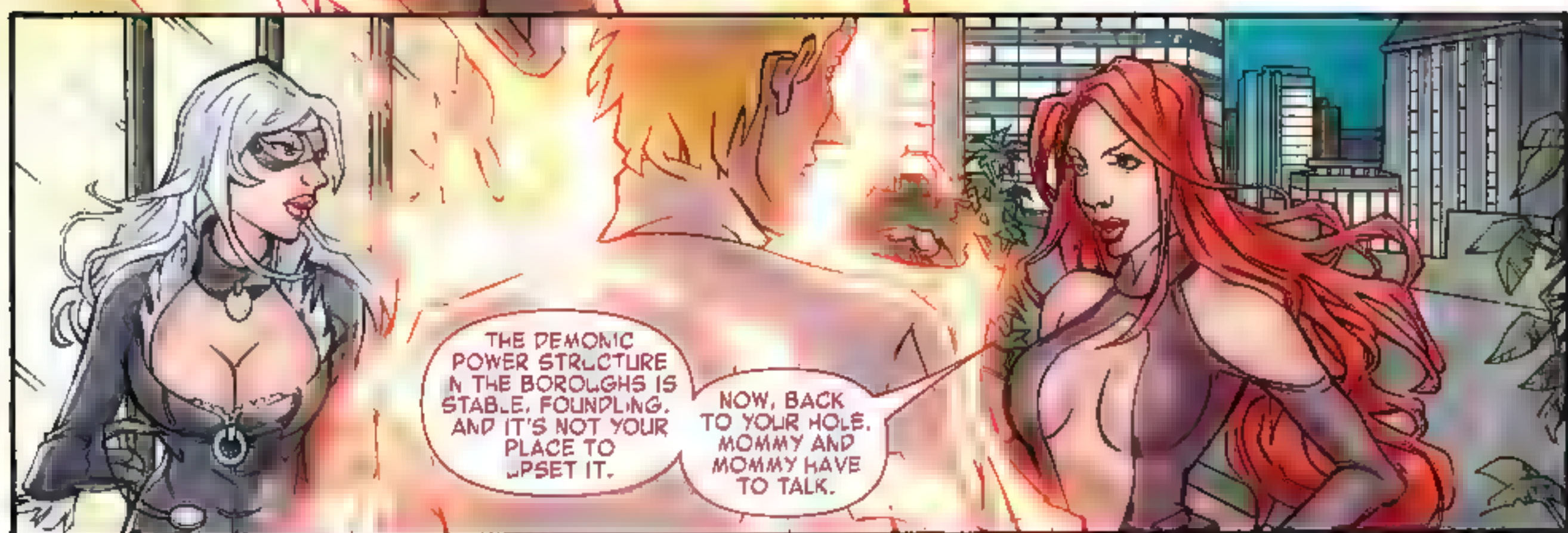
THE GLASS
CEILING FOR YOUNG
DEMONS ON THE RISE
IS IMPOSSIBLE TO
SHATTER. UNLESS
YOU'VE GOT
SOME HELP.

LIKE THIS
POTION.
OR THAT
LOCKET.



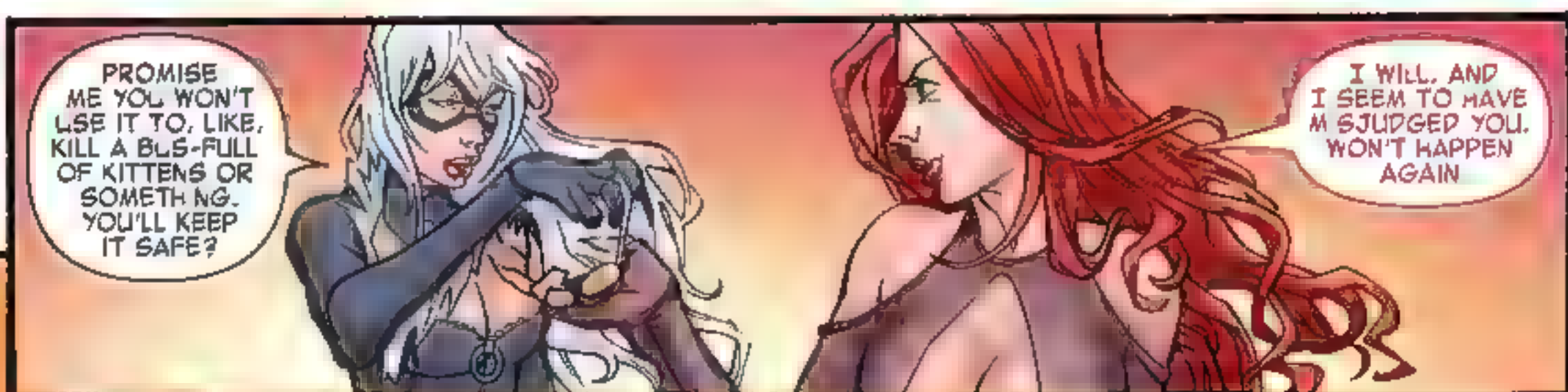
A LOCKET THAT WAS WORN
WHILE THE LAST SALEM
WITCH WAS BURNING AT THE
STAKE. ALL OF HER FURY, ALL
OF HER HATE, ALL OF HER
POWER--INFUSED IN THE
METAL BAUBLE.

WHICH
IS WHY
YOU CAN'T
HAVE IT.



THE DEMONIC
POWER STRUCTURE
IN THE BOROUGH IS
STABLE, FOUNDLING.
AND IT'S NOT YOUR
PLACE TO
UPSET IT.

NOW, BACK
TO YOUR HOLE.
MOMMY AND
MOMMY HAVE
TO TALK.

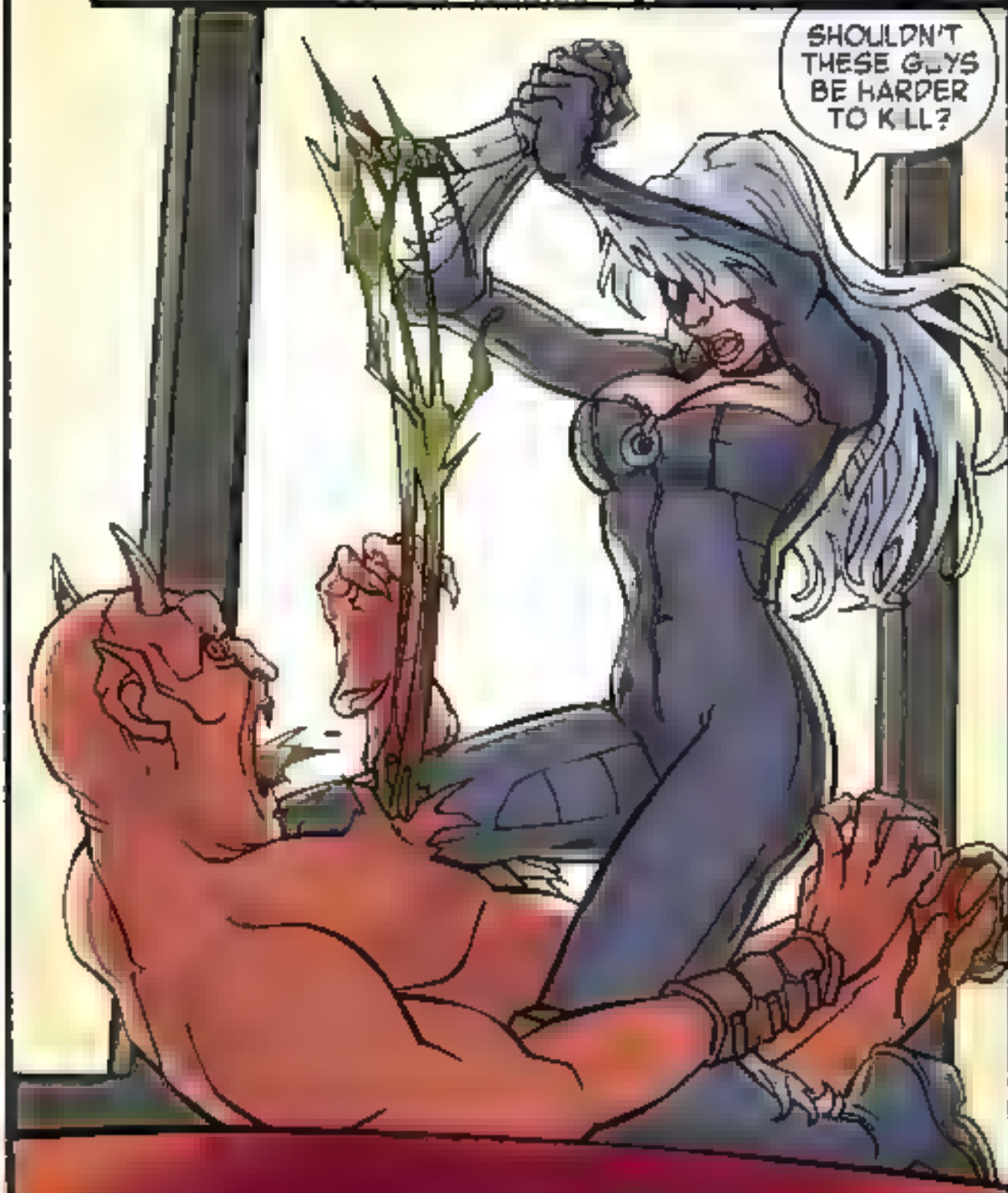
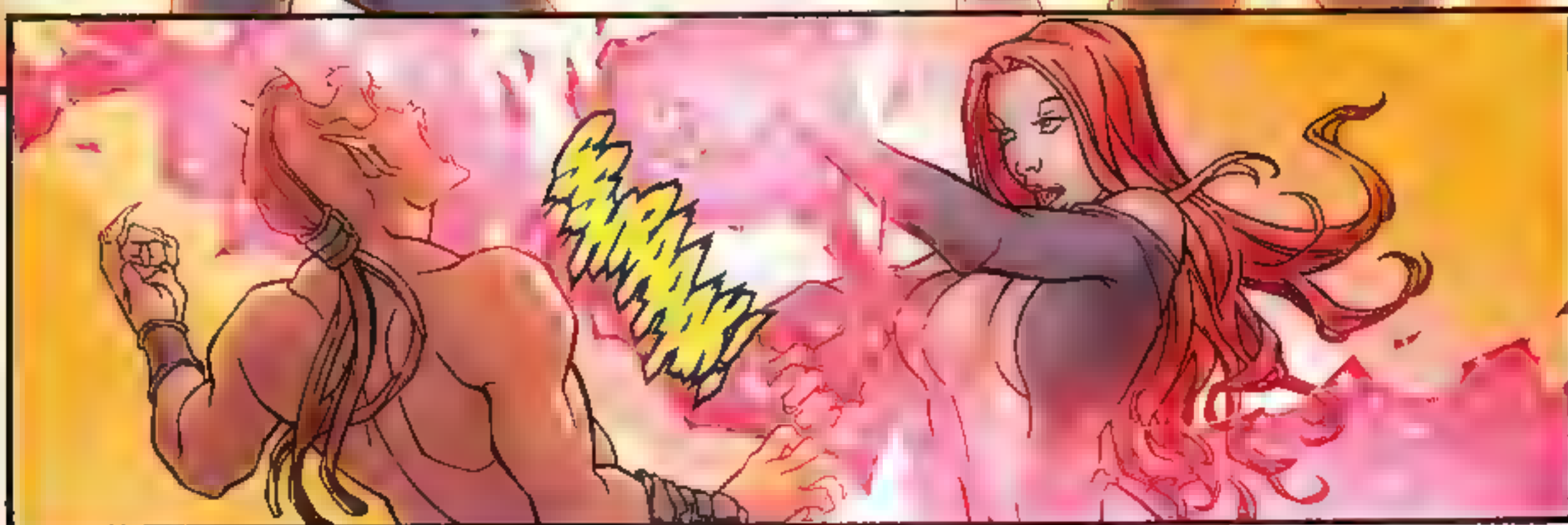
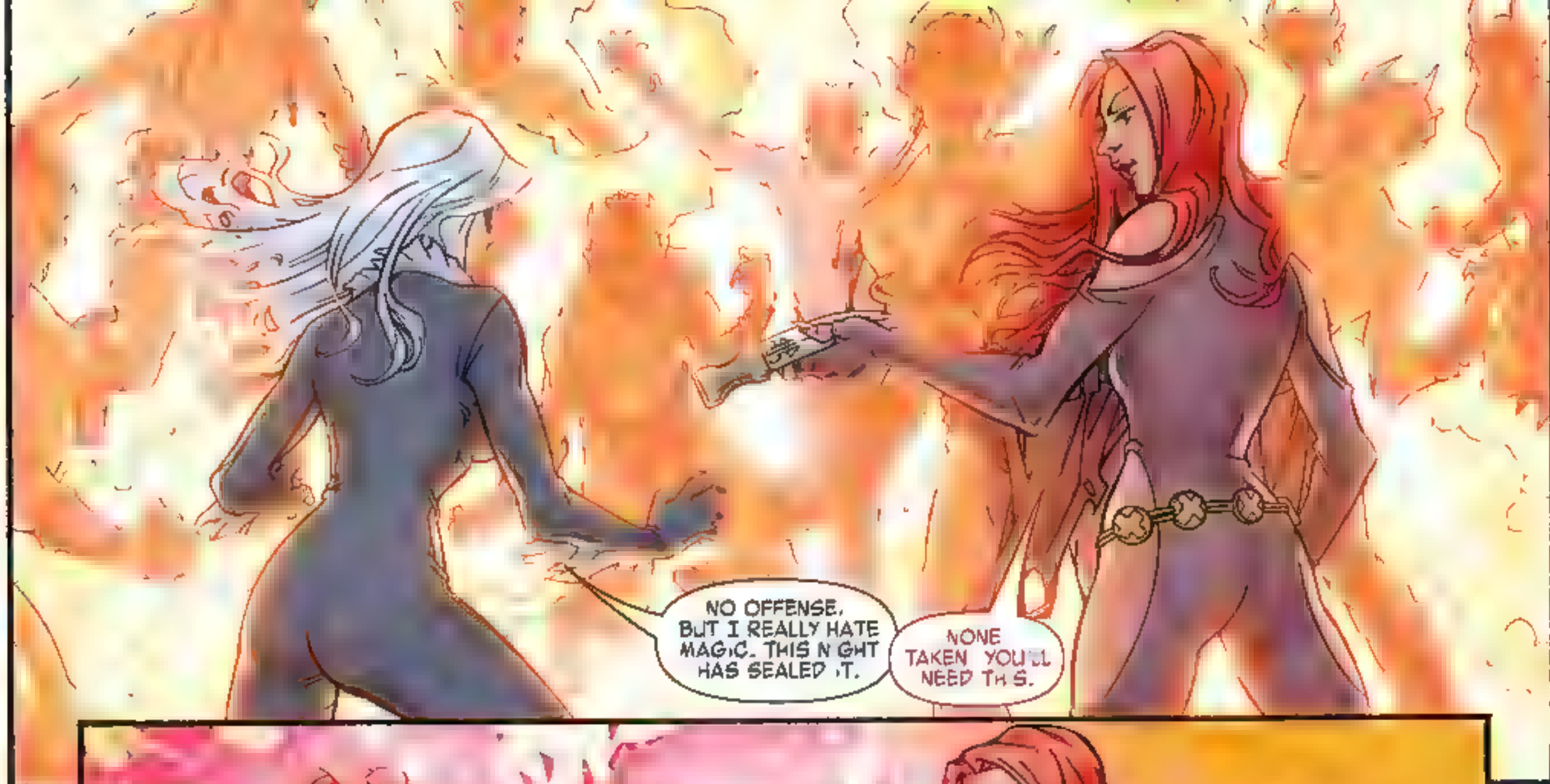


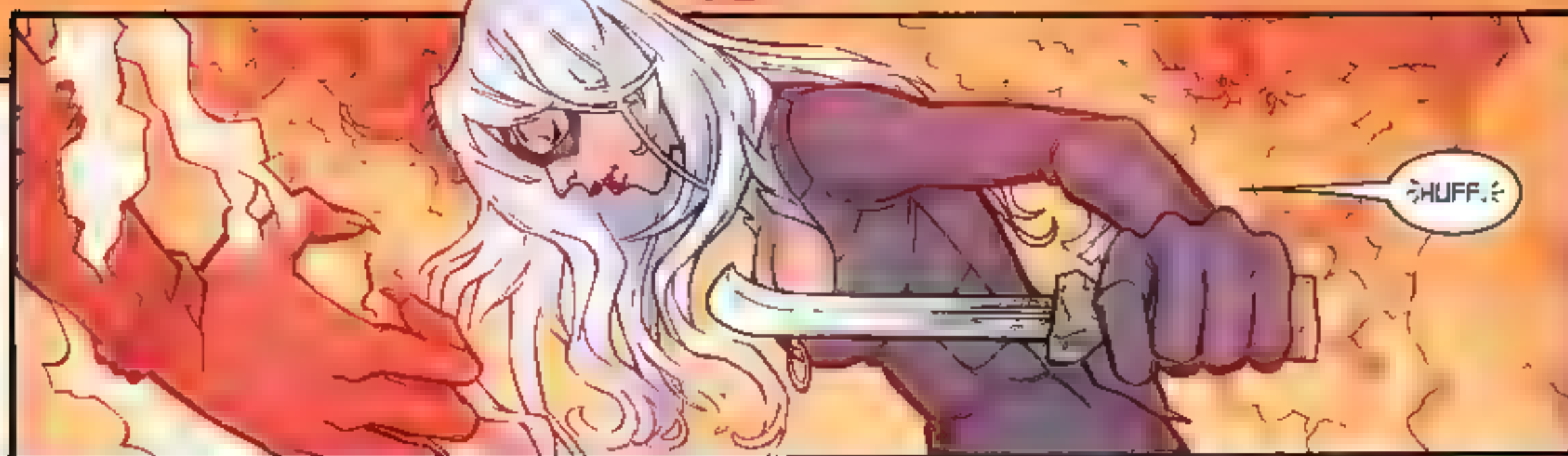
PROMISE
ME YOU WON'T
USE IT TO, LIKE,
KILL A BUS-FULL
OF KITTENS OR
SOMETHING.
YOU'LL KEEP
IT SAFE?

I WILL, AND
I SEEM TO HAVE
MISJUDGED YOU.
WON'T HAPPEN
AGAIN



THERE'S A
WHOLE LOT OF
MISJUDGING
GOING ON
TONIGHT.







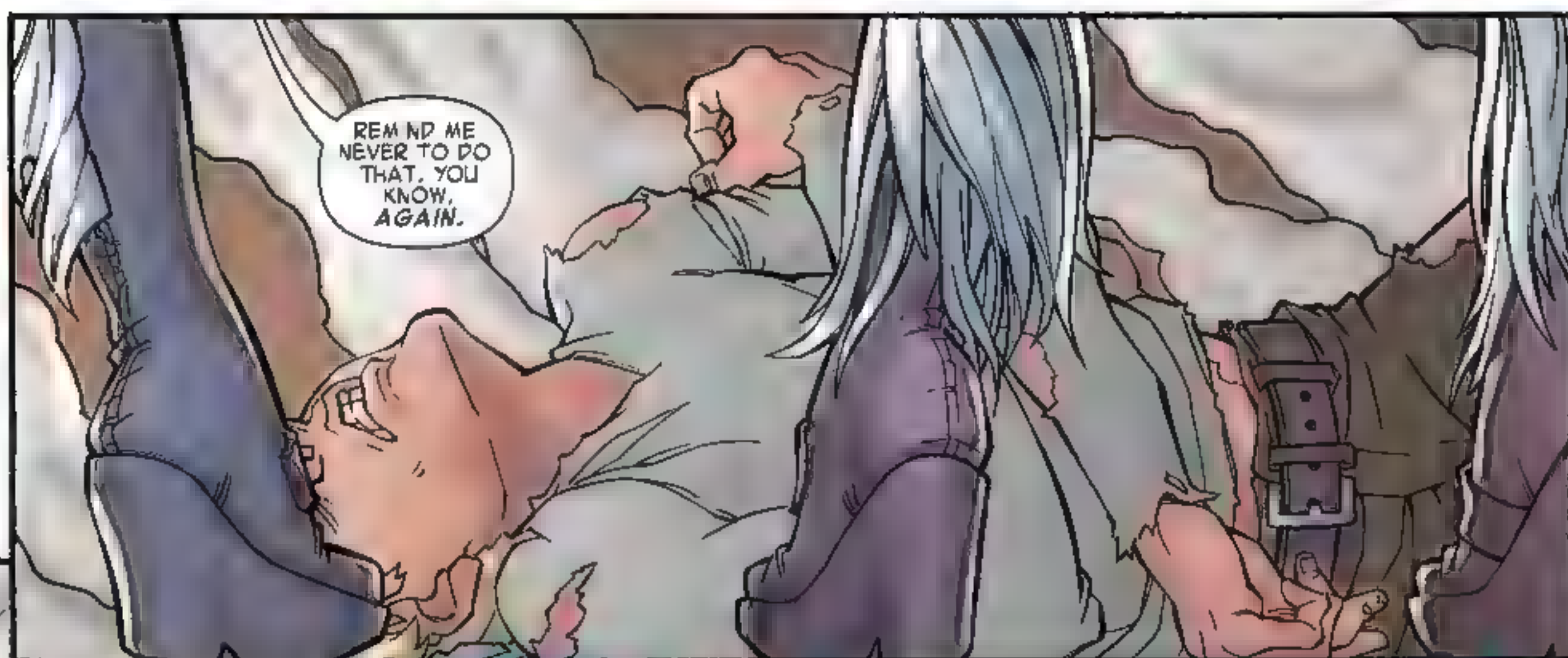
NONONONO...
AHHHHHH!



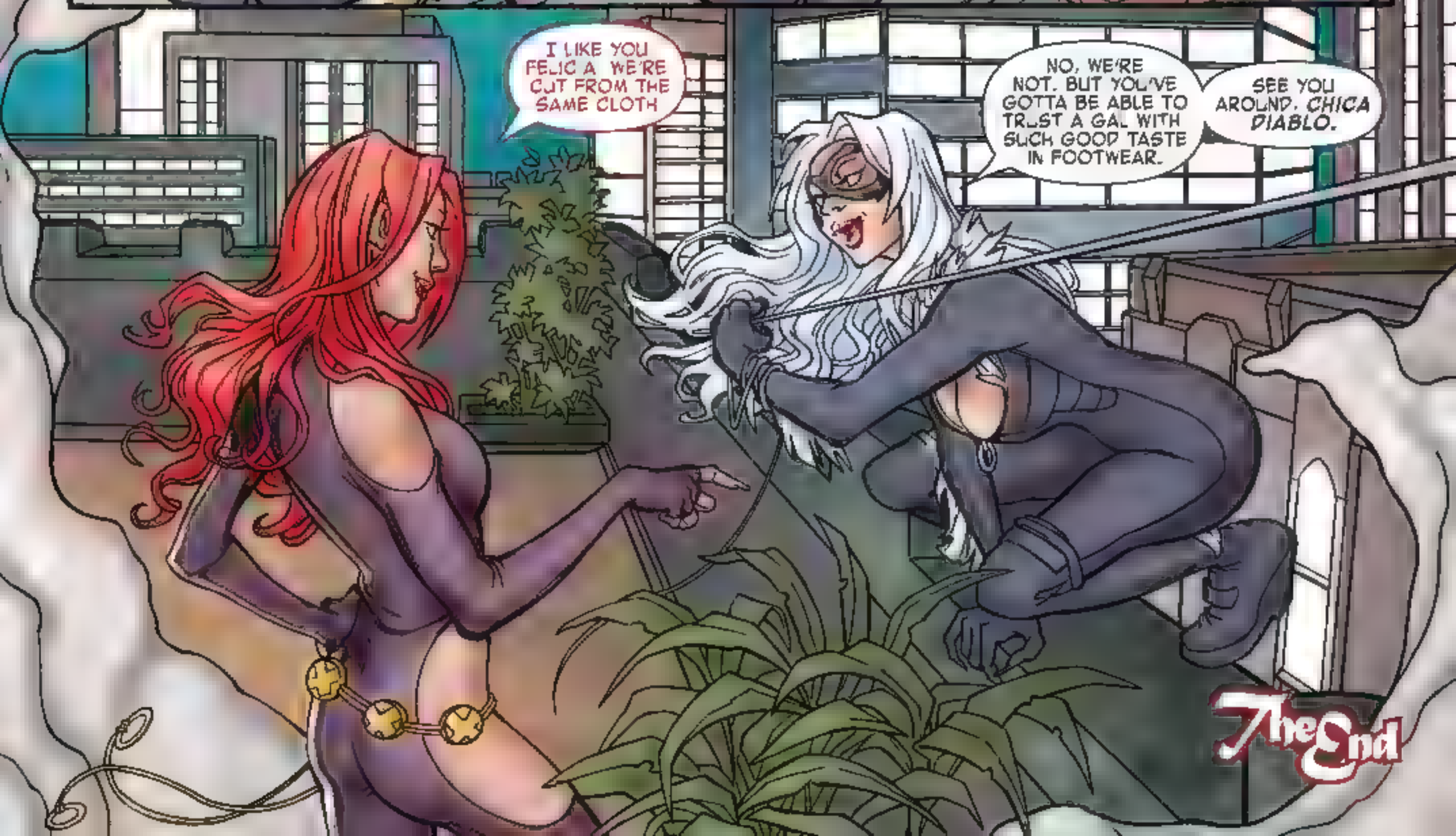
WAS
THAT REALLY
NECESSARY?

HE'S NOT
DEAD. HE'S JUST
BEEN RETURNED TO
HIS NAT'VE PLANE OF
HELL. AS PAINFULLY
AS INHUMANLY
POSSIBLE.

HE
PISSED
ME OFF.



REMEMBER ME
NEVER TO DO
THAT, YOU
KNOW,
AGAIN.



I LIKE YOU
FELICIA. WE'RE
CUT FROM THE
SAME CLOTH.

NO, WE'RE
NOT. BUT YOU'VE
GOTTA BE ABLE TO
TRUST A GAL WITH
SUCH GOOD TASTE
IN FOOTWEAR.

SEE YOU
AROUND. CHICA
DIABLO.

The End

THIS IS HOW
THE DAY BEGAN...

MAKE HASTE
WITH MY BAGS
WORM.



...AND THIS IS HOW
THE NIGHT ENDED.

WELCOME
BACK, MA'AM. I'M
LARRY, REMEMBER?
IF YOU NEED ANY-
THING--ANYTHING
AT ALL--JUST
ASK.

AMORA DOES
NOT ASK WORM. IF
THERE IS ANYTHING
WHATSOEVER I
DESIRE--

--I WILL
TAKE.

BELIEVE IT
OR NOT...
THIS IS A
LOVE STORY



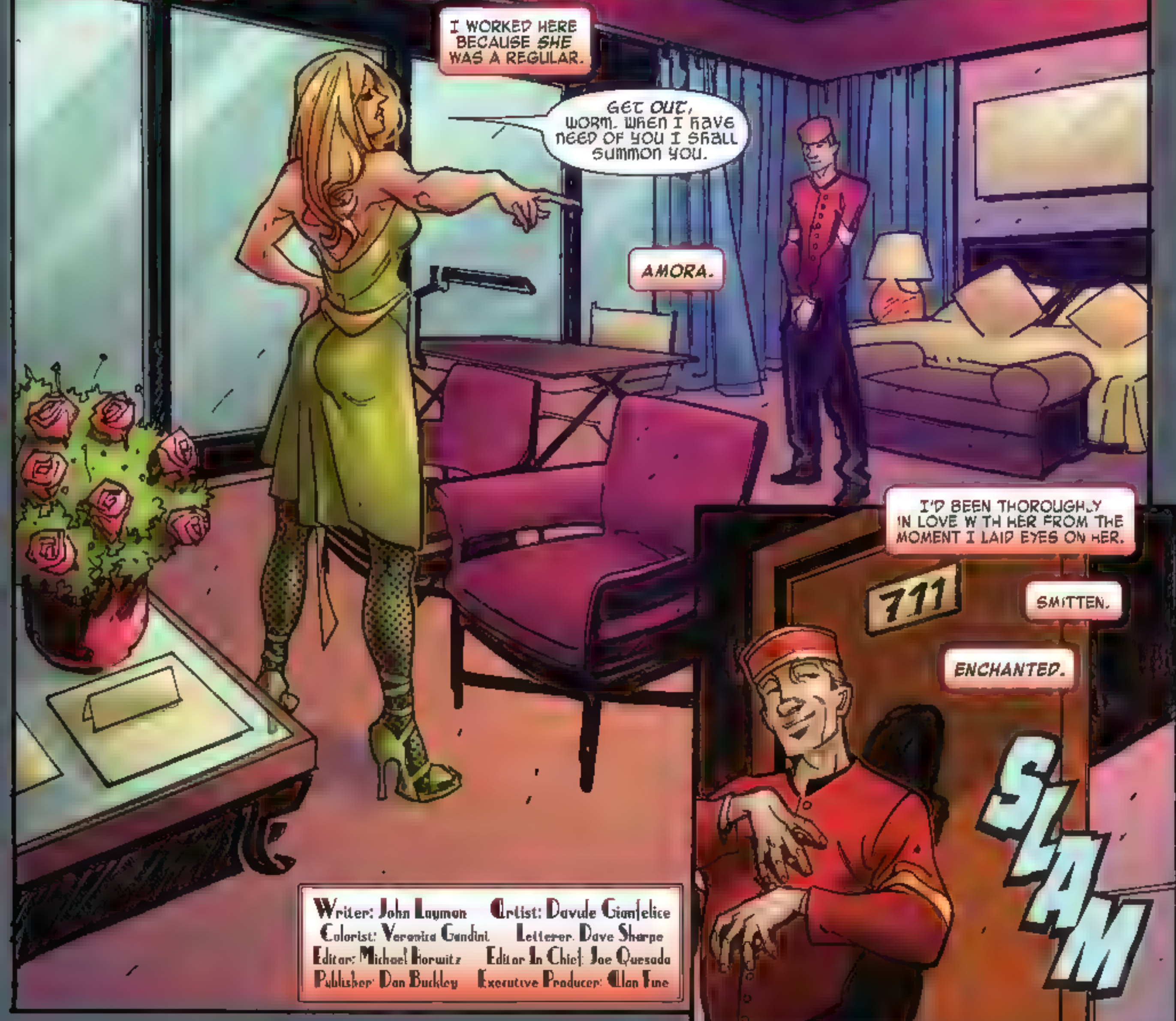
SEE THIS PLACE? IT'S ONE OF THE SWANKIEST AND MOST EXCLUSIVE HOTELS IN THE WORLD.

I WORK HERE.

SURE, THE TIPS WERE GREAT BUT I WASN'T IN IT FOR THE MONEY.

AND I DIDN'T REALLY CARE ABOUT BRAGGING RIGHTS OF WHAT CELEBRITIES, BIG SHOTS AND HIGH ROLLERS I GOT TO MEET ON THE JOB.

Love & ILLUSION



I WORKED HERE BECAUSE SHE WAS A REGULAR.

GET OUT, WORM. WHEN I HAVE NEED OF YOU I SHALL SUMMON YOU.

AMORA.

I'D BEEN THOROUGHLY IN LOVE WITH HER FROM THE MOMENT I LAID EYES ON HER.

SMITTEN.

ENCHANTED.

SLAM

Writer: John Layman Artist: Davide Gianfelice
Colorist: Veronica Gandini Letterer: Dave Sharpe
Editor: Michael Horwitz Editor In Chief: Joe Quesada
Publisher: Dan Buckley Executive Producer: Alan Fine

AND I DON'T THINK I WAS THE ONLY ONE.

AND THE LADY WINS AGAIN!

CLOSE ENOUGH ANYWAY.

AMORA WAS SPECIAL, AND EVERYBODY KNEW IT. SHE BURNED THROUGH ONE LOVESTRUCK SLITOR AFTER ANOTHER--

YOUR LOBSTERS AND CHAMPAGNE, M'LADY.

PLACE THEM THERE, WORM UPON MINE NEW TABLE.

--AND THEIR FORTUNES--

YOU'VE TAKEN IT ALL, AMORA. ALL MY BILLIONS, MY ESTATES, MY CHATEAUS, MY YACHTS...

... ALL I CAN OFFER YOU NOW IS MY LOVE.

"LOVE"?

--UNTIL THEY HAD NOTHING LEFT TO GIVE.

WORM REMOVE THIS TIREDSOME CREATURE FROM MY SIGHT.

ER. IT'S LARRY, M STRESS.

AT LEAST, NOTHING MORE SHE WANTED.

AND HAVE THIS FILTHY PAPER REMOVED FROM THESE QUARTERS.



SHE CAME AND WENT
AS IT PLEASED HER

SEE THAT
MY BAGS GET
TO MY SUITE
WORM.



WHENEVER IT AMUSED
HER TO DO SO

IT'S
LARRY.

Hmmm?



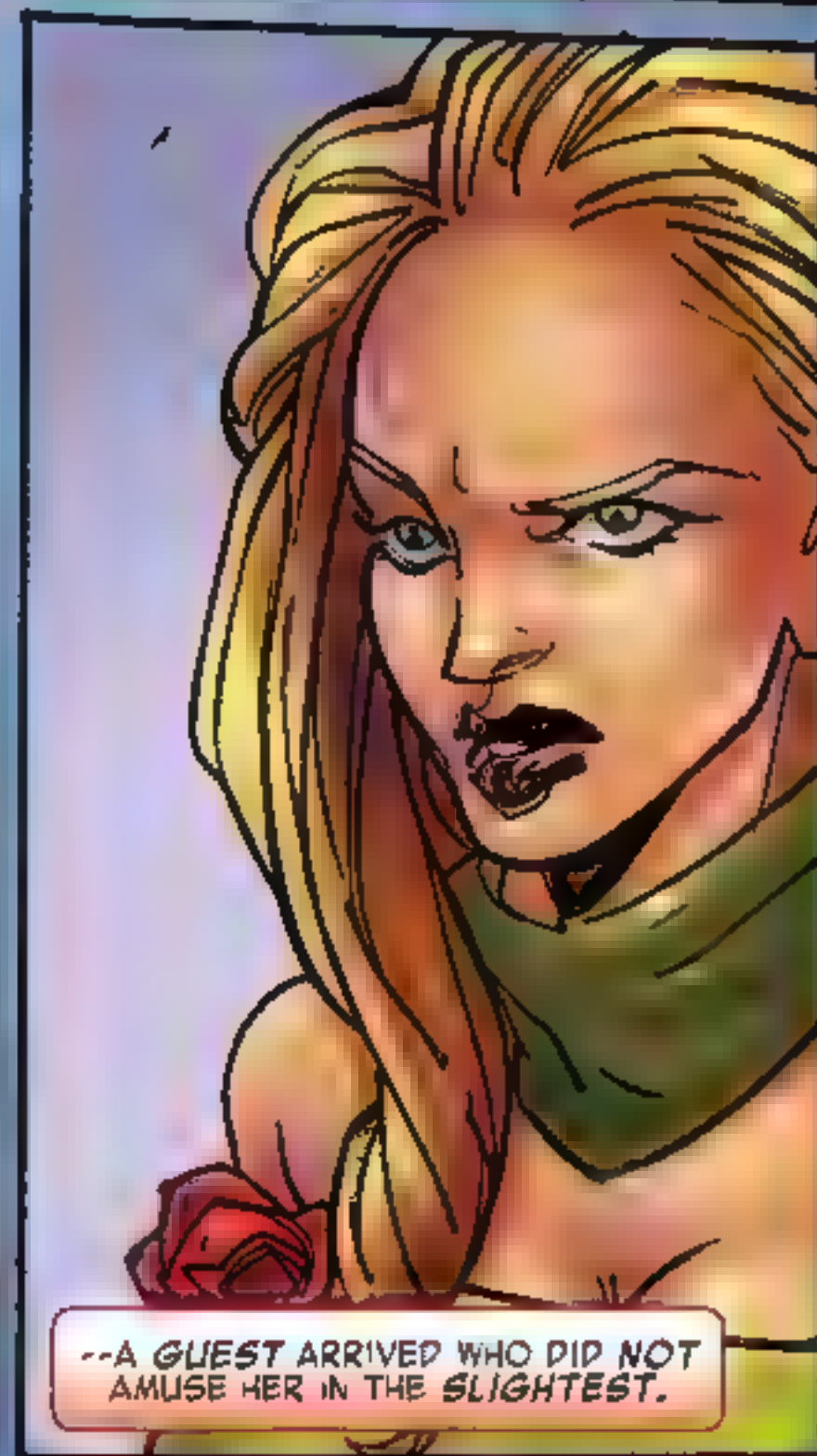
UNTIL ONE DAY--

THE NAME'S
WYNGARDE. JASON
WYNGARDE.



I'LL TAKE
YOUR MOST
EXPENSIVE
SLITE.

INDEFINITELY.

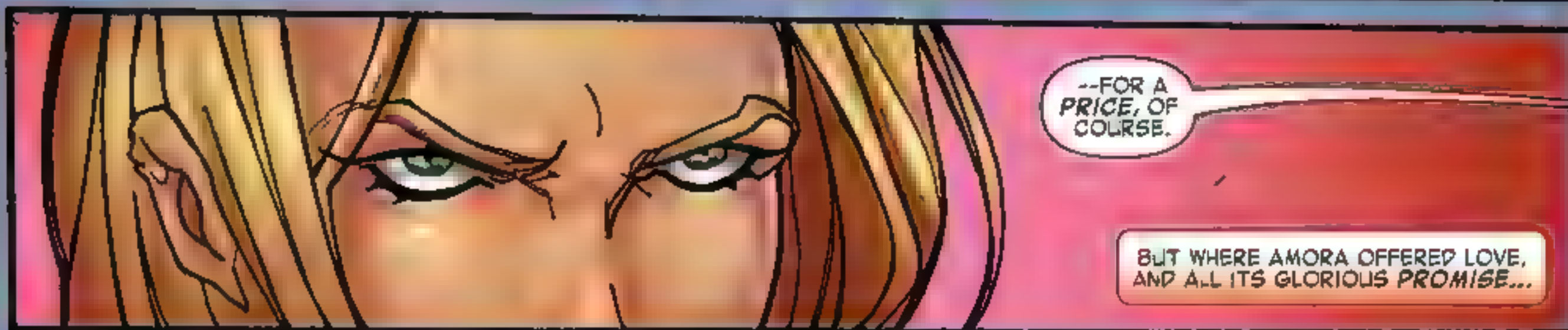


--A GUEST ARRIVED WHO DID NOT
AMUSE HER IN THE SLIGHTEST.



LIKE AMORA, WYNGARDE
HAD AN ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE
ABILITY TO WIN PEOPLE OVER.

C'MON. MY FRIENDS...
I GLARANTEE YOL AN
EVENING YOU'LL NOT
EVER FORGET--



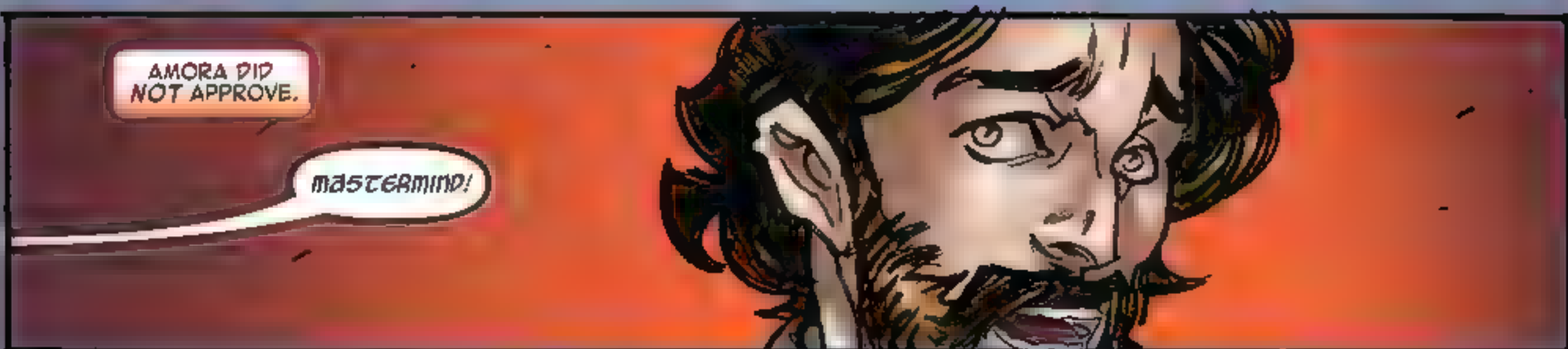
--FOR A
PRICE, OF
COURSE.

BUT WHERE AMORA OFFERED LOVE,
AND ALL ITS GLORIOUS PROMISE...



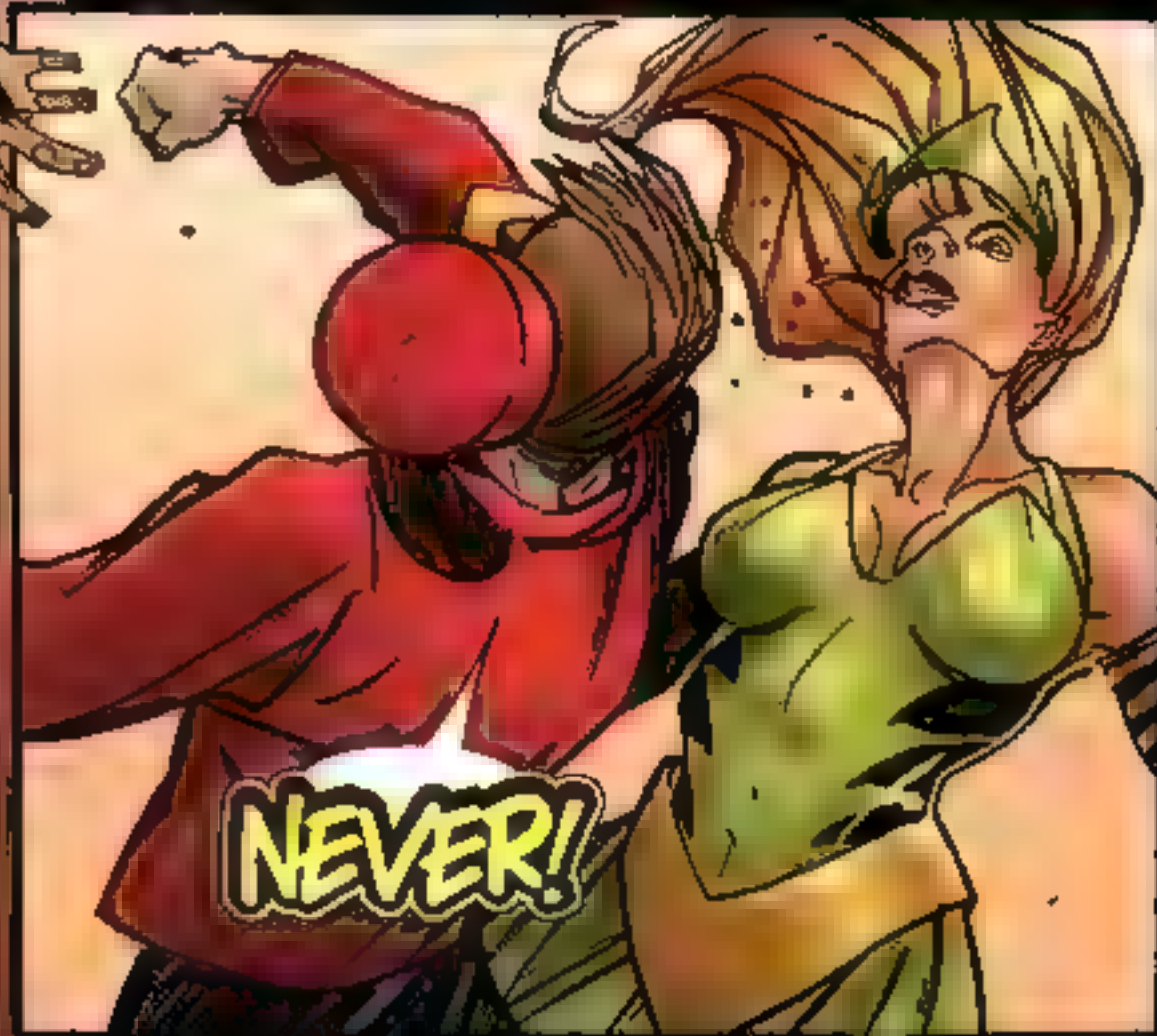
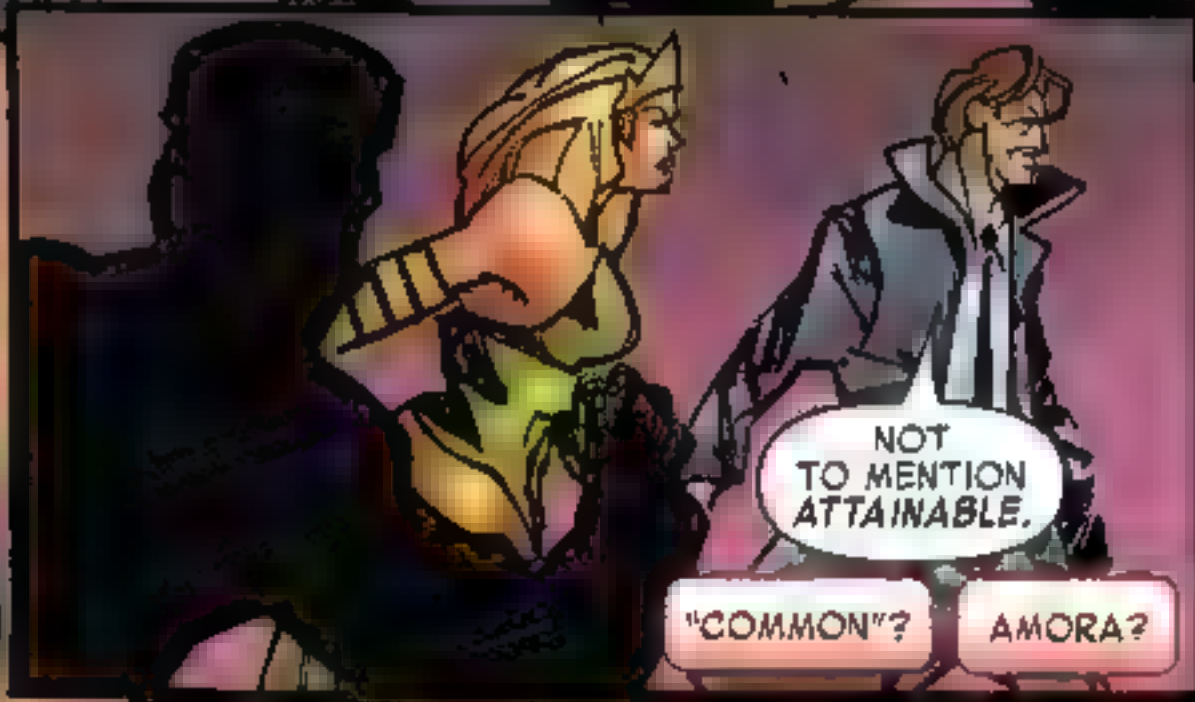
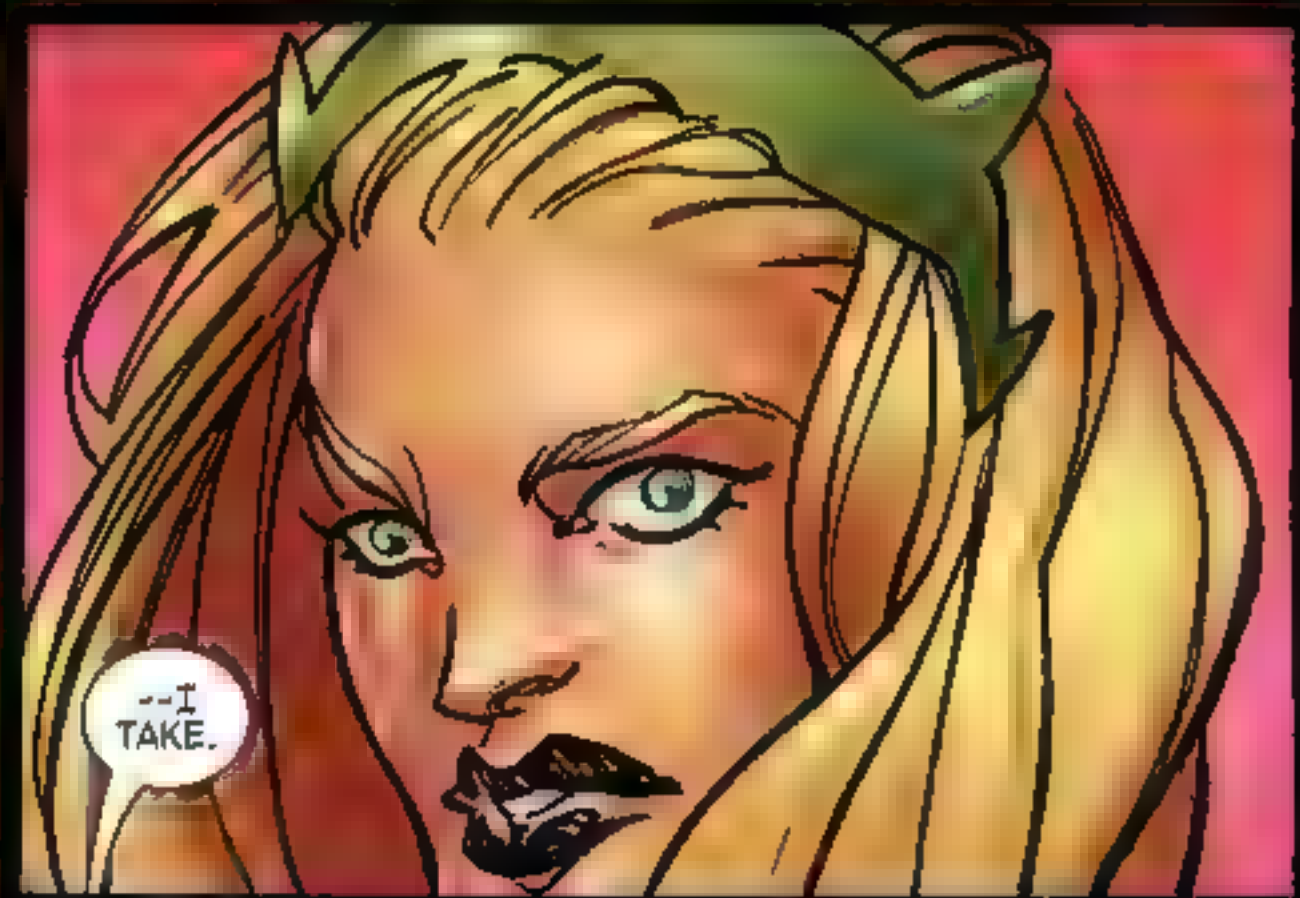
... WYNGARDE ENTICED
SUPPLICANTS WITH MORE
BASE TEMPTATIONS.

PLEASURES
OF THE FLESH.



AMORA DID
NOT APPROVE.

MASTERMIND!





YOU
CHOSE
WISELY,
LARRY.



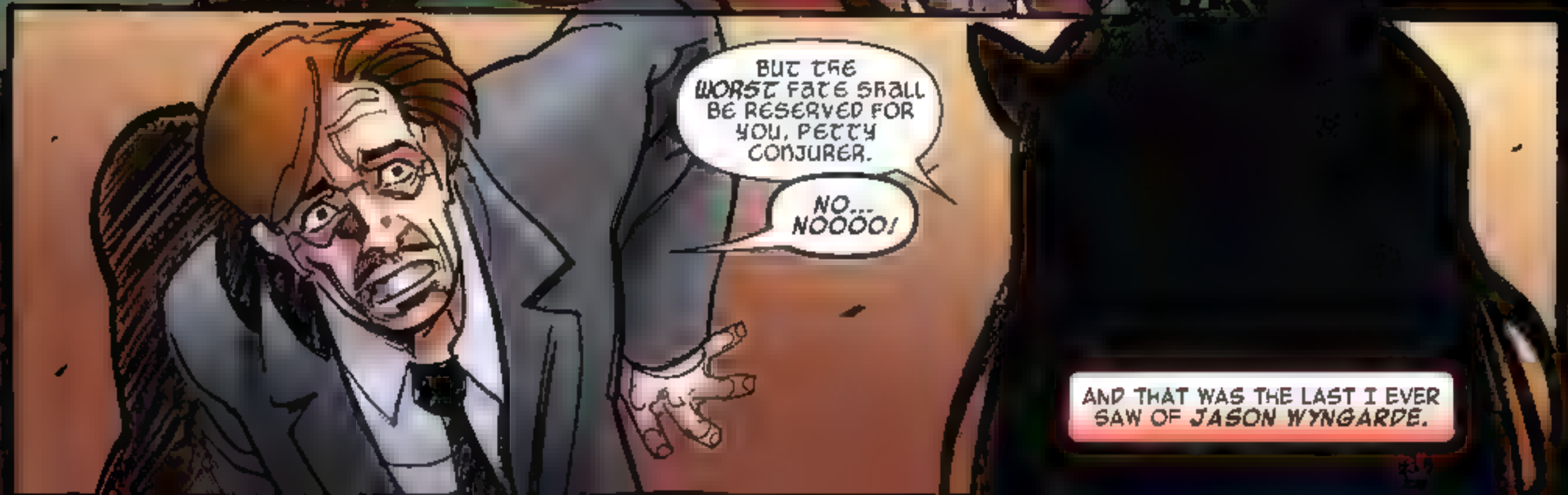
WHILE
THE REST
OF YOU...

... FOR
CHOOSING
ILLUSION
OVER
LOVE...



YOU WILL BE
REWARDED...

...WITH
NIGHTMARE!



BUT THE
WORST FATE SHALL
BE RESERVED FOR
YOU, PETTY
CONJURER.

NO...
NOOOO!

AND THAT WAS THE LAST I EVER
SAW OF JASON WYNGARDE.

IT WAS ALSO THE LAST
I SAW OF AMORA.

SHE STOPPED COMING
HERE AFTER THAT NIGHT.

EVERYTHING IS DIFFERENT
NOW. WHATEVER MAGIC AND
ALLURE THIS PLACE ONCE
HELD LEFT WITH HER.

I LEARNED WHO SHE WAS.
SOME TIME LATER AND
WHAT SHE COULD DO.

AMORA. "THE
ENCHANTRESS."

AN ASGARDIAN SORCERESS.
ABLE TO PUT PEOPLE UNDER
HER SPELL, AND MAKE THEM
DO HER BIDDING.

ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT ME
BEING IN LOVE WITH HER?

THAT WAS
HER POWER.

SHE ENCHANTED
ME. USED ME.
MANIPULATED ME.

BUT
STILL...

FOR THE BRIEFEST
MOMENT IN TIME--

--A GODDESS
KNEW MY NAME.

FIN

NEXT ISSUE



WOMEN *of* MARVEL

MARVEL

LIMITED
SERIES

2 OF 2



WOMEN *of* MARVEL

COVER

Greg Land & Justin Ponsor

PRODUCTION

Taylor Esposito

EDITOR

Michael Horwitz

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Joe Quesada

PUBLISHER

Dan Buckley

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

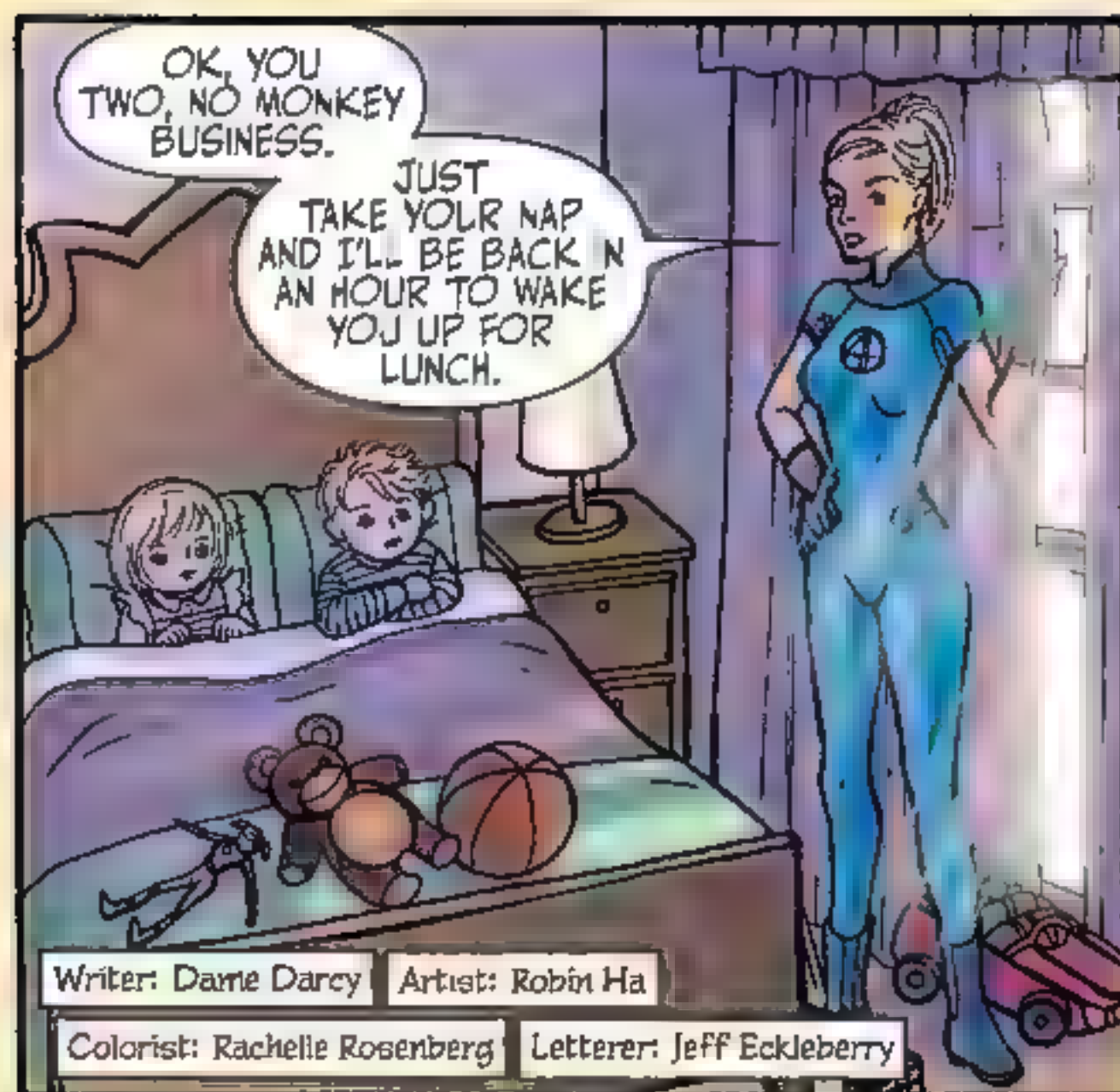
Alan Fine

SPECIAL THANKS

C.B. Cebulski



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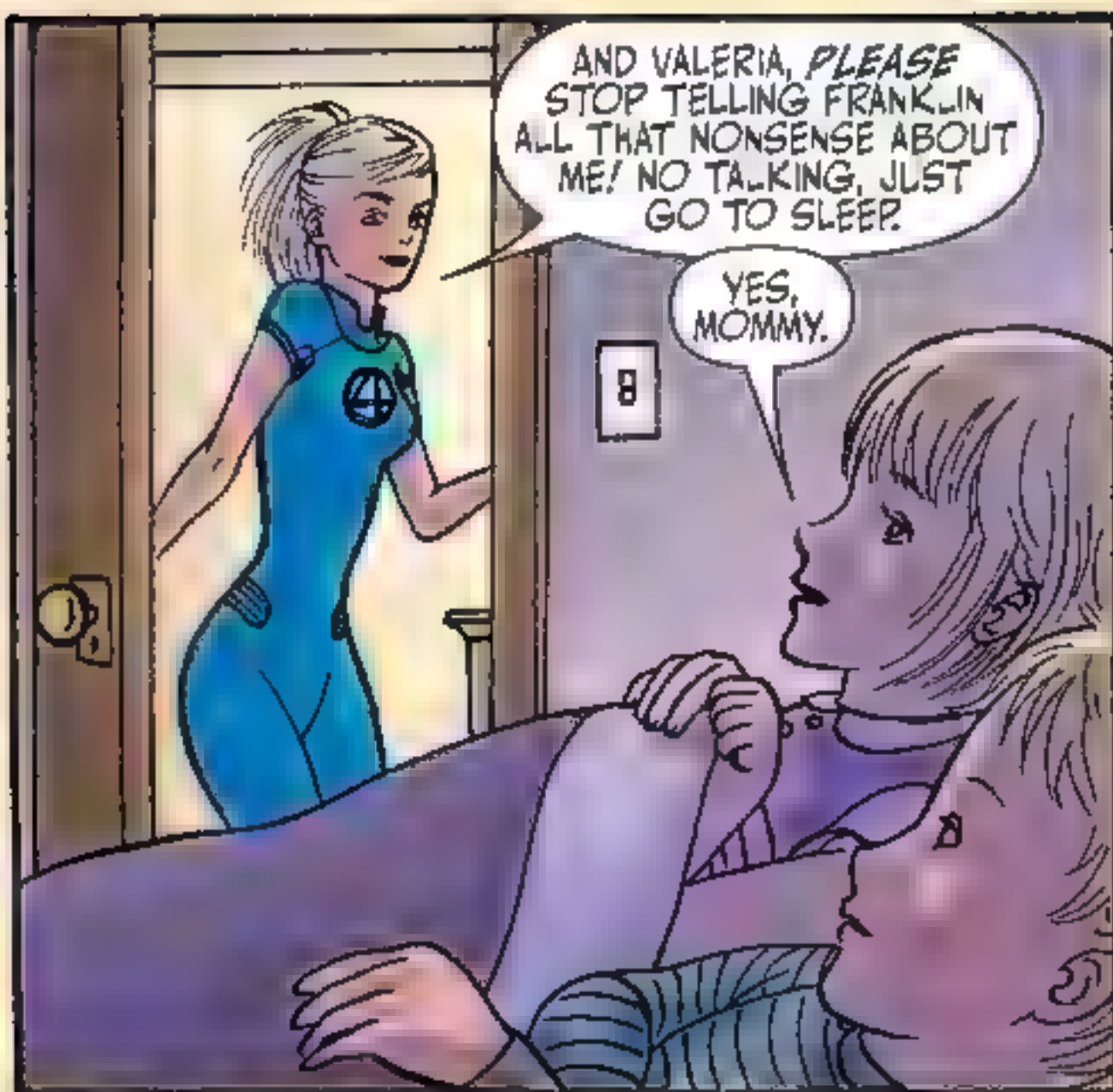


OK, YOU TWO, NO MONKEY BUSINESS.

JUST TAKE YOUR NAP AND I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR TO WAKE YOU UP FOR LUNCH.

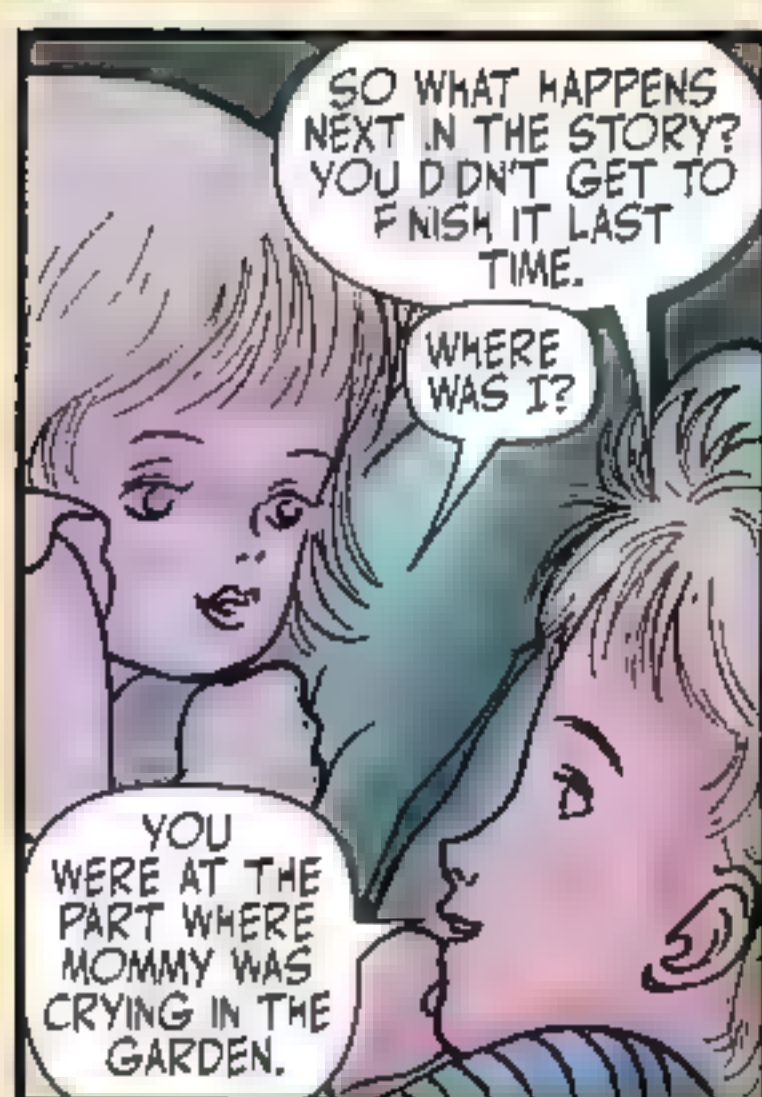
Writer: Dame Darcy Artist: Robin Ha

Colorist: Rachelle Rosenberg Letterer: Jeff Eckleberry



AND VALERIA, PLEASE STOP TELLING FRANKLIN ALL THAT NONSENSE ABOUT ME! NO TALKING, JUST GO TO SLEEP.

YES, MOMMY.



SO WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IN THE STORY? YOU DIDN'T GET TO FINISH IT LAST TIME.

WHERE WAS I?

YOU WERE AT THE PART WHERE MOMMY WAS CRYING IN THE GARDEN.

BACK THEN...

"...MOMMY WAS INVISIBLE GIRL, NOT INVISIBLE WOMAN BECAUSE SHE WAS ONLY SIXTEEN. SHE WAS A TEACHER'S ASSISTANT, NOT A SUPER HERO, AND SHE STILL HAD HER SUPER-POWERS, SHE JUST DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO USE THEM YET."

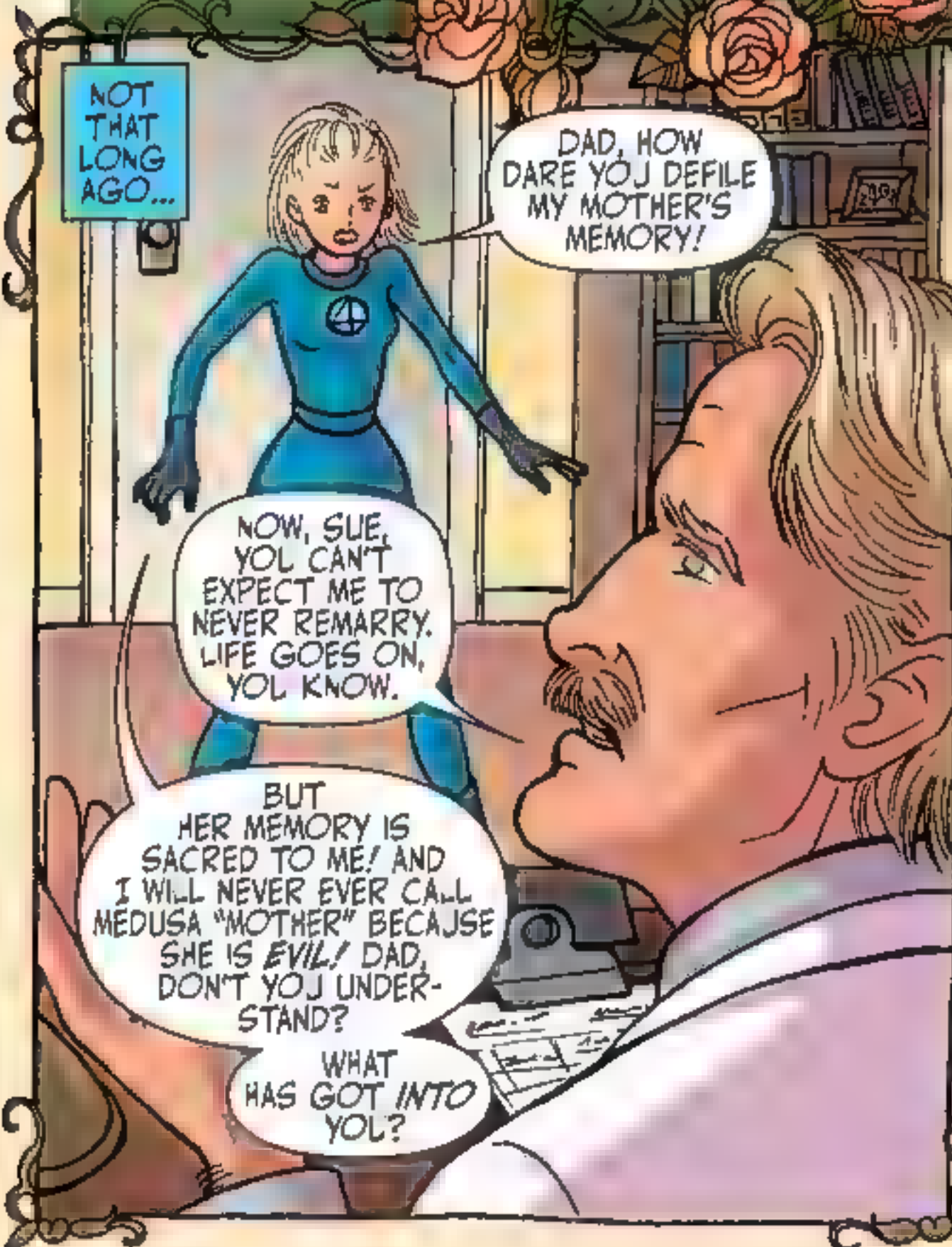


I DON'T BELONG TEACHING SCHOOL! I BELONG AT THAT BALL MORE THAN MEDUSA AND MALICE BECAUSE I HAVE A WAY BETTER NATE SENSE OF STYLE...

...NOT TO MENTION JUSTICE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I GOT INTO THIS PREDICAMENT IN THE FIRST PLACE. HOW COULD I BE SO FOOLISH TO FALL FOR THIS KIND OF DECEIT!

IT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY WHEN THIS ALL STARTED, THOUGH IT WAS NOT THAT LONG AGO...



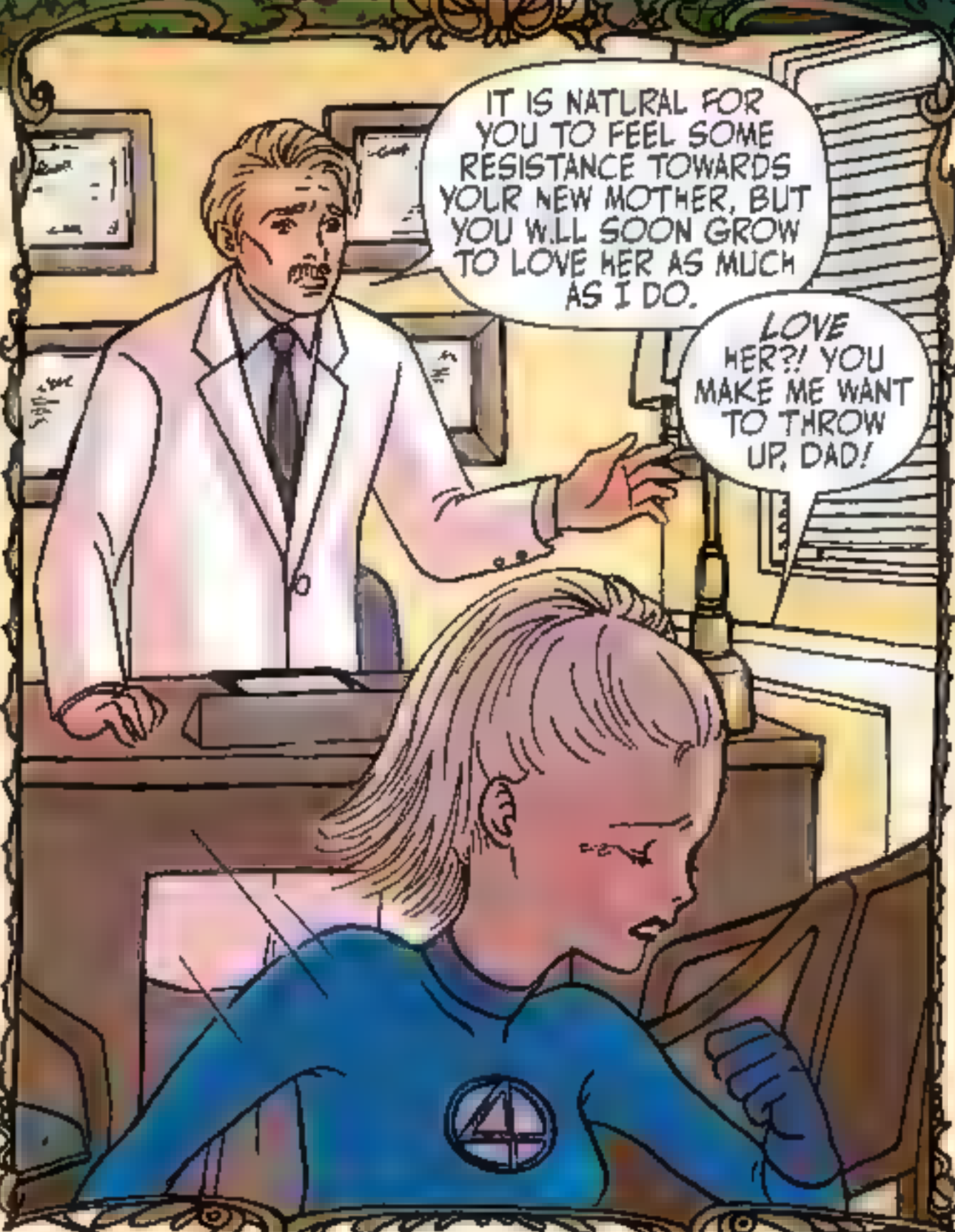
NOT THAT LONG AGO...

DAD, HOW DARE YOU DEFILE MY MOTHER'S MEMORY!

NOW, SUE, YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO NEVER REMARRY. LIFE GOES ON, YOU KNOW.

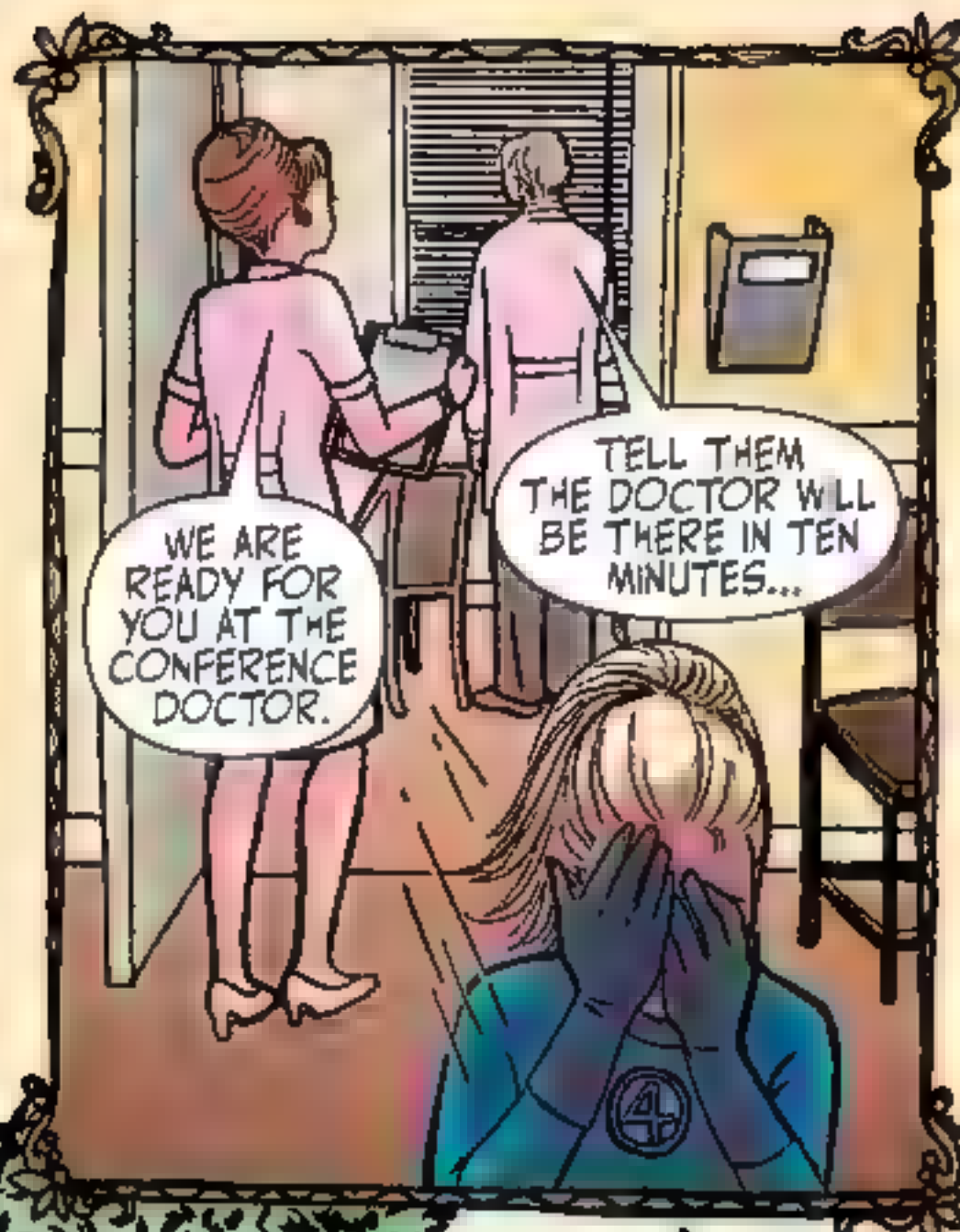
BUT HER MEMORY IS SACRED TO ME! AND I WILL NEVER EVER CALL MEDUSA "MOTHER" BECAUSE SHE IS EVIL! DAD, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

WHAT HAS GOT INTO YOU?



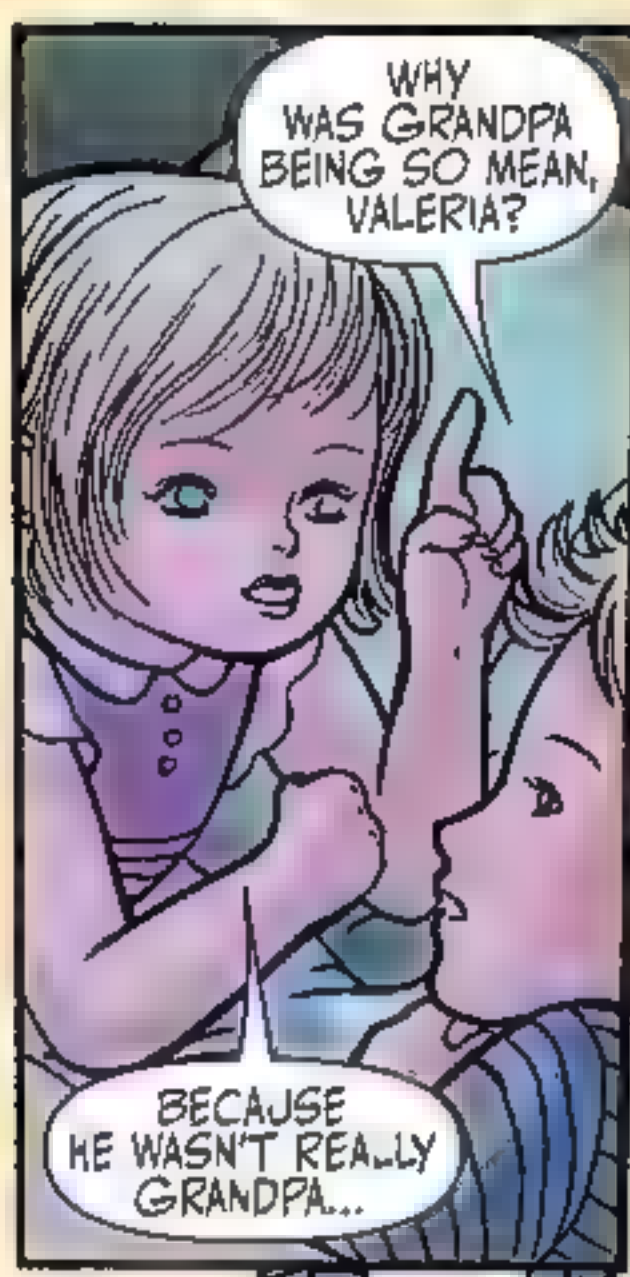
IT IS NATURAL FOR YOU TO FEEL SOME RESISTANCE TOWARDS YOUR NEW MOTHER, BUT YOU WILL SOON GROW TO LOVE HER AS MUCH AS I DO.

LOVE HER?! YOU MAKE ME WANT TO THROW UP, DAD!



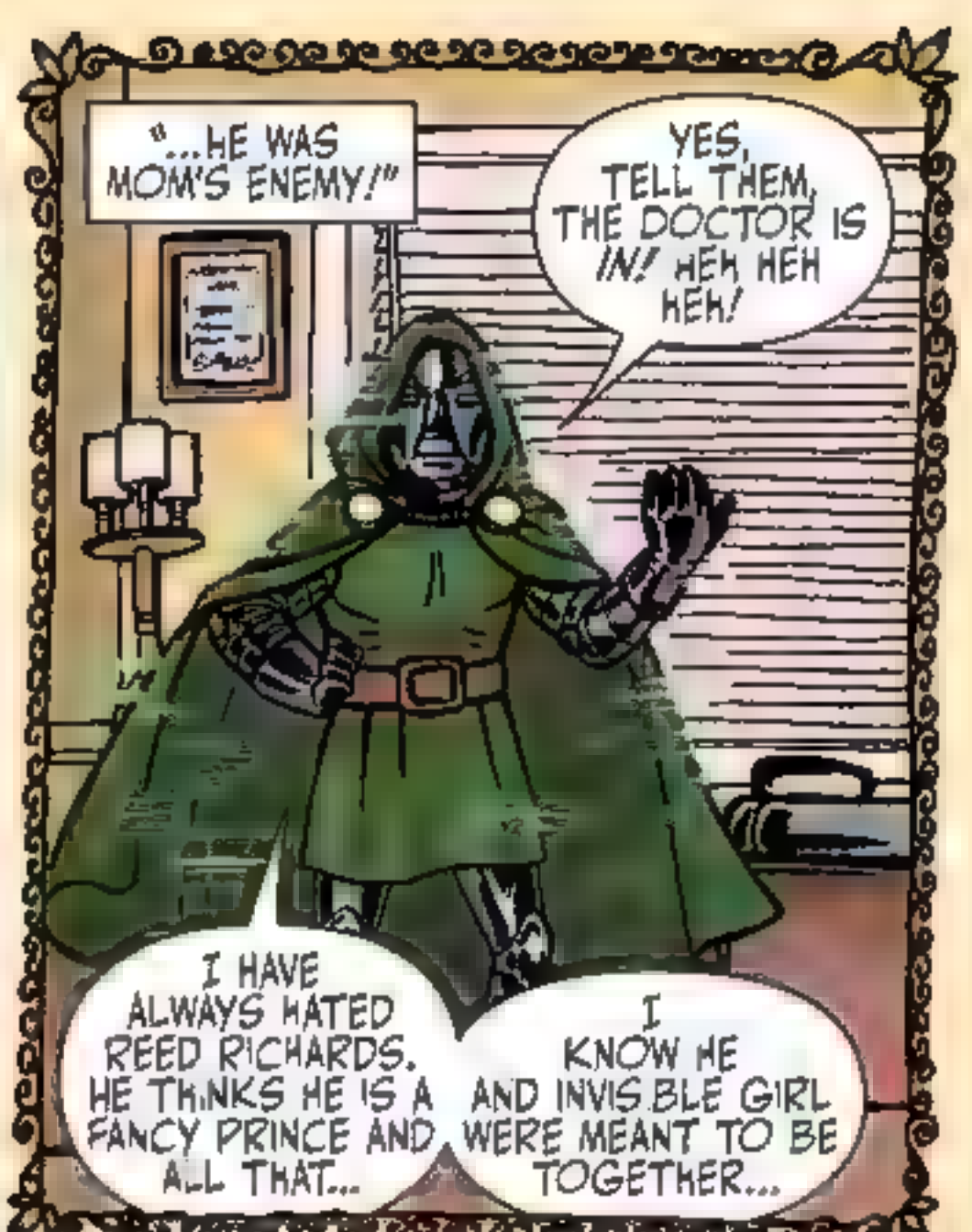
WE ARE READY FOR YOU AT THE CONFERENCE DOCTOR.

TELL THEM THE DOCTOR WILL BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES...



WHY WAS GRANDPA BEING SO MEAN, VALERIA?

BECAUSE HE WASN'T REALLY GRANDPA...



"...HE WAS MOM'S ENEMY!"

YES, TELL THEM THE DOCTOR IS IN! HEH HEH HEH!

I HAVE ALWAYS HATED REED RICHARDS. HE THINKS HE IS A FANCY PRINCE AND ALL THAT...

I KNOW HE AND INVISIBLE GIRL WERE MEANT TO BE TOGETHER...

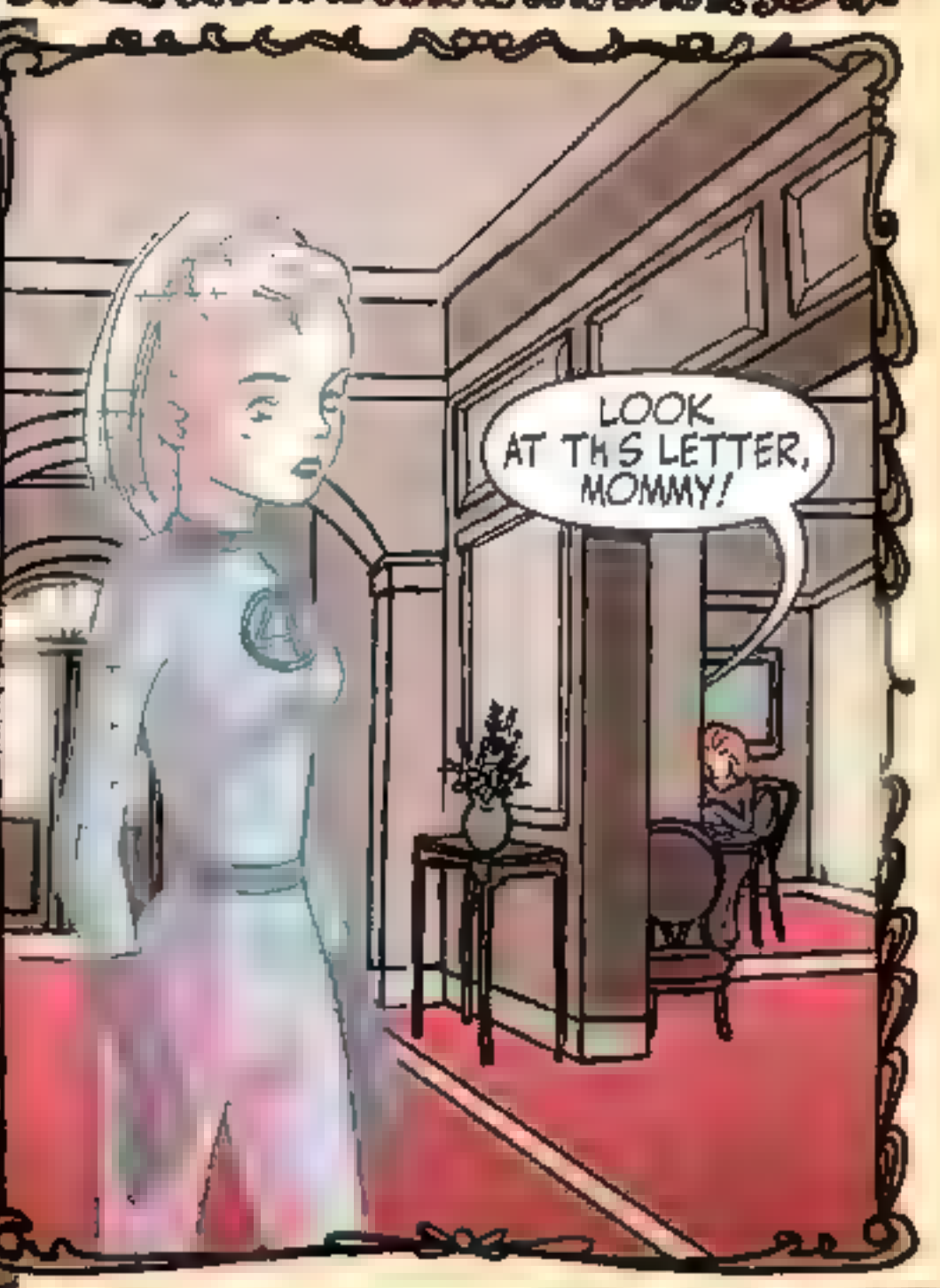


"...BUT I HAVE THE PERFECT WAY TO DESTROY THEIR DESTINY!"

I HOPE MEDUSA ISN'T HOME RIGHT NOW...

JUST KNOWING SHE MIGHT BE THERE TORTURES ME.

I'M GOING TO TURN INVISIBLE JUST IN CASE SO SHE DOESN'T SEE ME COMING.



LOOK AT THIS LETTER, MOMMY!



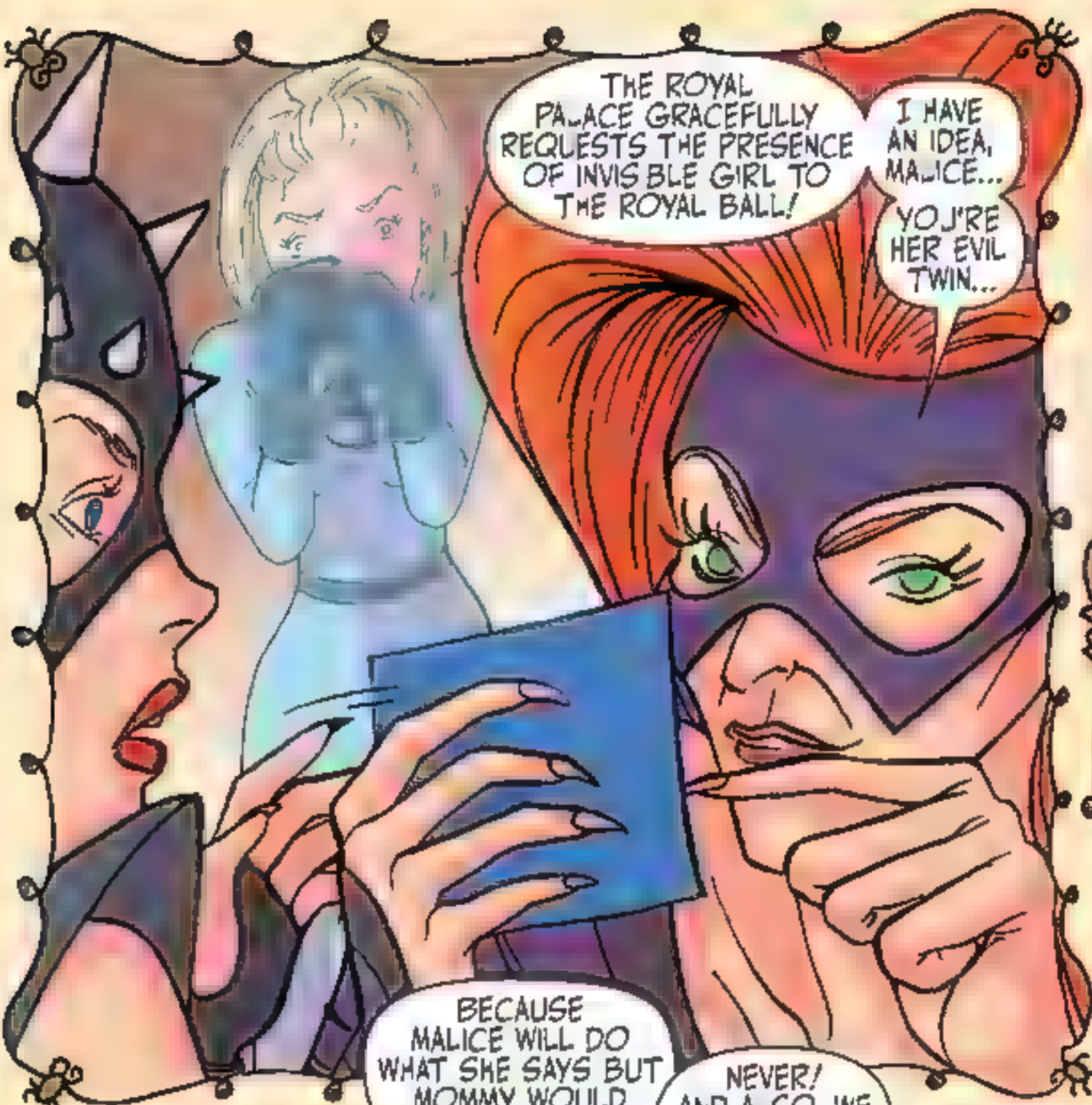
IT'S GOLD GILDED AND HAS THE ROYAL RED FANCY WAX SEAL ON THE BACK!

MY STARS AND GARTERS! IT IS FROM THE PRINCE HIMSELF!

GIVE ME THAT!

Dear Sue
How is your
life? I hope you
are happy and
in good luck
in your new job

To Mrs Sue...



THE ROYAL PALACE GRACEFULLY REQUESTS THE PRESENCE OF INVISIBLE GIRL TO THE ROYAL BALL!

I HAVE AN IDEA, MALICE... YOU'RE HER EVIL TWIN...

BECAUSE MALICE WILL DO WHAT SHE SAYS BUT MOMMY WOULD NEVER, RIGHT?

NEVER! AND ALSO, WE WOULD NEVER BE BORN.



...ALL WE NEED TO DO IS DRESS YOU LIKE HER, AND WITH YOUR NATURAL CHARM YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SEDUCE THE PRINCE--

--AND THEN I'LL BE THE MOMMY-IN-LAW TO MILLIONS!

WITH THE ADDED BONJS OF THWARTING THE PROSPECTS OF INVISIBLE GIRL AND REED RICHARDS EVER MARRYING! HA HA HA!

WHY WOULD MEDUSA WANT TO DO THAT?

BECAUSE SHE LIKES DR. DOOM AND WANTS TO HELP HIM TRICK DADDY INTO MARRYING THE WRONG GIRL.



WHERE WOULD WE LIVE AND WHO WOULD WE BE IF WE WERE NEVER BORN?

THAT'S ANOTHER STORY, I'M FINISHING THIS ONE FIRST...

SO MEDUSA AND MALICE WENT INTO MOMMY'S ROOM...

OH MY GOODNESS! LOOK, MALICE, TRY THIS DRESS ON!



IT'S TOO TIGHT, MOMMY!

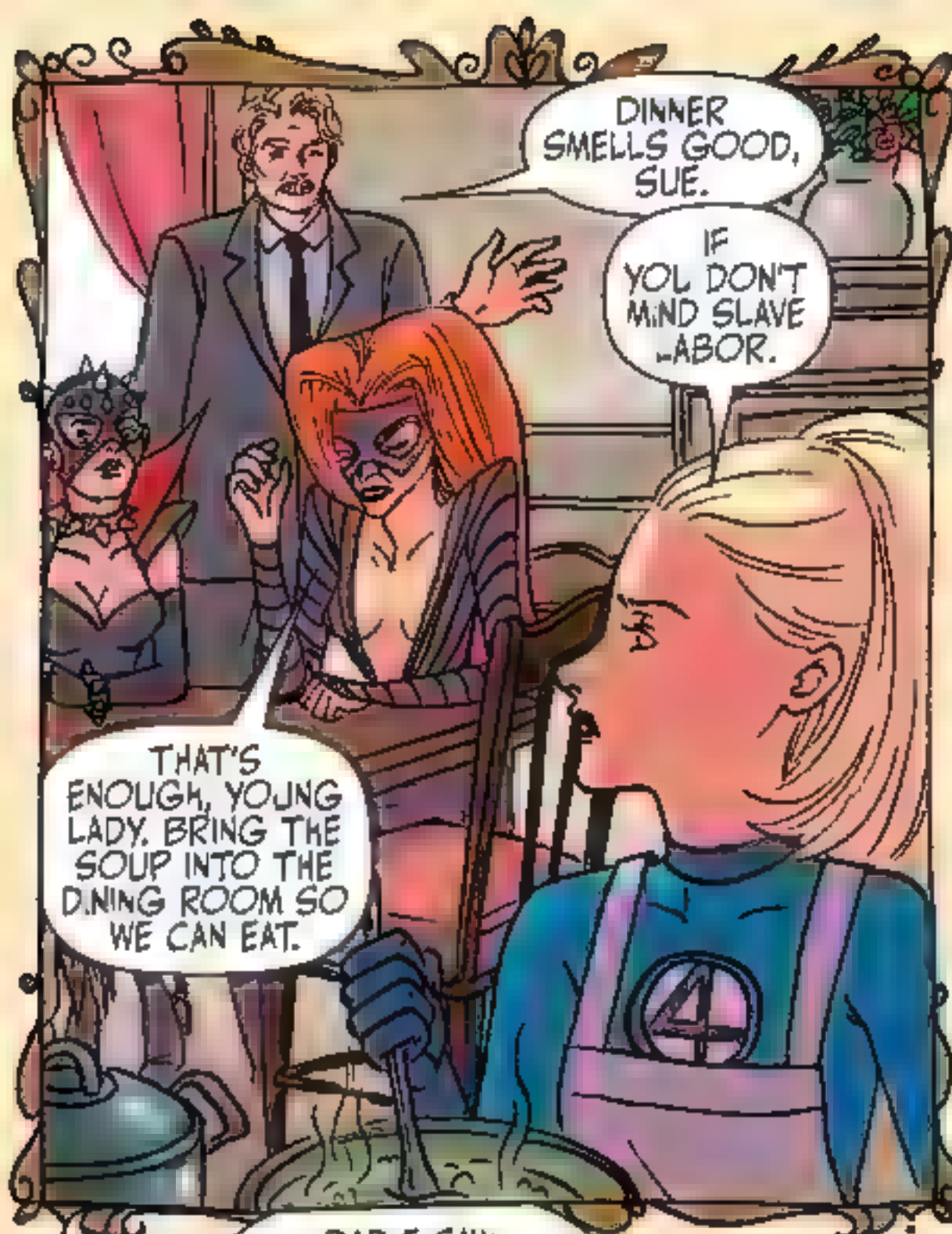
YOU ARE TOO FAT! HERE, TRY THIS ONE.

YOU LOOK JUST LIKE HER!

ON THE WORST HAIR AND FACE DAY OF MY LIFE, MAYBE!

DO YOU REALLY THINK I WILL TRICK EVERYONE AT THE BALL INTO THINKING I'M HER? SHE'S VERY POPULAR, YOU KNOW.

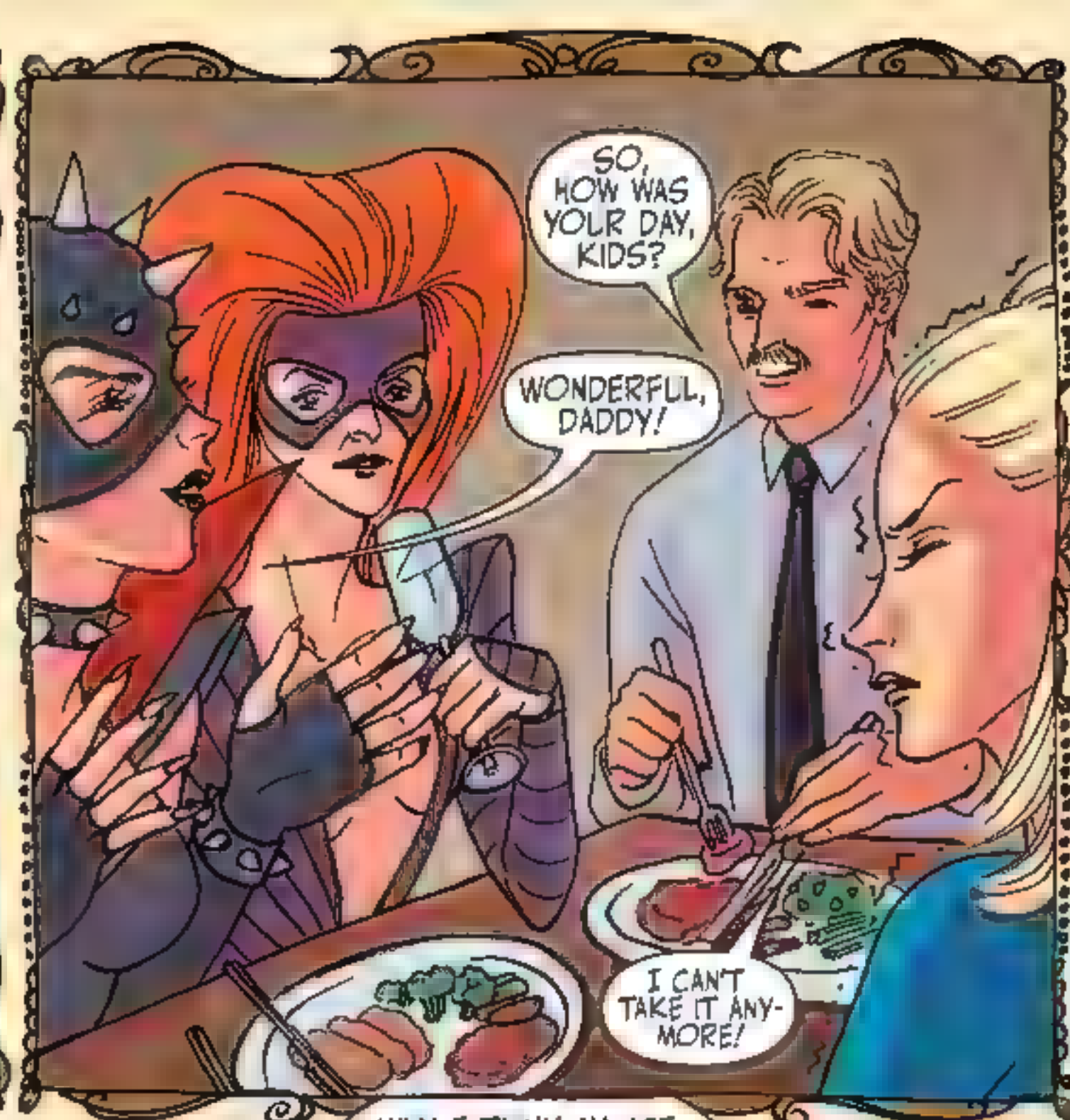
JUST AS LONG AS YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!



DINNER
SMELLS GOOD,
SUE.

IF
YOU DON'T
MIND SLAVE
LABOR.

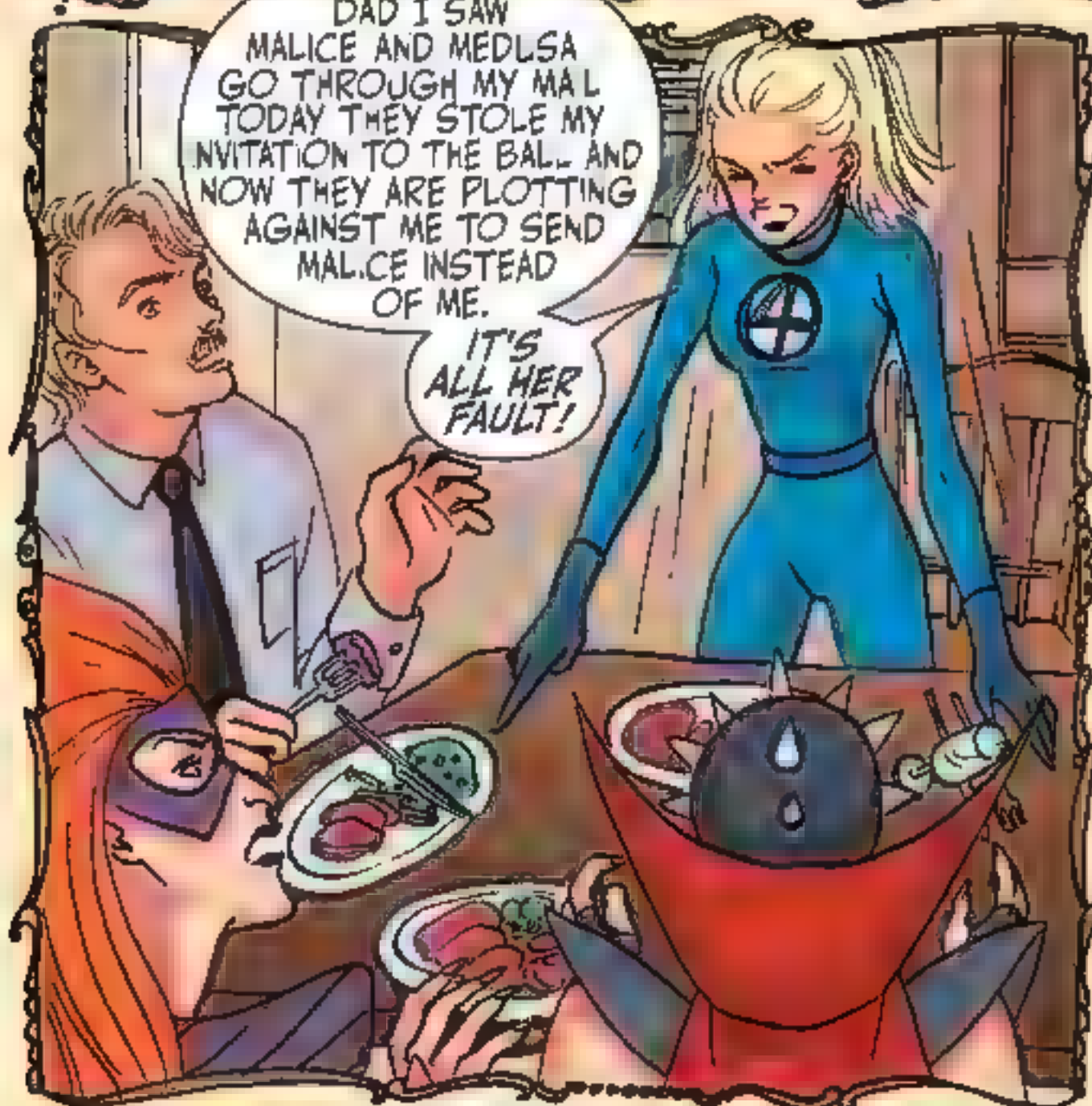
THAT'S
ENOUGH, YOUNG
LADY. BRING THE
SOUP INTO THE
DINING ROOM SO
WE CAN EAT.



SO,
HOW WAS
YOUR DAY,
KIDS?

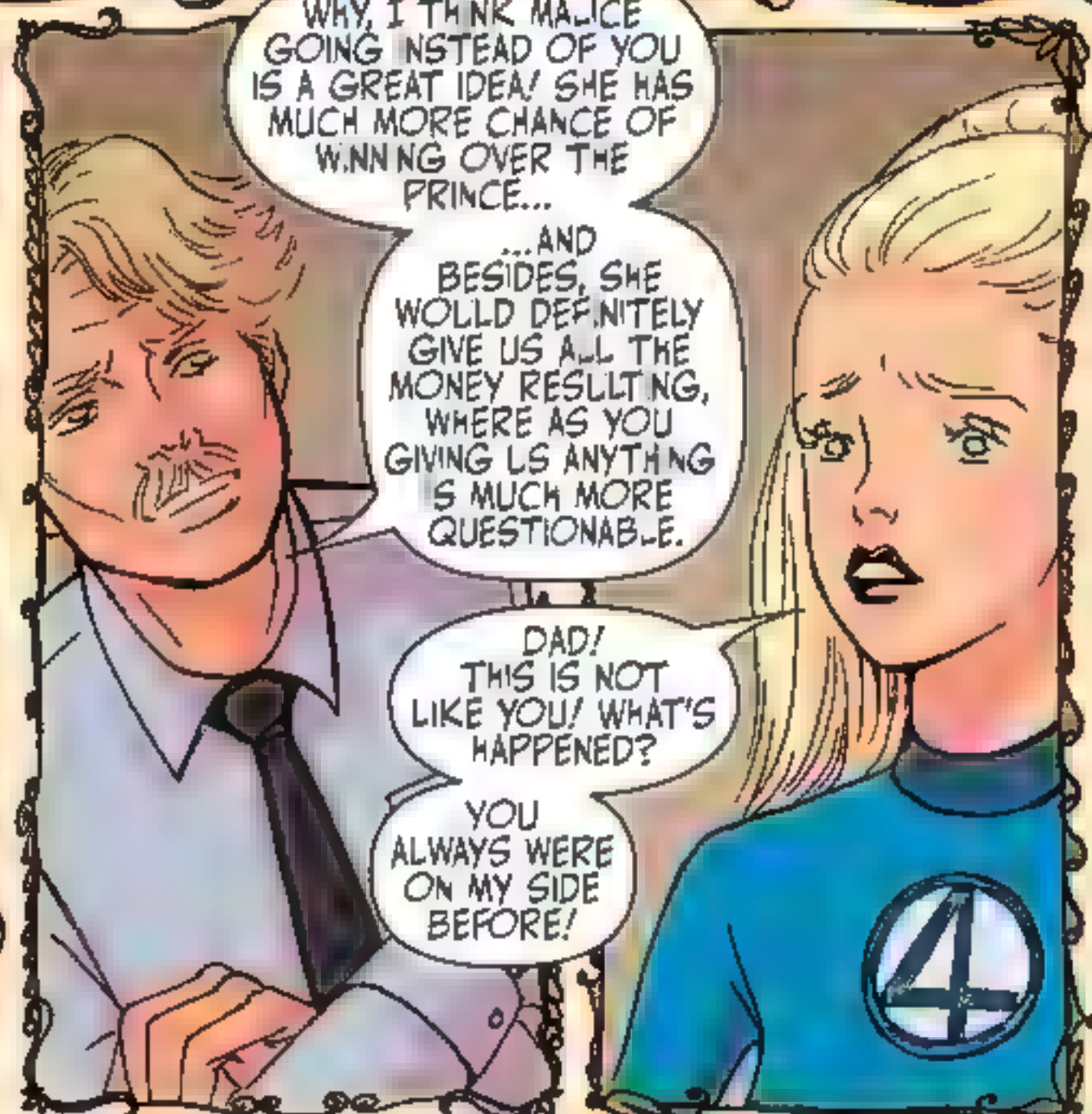
WONDERFUL,
DADDY!

I CAN'T
TAKE IT ANY-
MORE!



DAD I SAW
MALICE AND MEDUSA
GO THROUGH MY MAIL
TODAY THEY STOLE MY
INVITATION TO THE BALL AND
NOW THEY ARE PLOTTING
AGAINST ME TO SEND
MALICE INSTEAD
OF ME.

IT'S
ALL HER
FAULT!

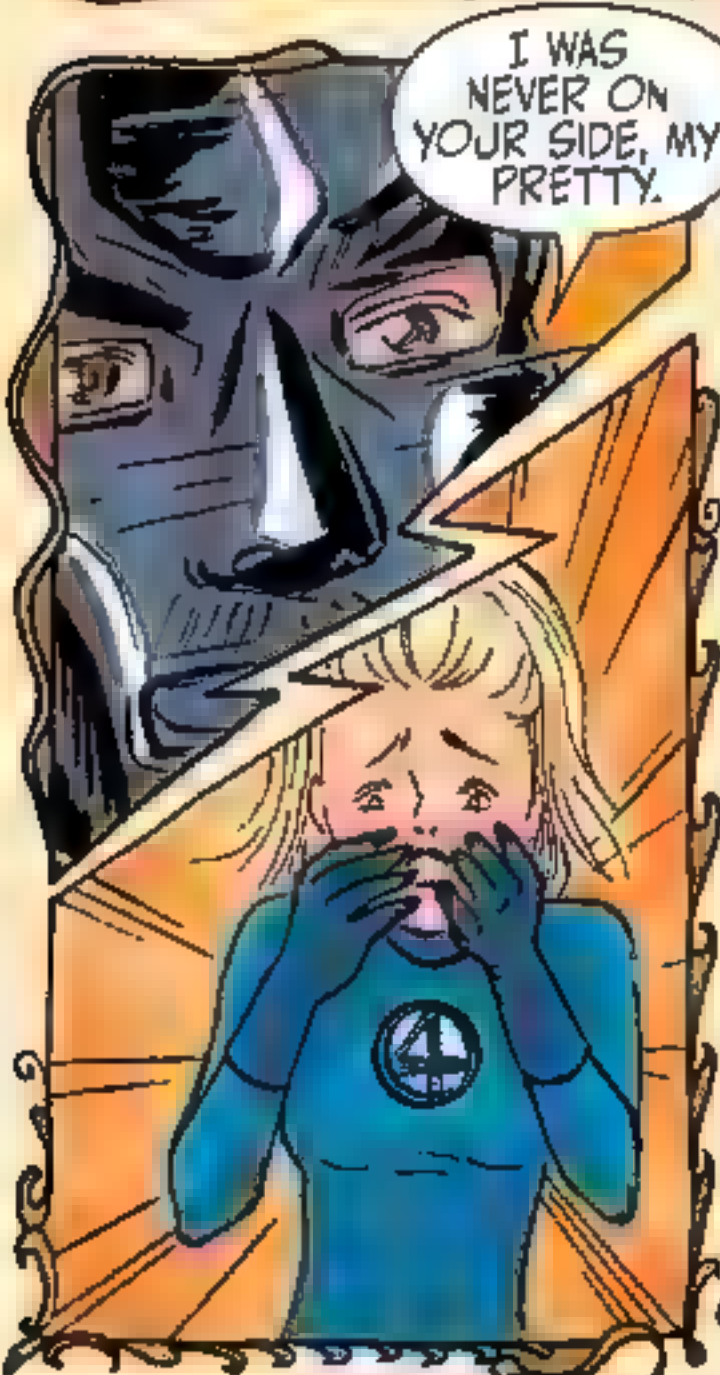


WHY, I THINK MALICE
GOING INSTEAD OF YOU
IS A GREAT IDEA! SHE HAS
MUCH MORE CHANCE OF
WINNING OVER THE
PRINCE...

...AND
BESIDES, SHE
WOULD DEFINITELY
GIVE US ALL THE
MONEY RESULTING,
WHERE AS YOU
GIVING US ANYTHING
IS MUCH MORE
QUESTIONABLE.

DAD!
THIS IS NOT
LIKE YOU! WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

YOU
ALWAYS WERE
ON MY SIDE
BEFORE!



I WAS
NEVER ON
YOUR SIDE, MY
PRETTY.



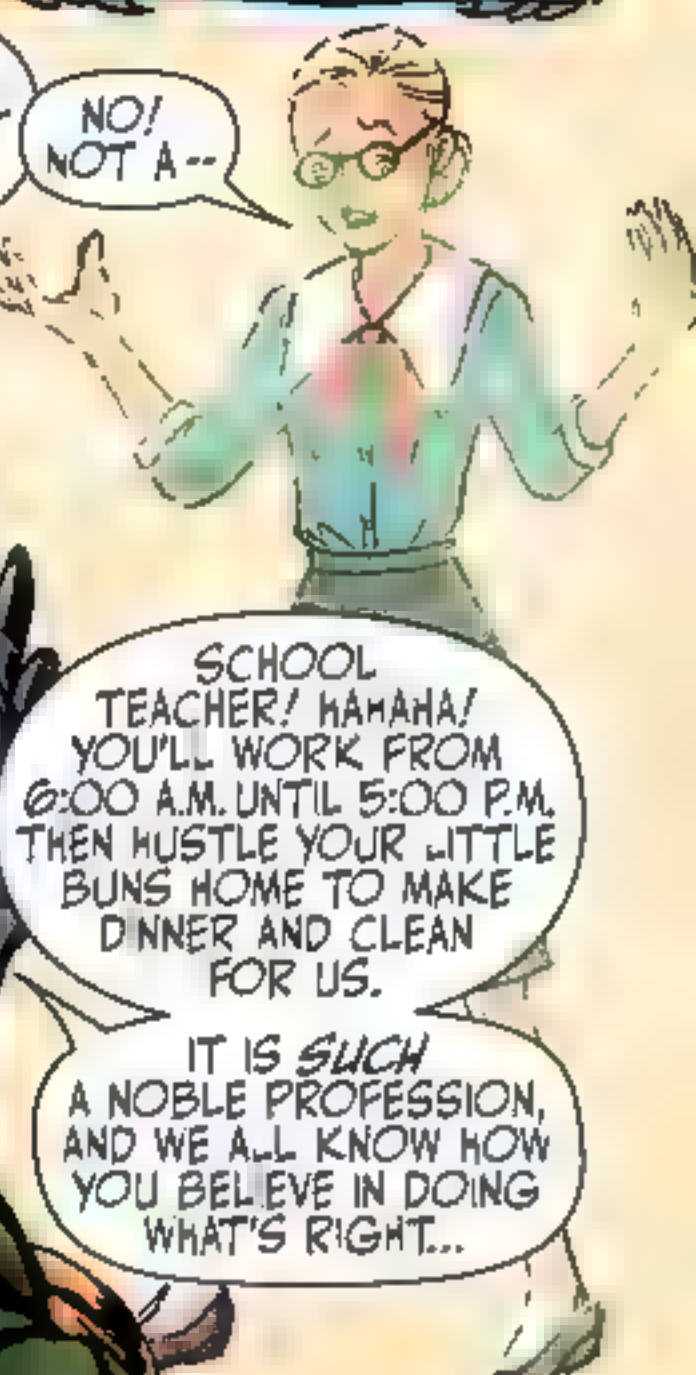
YOU KNOW TOO
MUCH. WE CAN'T LET
YOU TALK TO ANYONE
YOU KNOW OR GO
ANYWHERE YOU USED
TO. BUT...

...IDLE
HANDS ARE THE
DEVIL'S WORKSHOP
THEY SAY. I THINK YOU
WILL HAVE TO GET
A JOB.

HMMM,
LET ME
THINK...

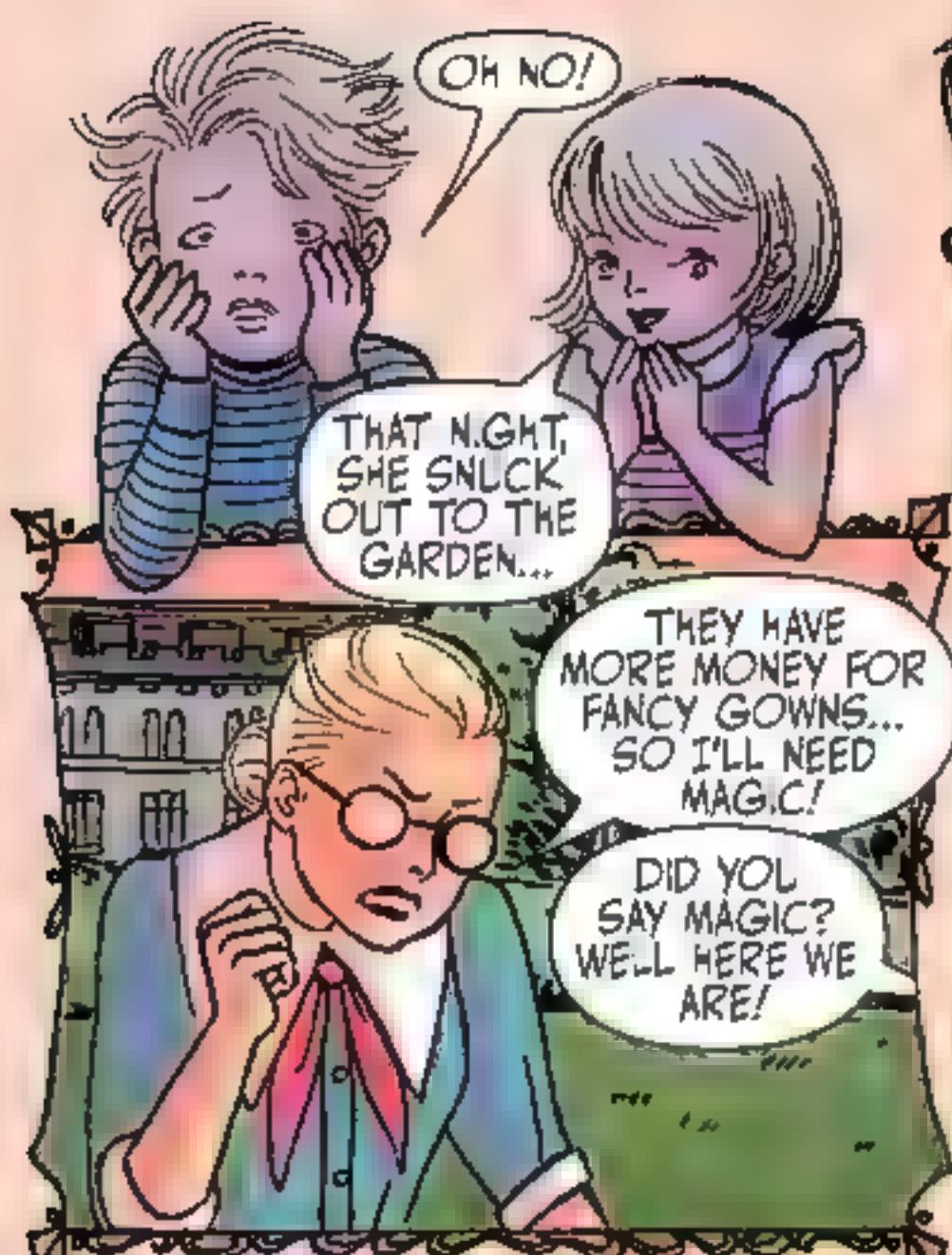
AH, NOW
NO ONE WILL
RECOGNIZE
YOU!

NO!
NOT A--



SCHOOL
TEACHER! HAHAHA!
YOU'LL WORK FROM
6:00 A.M. UNTIL 5:00 P.M.
THEN HURRY YOUR LITTLE
BUNS HOME TO MAKE
DINNER AND CLEAN
FOR US.

IT IS *SUCH*
A NOBLE PROFESSION,
AND WE ALL KNOW HOW
YOU BELIEVE IN DOING
WHAT'S RIGHT...

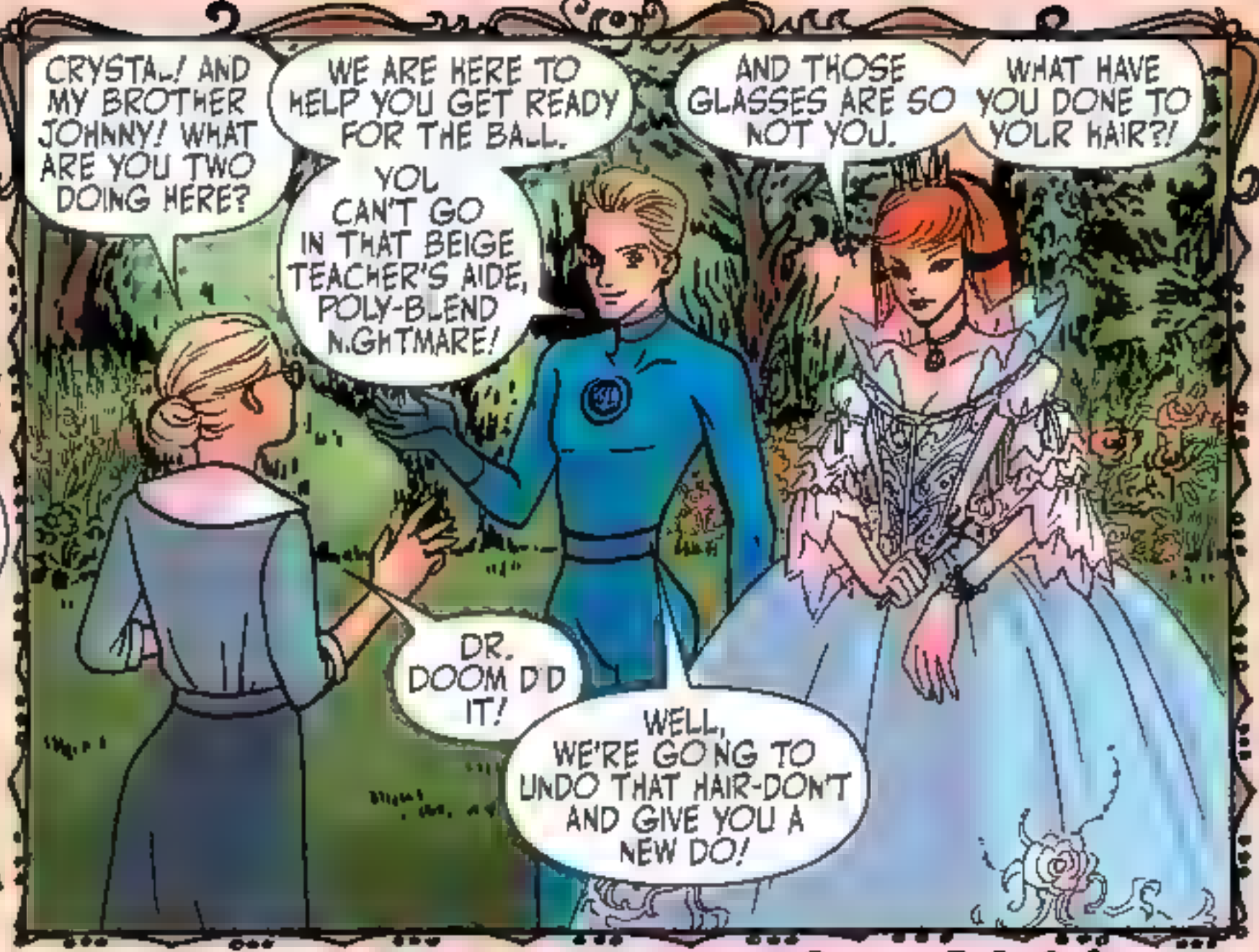


THAT NIGHT, SHE SNUCK OUT TO THE GARDEN...

OH NO!

THEY HAVE MORE MONEY FOR FANCY GOWNS... SO I'LL NEED MAGIC!

DID YOU SAY MAGIC? WELL HERE WE ARE!



CRYSTAL! AND MY BROTHER JOHNNY! WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING HERE?

WE ARE HERE TO HELP YOU GET READY FOR THE BALL.

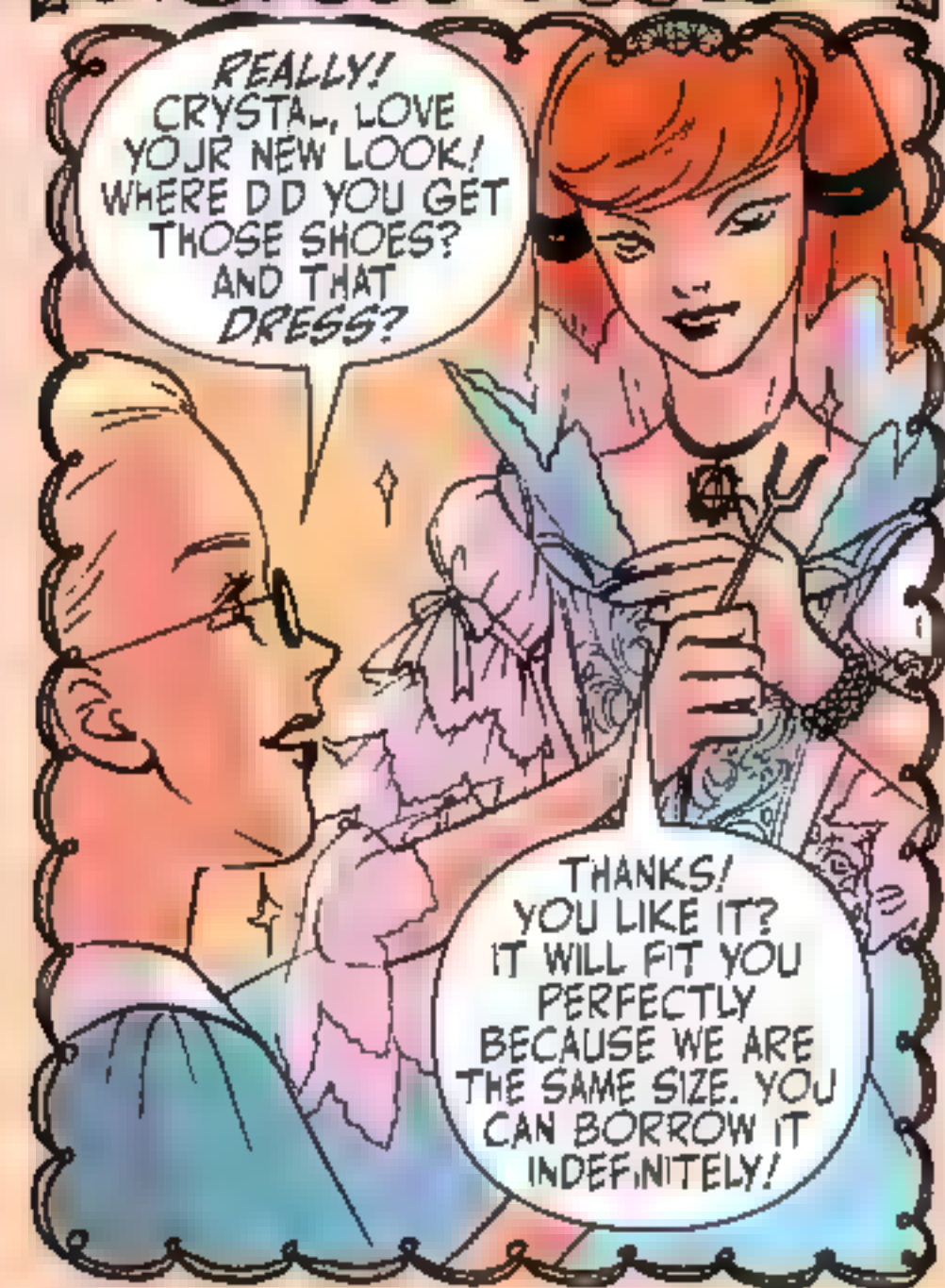
YOU CAN'T GO IN THAT BEIGE TEACHER'S AIDE, POLY-BLEND NIGHTMARE!

AND THOSE GLASSES ARE SO NOT YOU.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR HAIR?!

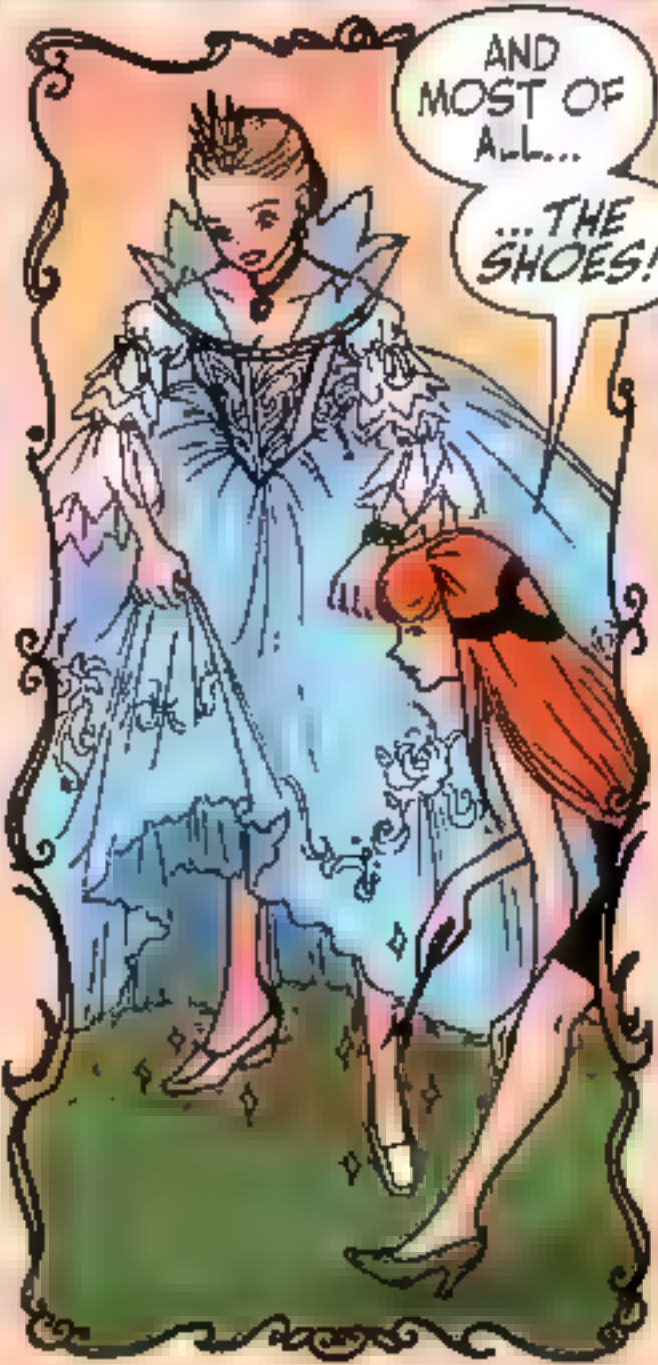
DR. DOOM D'D IT!

WELL, WE'RE GOING TO UNDO THAT HAIR-DONT AND GIVE YOU A NEW DO!



REALLY! CRYSTAL, LOVE YOUR NEW LOOK! WHERE D'D YOU GET THOSE SHOES? AND THAT DRESS?

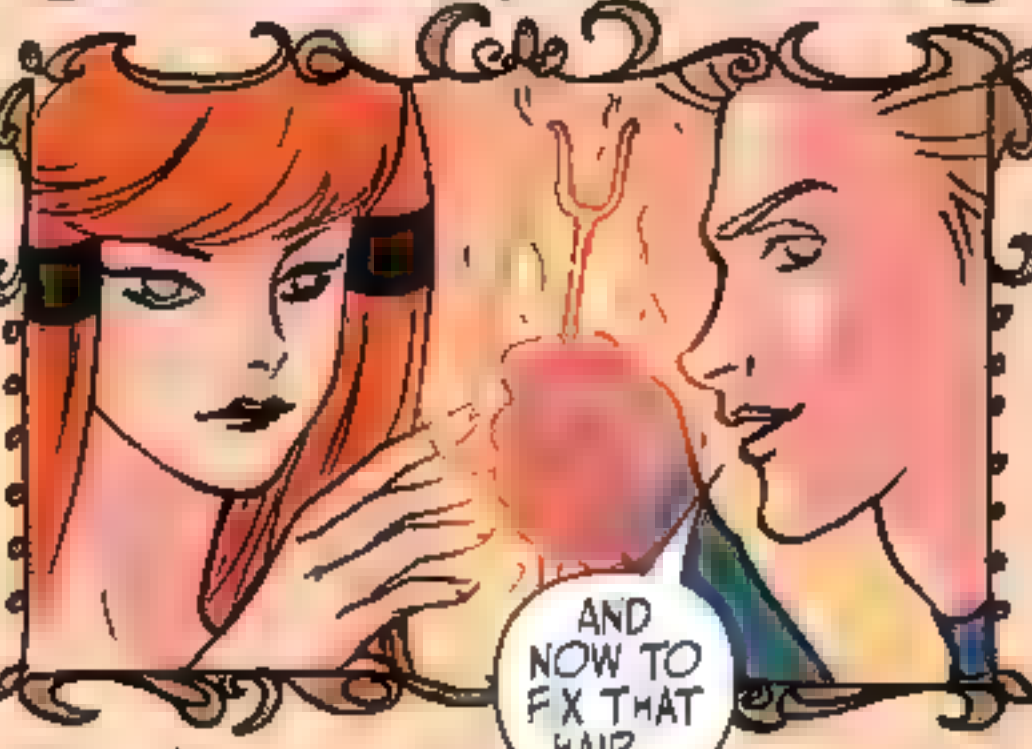
THANKS! YOU LIKE IT? IT WILL FIT YOU PERFECTLY BECAUSE WE ARE THE SAME SIZE. YOU CAN BORROW IT INDEFINITELY!



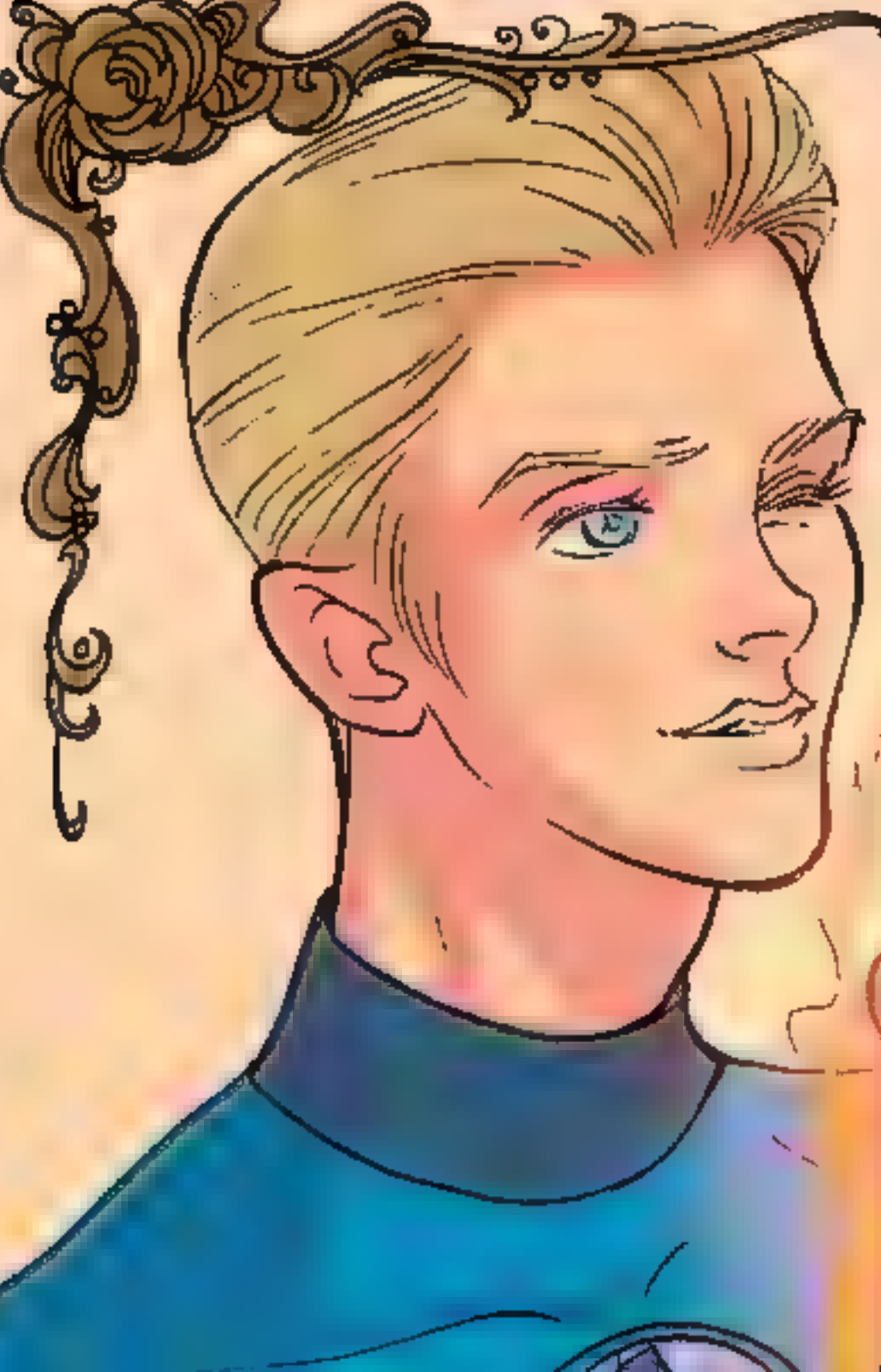
AND MOST OF A... THE SHOES!



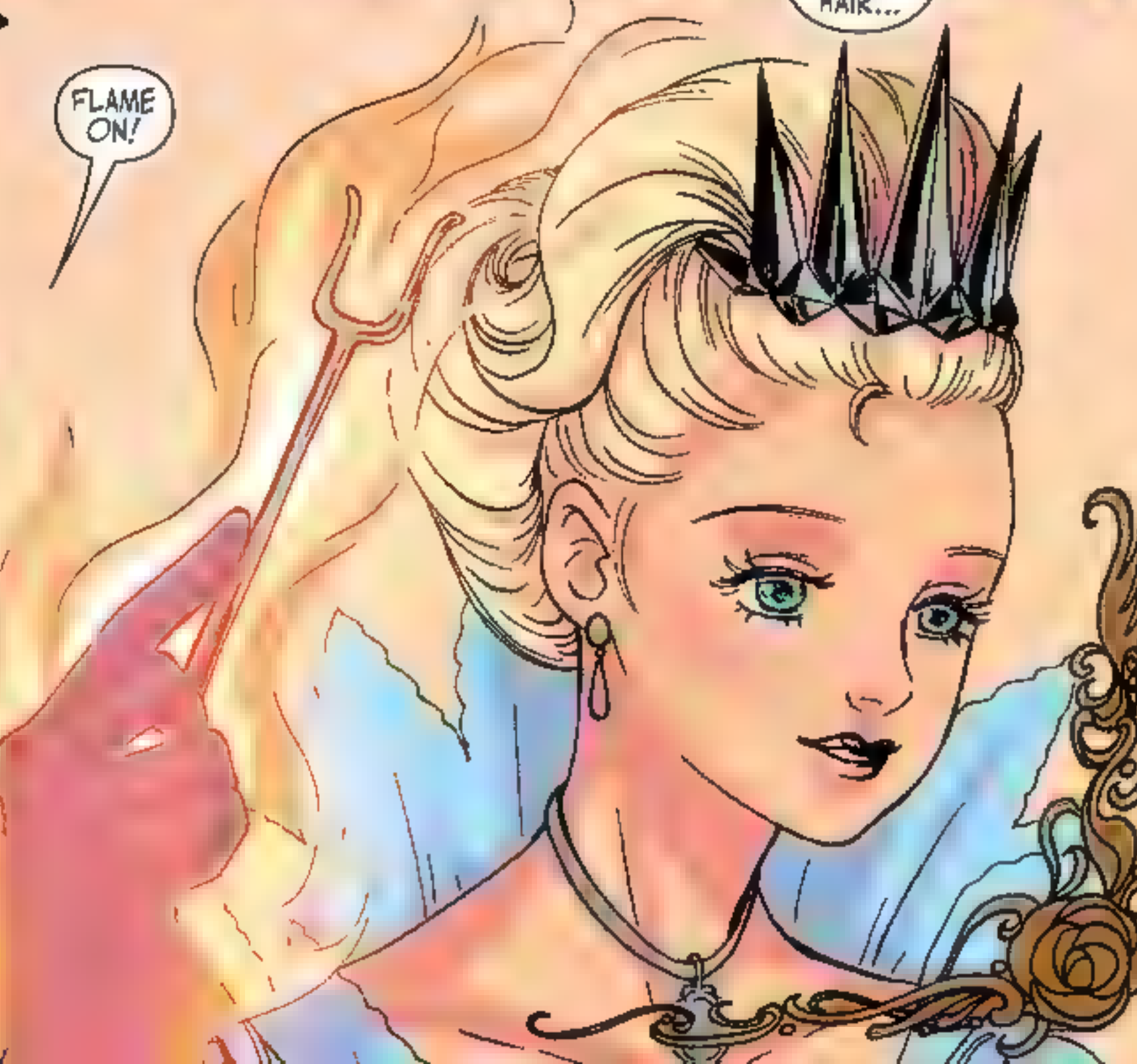
TINK!

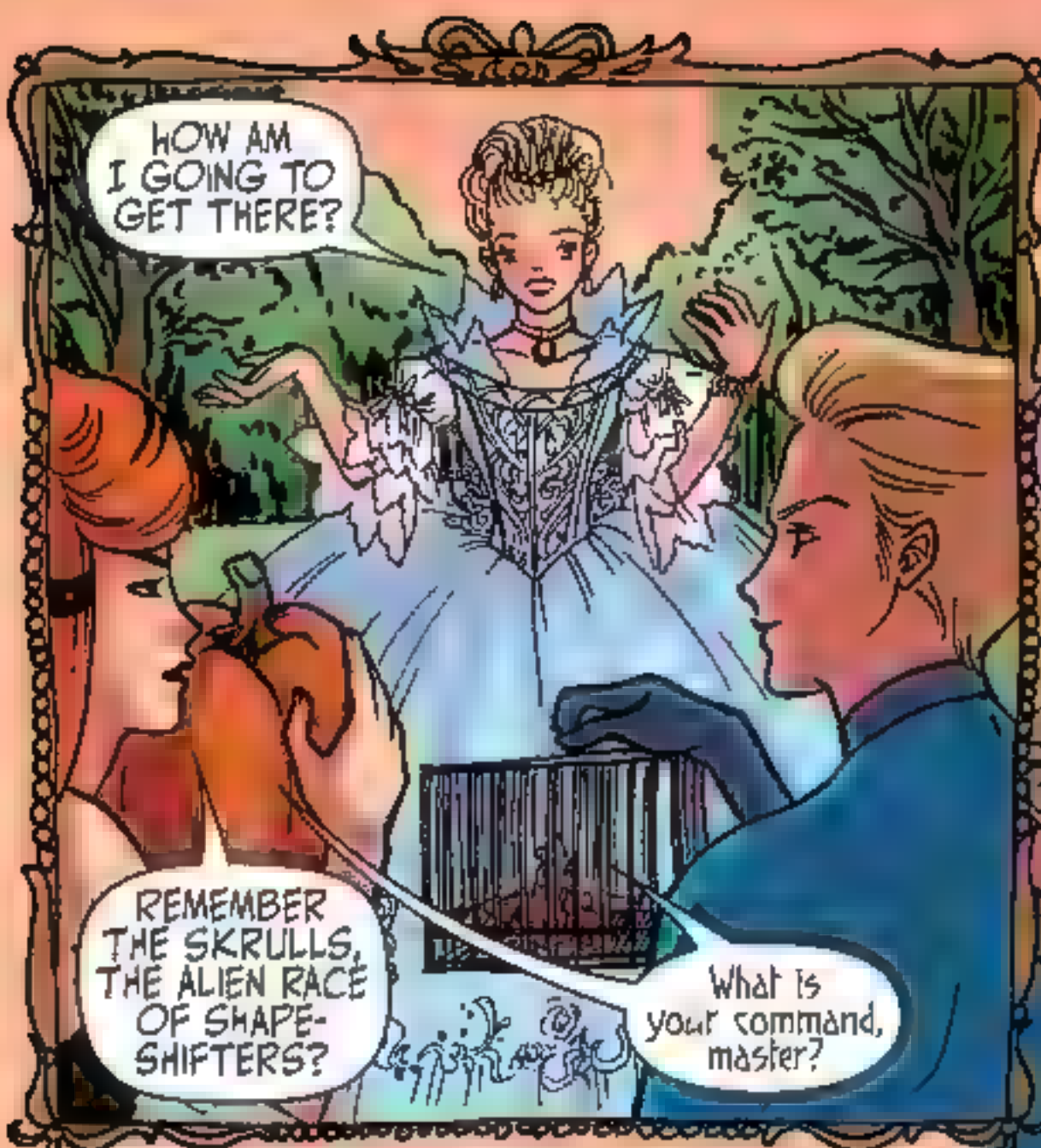


AND NOW TO FIX THAT HAIR...



FLAME ON!





HOW AM I GOING TO GET THERE?

REMEMBER THE SKRULLS, THE ALIEN RACE OF SHAPE-SHIFTERS?

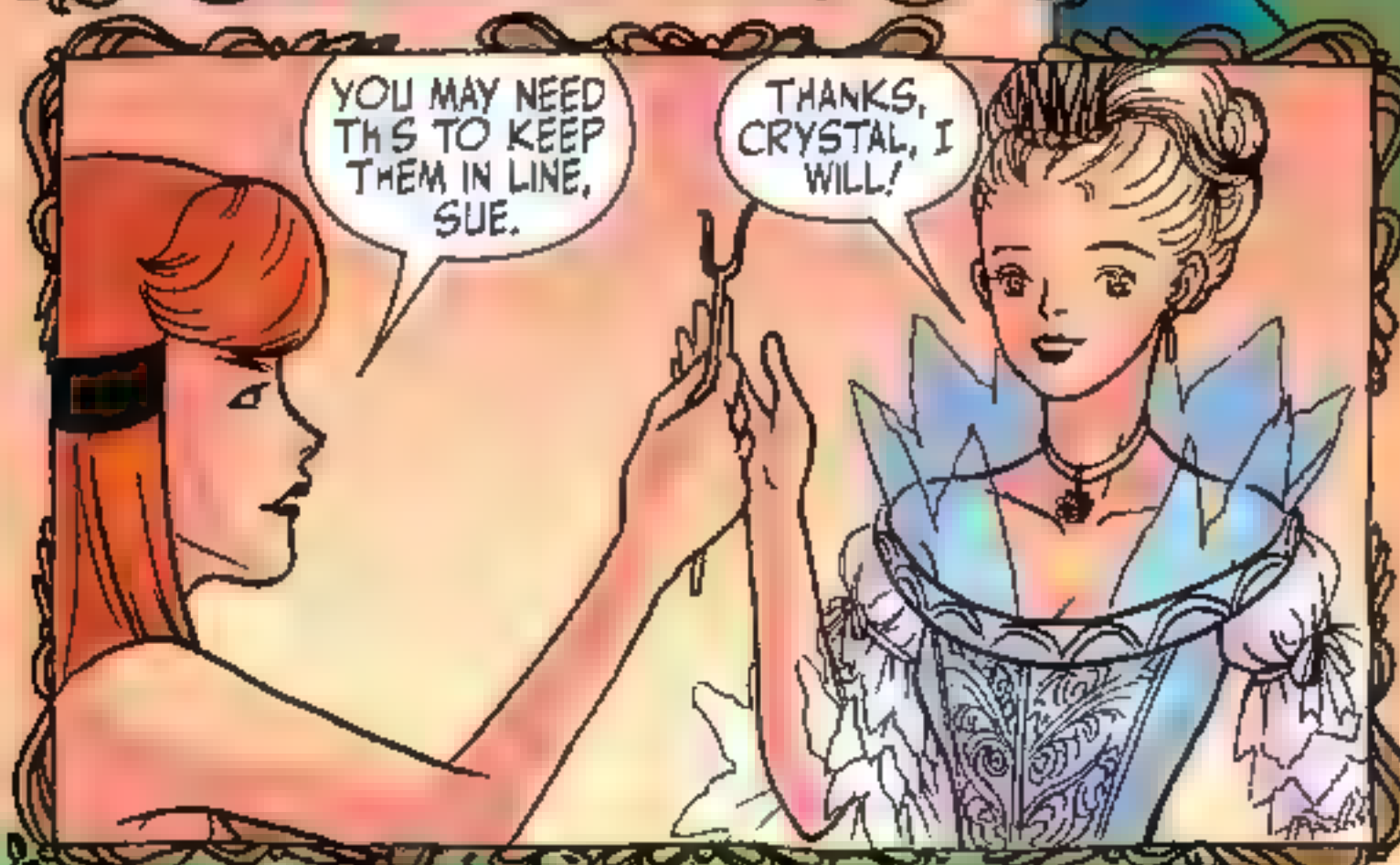
What is your command, master?

I WANT YOU TO MORPH INTO A CARRIAGE FOR ME NOW, PUMPKIN-SKRULL.

AND YOU MICE-SKRULLS WILL BE HORSES, AND A COACH-MAN.

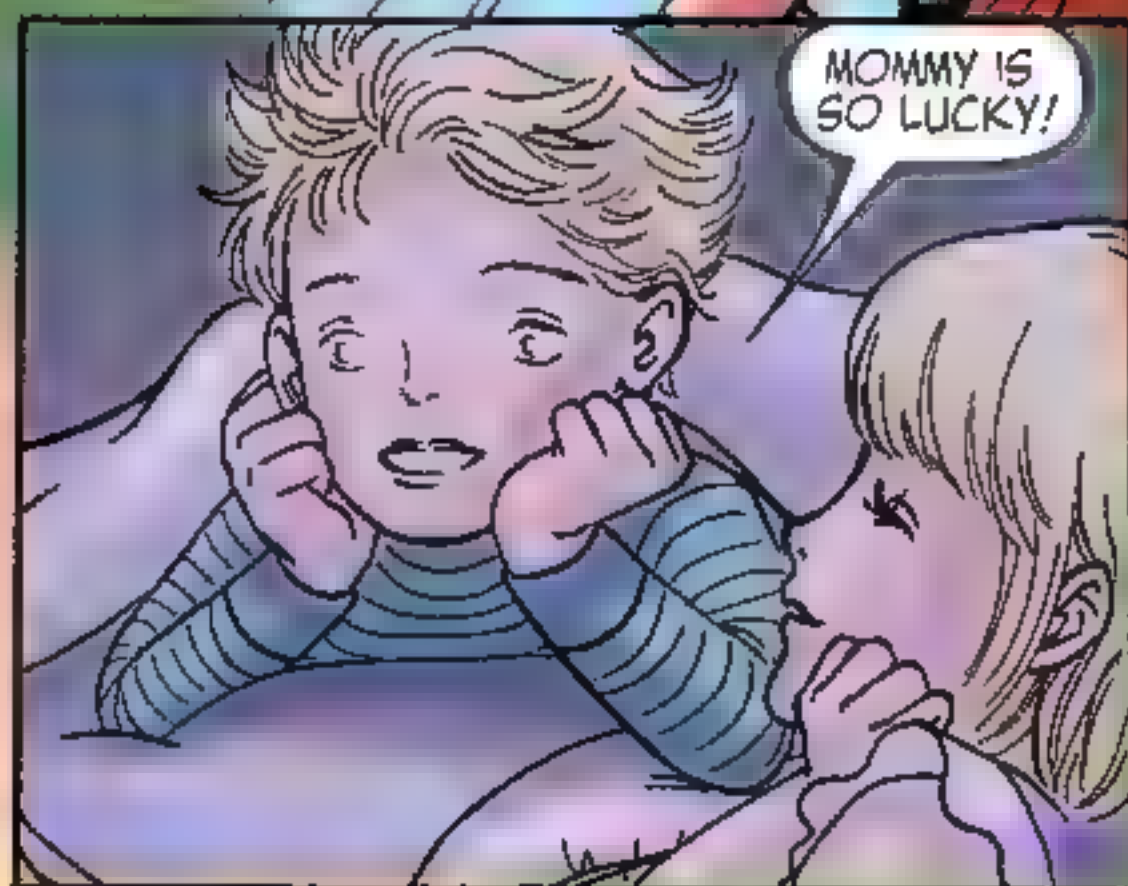
DO IT OR YOU'LL GET THE WAND! AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

Not the Negative Zone, master!



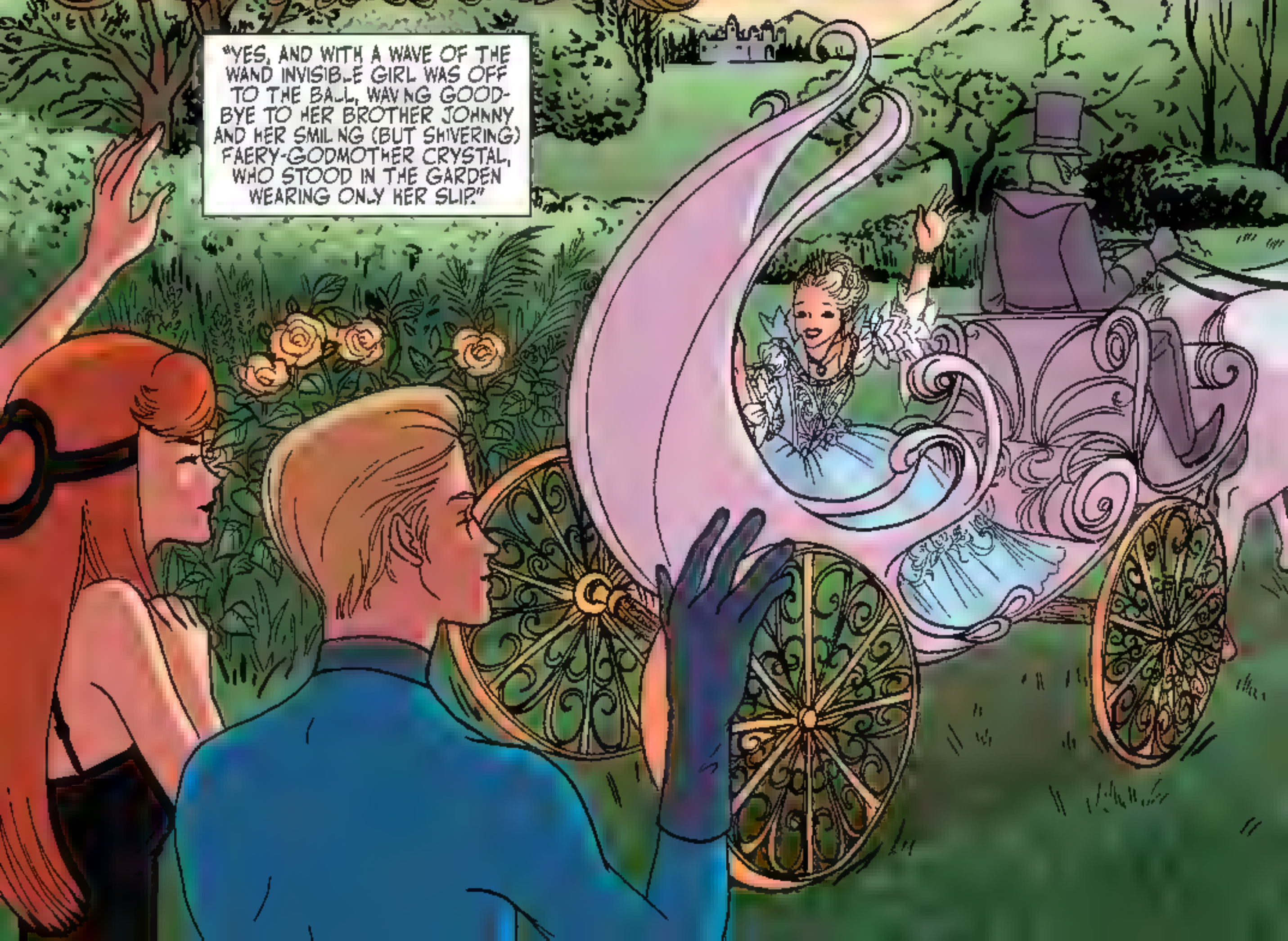
YOU MAY NEED THIS TO KEEP THEM IN LINE, SUE.

THANKS, CRYSTAL, I WILL!



MOMMY IS SO LUCKY!

"YES, AND WITH A WAVE OF THE WAND INVISIBLE GIRL WAS OFF TO THE BALL, WAVING GOOD-BYE TO HER BROTHER JOHNNY AND HER SMILING (BUT SHIVERING) FAERY-GODMOTHER CRYSTAL, WHO STOOD IN THE GARDEN WEARING ONLY HER SLIP."



"BUT LITTLE DID SHE KNOW,
DR. DOOM WAS SPYING ON
HER FROM THE HIGHEST
TURRET IN THE CASTLE--

"AND AT THE
PALACE..."

"-- AND AS HE
SAW HER LEAVE HE
CURSED HER..."

IF SHE
BREAKS HER
CURFEW AND ISN'T
BACK AT HOME
BY MIDNIGHT, THAT
TEENAGED TERROR
WILL TURN
INVISIBLE...

PERMANENTLY!!!
MWAAH HA HA HA!

WHO IS THIS
MYSTERIOUS
FAIR MAIDEN THAT
LIFTS THE VEL
OF ONCE HIDDEN
BEAUTY?

SHE
NOW REVEALS
A LADY WHO SEEMS
STRANGELY FAMILIAR,
BUT AS IF I DID
NOT KNOW
HER.

Whish!

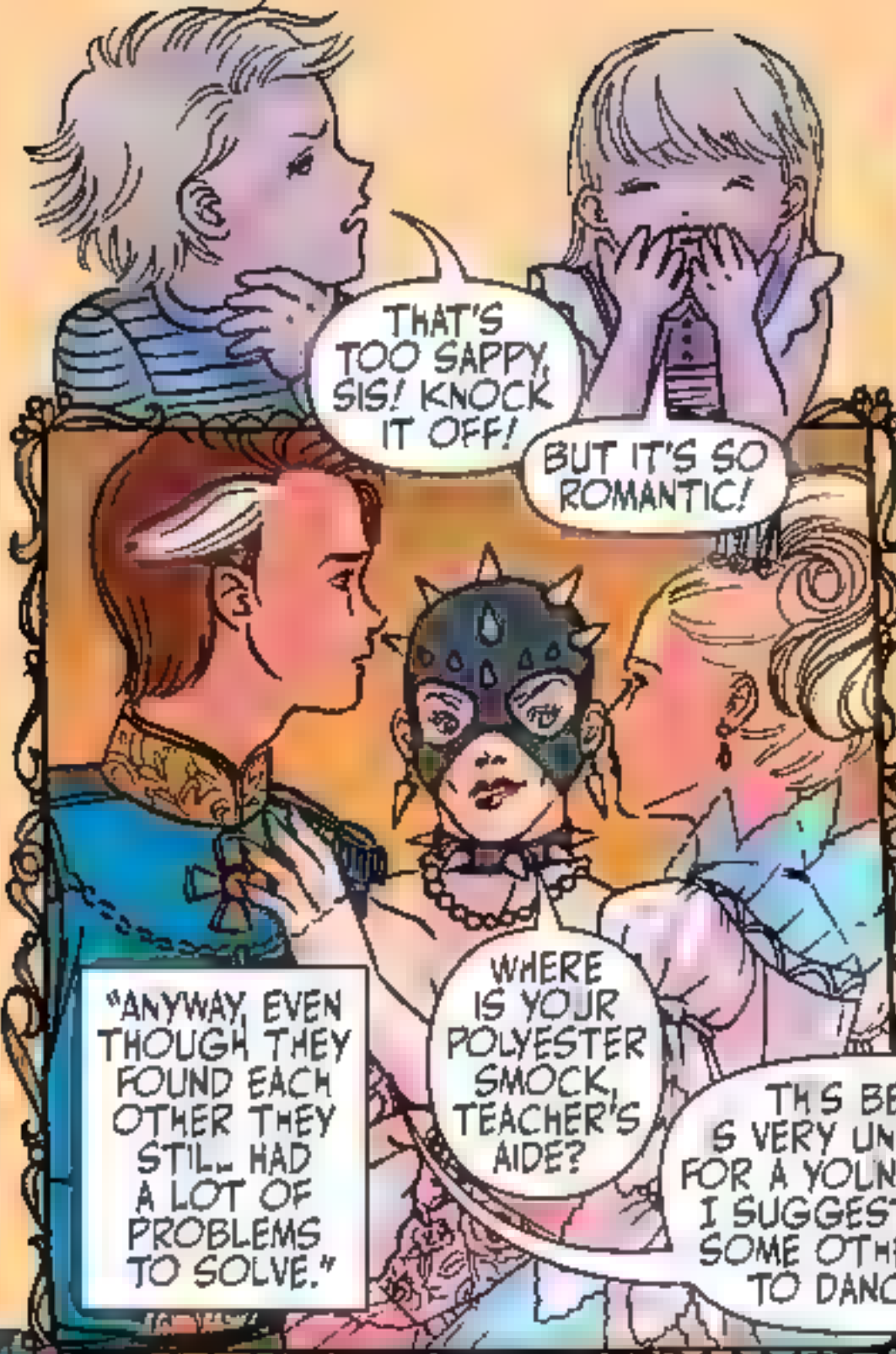
OH,
PRINCEY, NEVER
MIND HER. SHE'S
JUST A DRESSED-
UP SCHOOL
TEACHER.

I'M
THE REAL
PRINCESS!

I WILL
FOREVER RECOGNIZE
THE DIVINE BEAUTY I
SEE IN YOU! FOR YOU, MY
LOVE IS WITHOUT LIMITS,
STRETCHING INTO
INFINITY!

EVERYONE
HAS BEAUTY, MY
LOVE. IT'S JUST
THAT NOT EVERY-
ONE SEES IT.

BEAUTY ALONE
CANNOT SATISFY A MAN'S LOVE.
YOUR INTERNAL BEAUTY OUTSHINES
THE STARS THIS MAGICAL EVENING AND
IS SO MUCH MORE THAN BEAUTIFUL--
THAT'S WHY I LOVE YOU.



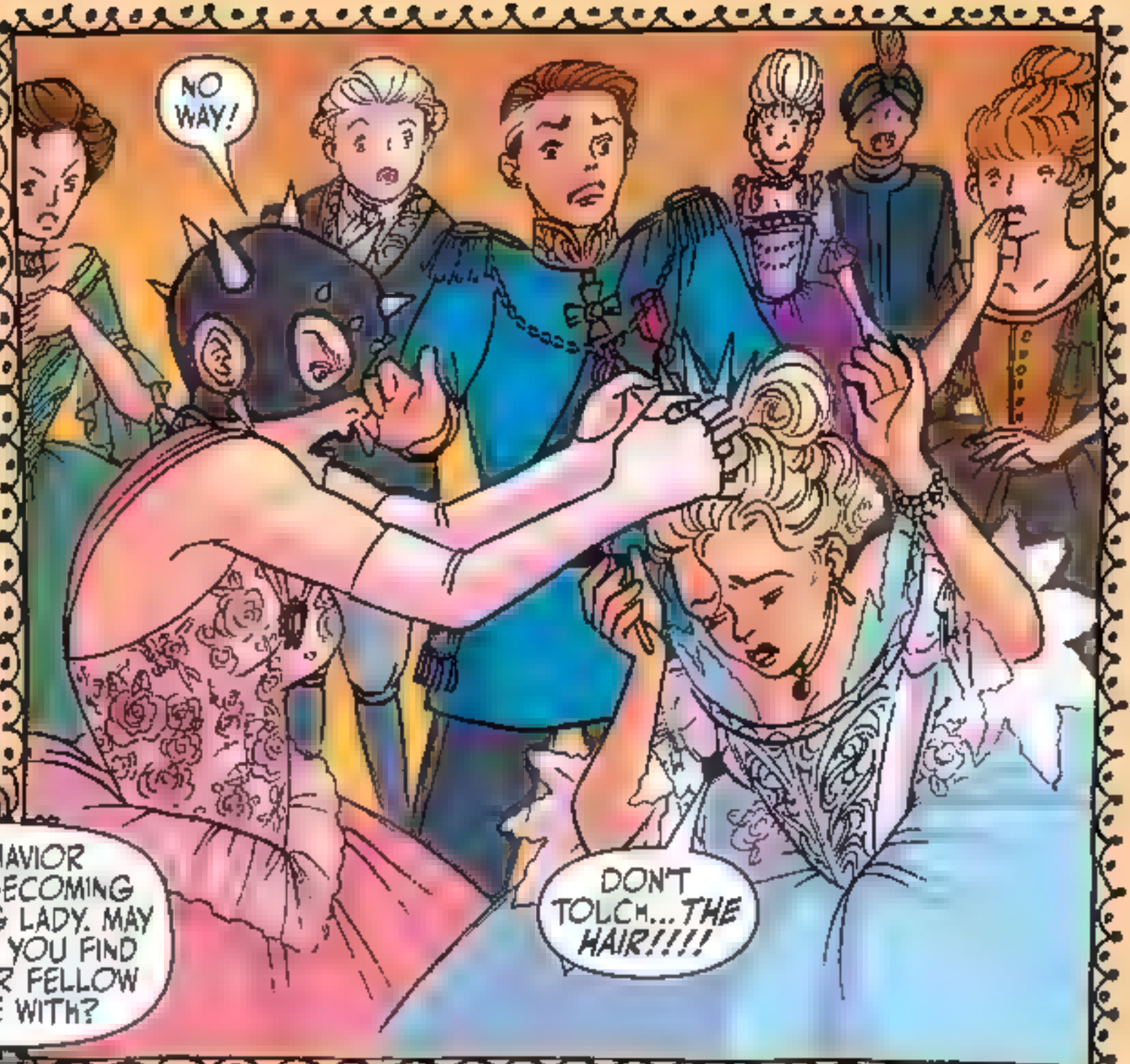
THAT'S TOO SAPPY, SIS! KNOCK IT OFF!

BUT IT'S SO ROMANTIC!

"ANYWAY, EVEN THOUGH THEY FOUND EACH OTHER THEY STILL HAD A LOT OF PROBLEMS TO SOLVE."

WHERE IS YOUR POLYESTER SMOCK, TEACHER'S AIDE?

THIS BEHAVIOR IS VERY UNBECOMING FOR A YOUNG LADY. MAY I SUGGEST YOU FIND SOME OTHER FELLOW TO DANCE WITH?



NO WAY!

DON'T TOUCH... THE HAIR!!!!

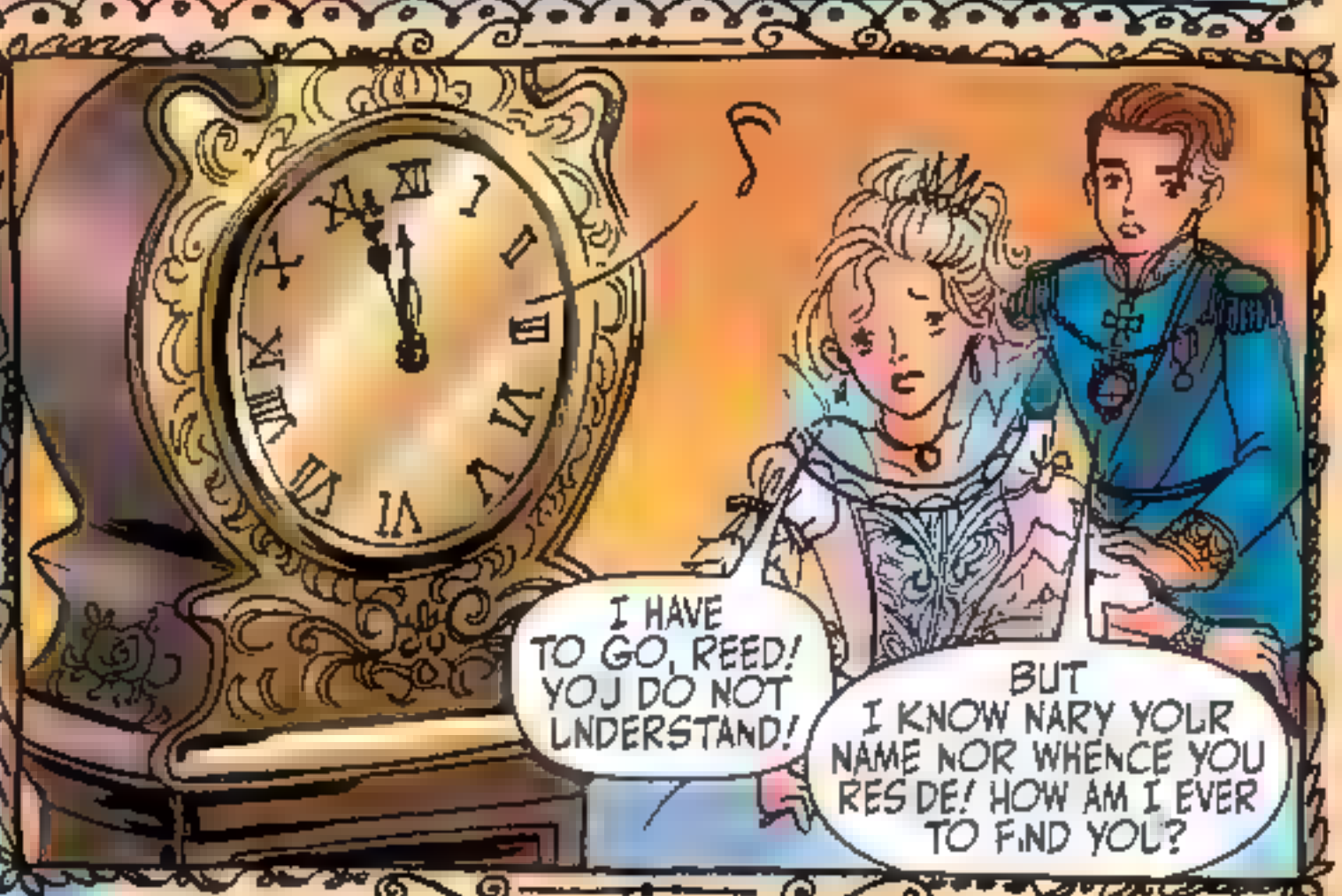


THAT'S IT!

MEDUSA AND MALICE, I NOW BANISH YOU TO THE NEGATIVE ZONE!

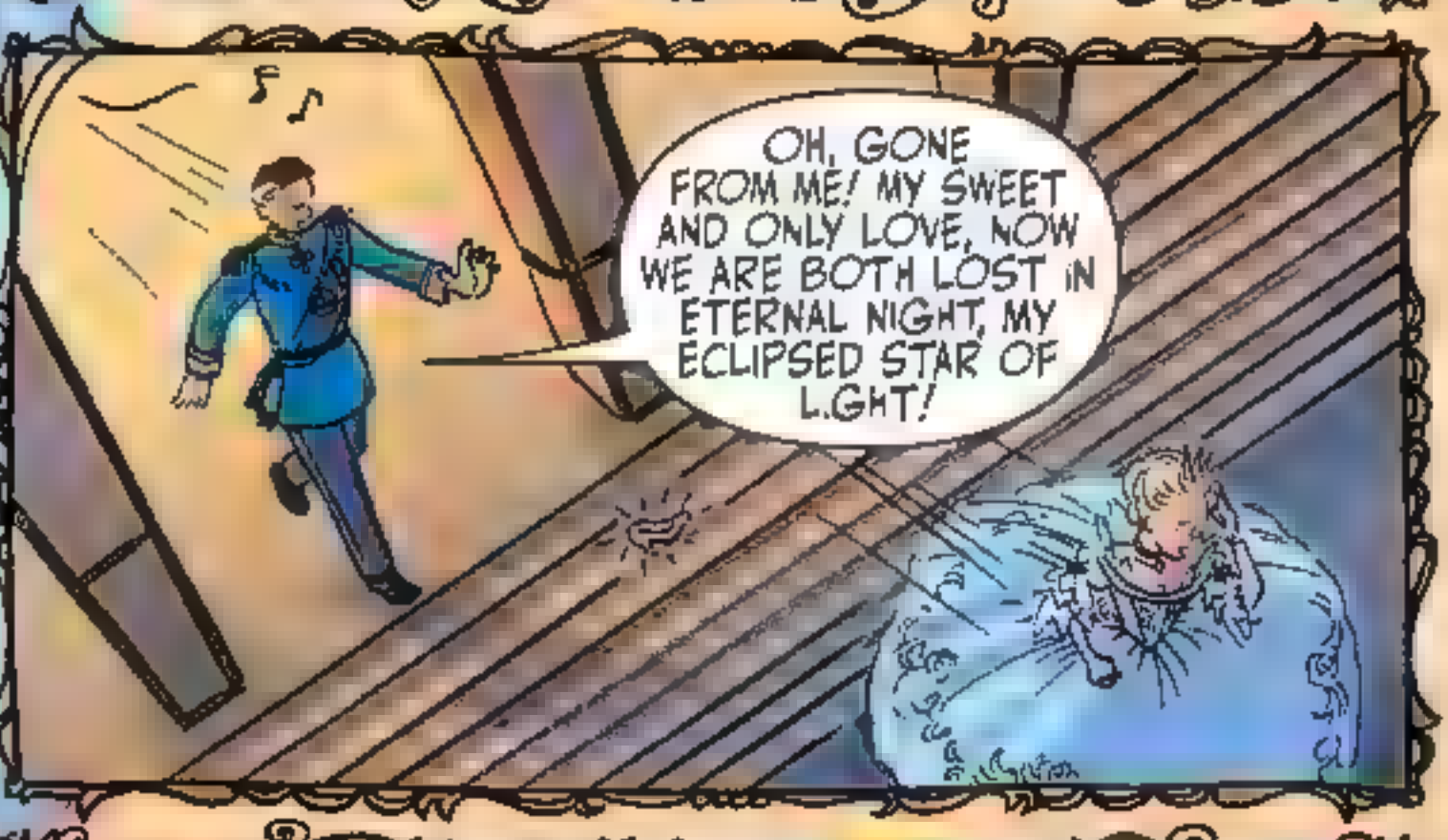


Noooooooooooooooooooo!

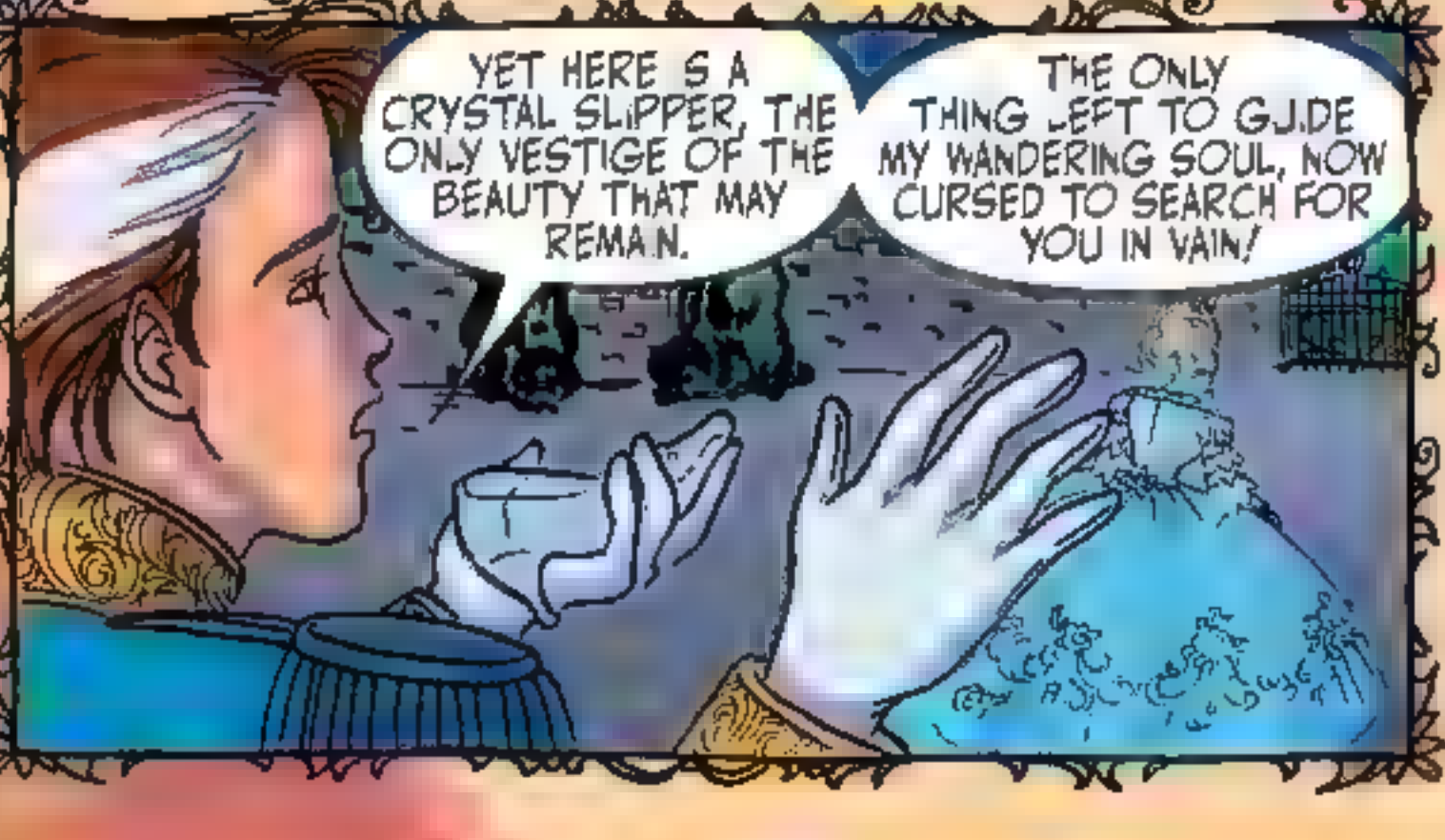


I HAVE TO GO, REED! YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND!

BUT I KNOW NARY YOUR NAME NOR WHENCE YOU RESIDE! HOW AM I EVER TO FIND YOU?

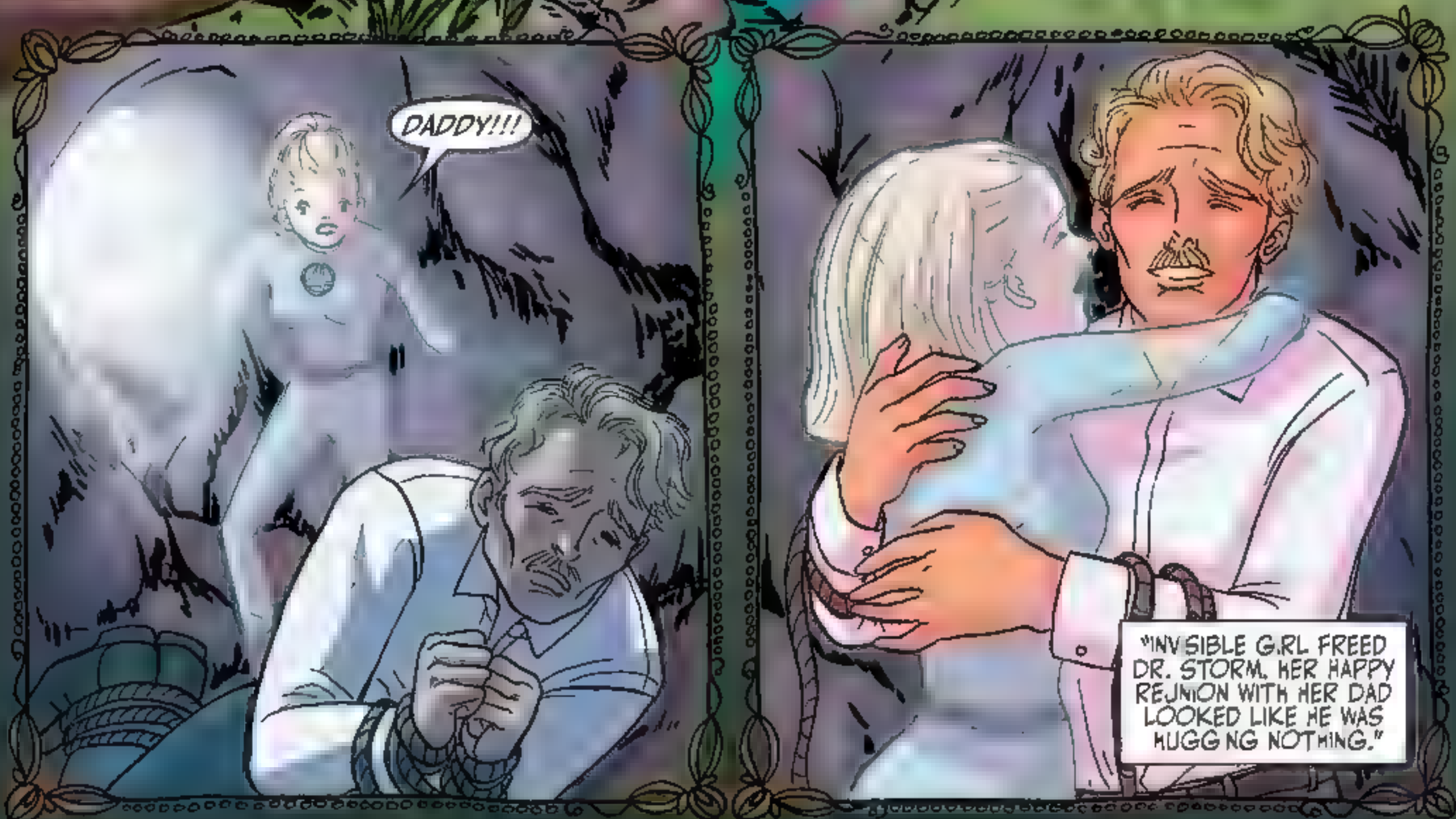
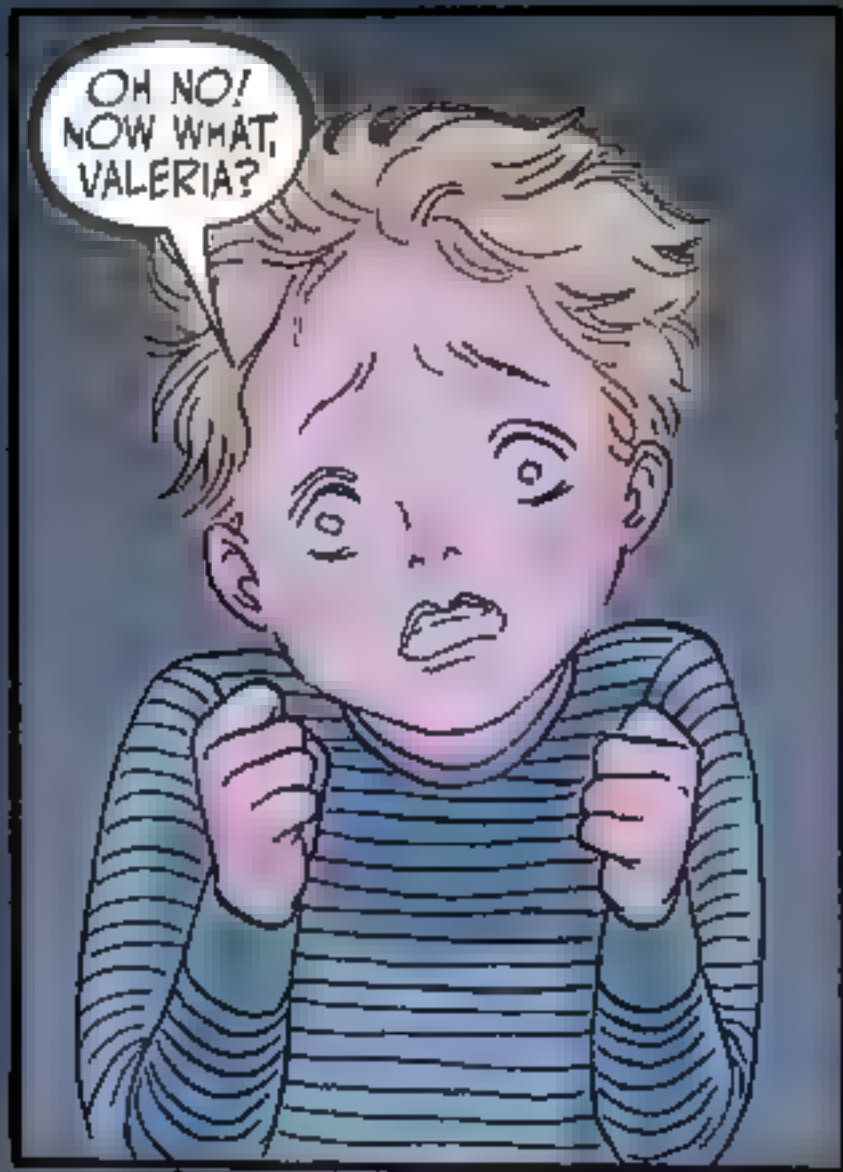


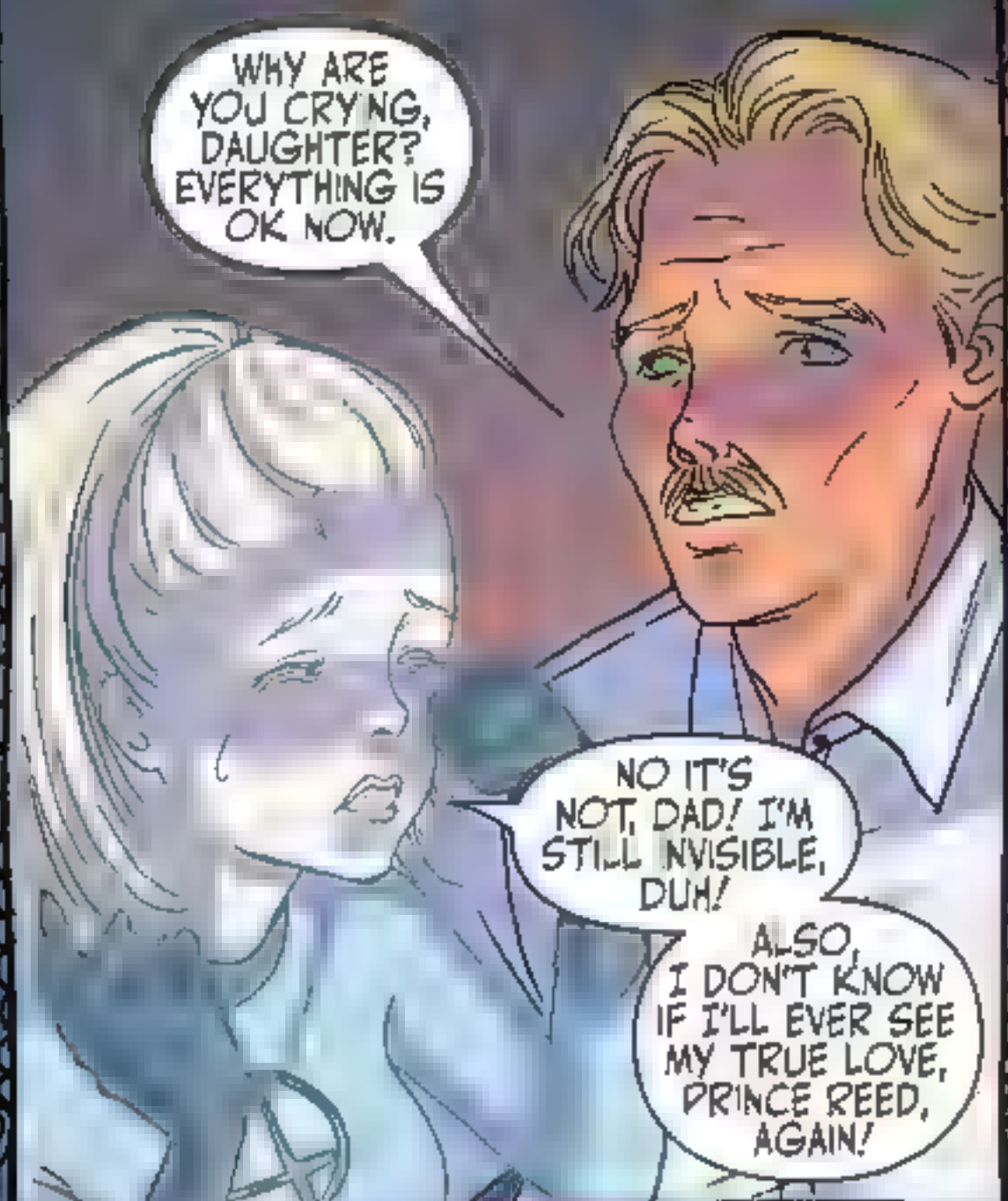
OH, GONE FROM ME! MY SWEET AND ONLY LOVE, NOW WE ARE BOTH LOST IN ETERNAL NIGHT, MY ECLIPSED STAR OF LIGHT!



YET HERE IS A CRYSTAL SLIPPER, THE ONLY VESTIGE OF THE BEAUTY THAT MAY REMAIN.

THE ONLY THING LEFT TO GUIDE MY WANDERING SOUL, NOW CURSED TO SEARCH FOR YOU IN VAIN!





WHY ARE YOU CRYING, DAUGHTER? EVERYTHING IS OK NOW.

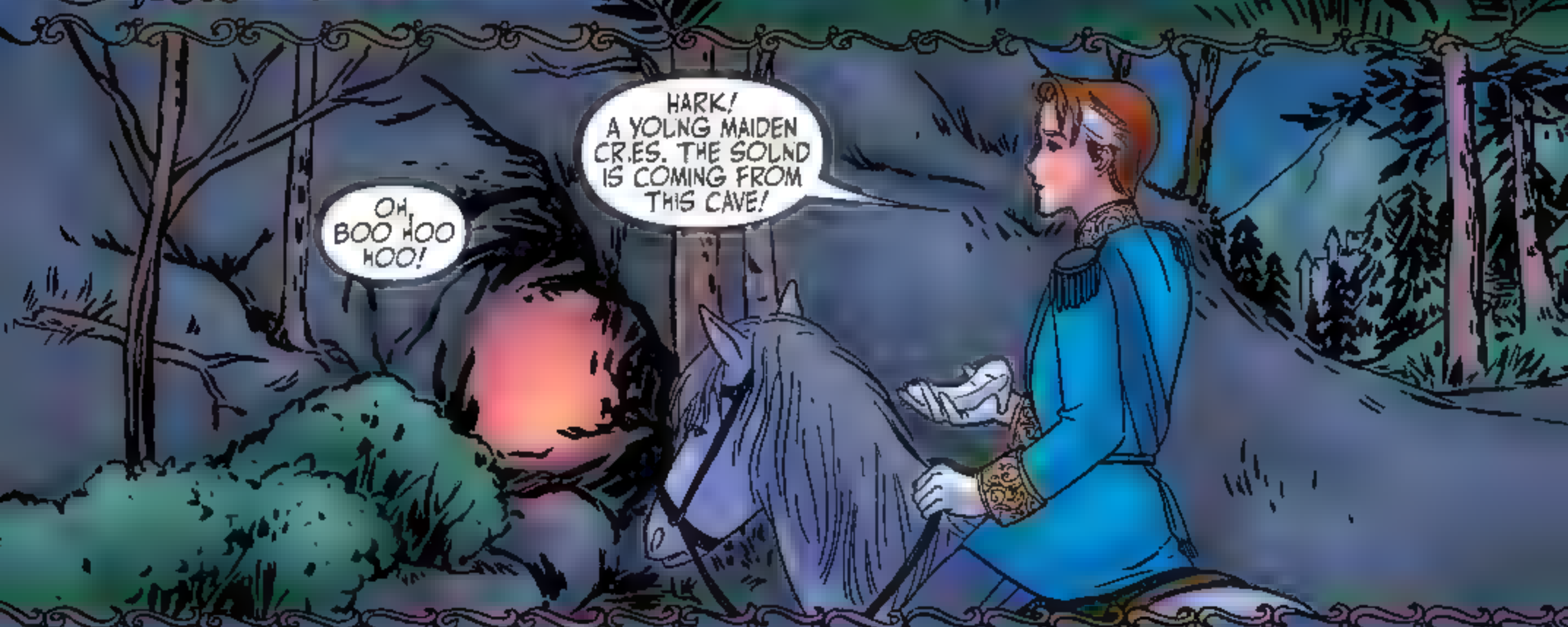
NO IT'S NOT, DAD! I'M STILL INVISIBLE, DUH!

ALSO, I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL EVER SEE MY TRUE LOVE, PRINCE REED, AGAIN!



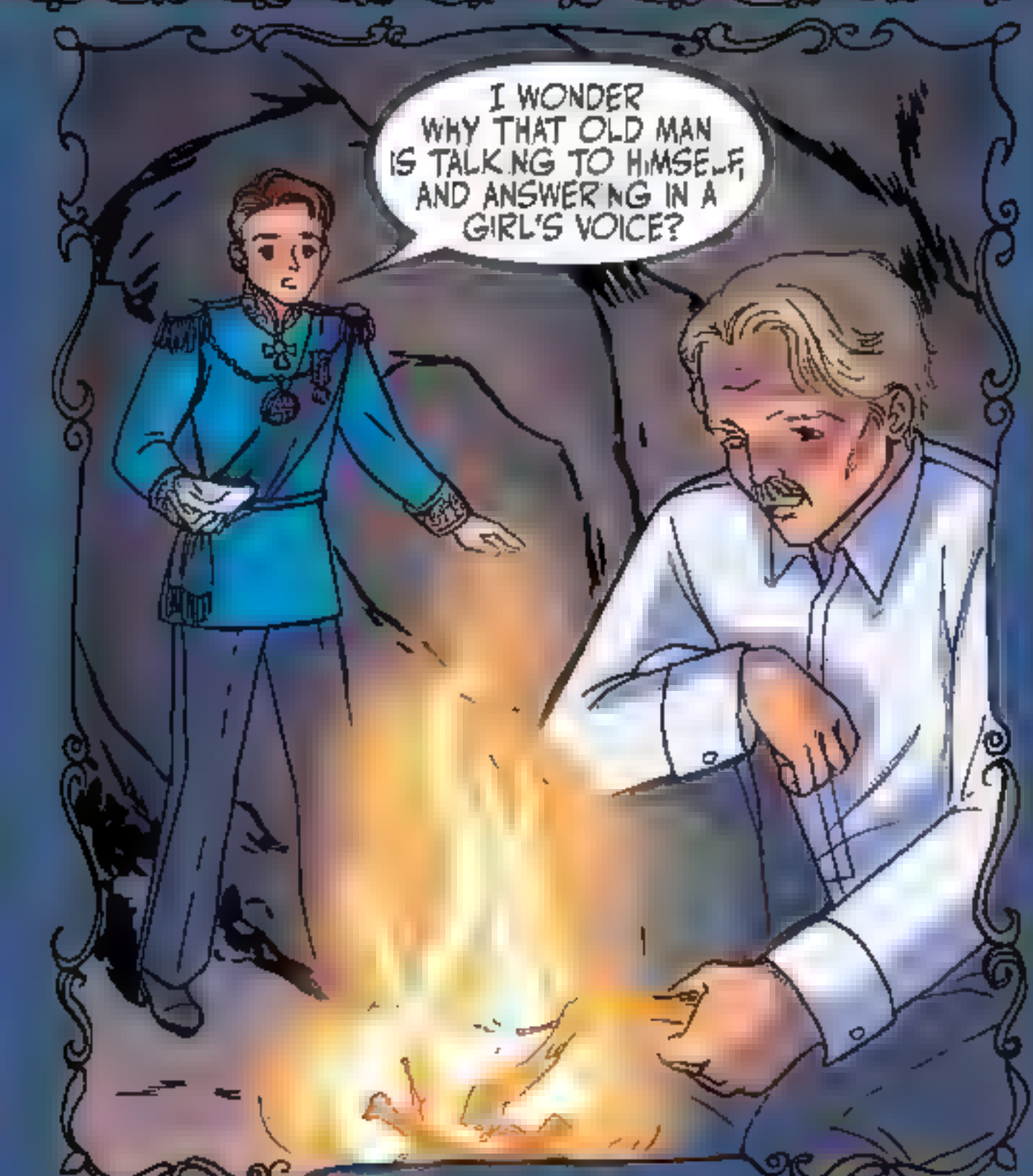
WE NOW ARE PALACE BOUND, DEAR STEED. IT HAS BEEN A LONG AND TIRING DAY INDEED, NONE OF THE FEET OF THE LASSES FITS.

I SUPPOSE THAT WE SHOULD CALL IT QUITS.



OH, BOO HOO HOO!

HARK! A YOUNG MAIDEN CRIES. THE SOUND IS COMING FROM THIS CAVE!



I WONDER WHY THAT OLD MAN IS TALKING TO HIMSELF, AND ANSWERING IN A GIRL'S VOICE?



WHO SAID THAT? OH MY GOSH, IT'S PRINCE REED, DADDY! HE'S HERE!

PRINCE REED! IT'S ME, THE MYSTERY MAIDEN FROM THE BALL!

I MARY DO NOT SEE YOU, FINE LASS. BUT PUT YOUR INVISIBLE FOOT IN MY HAND AND WE SHALL SEE IF THE SHOE FITS!

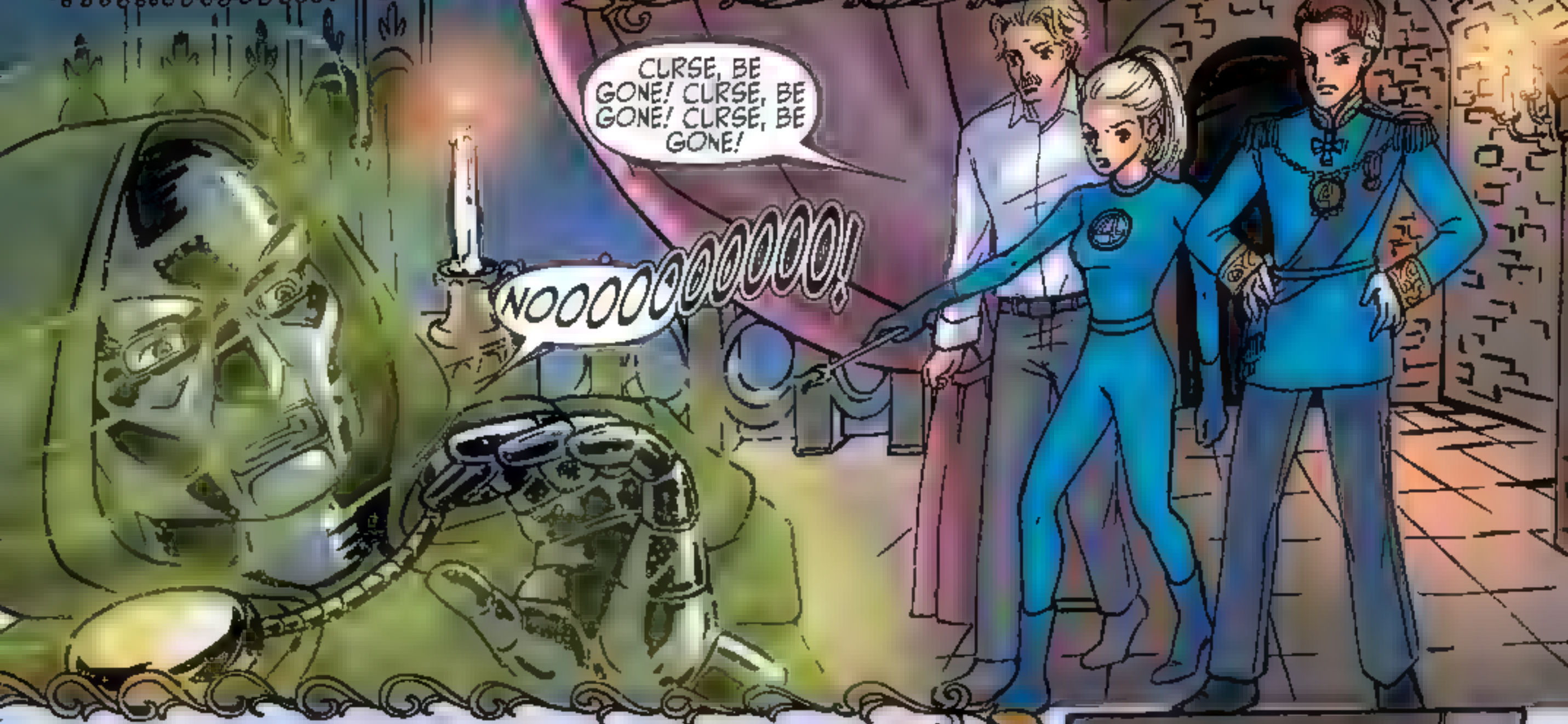


WOW!

DADDY,
MEET MY
DREAM COME
TRUE, PRINCE
REED.

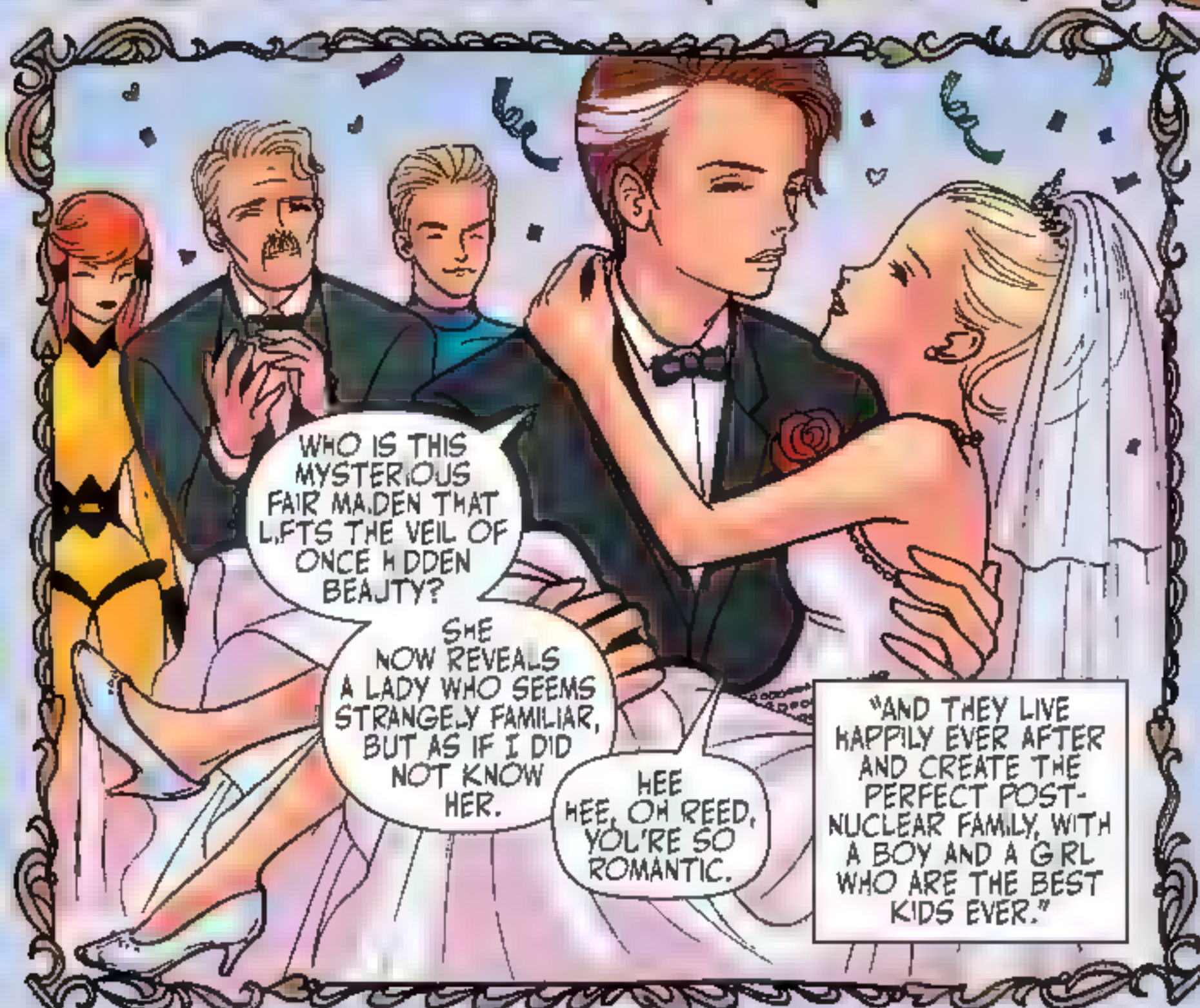
NOW
WE CAN ALL
LIVE HAPPILY EVER
AFTER AS SOON
AS WE TAKE CARE
OF ONE SMALL
PROBLEM...

DR.
DOOM IS DOOMED!
I STILL HAVE MY MAGIC
WAND AND I'M GOING
TO BANISH HIM TO THE
NEGATIVE ZONE!



CURSE, BE
GONE! CURSE, BE
GONE! CURSE, BE
GONE!

NOOOOOOOOOO!

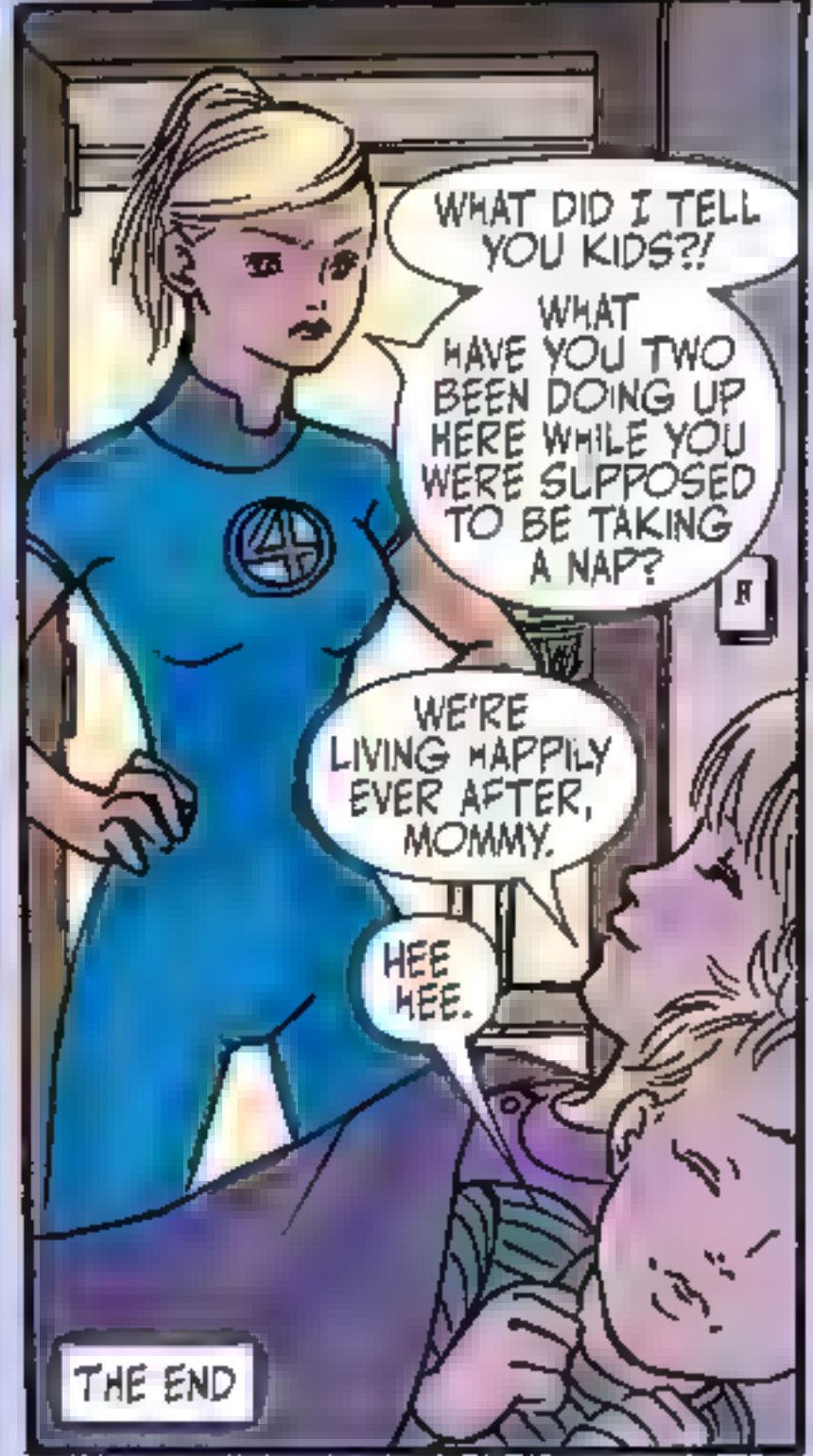


WHO IS THIS
MYSTERIOUS
FAIR MAIDEN THAT
LIFTS THE VEIL OF
ONCE HIDDEN
BEAUTY?

SHE
NOW REVEALS
A LADY WHO SEEMS
STRANGELY FAMILIAR,
BUT AS IF I DID
NOT KNOW
HER.

HEE
HEE, OH REED,
YOU'RE SO
ROMANTIC.

"AND THEY LIVE
HAPPILY EVER AFTER
AND CREATE THE
PERFECT POST-
NUCLEAR FAMILY, WITH
A BOY AND A GIRL
WHO ARE THE BEST
KIDS EVER."



WHAT DID I TELL
YOU KIDS?!

WHAT
HAVE YOU TWO
BEEN DOING UP
HERE WHILE YOU
WERE SUPPOSED
TO BE TAKING
A NAP?

WE'RE
LIVING HAPPILY
EVER AFTER,
MOMMY.

HEE
HEE.

THE END

FOR A WOMAN WHOSE POWER IS CONTROLLED BY HER VOCAL CHORDS, THE IRONY ISN'T LOST ON ME THAT I OFTEN DON'T HAVE A VOICE OF MY OWN.

NEVER HAVE, REALLY, EVEN FROM CHILDHOOD.

IT'S THE QUIET ONES THAT ALWAYS SEEM TO BE IN THE BACKGROUND, WONDERING WHAT TO DO, HOW TO FIT IN.

MIND ALWAYS RACING.

WHY SPEAK WHEN ALL YOU CAN HEAR IS YOUR OWN VOICE IN YOUR HEAD.

THERE'S A SAYING, "FAKE IT 'TILL YOU MAKE IT."

LATELY, I THINK I'VE MADE IT, UNTIL THE VOICE CREEPS BACK INTO MY HEAD.

THIS IS MY LIFE, AND THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS EVERY SINGLE NIGHT. TOSSING AND TURNING THROUGH MY OWN HISTORY.

UNTIL THE SUN RISES IN THE PRESENT AND I WAKE UP AND, WITHOUT FAIL,



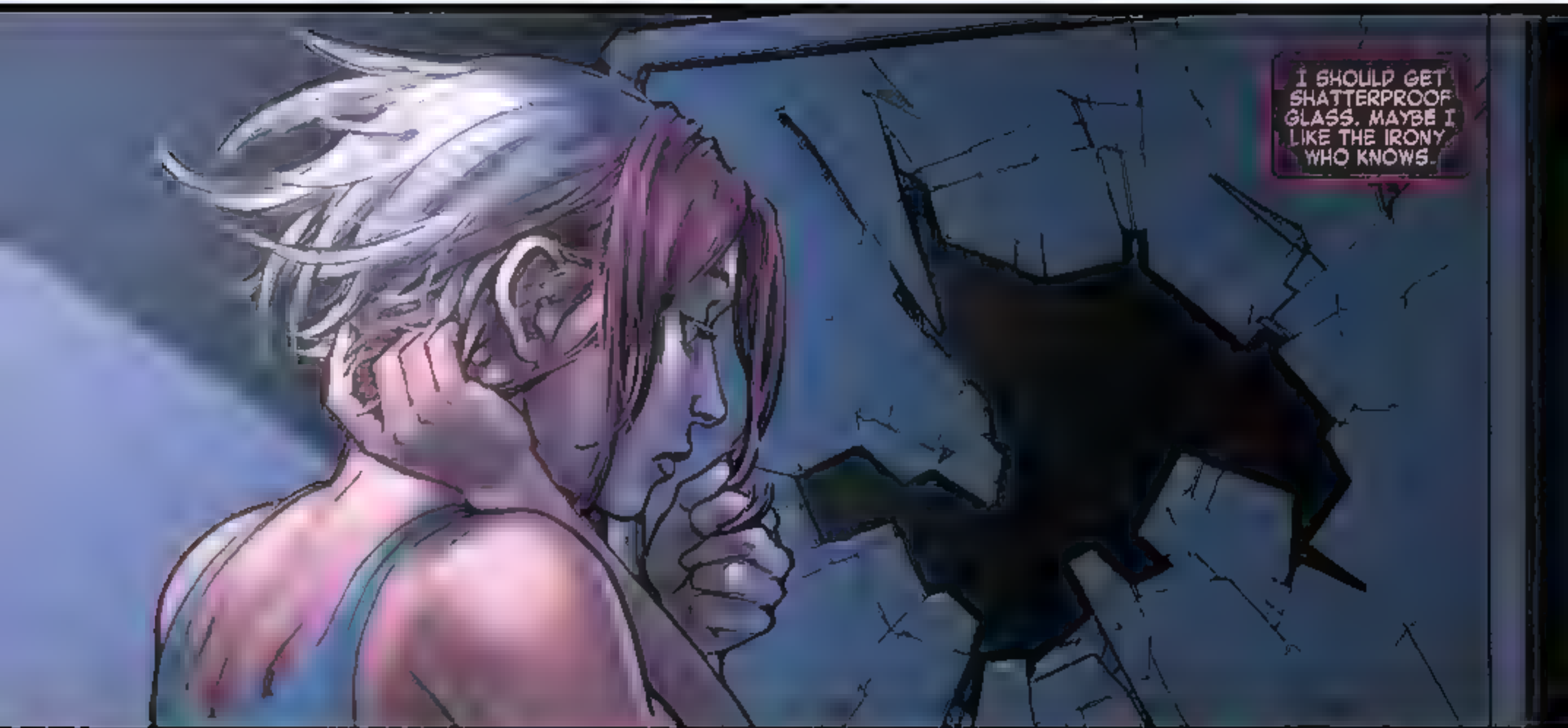
THE BEDROOM OF MELISSA GOLD:
A.K.A. SONGBIRD

I START EACH DAY
IN THE SAME WAY

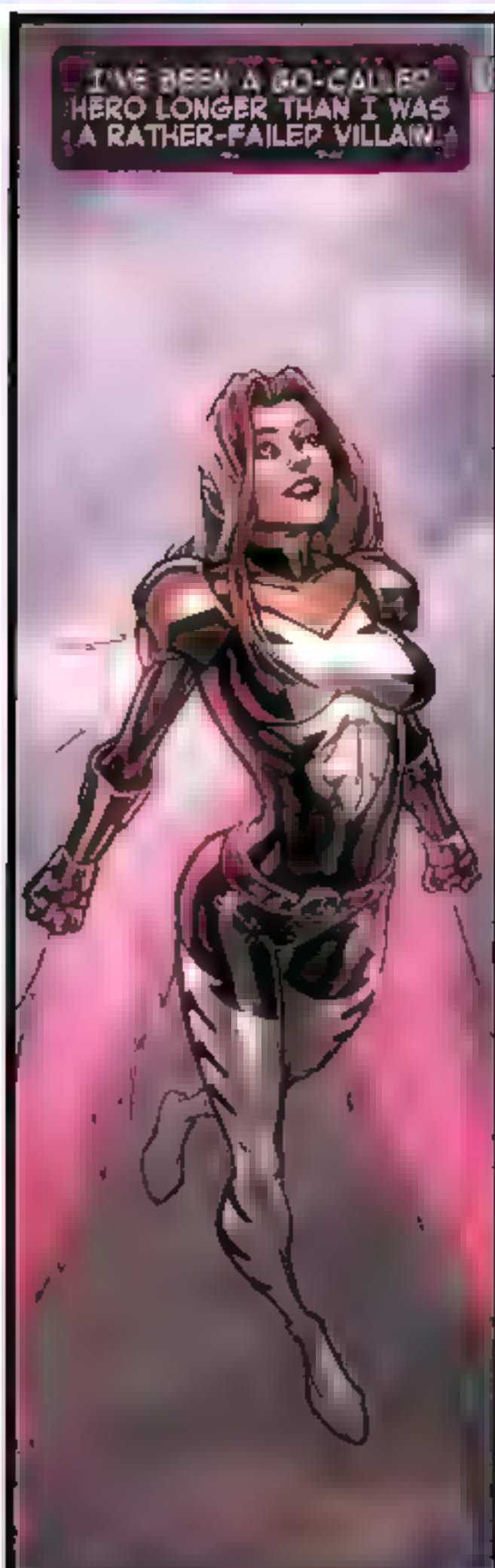


WAKE UP SCREAM

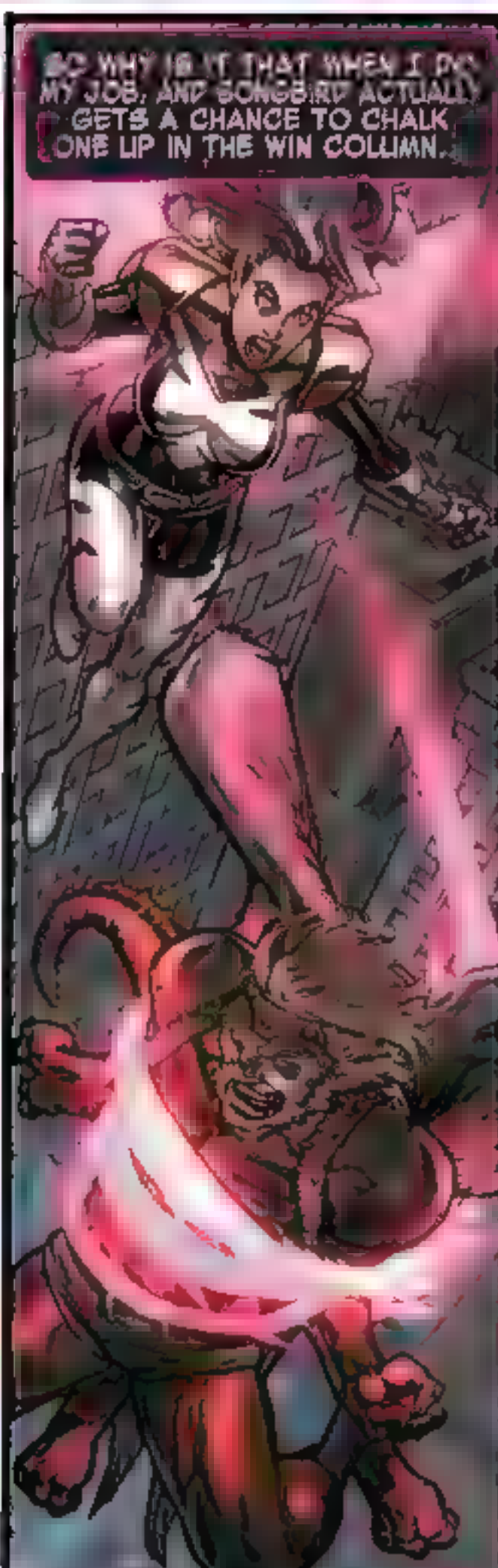
WRITER: JIM MCCANN ARTIST: MICHAEL RYAN
COLORIST: SONIA OBACK LETTERER: DAVE SHARPE



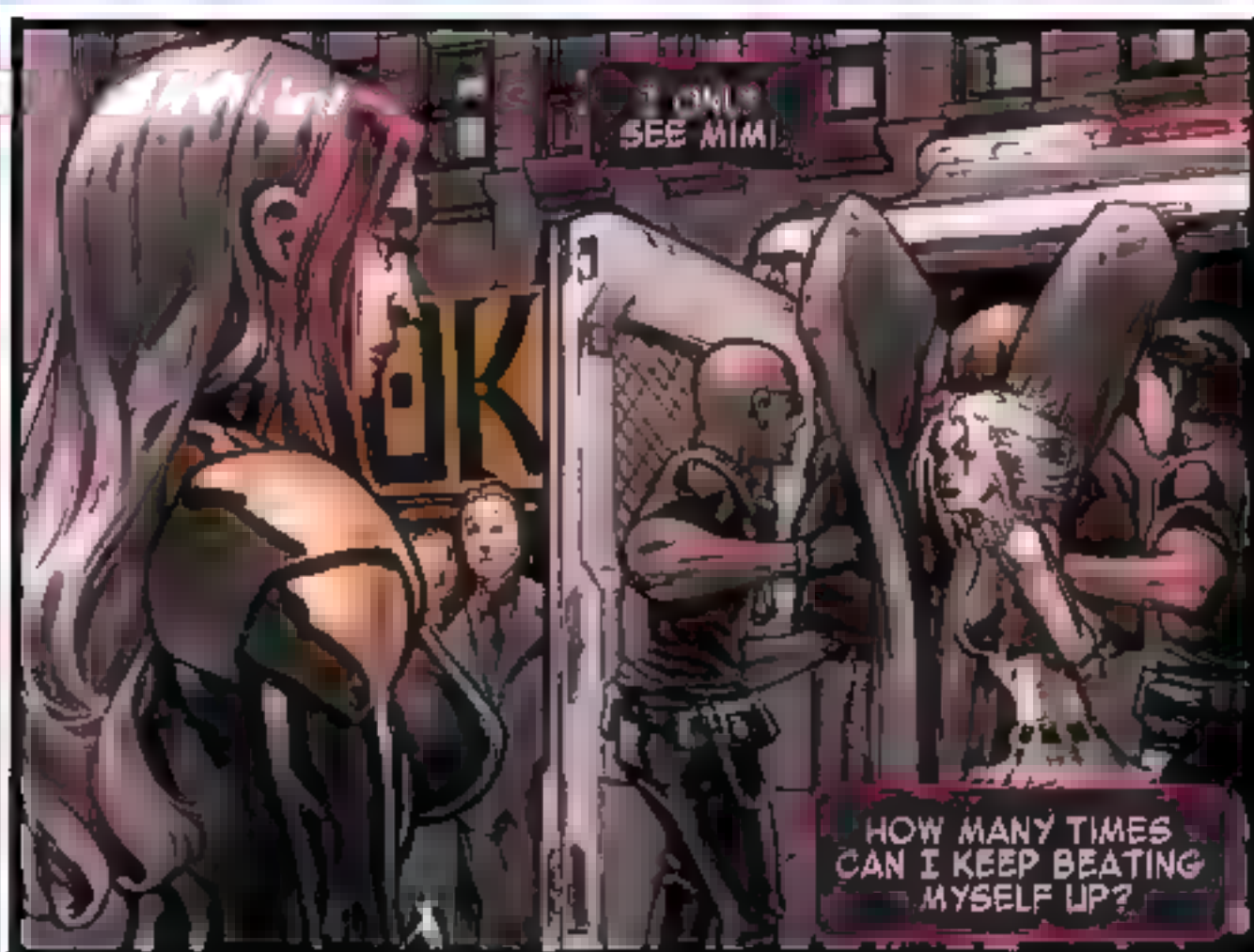
I SHOULD GET SHATTERPROOF GLASS. MAYBE I LIKE THE IRONY WHO KNOWS.



I'VE BEEN A SO-CALLED HERO LONGER THAN I WAS A RATHER-FAILED VILLAIN.

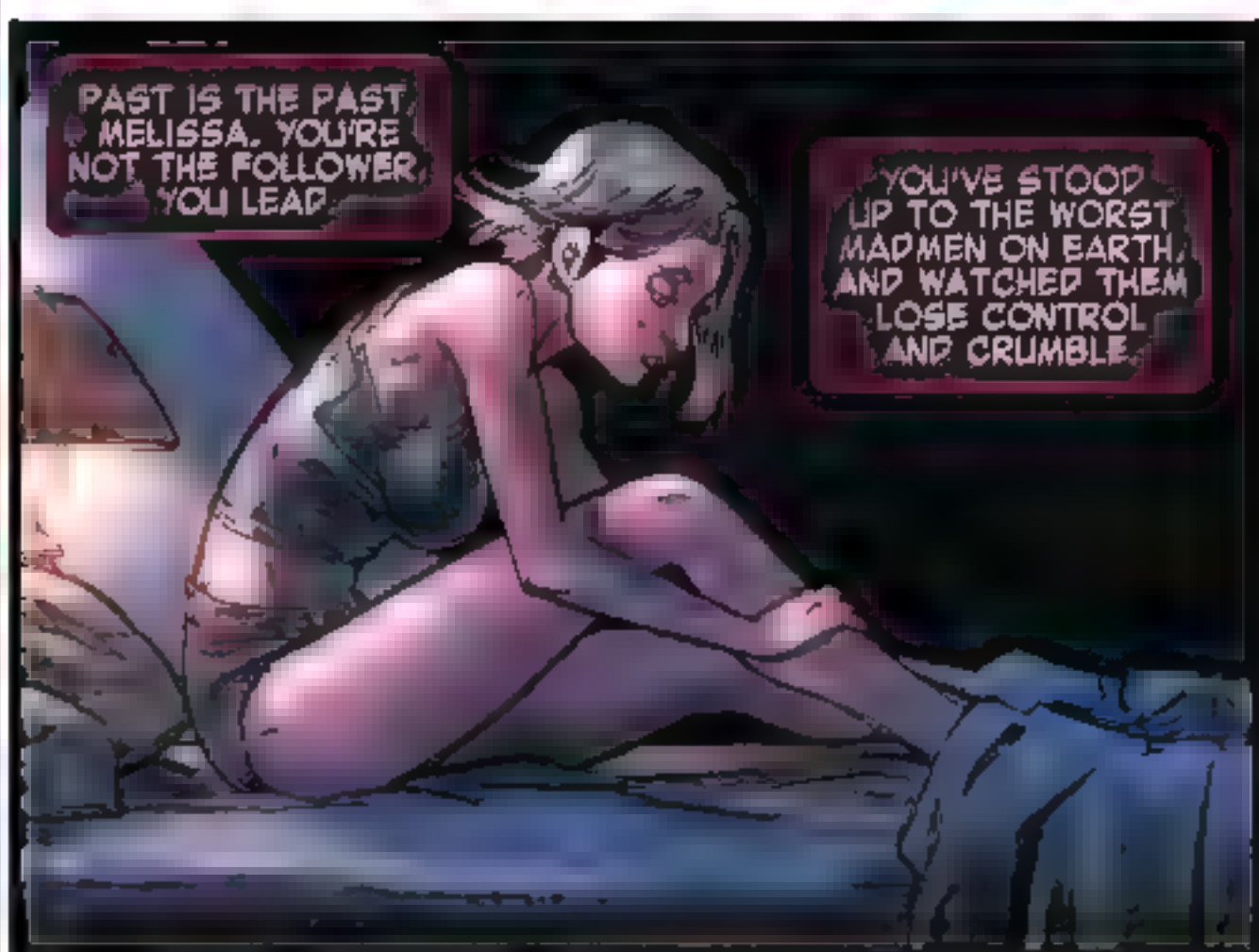


SO WHY IS IT THAT WHEN I DO MY JOB, AND SOMBIRD ACTUALLY GETS A CHANCE TO CHALK ONE UP IN THE WIN COLUMN.



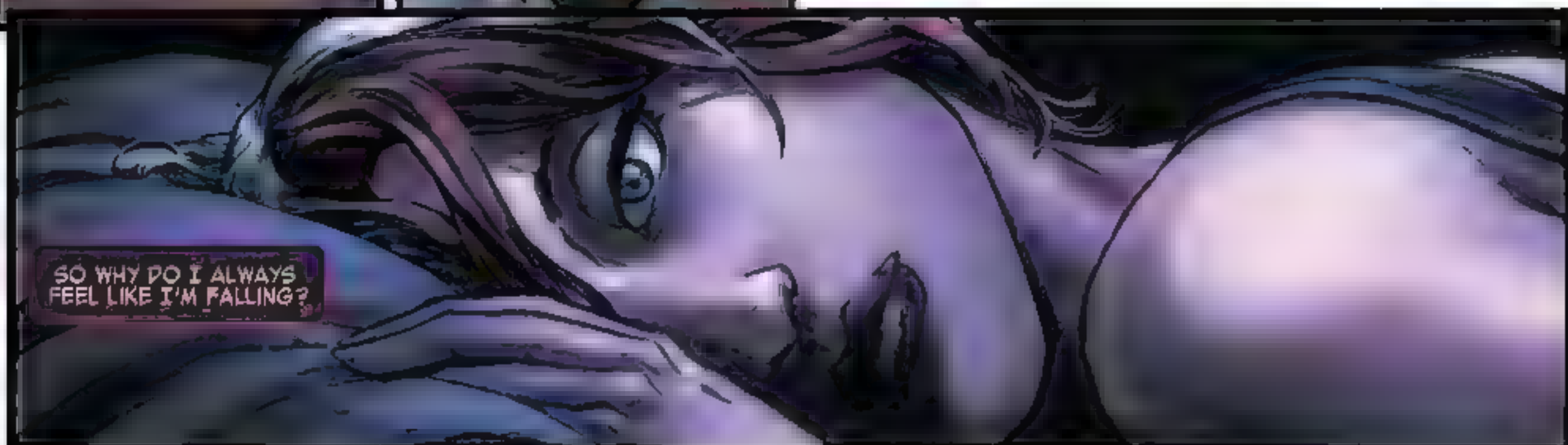
I ONLY SEE MIMI.

HOW MANY TIMES CAN I KEEP BEATING MYSELF UP?

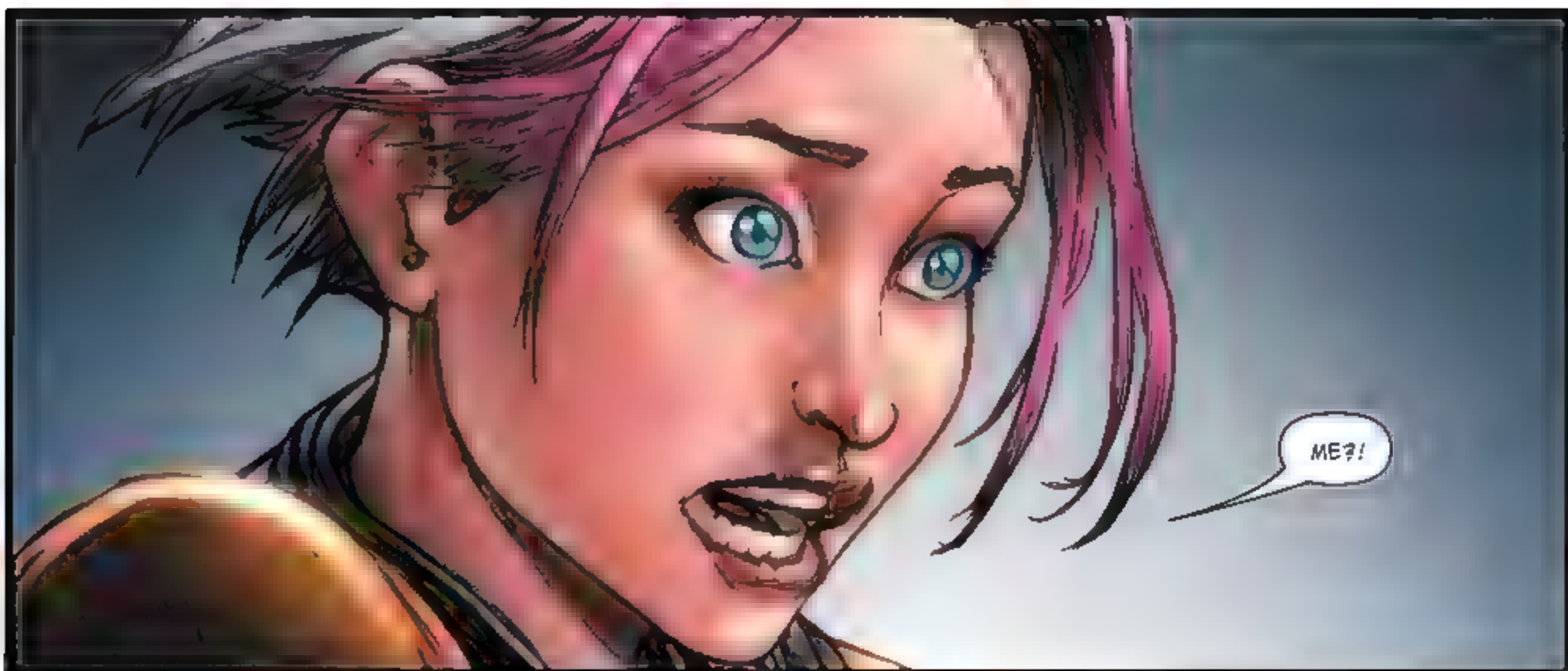
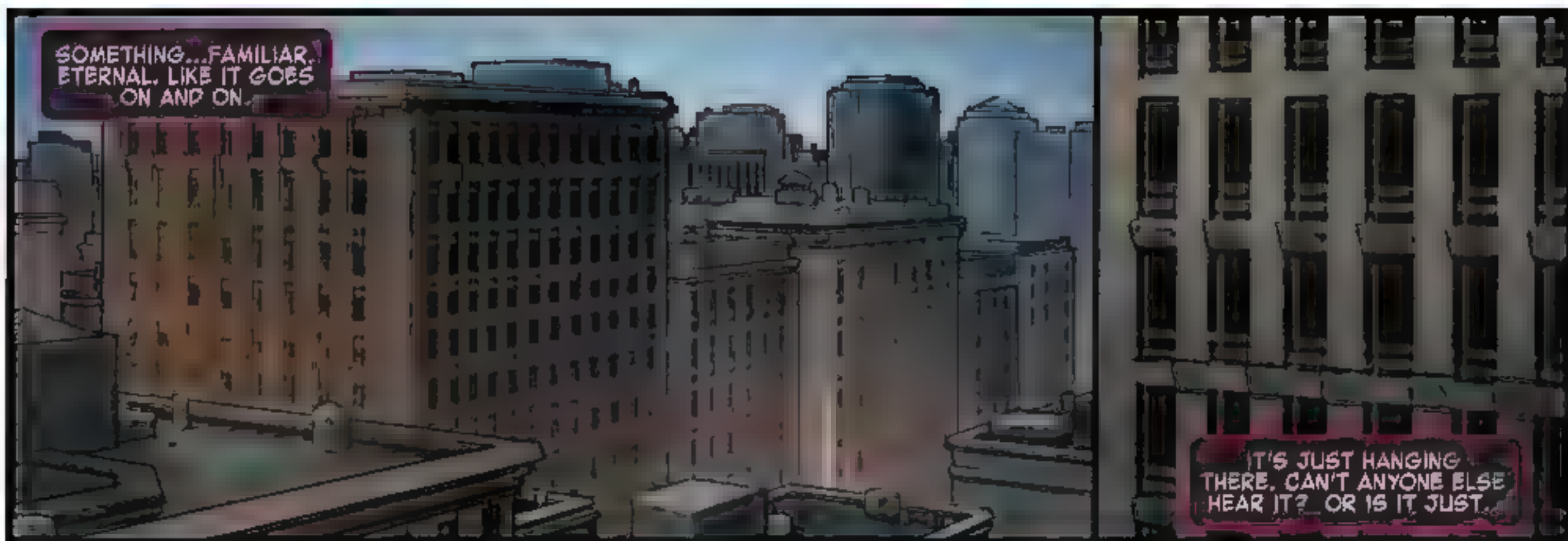
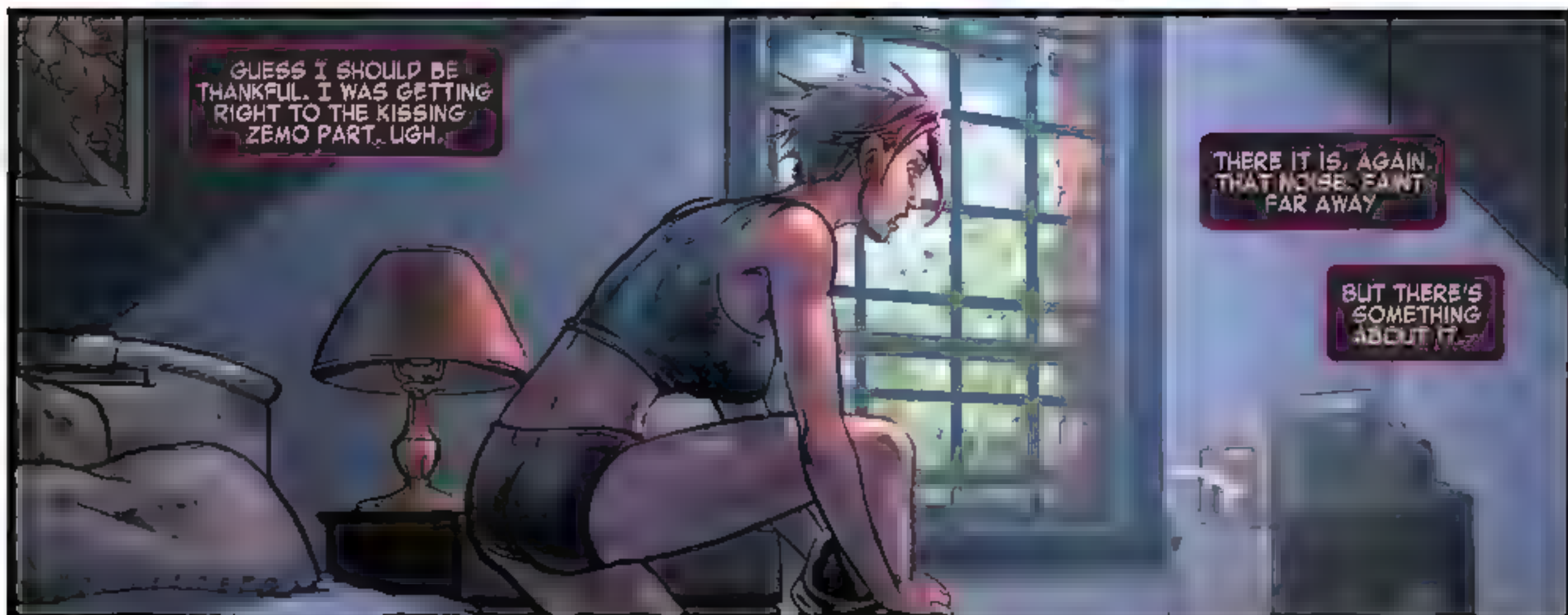
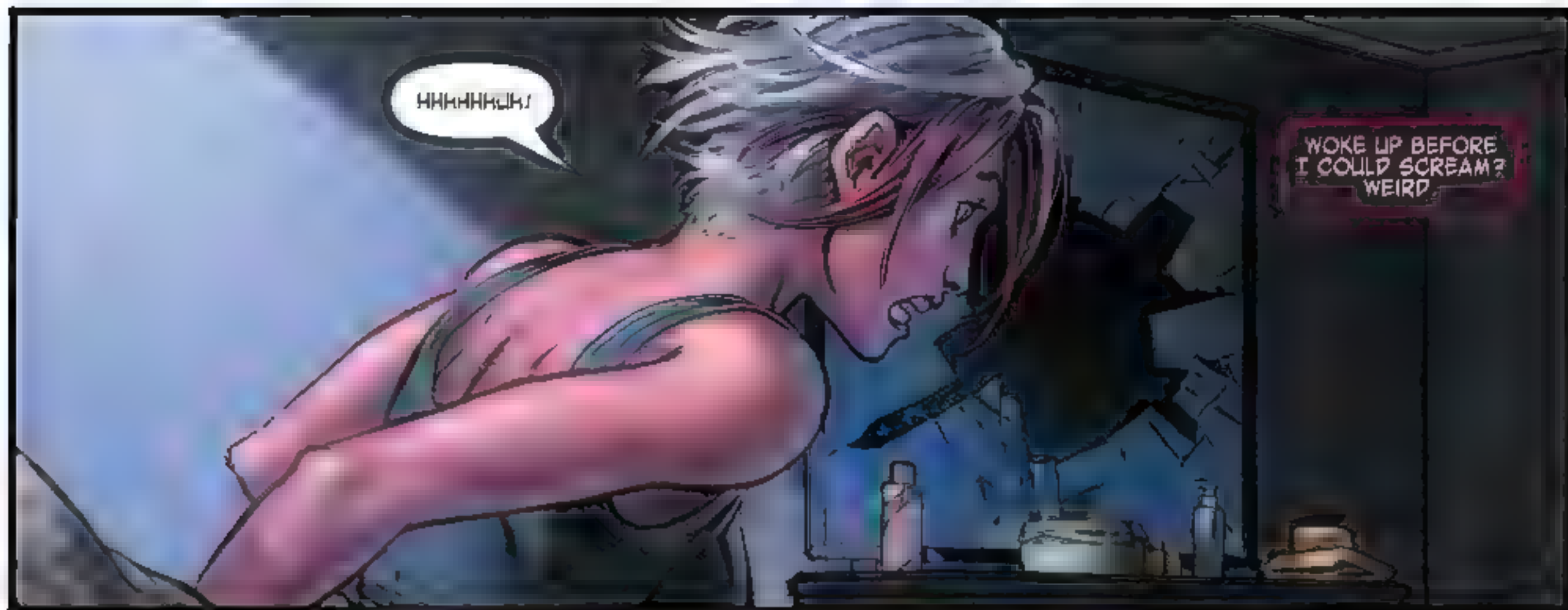


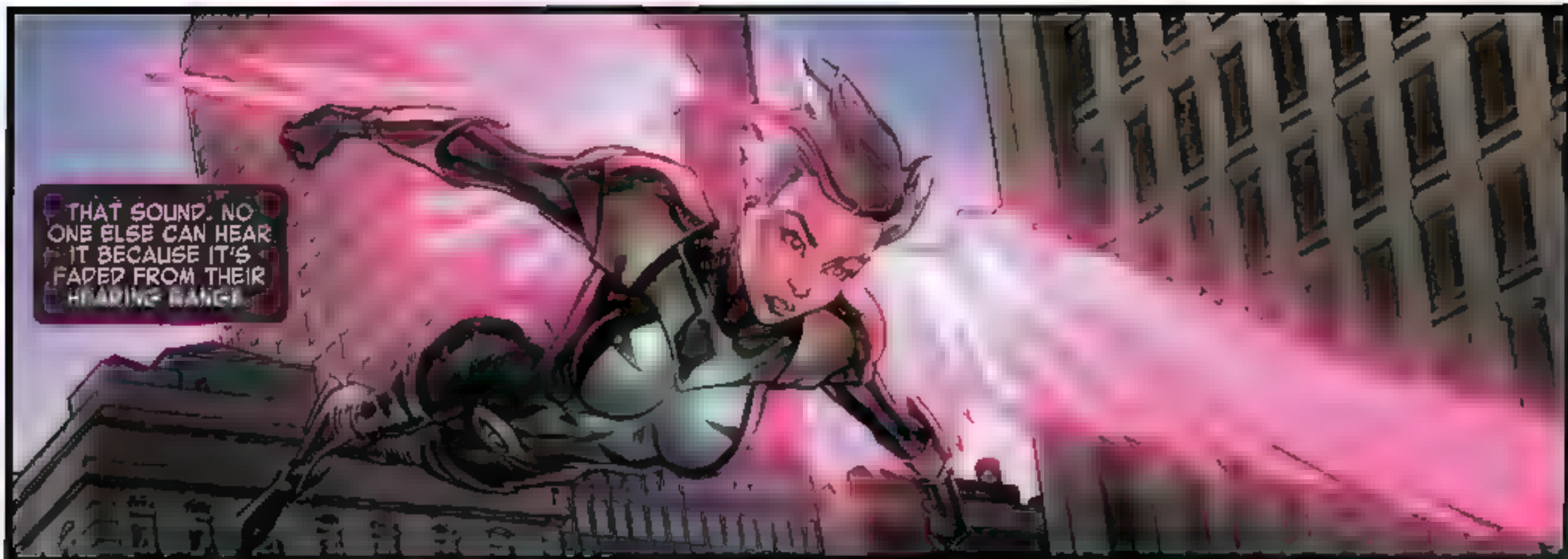
PAST IS THE PAST, MELISSA. YOU'RE NOT THE FOLLOWER, YOU LEAD.

YOU'VE STOOD UP TO THE WORST MADMEN ON EARTH, AND WATCHED THEM LOSE CONTROL AND CRUMBLE.

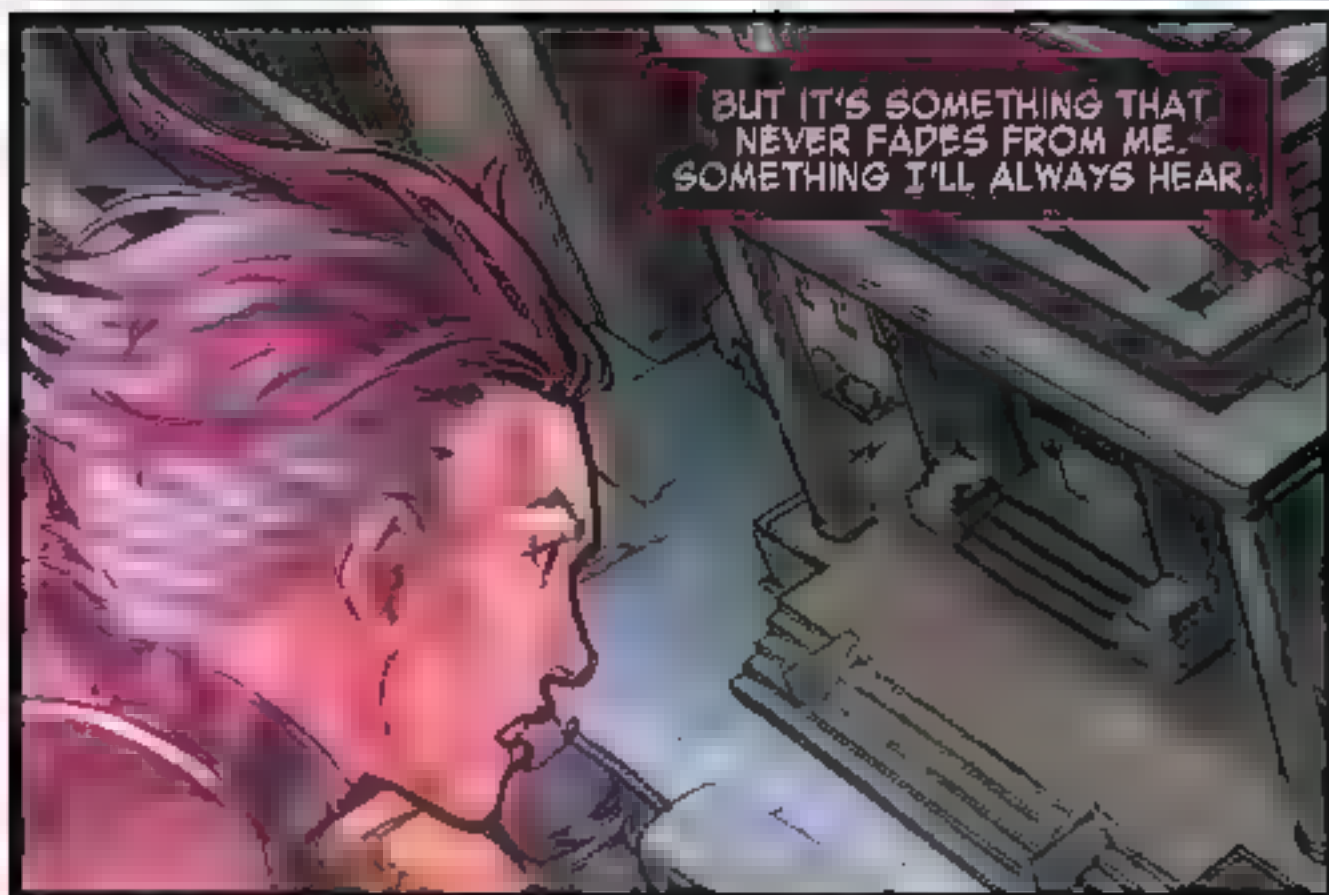


SO WHY DO I ALWAYS FEEL LIKE I'M FALLING?

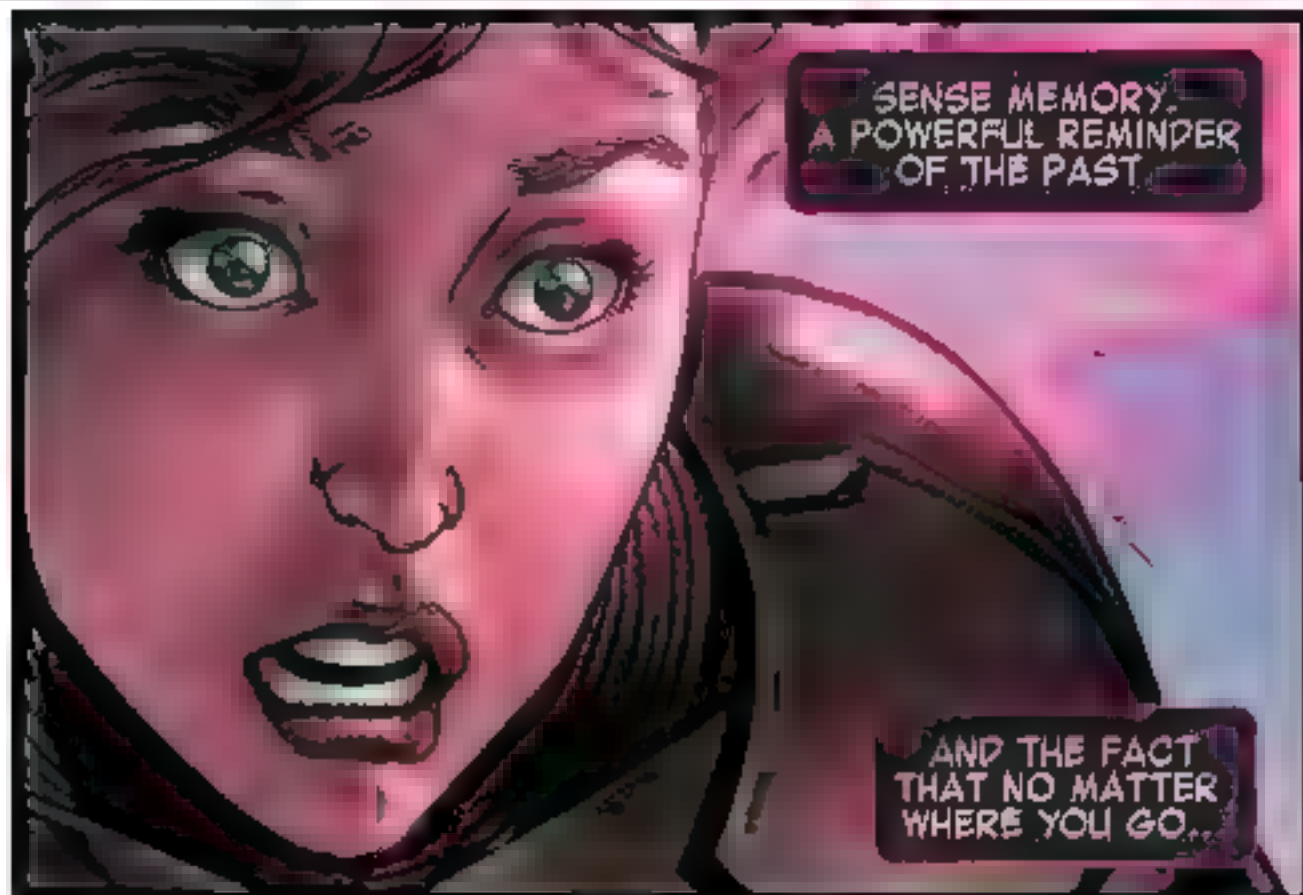




THAT SOUND. NO
ONE ELSE CAN HEAR.
IT BECAUSE IT'S
FADED FROM THEIR
HEARING RANGE.



BUT IT'S SOMETHING THAT
NEVER FADES FROM ME.
SOMETHING I'LL ALWAYS HEAR.



SENSE MEMORY.
A POWERFUL REMINDER
OF THE PAST

AND THE FACT
THAT NO MATTER
WHERE YOU GO...



YOUR PAST WILL
ALWAYS FIND YOU.

LETHA.
TITANIA.
YOU LOOK...
ALIVE.

HIYA, MEL.
GLAD YOU
COULD
MAKE IT.

THE HOOD'S
CONNECT ONS RUN
DEEP. LIKE DOWN UNDER
THE GROUND DEEP.
NOW WE'RE BACK. WE
THOUGHT A REUNION MIGHT
BE NICE. MAYBE ROB A
BANK FOR OLD
TIMES SAKE?

WE WOULD
HAVE CALLED, BUT
WE DIDN'T HAVE
YOUR NUMBER.



SO WE GOT
OURSELVES A
D FFERENT
KINDA PHONE.

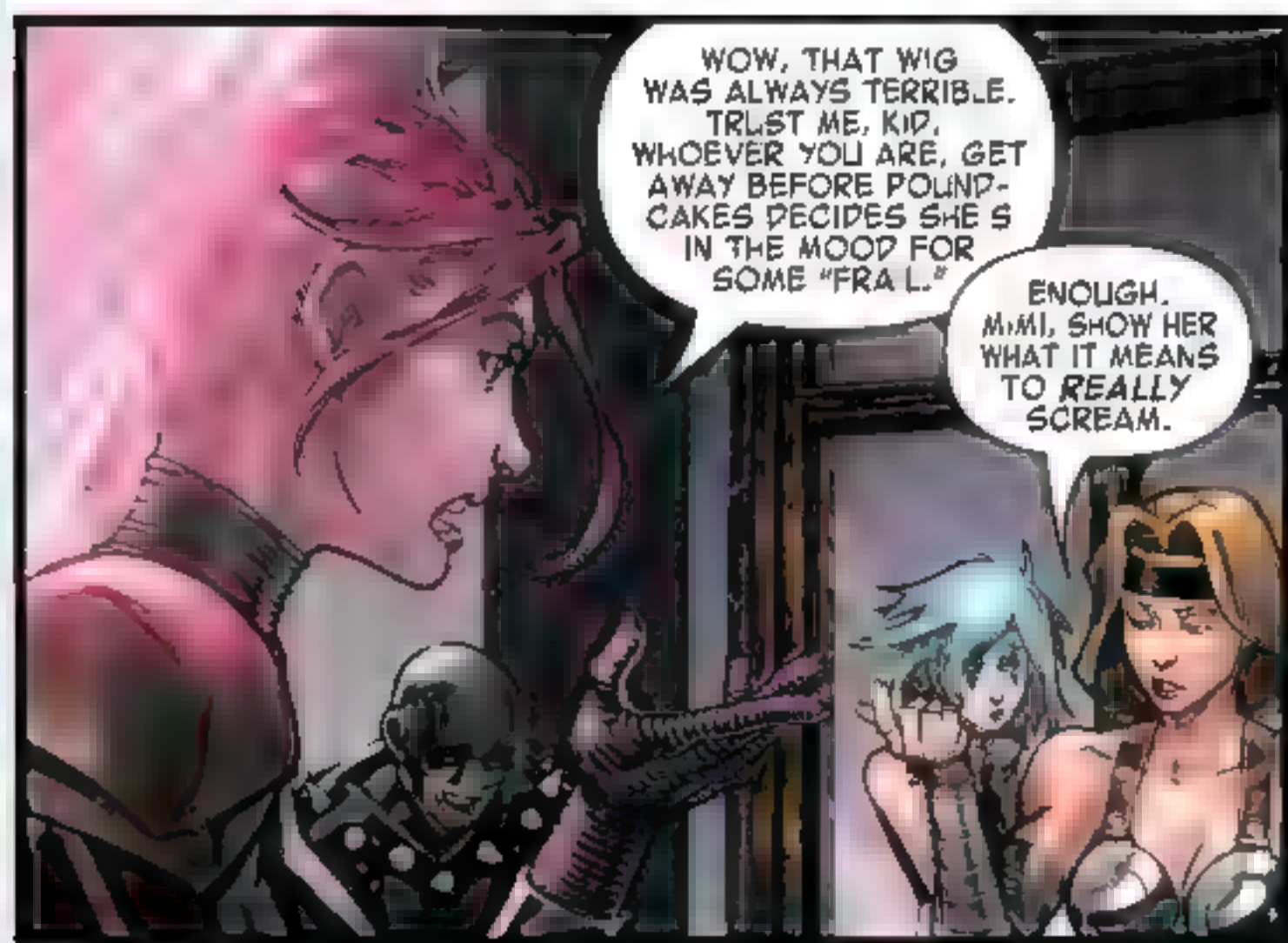
ONE THAT'S
GOT A SPEC AL
RINGTONE, JUST
FER YOU.



AIN'T THAT RIGHT, MIMI?

Y'KNOW YOU'RE NOT THAT SPECIAL AFTER ALL. ENOUGH MONEY AND YOU CAN GET ONE OF THOSE CONTRAPTIONS MADE FOR A SONG. HEH, GET IT LETHA?

"MIMI"?!



WOW, THAT WIG WAS ALWAYS TERRIBLE. TRUST ME, KID, WHOEVER YOU ARE, GET AWAY BEFORE POUND-CAKES DECIDES SHE'S IN THE MOOD FOR SOME "FRA L."

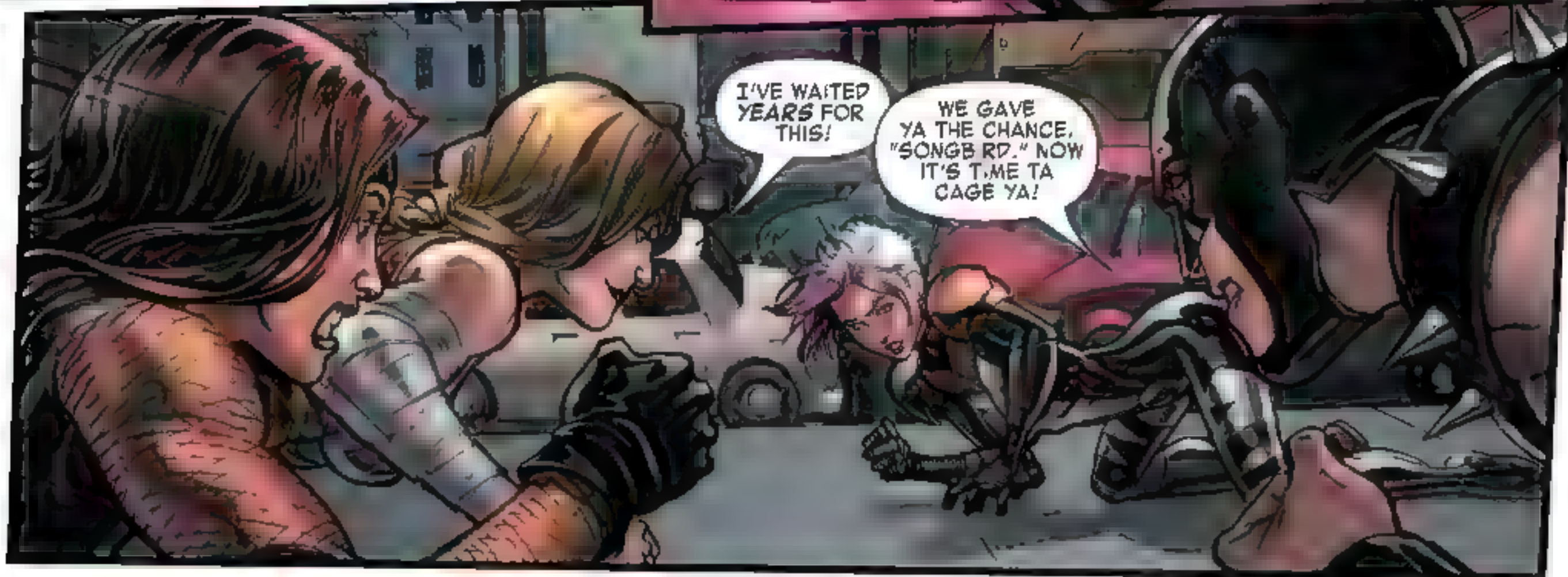
ENOUGH. MIMI, SHOW HER WHAT IT MEANS TO REALLY SCREAM.



SKREEEEEEEEEEE!

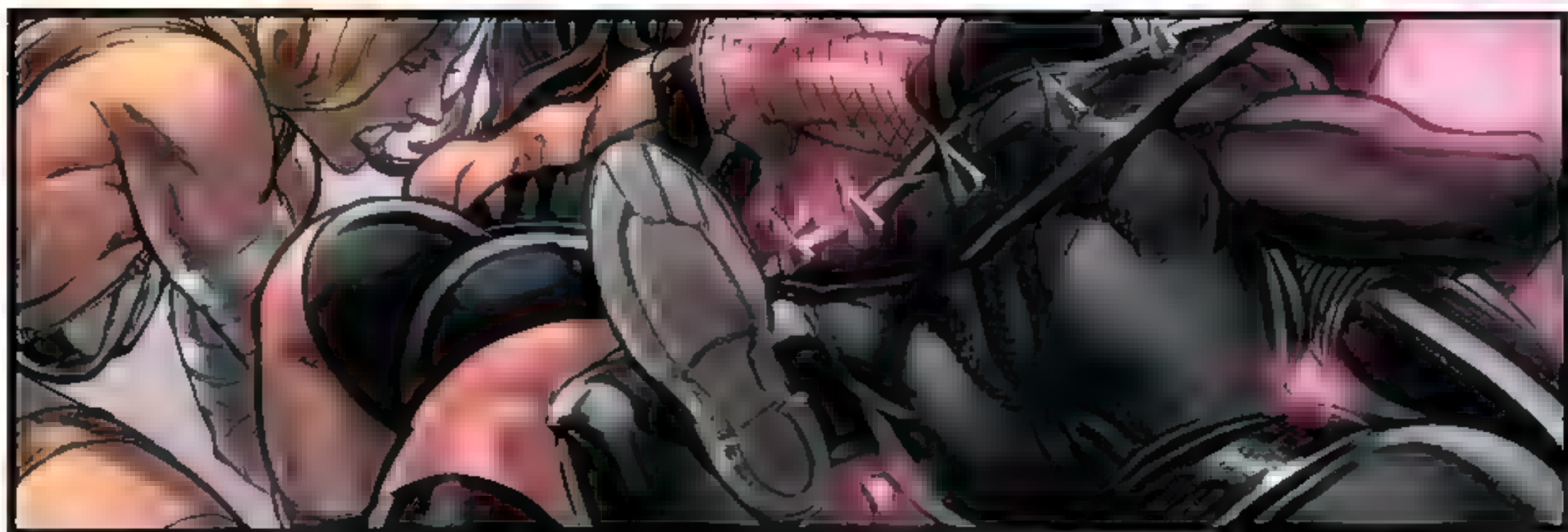
NNNNG!

NEVER REALLY BEEN ON THE RECEIVING END OF THESE. NOT LIKE THIS



I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR THIS!

WE GAVE YA THE CHANCE, "SONGB RD." NOW IT'S T.M.E TA CAGE YA!





EASY LADIES. I KNOW YOU'VE SPENT A LOT OF TIME BEHIND BARS, BUT I'M NOT THAT KINDA GIRL.

BESIDES, PRISON GIRLS IS SO CLICHÉ.



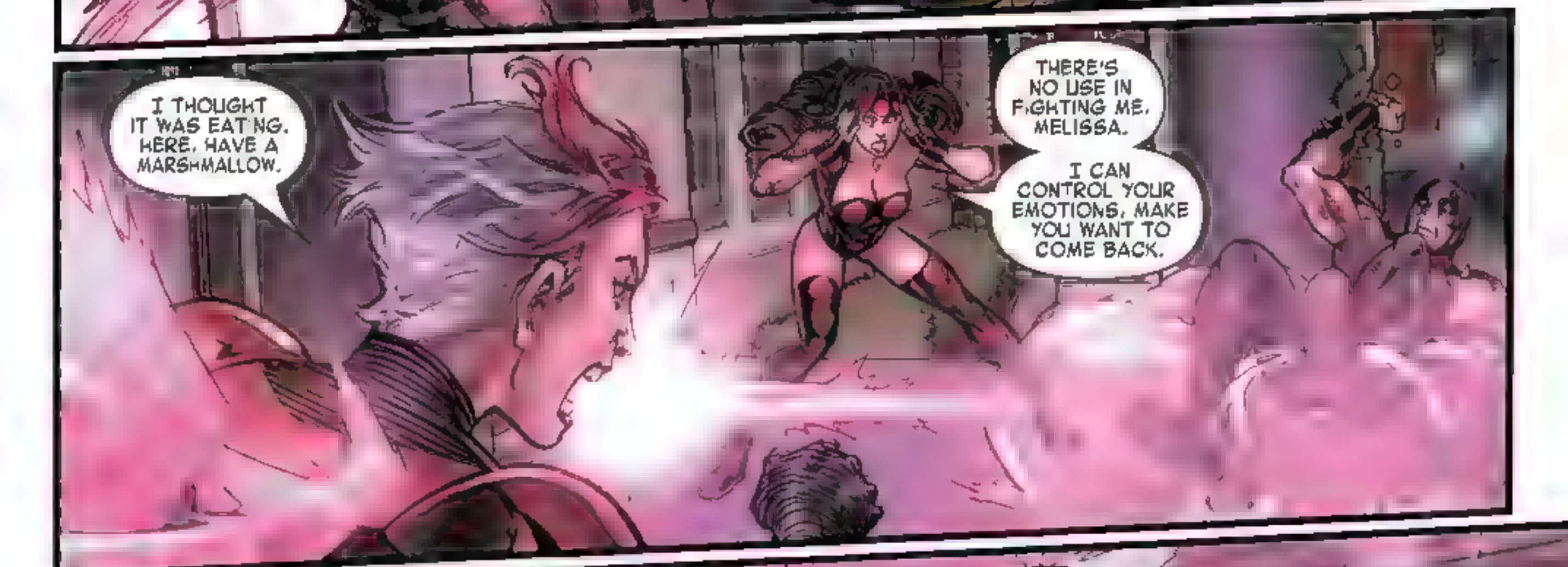
LIKE YOU'VE NEVER DONE TIME. AREN'T YOU ON PAROLE OR SOMETHING?

I'VE BEEN PARDONED. TRYING TO HELP PEOPLE WHO WANT IT.

USUALLY.

RIGHT NOW, ALL I WANT TO DO IS KICK YOUR ASS.

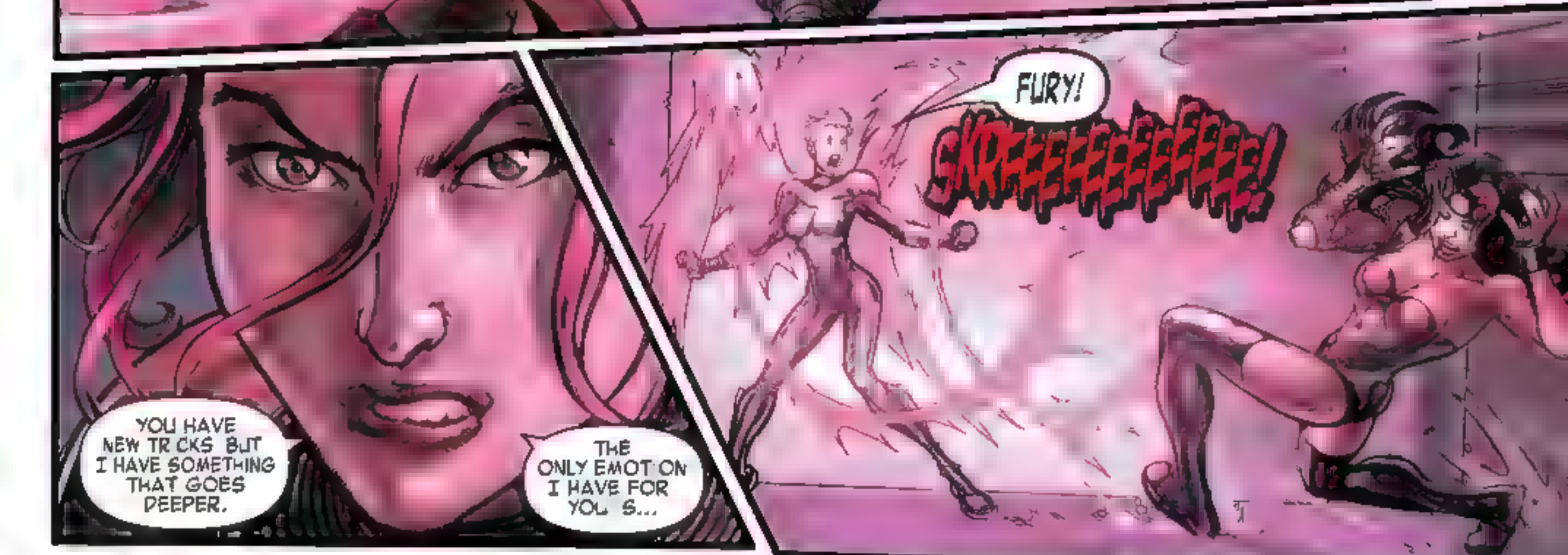
KICKIN'S MY SPECIALTY, PINKY!



I THOUGHT IT WAS EATING HERE. HAVE A MARSHMALLOW.

THERE'S NO USE IN FIGHTING ME, MELISSA.

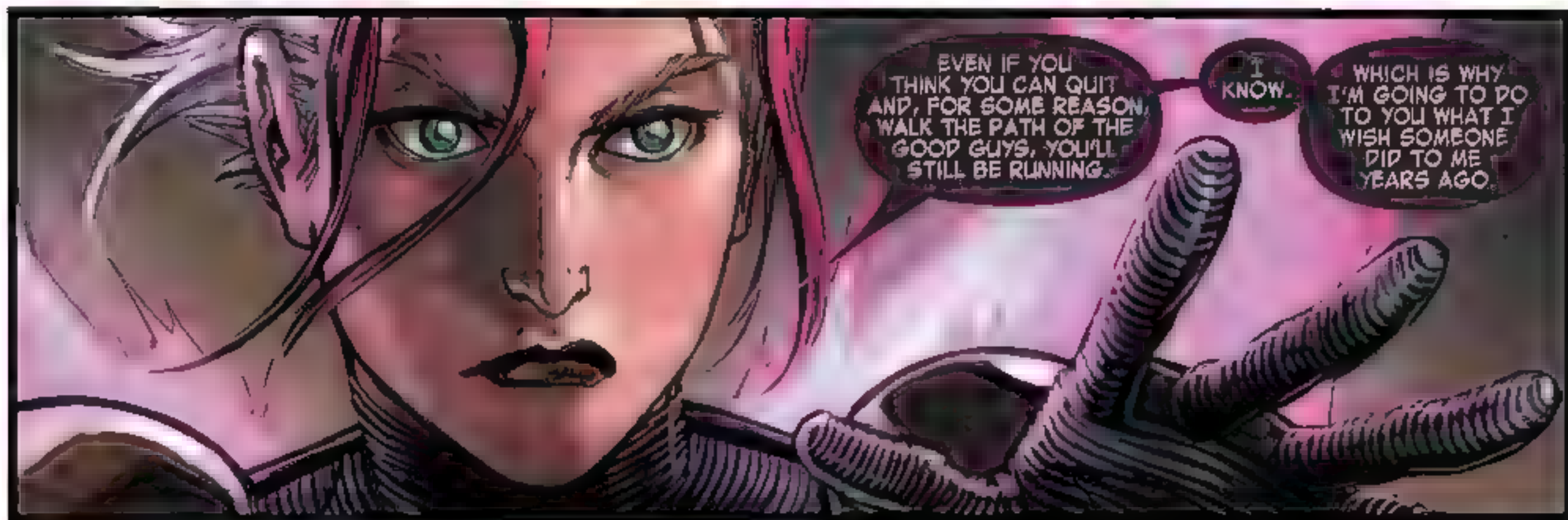
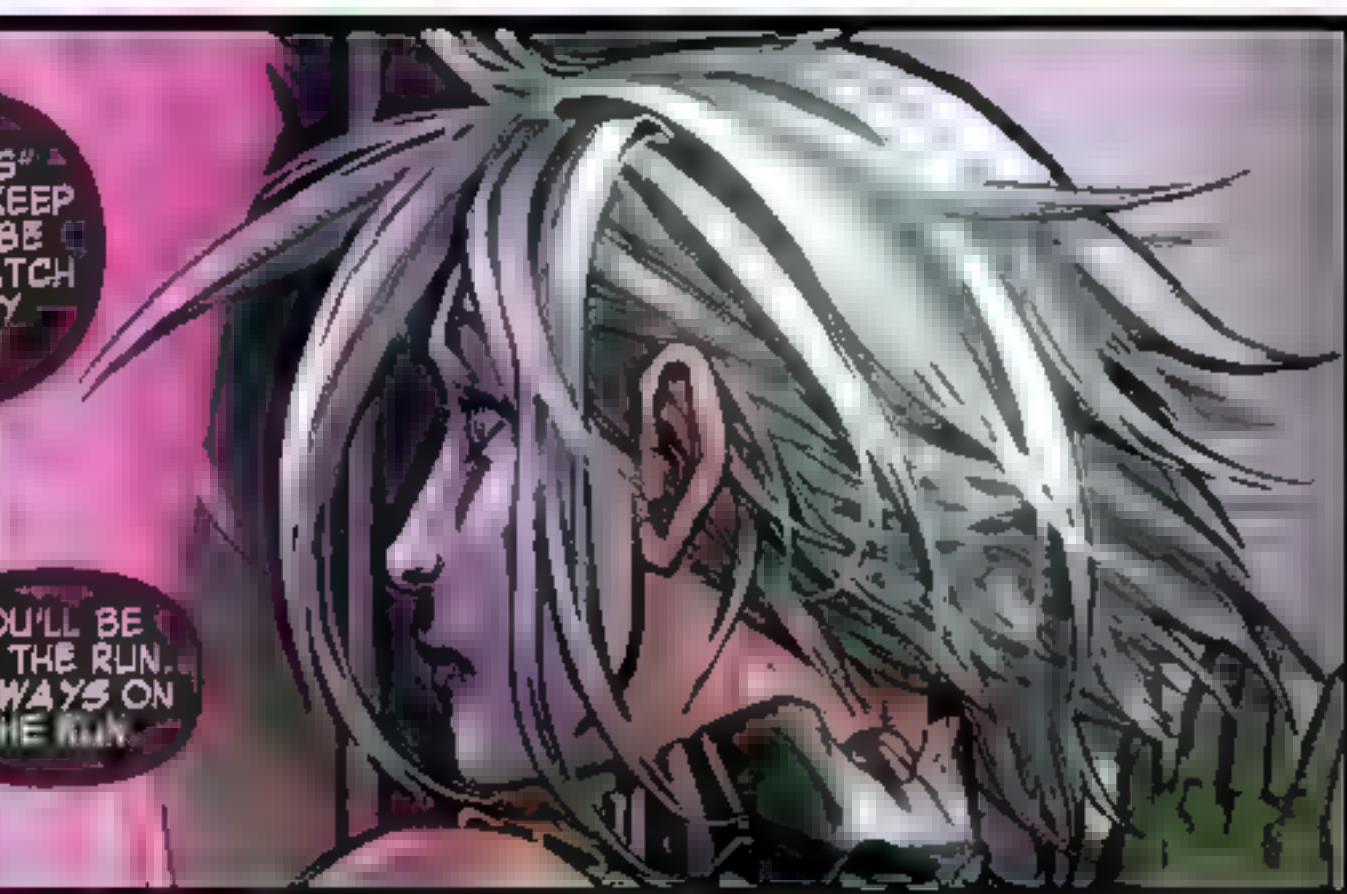
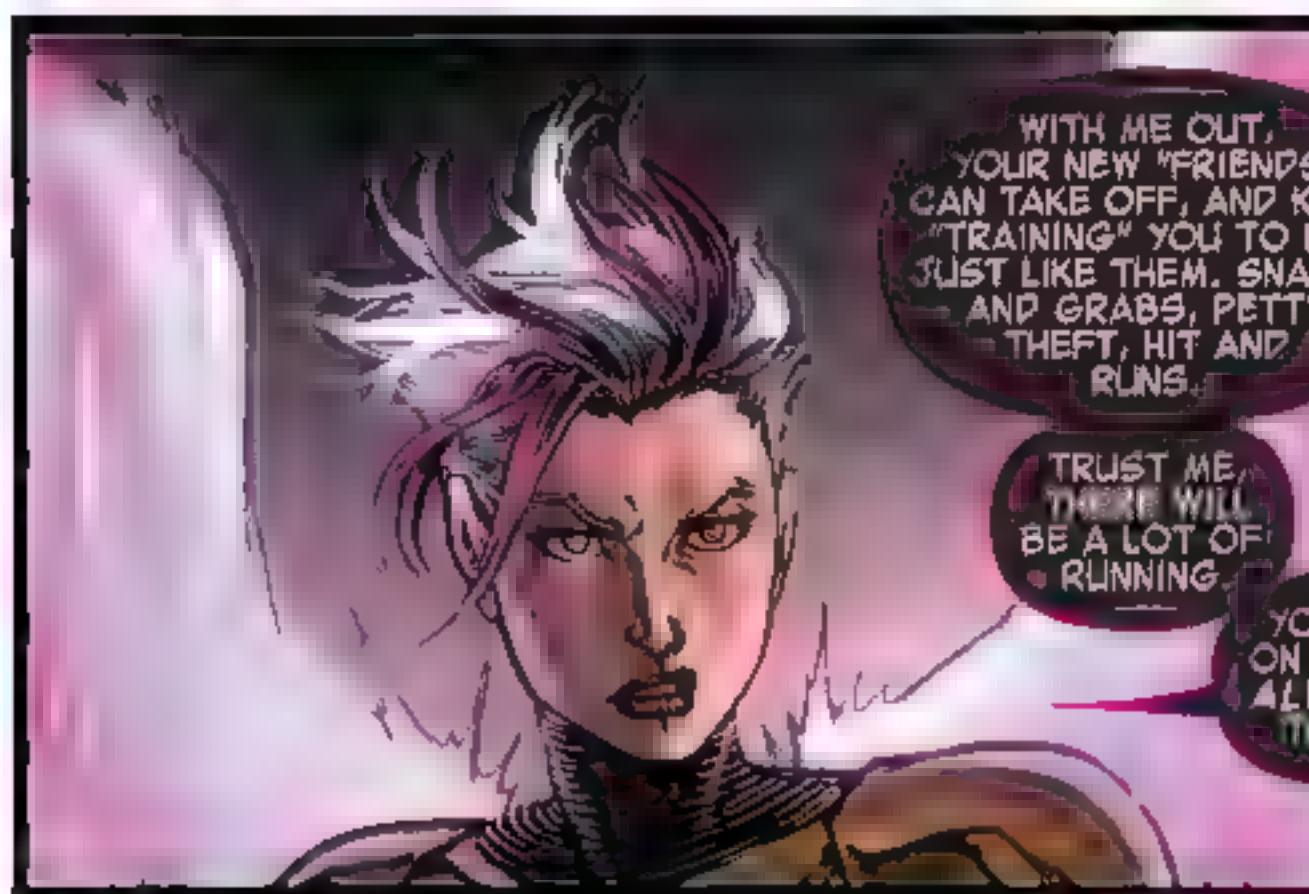
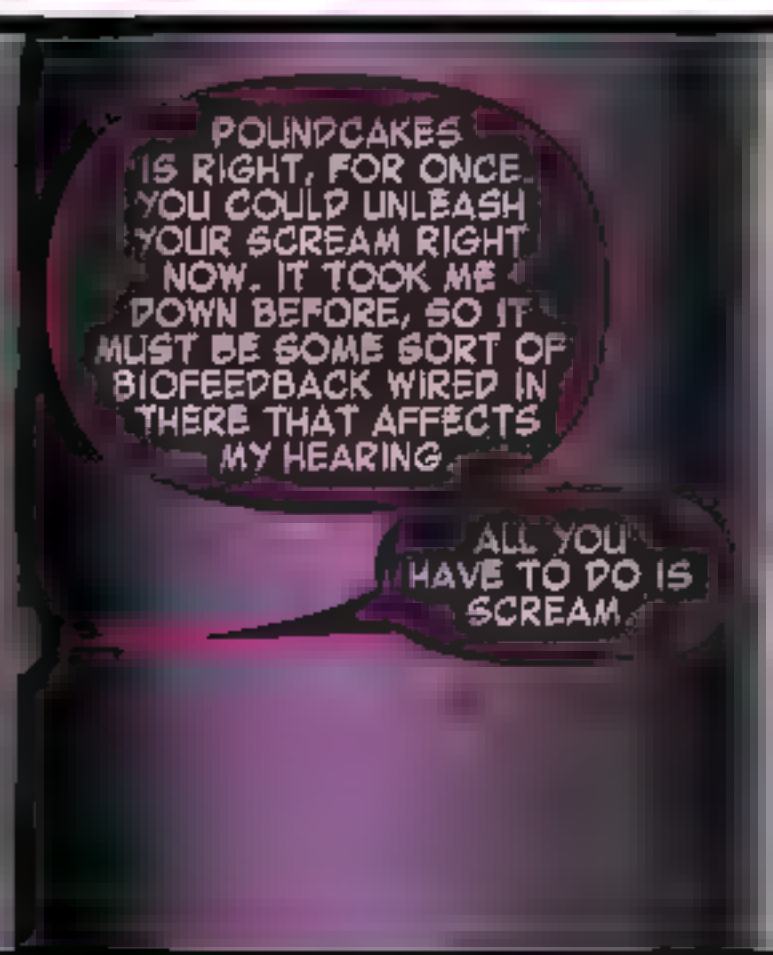
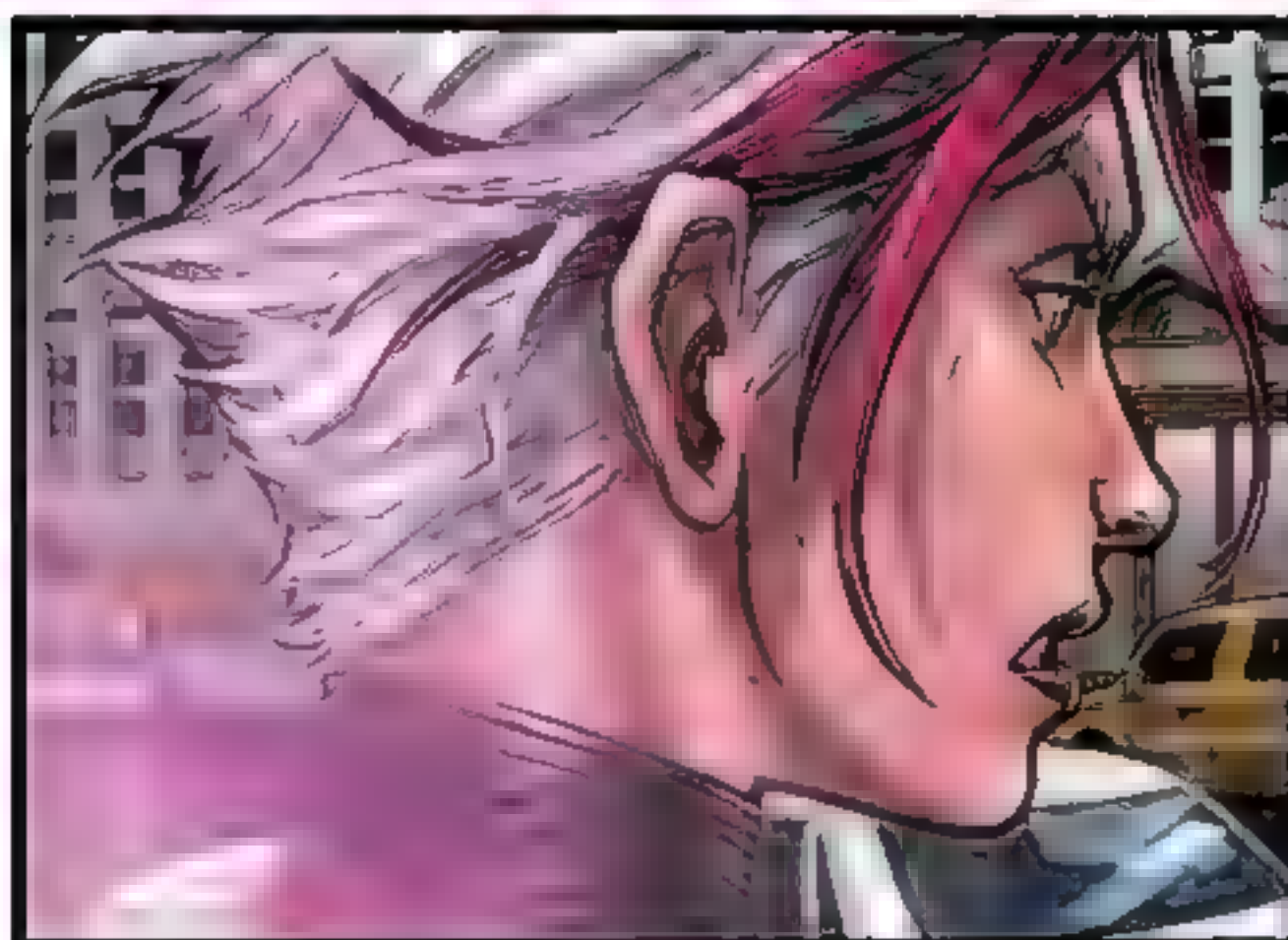
I CAN CONTROL YOUR EMOTIONS, MAKE YOU WANT TO COME BACK.

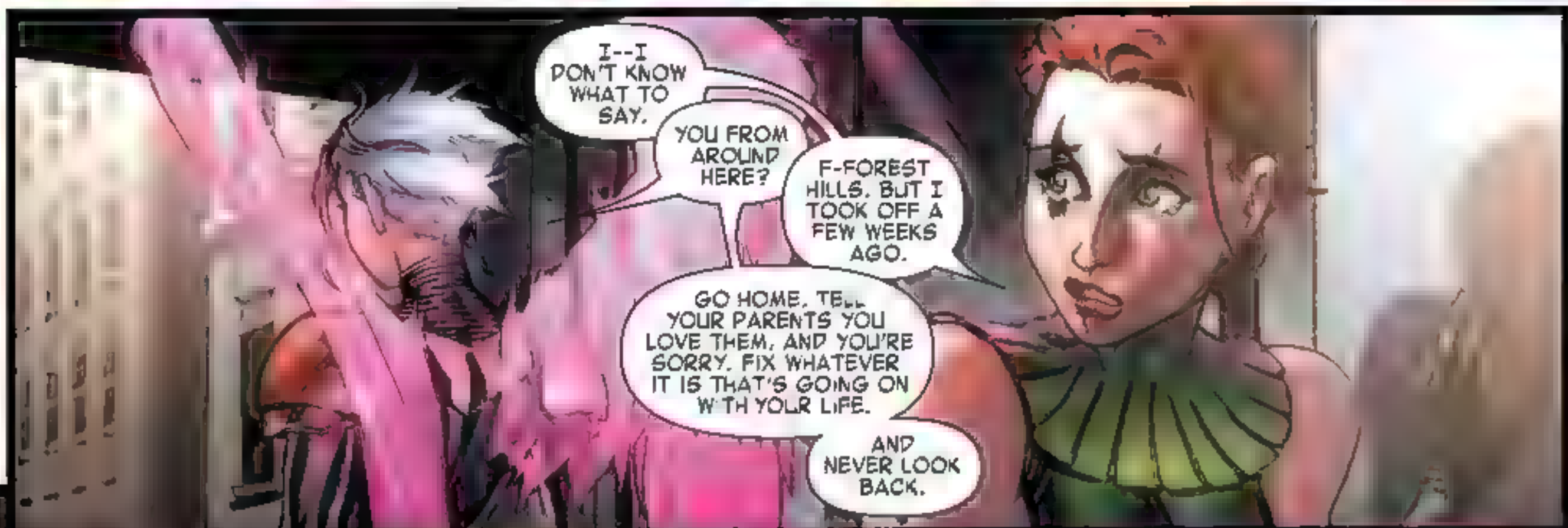
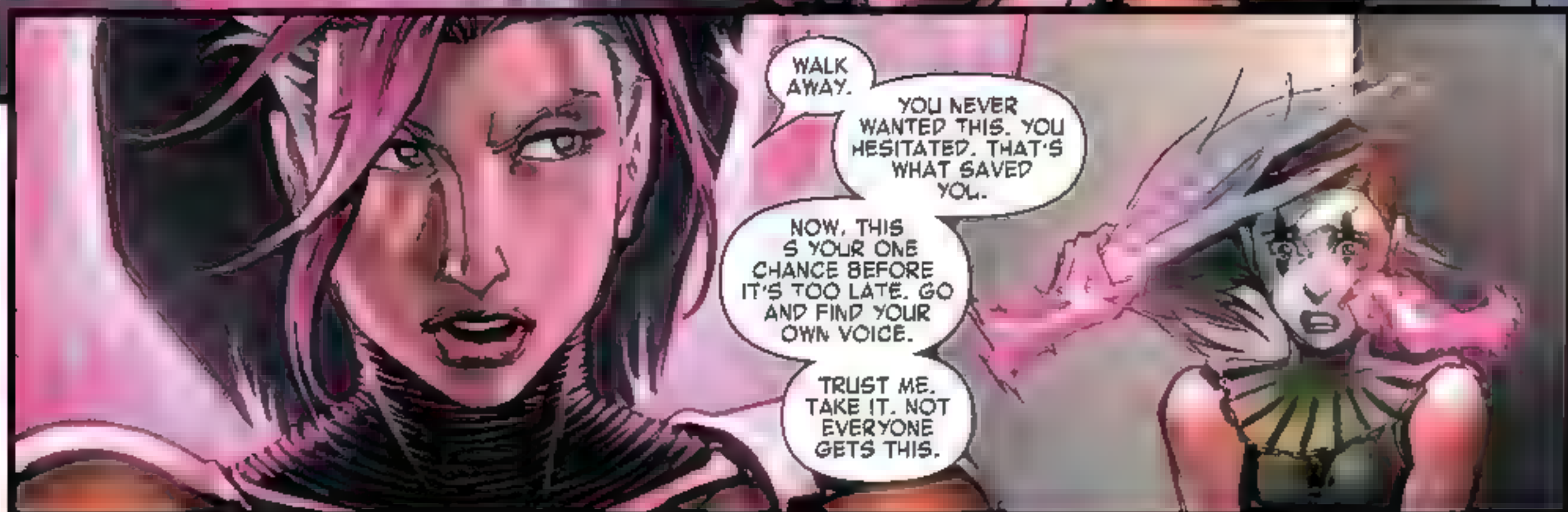


YOU HAVE NEW TRICKS BUT I HAVE SOMETHING THAT GOES DEEPER.

THE ONLY EMOTION I HAVE FOR YOU IS...

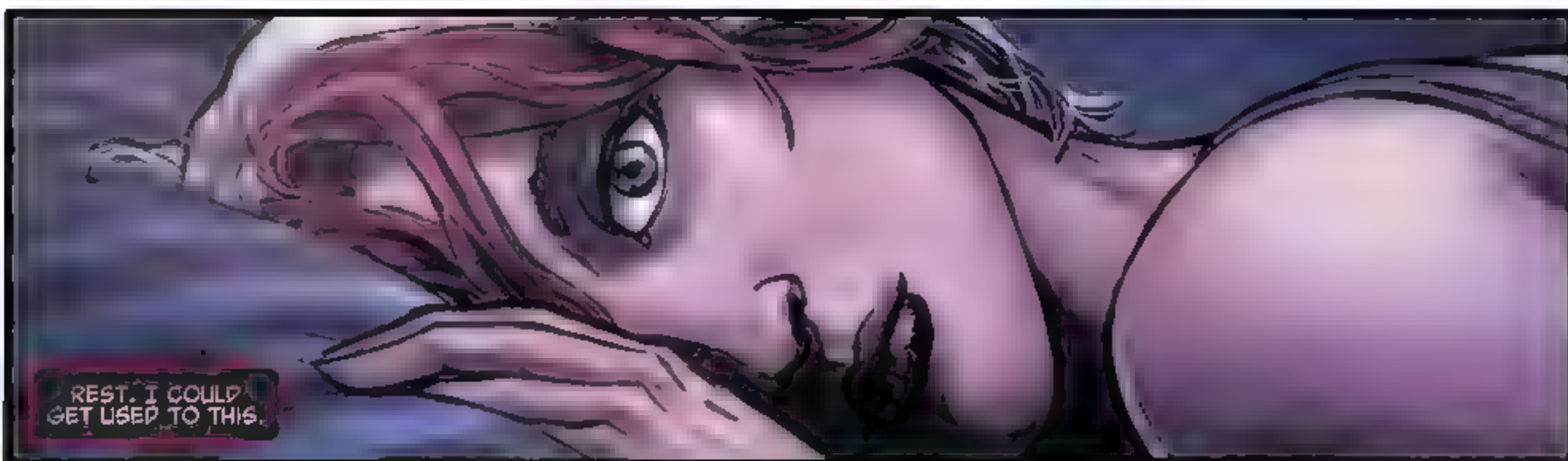
FURY!
SKREEEEEEEEEEE!



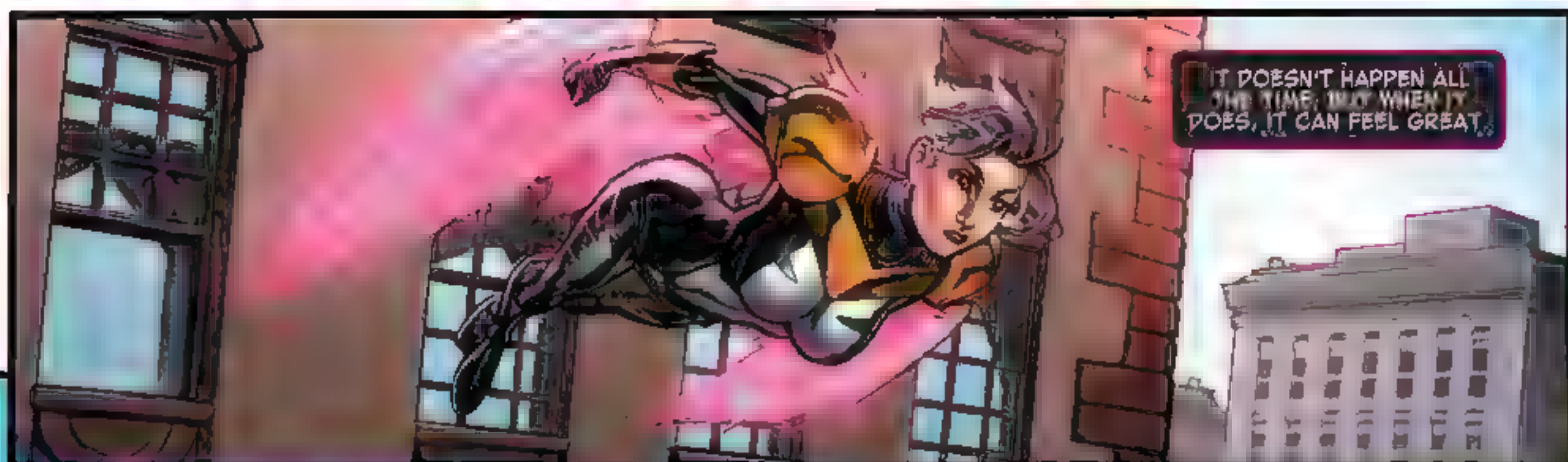




THE NEXT DAY.



REST. I COULD
GET USED TO THIS.



IT DOESN'T HAPPEN ALL
THE TIME, BUT WHEN IT
DOES, IT CAN FEEL GREAT.



AND PEOPLE SURPRISE YOU
BY PROVING YOU RIGHT.

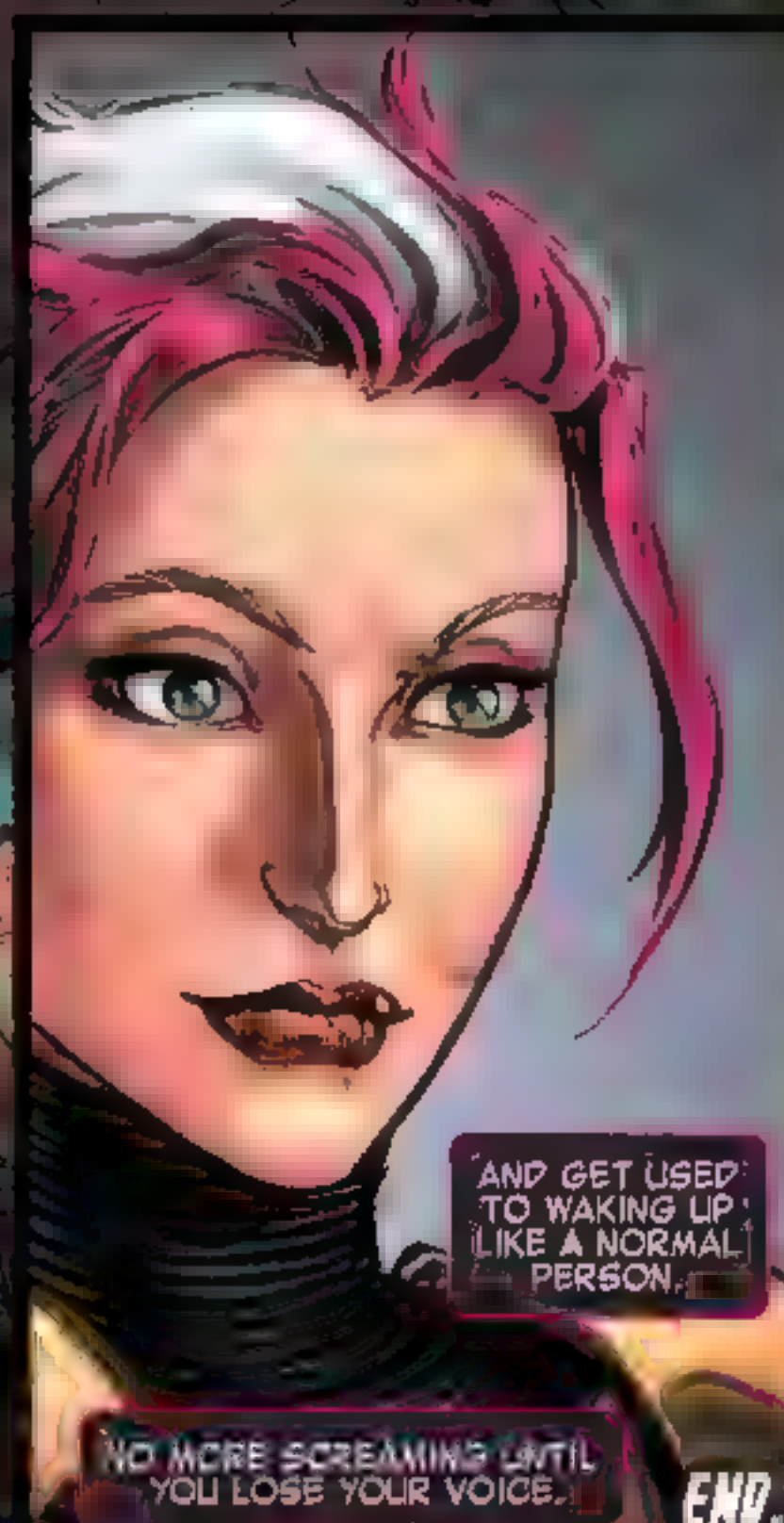
HEY!
WAIT UP!

LAME?
WHERE'VE
YOU BEEN?!

I WAS...
DOESN'T MATTER.
I'M BACK. WHAT'VE
I MISSED?
FILL ME IN!!

SEEING IT IN OTHERS
HELPS YOU SEE IT IN
YOURSELF.

EVENTUALLY, YOU
CAN STOP RUNNING
AWAY, AND START
WALKING FORWARD.



AND GET USED
TO WAKING UP
LIKE A NORMAL
PERSON.

NO MORE SCREAMING UNTIL
YOU LOSE YOUR VOICE.

END.

In 1957, the first British Overseas Airways Corporation flight between London and Johannesburg was operated with resounding success.

The year is 1956.

SHANNA THE SHE-DEVIL IN... HEART OF DARKNESS

Writers: Mary HK Choi Artist: Nuno Plata
Letterer: Jeff Eckleberry

Nathaniel Ives, 30,
missionary and
cocksure buffoon.

LUCY, MY SWEET
GRL, HOW I LONG
TO HOLD YOUR
HAND.

THOUGH
NOT ON THIS
PLANE...

SINCE I
CAN'T BEAR TO
MOLLYCODDLE
YOU RIGHT
NOW.

I TRUST I'LL
BE GRANTED SAFE
PASSAGE.

I JUST
PRAY THE GIRTH
OF MY METTLE
ENOUGH TO SWAY
THE SAVAGE.

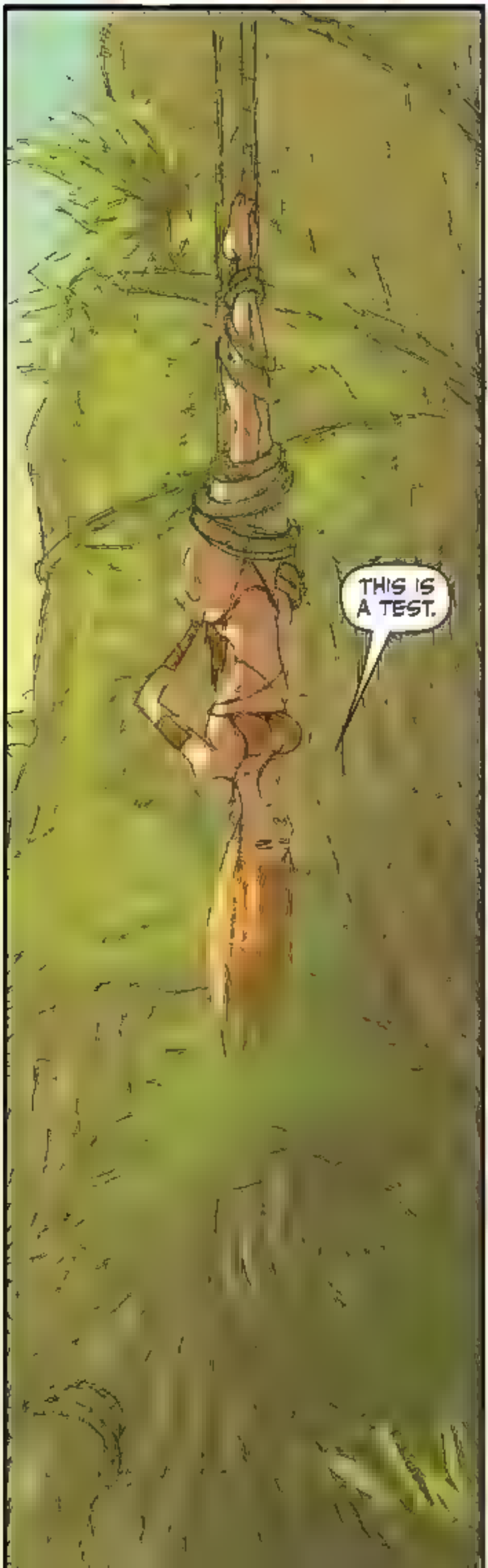
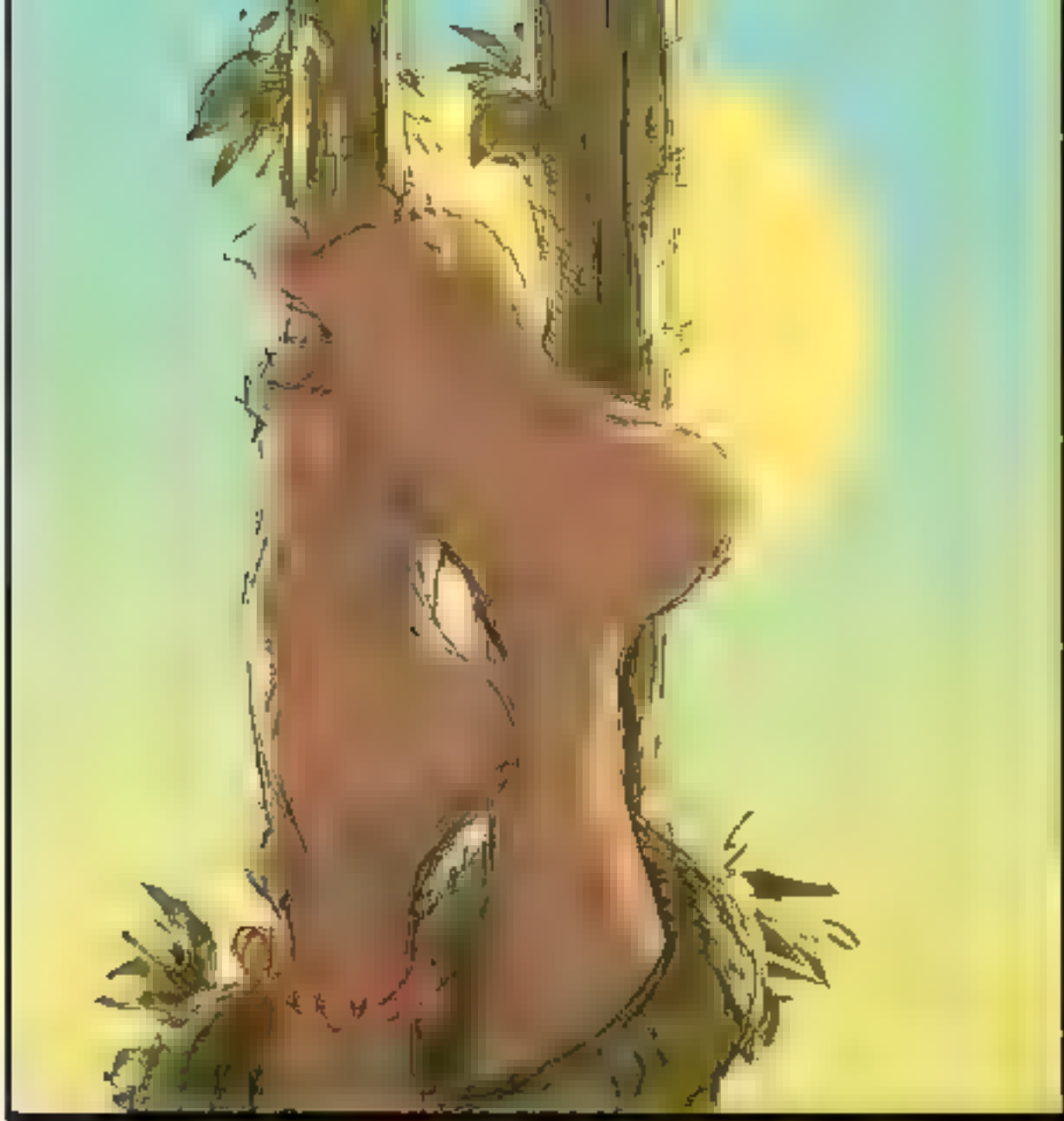
NAT! THE AIRPLANE'S
BROKEN. THE DIALS
AND DOODADS ARE
SPINNING!

YOU THEATRICAL
CUR, THERE'S MERE
FROST ON THE
ENGINE.

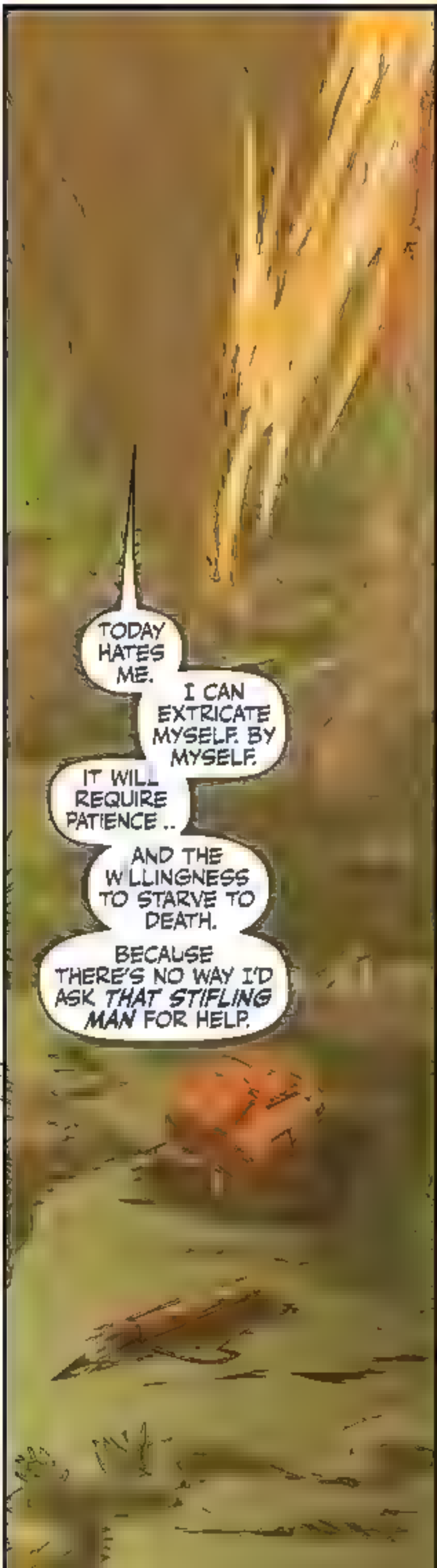
JUST A
TRICK OF MAGNETS
FROM THE EARTH'S
CORE.

MARLA,
BLANCHARD... LET
US BE UPLIFTED IN
OUR FAITH.

The Savage Land. Noon-ish.



THIS IS
A TEST.



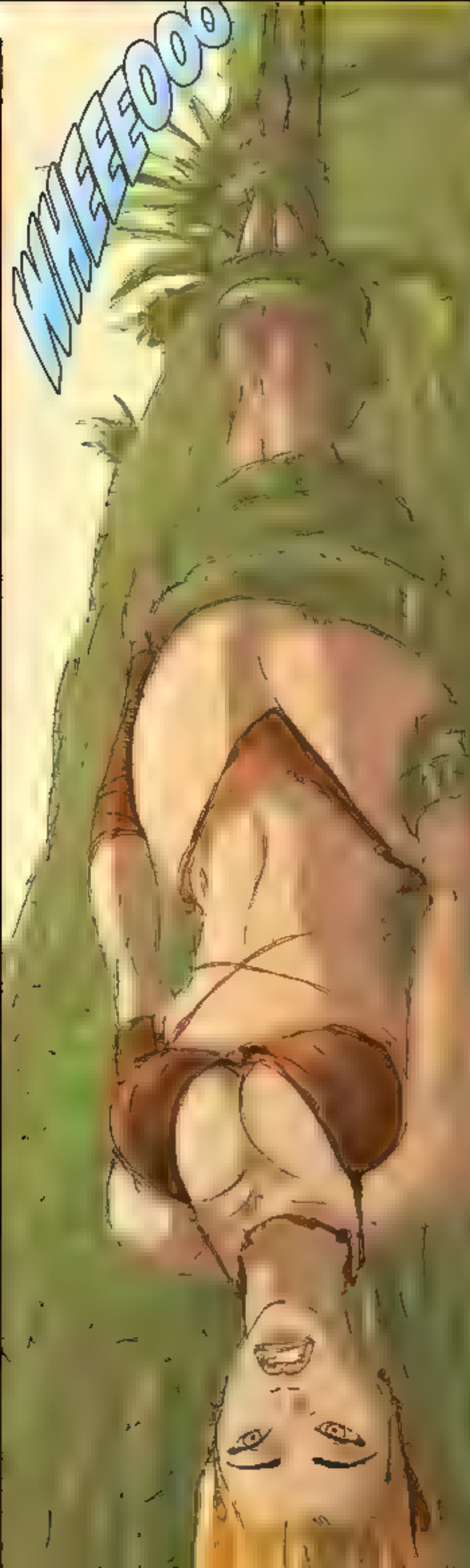
TODAY
HATES
ME.

I CAN
EXTRICATE
MYSELF BY
MYSELF.

IT WILL
REQUIRE
PATIENCE...

AND THE
WILLINGNESS
TO STARVE TO
DEATH.

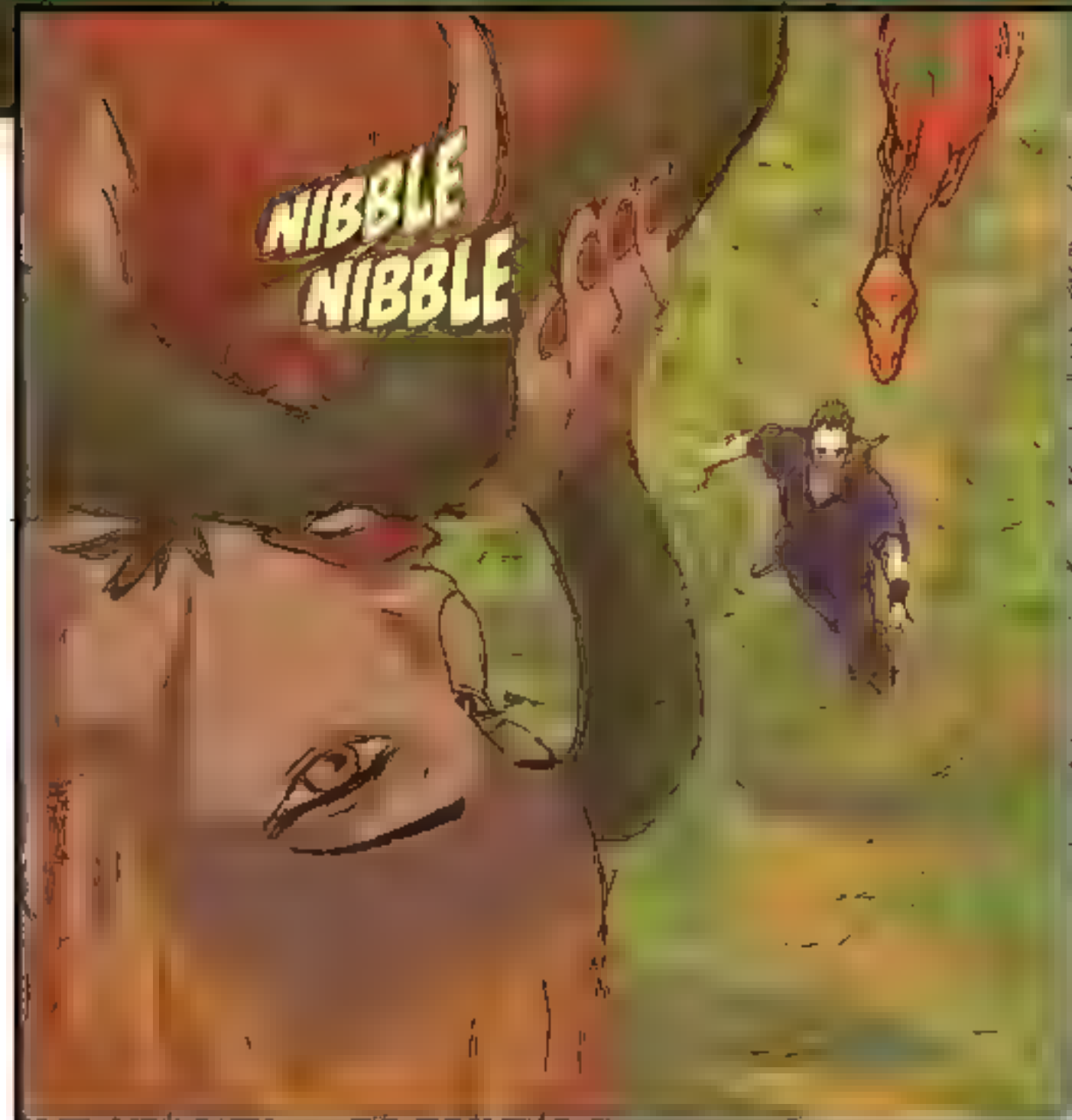
BECAUSE
THERE'S NO WAY I'D
ASK THAT STIFLING
MAN FOR HELP.



WHEEEOOO



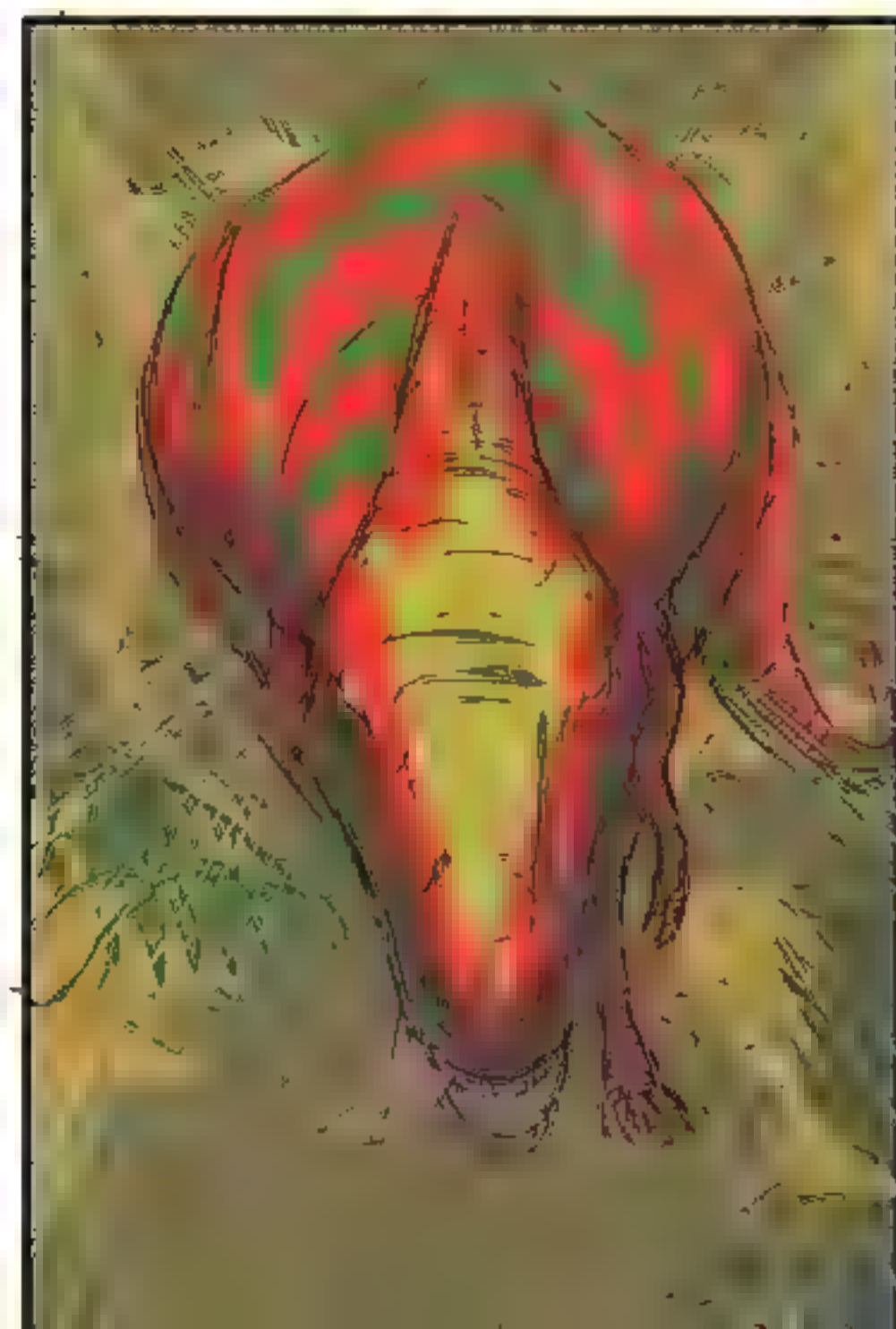
OH DEAR,
OH DEAR, OH
DEAR, OH
DEAR...



NIBBLE
NIBBLE

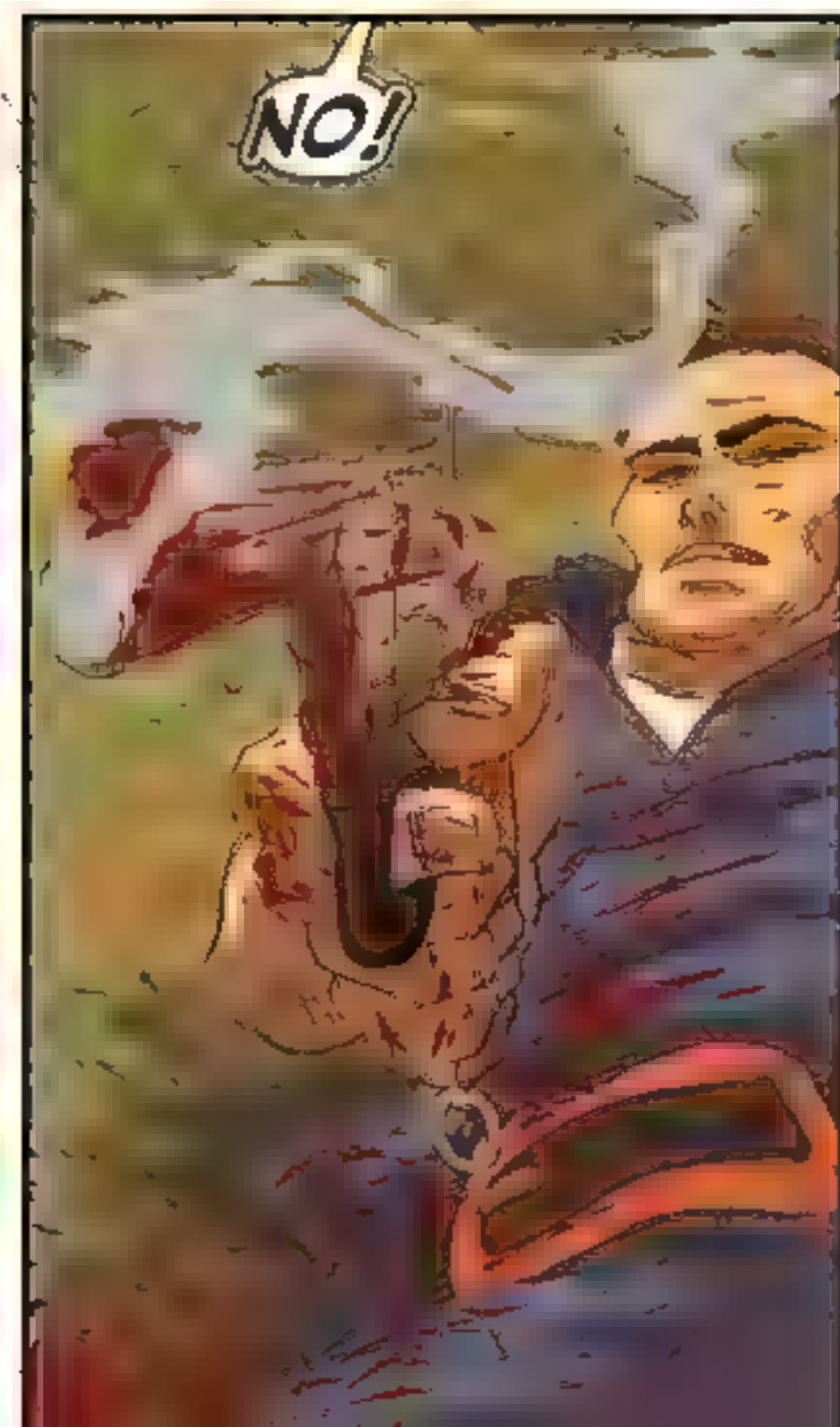


SMOOSH



FORGIVE
ME.

BLAM!



NO!



YOU'RE...
YOU'RE A WHITE
WOMAN!

YOU'RE AN
DIOT! YOU'VE
SHOT THE ONLY
KNOWN INFANT
OF ITS KIND.

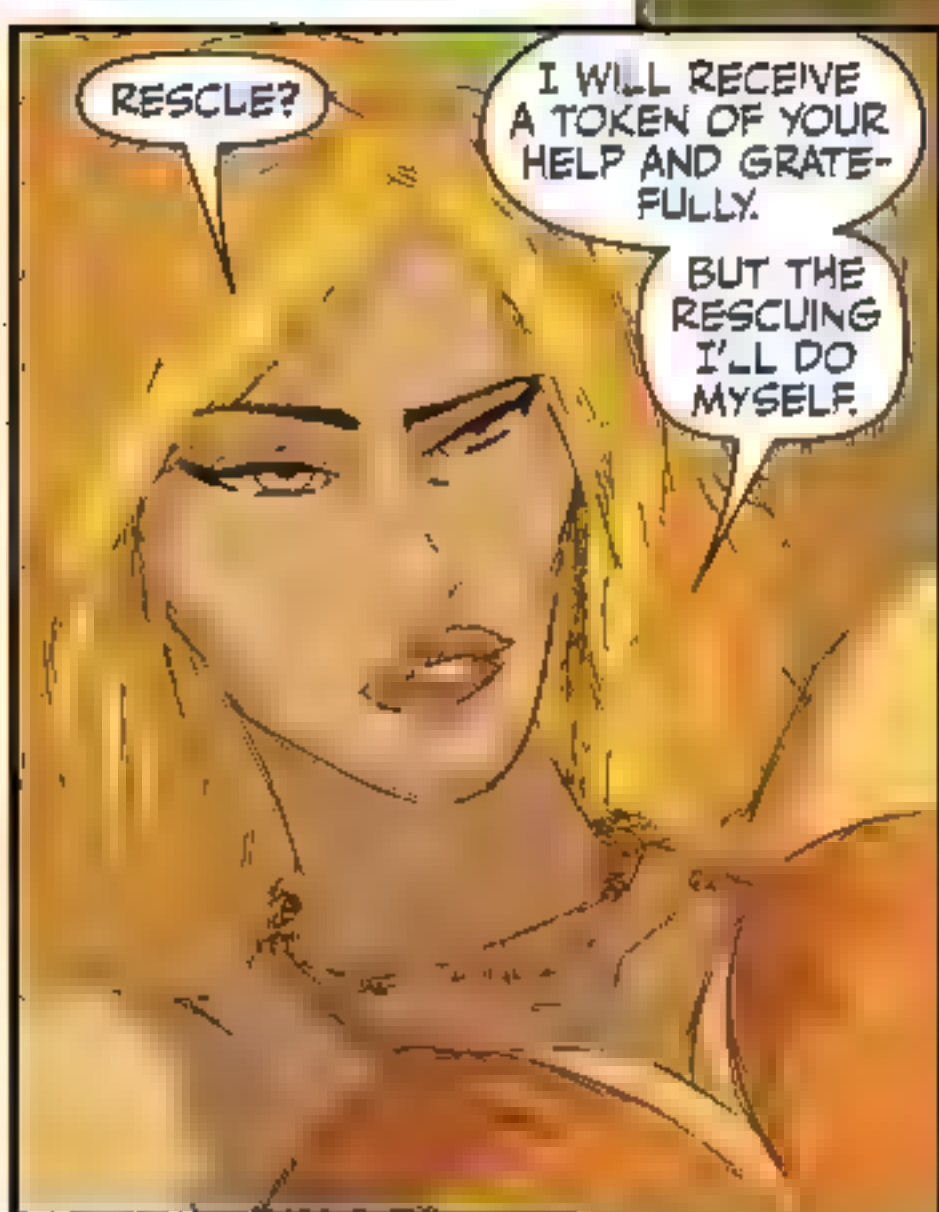
WHAT
HEART OF DARK-
NESS BREEDS
MONSTERS WITH
SUCH BLOOD-
LUST?

LOOK
AT ITS TEETH,
THAT BABY ATE
PLANTS.



MAKE
YOURSELF
USEFUL. KNDLY
TOSS UP MY
PACK.

I'VE
A KNIFE, I
SHALL RESCUE
YOU.



RESCUE?

I WILL RECEIVE
A TOKEN OF YOUR
HELP AND GRATE-
FULLY.

BUT THE
RESCUING
I'LL DO
MYSELF.



LOOK, IT WAS ONLY AN
ANMAL. AN UGLY ONE, ALBEIT
WITH ALLEGEDLY BEN GN
TEETH...

WE'VE GOTTEN
OFF ON THE WRONG
FOOT. I'M QJ TE
WINSOME...

I'M DUE
WEST, OVER
THE BLACK ROCKS.
YOU CAN COME WITH
ME IF YOU NEED.
THERE'S FRESH
WATER.

BUT
WE CAN'T
STAY.



I'VE SAVED,
ERM, HELPED YOU.
THE DRAGON'S
SLAIN...

I ASSURE
YOL, AS A MAN OF
LETTERS, I'VE HAD
ENOUGH ACTIVITY
FOR ONE AFTER-
NOON.

I
CANNOT BE
EXPECTED TO
RUN JUST
YET.



YOU REALLY
ARE QUITE
SPECTACULAR
AT...

YOU
DON'T HEAR
THAT?

WHAT?



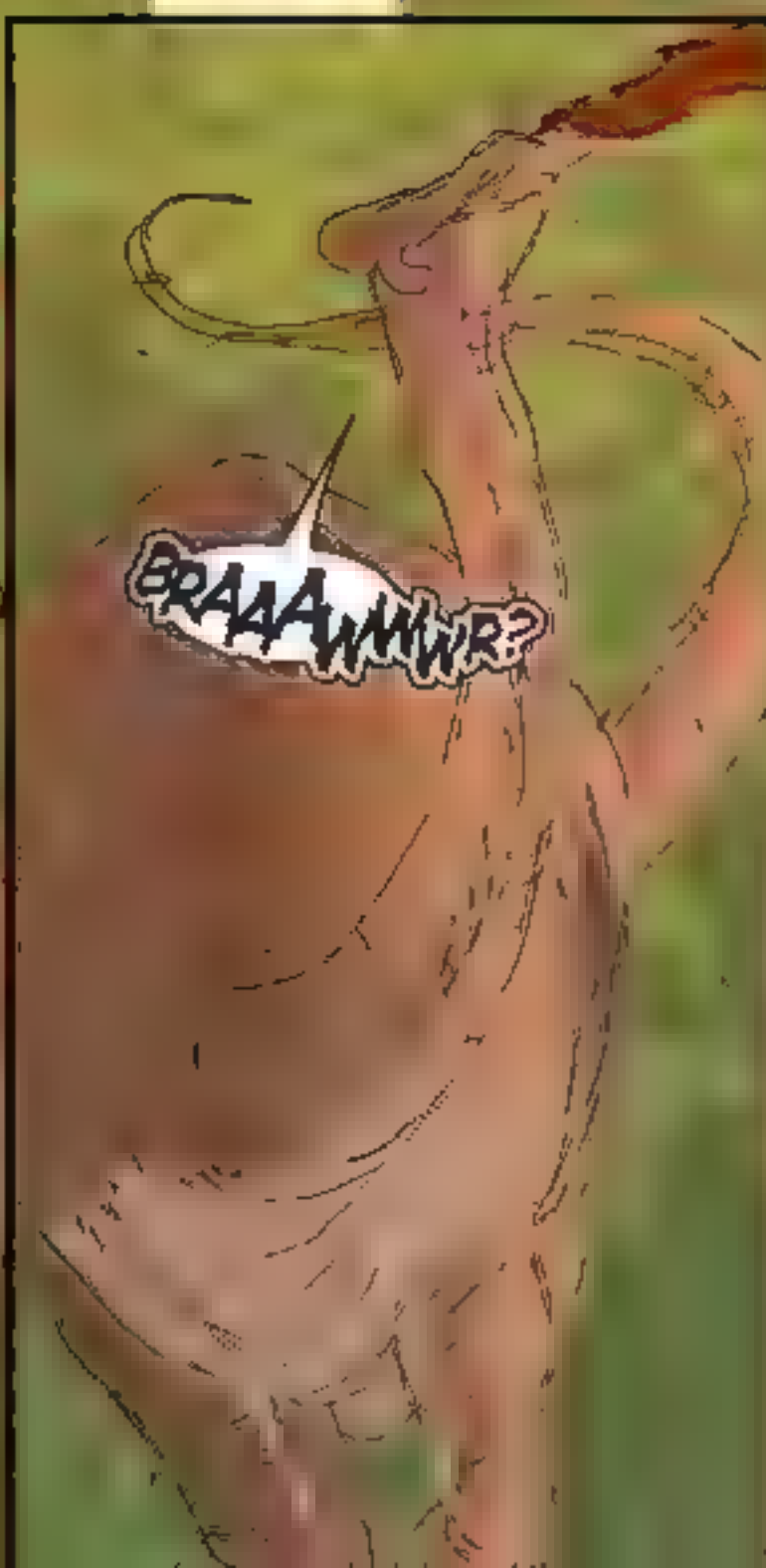
THAT.



SMUG. PHYSICALLY
FEEBLE. REPUGNANT
IN PHILOSOPHY YET
INVITING IN SCENT.

WHY AM I SUCH A
FIASCO MAGNET?

I BLAME MY
MOTHER.



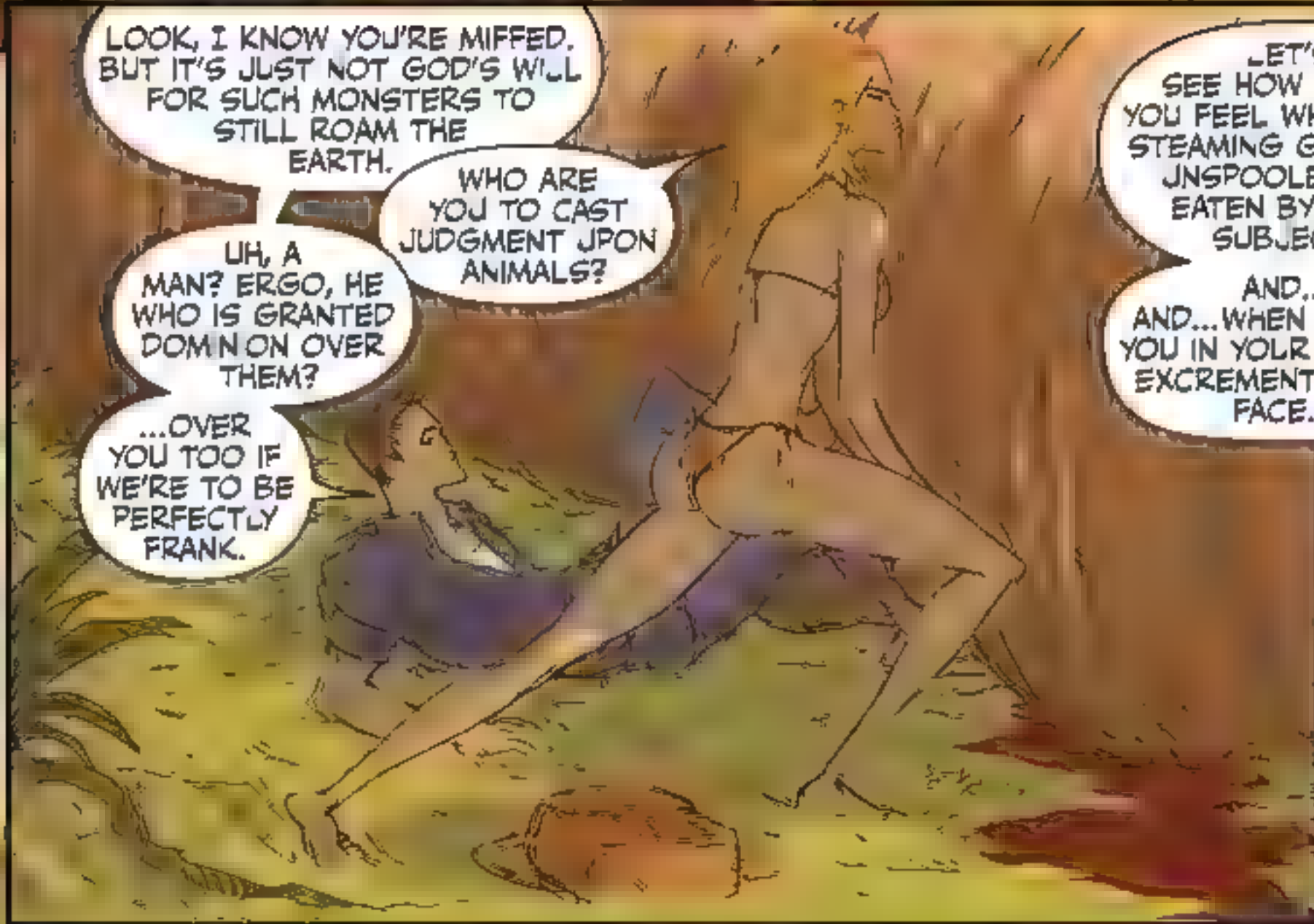


IT KNOWS IT'S DYING.

MY LEG, I CAN'T FEEL MY LEG!

A LIFE FOR A LEG. SEEMS A FAIR EXCHANGE.

SAVE A TOKEN OF HELP, YOUR HELP, THAT I'M OWED.



LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE MIFFED. BUT IT'S JUST NOT GOD'S WILL FOR SUCH MONSTERS TO STILL ROAM THE EARTH.

WHO ARE YOU TO CAST JUDGMENT UPON ANIMALS?

UH, A MAN? ERGO, HE WHO IS GRANTED DOMINION OVER THEM?

...OVER YOU TOO IF WE'RE TO BE PERFECTLY FRANK.



LET'S SEE HOW REGAL YOU FEEL WHEN YOUR STEAMING GUTS ARE UNSPOOLED AND EATEN BY YOUR SUBJECTS.

AND... AND... WHEN I PUNCH YOU IN YOUR PAUNCHY, EXCREMENT-EATING FACE.



MY FACE IS PERFECTLY PROPORTIONED! AND I DO NO SUCH...

OH GO PUT ON SOME CLOTHES!

HELP! SAVE ME! SAVE US!



IS ANYBODY OUT THERE??



FLIIING!

BLANCHARD!
I KNEW YOU WOULD
DEVOLVE ONCE YOU
RETURNED TO THE
JUNGLE.

AND WHO ARE
YOU BUT A BEAN-EATING
POOR PERSON WHO'S HOG-
TIED FROM EVOLVING IN
THE FIRST PLACE?!



THESE
ARE YOUR
FRIENDS?

WE HAVE
TO SAVE THE
GIRL, ONE. SHE'S
A NURSE AND
MY LEG IS...
RIPENING.



I'D INTENDED
TO BE MOUNTAIN
BOUND BEFORE
NIGHTFALL.

YOU'RE
INJURED. I
CAN TAKE YOU
OR THEM TO
SAFETY, NOT
BOTH.

CAN'T YOUR LITTLE
"JUNGLE AGENDA" WAIT?
THIS IS THE LIFE OF A
POUS, CHEERFUL
WOMAN.

WHO
COOKS.

DOES YOUR
CRAVEN, HEAVING
BOSOM KNOW NO
CONSCIENCE?



DOESN'T
EVEN MAKE SENSE...
IT HEAVES OUT OF
SPLENDOR...MY
BOSOM IS A DAMN
MARVEL.

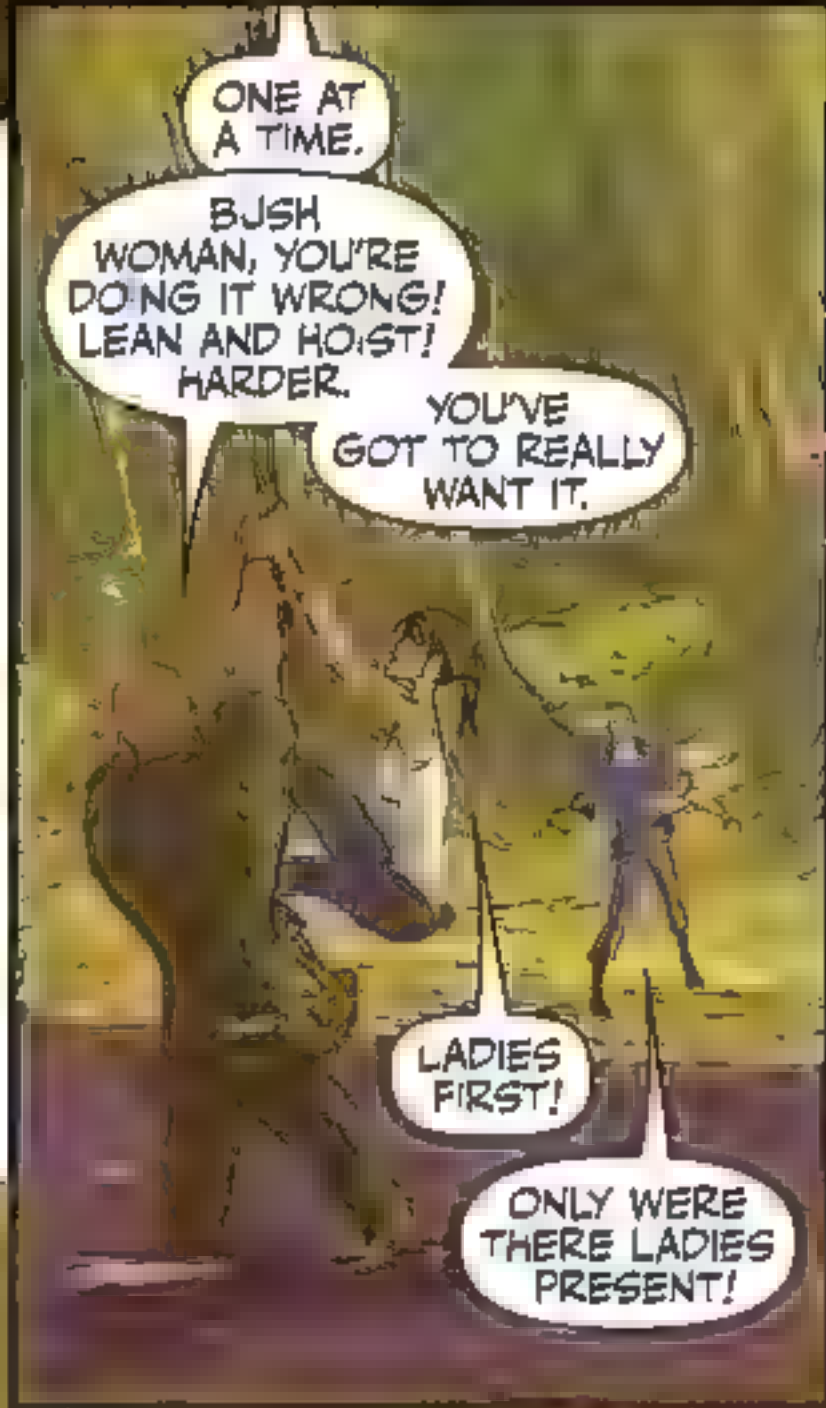


MARLA
CHARLES!
BLANCHARD
BURD N!

YOU'RE...
YOU'RE A WHITE
WOMAN!

MASQUERADING
AS A FILTHY SAVAGE!
AND YOU KNOW OUR
NAMES! WHAT DARK
MAGICK IS UPON
US?

THE SORT
YOUR NAT
CONJURES.



ONE AT
A TIME.

BJSH
WOMAN, YOU'RE
DOING IT WRONG!
LEAN AND HOIST!
HARDER.

YOU'VE
GOT TO REALLY
WANT IT.

LADIES
FIRST!

ONLY WERE
THERE LADIES
PRESENT!



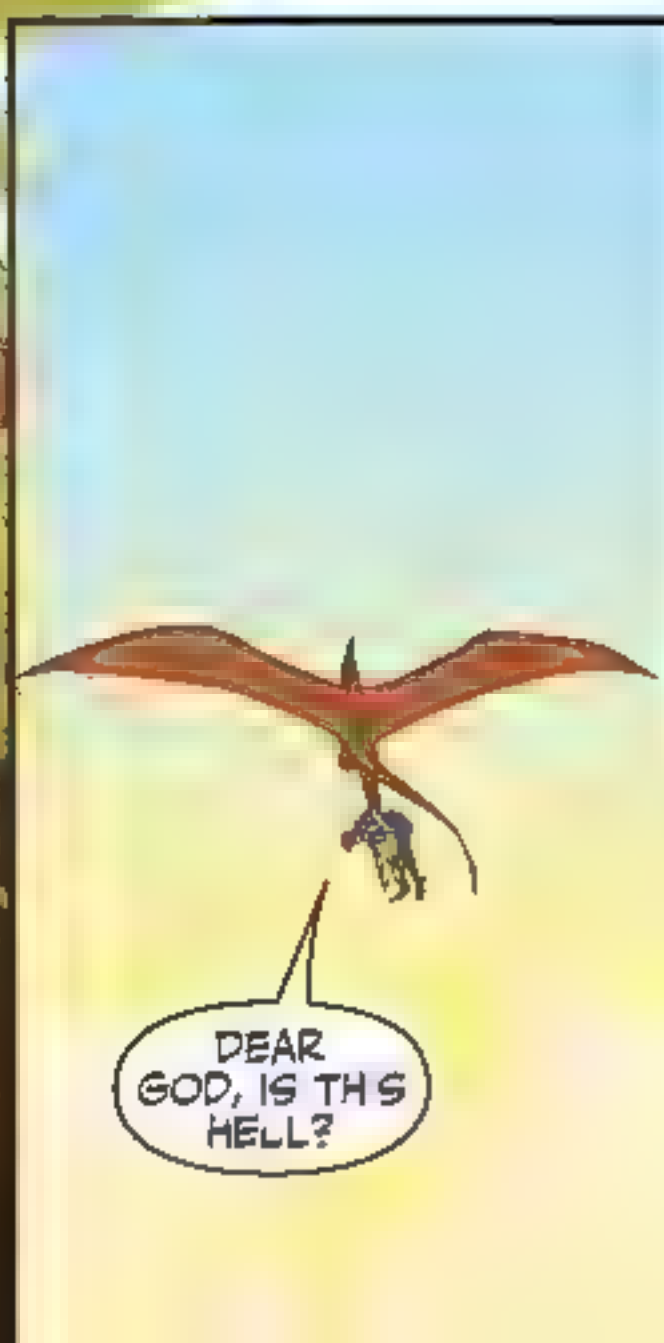
WOPPHHH!!



THE
HORROR! THE
HORROR!



WOMAN
SAVE ME!!!
WHAT IS THIS
PLACE?



DEAR
GOD, IS THS
HELL?

I FAILED.

THE FUTILITY; THE
DESTRUCTION.

HAD I NEVER ASKED HIM
FOR HELP, I WOULDN'T
HAVE OWED HIM HIS LIFE.

HAD HE DIED THE
LARGER DINOSAUR
WOULD HAVE LIVED.

HAD I DIED,
PERHAPS THEY
WOULD'VE ALL
LIVED.

IT'S ALL MERE
FLUTTER OF A
BUTTERFLY WING.

LIKE, IF A
TREE FALLS IN
THE WOODS...

OR WERE THERE
BUT ONE SET OF
FOOTPRINTS IN THE...

I MEAN, DOES
ANYTHING
MATTER? IS IT
ALL FATE?

BUT
WHAT IF NOT
FATE HAS MADE ME
THIS AWESOME AT
SURVIVAL?

OH SNAKE,
KNOW YOUR
OWN MARKINGS.
YOU'RE NOT EVEN
POISONOUS.

IS THIS
HELL?

IF
THIS IS HELL,
WHAT DOES
THAT MAKE
ME?



The End



WHY ARE WE HERE?

BECAUSE YOU NEED TO PICK SOMETHING OUT FOR THE SCHOOL DANCE!

ALL THE RAGE

AUDREY LOEB - WRITER
EMILY WARREN - ARTIST
VC'S JOE SABINO - LETTERS
MIKE HORWITZ - EDITS



I DON'T WANT TO BE DOING THIS!

LYRA, STOP IT!



CAN WE GO NOW? I DON'T LIKE THIS CAGE.

WHY CAN'T YOU TRY AND BE A TEENAGER FOR FIVE MINUTES?

TRY ON THAT PINK DRESS I JUST GAVE YOU.



COME OUT, I WANT TO SEE!

WHY ARE YOU MAKING ME DO THIS?



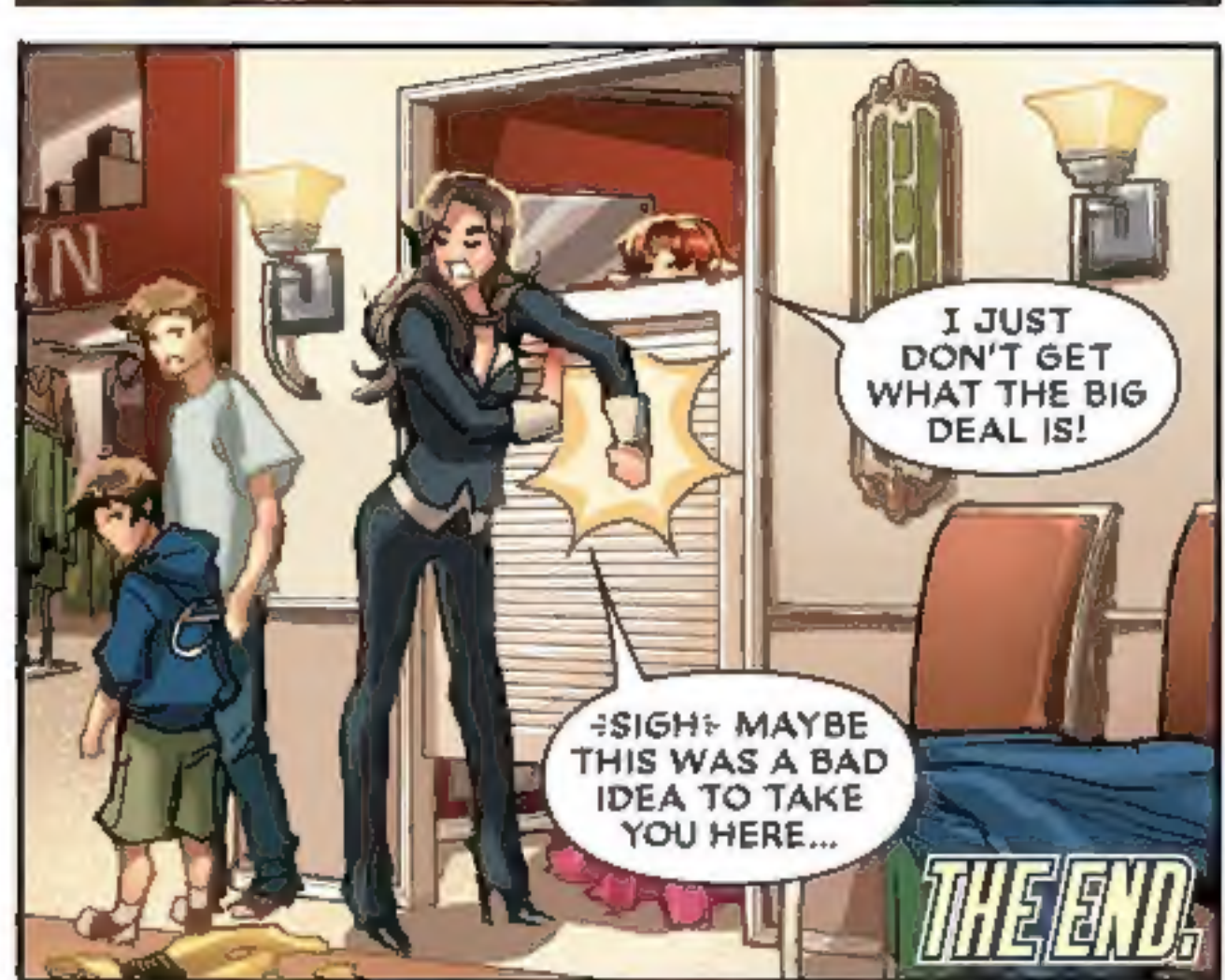
YOU LOOK STUNNING!

IT'S ~~ERGH~~ A LITTLE TIGHT.



OH, THAT'S BETTER.

LYRA! PU-PUT YOUR OTHER CLOTHES BACK ON!



I JUST DON'T GET WHAT THE BIG DEAL IS!

~~SIGH~~ MAYBE THIS WAS A BAD IDEA TO TAKE YOU HERE...

THE END.



► **NAMORA #1 VARIANT** by Ramona Fradon & Mike Allred

ALL-NEW, ACTION-PACKED TALES SHOWCASING MARVEL'S MOST POWERFUL WOMEN!

Granted a second chance at life, **Firestar** has just one question: What should she do with it? **Namora** discovers a missing colony of her aquatic people in the Barents Sea — but they refuse to leave, and the Atlantean princess is compelled to stay...and serve the Kraken! Can **Dazzler** defend herself against the onslaught of villains from her past that have targeted her all at once?! Pepper Potts lets loose with her bleeding-edge **Rescue** armor and her astonishing power! And more: The chromosomal clusterhiccup that is **Lady Deadpool** tries to survive in a world without TV, **Valkyrie** is reborn, **Sif** sets out with Beta Ray Bill to fight her way back to true warrior's glory, **Spitfire** must conquer her past in order to save her future, **X-23** faces her toughest obstacle yet, **Galacta** has to save the planet from herself! **PLUS:** Medusa, Enchantress, the Black Cat, Satana, Shanna the She-Devil, Invisible Woman, Songbird and the Savage She-Hulk!

Collecting *Firestar* #1, *Lady Deadpool* #1, *Namora* #1, *Valkyrie* #1, *Rescue* #1, *Sif* #1, *Spitfire* #1, *X-23* #1, *Galacta* #1, *Dazzler* #1 and *Women of Marvel* #1-2 — written by Sean McKeever, Mary H.K. Choi, Bryan J.L. Glass, Kelly Sue DeConnick, Paul Cornell, Marjorie Liu, Adam Warren, Jim McCann and more; and illustrated by Emma Rios, Ken Lashley, Phil Winslade, Elena Casagrande, Alina Urusov, Hector Sevilla Lujan, Kalman Andrasofszky and more.

MARVEL

PARENTAL ADVISORY

